The Great Reformation

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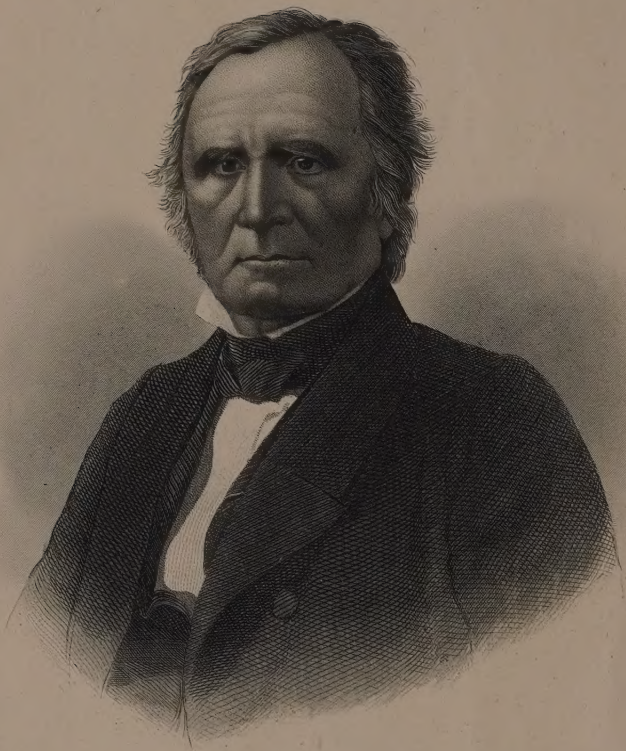

Daniel d'Entrigues

W. G. DEAN.
PRATTSBURGH N.Y.

THE LUTHER MEMORIAL.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE
OF
MARTIN LUTHER,

IN FIFTY PICTURES OF THE MOST MEMORABLE EVENTS IN HIS REMARKABLE CAREER.

FROM DESIGNS BY GUSTAVE KONIG.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES BY HEINRICH GELZER.

EDITED BY VICTOR L. CONRAD, PH.D.,
Associate Editor of "The Lutheran Observer."

TOGETHER WITH THE

HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION
IN THE TIMES OF
LUTHER AND CALVIN,

INCLUDING GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, ENGLAND AND ITALY.

BY J H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D.,
President of the Theological School of Geneva.

ILLUSTRATED WITH MANY VIEWS.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF MARTIN LUTHER.

It is a happy indication of the growing appreciation of the character and work of Martin Luther, that the four hundredth anniversary of his birth—on the 10th of November, 1883—will be commemorated with appropriate observances not only by Germanic Protestants and their descendants in Europe and America, but also by many other Protestants in other nations, all over the globe. This is doubtless the result of a more general diffusion of intelligence among the people at the present day, which enables the millions now, instead of the privileged few of former times, to recognize the great benefactors of the human race, and to honor their memory with befitting commemoration.

Judged by the measure of their services to mankind, there is no greater name in human history than that of Martin Luther, the son of the humble miner of Saxony.

In order to realize to some extent the importance of his services in the cause of freedom and progress, as well as in reforming the church, it is necessary to recall the condition of the world at the time he appeared and began his career on the stage of human affairs.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the church was almost universally corrupt, and popes, bishops, priests and people were alike involved in the general demoralization. For a hundred years previous, the papal chair was occupied by princes, most of whom attained their elevation by intrigue and bribery, and some even by assassination. Among others, Pope John XXIII. was accused of poisoning Alexander V., his predecessor, and never cleared himself of the charge. Alexander VI., his successor, was a monster of iniquity, and his whole career is so blackened with depravity and crime, that his family name of Borgia is pilloried in history with that of Nero and Caligula, among the most atrocious monsters of mankind. The popes—like all bishops and priests of the Roman hierarchy—were under the most sacred vows of celibacy—yet some of them had wives and concubines and reared families; and it was one of the many scandals in the papal court of that time—if anything could be a scandal there—that such popes made use of their official power and emoluments to enrich and aggrandize their own children!

Not only was the head of the hierarchy and the entire papal court at Rome corrupt, but most of the bishops, priests and other officials in all parts of Europe, were also more or less sunk in the prevailing vice and immorality.

A German writer describes the condition of the church in these remarkable words:

"Never was Christianity so entirely sunk in error. Those who ought to teach the people are abhorred by God, and sin without fear. They show us the way to heaven, and themselves go to hell; they say we may follow their words, but not their steps. We all complain that our father, the pope, confuses us, and yet, like a father, he shows us an example. We follow him and depart not from his footsteps: if he be avaricious, all are avaricious with him; if he lie, we all lie too; if he cheat, we also cheat. The shepherd has become a wolf; young Judas is as bad as the old; the

treasurer of God has stolen his heavenly hoard from him; he has falsified the word of God and resisted his work."

Petrarch describes the papal court as "the Kingdom of Greed, where no crime was feared, so money could be gained thereby; where the hope of a future life was called a fable; where the punishment of hell, the resurrection and the last judgment were accounted children's tales; where truth was called madness, self-denial coarseness, and chastity a reproach!"

It was an age of monasticism, and many thousands of men and women in all countries had renounced the world and entered into monasteries and convents to lead lives of superior holiness. But these retreats from the world had changed from their original character, and were now places of indolence and sensuality. Geiler von Kaisersberg declares that "convent life had become a mere mockery; convents and monasteries were houses of seduction; and many a pious woman had entered a convent to her undoing." Infessura, a Roman historian, says: "Every one in Rome knows, alas! that monasteries have now become dens of corruption."

Such was the general character of the clergy, from the pope down to the lowest priest, and such also was the condition of the religious orders in monasteries and convents. As a natural consequence, the people were no better than their religious teachers, and ignorance, superstition and immorality prevailed almost universally among them. The clergy of all grades took advantage of the ignorance and fears of the people to extort money from them. All manner of false doctrines were preached and impostures practiced upon them. False miracles were invented, and relics of saints and holy places were manufactured in great variety, and a shameless traffic in these relics and the exhibition of these miracles was carried on in many places, and brought in large sums of money to the church, most of which the pope and the clergy wasted in extravagance and riotous living. When Leo X. attained the papal chair in 1513, he resolved to signalize his reign by completing St. Peter's Church at Rome and making it the grandest church in all Christendom. This undertaking required immense sums of money, and as all methods of obtaining it then in vogue were insufficient, he contrived the sacrilegious scheme of making it out of the vices and crimes of the people, by selling indulgences for committing sin, and to remit the punishment of the sinner in purgatory. This nefarious business was let out by the pope to commissioners for half the proceeds, and the infamous traffic was carried on throughout Catholic Europe. Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, was commissioner for Germany, and he appointed John Tetzel, a notorious Dominican monk, to auctioneer the indulgences throughout that country. When he came near Wittenberg, Martin Luther, a professor in the university, heard of his doings, and was so moved with horror and indignation, that he nailed the famous ninety-five Theses or propositions upon the doors of the old Castle Church of the town, and announced his readiness to defend them. These propositions were moderate in tone but positive in statement, and arraigned the whole system of indulgences and the power of the pope to grant them. They denied the doctrine of salvation by works, and announced that there was salvation in Christ alone, and that He only could forgive sins. Thus, the sacrilegious imposture of selling indulgences for sin became the occasion of Luther's first public opposition to the corruptions of the church, and opened the great drama of the reformation which followed.

But in order to have the entire condition of things at this time before us, it must be remembered, that although the pope and most of the clergy were worldly, venal and immoral, they were nevertheless the source of all controlling influences in society, and of all authority in civil as well as in ecclesiastical affairs. As the head of the church, the pope asserted and exercised supreme temporal as well as spiritual authority, not only over the people, but over all kings and potentates of the earth. From the time of Hildebrand and Henry IV., no monarch in Europe dared to be crowned as ruler of his own subjects, without the sanction of the Supreme Pontiff at Rome. Thus, the head of the church was also the controlling power in the state, and civil rulers and magistrates were subject to the command of the ecclesiastical authorities. Under the complex despotism which then prevailed, those who ques-

tioned its authority or denounced its usurpations were soon silenced or crushed. John Huss and Jerome of Prague suffered martyrdom at Constance, for teaching the truths of the gospel a hundred years before; and Savonarola, at Florence, met with a similar fate for denouncing the corruptions in the church and the sins of the people. Thousands of others were persecuted, imprisoned, assassinated, tortured to death, hunted down like wild beasts, or burned at the stake, for reading the Scriptures, or for exposing the wickedness and immoralities of the clergy.

Now it was under this state of civil and ecclesiastical despotism—when corruption and profligacy were dominant in the church, and ignorance and superstition prevailed among the people—that Martin Luther appeared and entered upon the great work of reform, for which God had prepared him. It is difficult, if not impossible for us, at the present day, to appreciate the magnitude of that work. All sources of power and influence in church and state—all the customs and habits of the people for generations—all existing institutions and the entire structure of society were against him, and had to be assailed, confronted, overthrown and reformed.

The word of God was buried in the Latin vulgate version, which only the educated few could read, and copies of it were so dear and scarce that they were inaccessible to the common people, even if they had been able to read it. It was one of the greatest achievements of Luther, and a service of inestimable value to the Germanic nation, that he translated the Bible and gave it to the people in their own tongue. The word of God was thus unbound, so that all could read and know that the doctrines which he proclaimed were the living truths of the living God, to whom popes and cardinals, councils and priests, and all men were alike accountable. The sacred scriptures in German were circulated among the people, and millions were delivered from the bondage of error and sin, and rejoiced in the liberty of the children of God.

Luther's work, however, was not confined to effecting reforms in the church, by correcting false doctrines and abuses, and by furnishing the Bible to the people in their own tongue. It was not merely the overthrow of usurped ecclesiastical power, and the restoration of religious toleration and freedom in Europe. It was all this—but it was also far more. There is not an interest or reform affecting human welfare in modern civilization—whether educational, social, industrial or political—upon which Luther did not shed the light of his great intellect and soul enlightened by the word and Spirit of God. He taught that it was the duty of the state to educate all the children of the people, in order that they might become intelligent and useful citizens; and thus he was the pioneer advocate of universal education, more than three hundred and fifty years ago. In quelling the outbreak of Communism in Germany, known as "The Peasants' War," he proclaimed it to be the duty of all to be subject to "the powers that be," and to acquire property—not by the plunder and robbery of others, but by their own industry, frugality and honesty. In an address to the princes and nobles of Germany, he taught the reciprocal duties of rulers to their subjects, and of subjects to their rulers, suggesting the fundamental principle of government embodied in our Declaration of Independence, that governments, though ordained of God, "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Thus the genius and inspiration of the monk of Wittenberg furnished the germ truths or principles of all true reforms in church and state, in government and society, that make up the Christian civilization of the present day.

Especially was his influence felt and recognized in liberating the human mind from the thraldom which had overshadowed it for ages, and finally secured religious toleration and freedom in Europe.

Michelet, the historian of France, though a Catholic himself, bears this truthful testimony to the mental enfranchisement achieved by Luther. He says:

"It is not incorrect to say, that Luther has been the restorer of liberty in modern times. If he did not create, he at least courageously affixed his signature to that great revolution which rendered the right of examination lawful in Europe. And if we exercise in all its plenitude at this day, this first and highest privilege of human intelligence, it is to him we are most indebted for it; nor can we think, speak or

write, without being made conscious at every step, of the immense benefit of this intellectual enfranchisement." And he concludes by asking: "To whom do I owe the power of publishing what I am now inditing, except to this liberator of modern thought?"

This testimony is as just as it is honorable to this distinguished Catholic writer, and it recognizes the fact that the source of modern freedom can be traced to the soul of the Saxon Monk, from which, as inspired of God, the gospel of freedom and salvation in Christ was proclaimed

"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

and became mighty among men, after ages of suppression and perversion.

In view, therefore, of the great and varied services of Luther to mankind, in promoting the cause of human welfare and freedom, it is befitting that enlightened men everywhere should recognize the greatness of his services, and honor his memory and name.

Among the various methods of commemorating the 400th anniversary of his birth, none is more appropriate and permanently useful than that of publishing to the world the history of his life and achievements. It is a history of heroic men in heroic struggle against error and darkness entrenched in power, and the restoration of the gospel of life and salvation to the people, which had been buried for centuries and superseded by the dead rubbish of human imposture and tradition. It is a history of great events which changed the destiny of nations and marked the greatest revolution of modern times. Every family in the land, from generation to generation, should be familiar with this history, that young and old alike may know through what sufferings and sacrifices and heroic deeds their liberties were achieved by the saints, and heroes, and martyrs of God, who "counted not their lives dear," but bore witness to the truth, and confessed Christ before the mighty of earth, amid perils and torture and death.

The pictures of König and the descriptions of Gelzer which are here republished, will interest and impress upon the minds of old and young, the most memorable scenes in the life of Luther; and the history of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, which follows, affords to all readers, in lively and dramatic style, a full account of the Reformation in all the countries of Europe.

The publication of these two valuable works in one volume, as a HOUSEHOLD MEMORIAL of the fourth centenary of Luther's birth, we regard a highly appropriate method of honoring the memory of the great Leader of the greatest liberating movement among men since the advent of Christ.

V. L. C.

Philadelphia, August, 1883.

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WITH

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EDITED BY PROF. V. L. CONRAD, Ph. D.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE PICTORIAL LIFE OF LUTHER.

IN "The Conservative Reformation," by the late C. P. Krauth, D. D., LL. D., there is a chapter entitled:—"Luther Pictured by Pencil and Pen," in which an extended notice and description of the Pictorial Life of Luther by König and Gelzer are given. In allusion to one of the earliest editions of the work in this country, Dr. Krauth says:

"The pictured life of Luther, by König and Gelzer, is a charming book, a book with a great subject, a happy mode of treatment, well carried out, and combining the fascination of good pictures with good descriptions and elegant typography. It is an offering of flowers and fruit on the altar of the greatest memory which the heart of modern Christianity enshrines. It is the whole history of Luther told in pictures and descriptions of those pictures."

The descriptions of König's designs by Gelzer, here referred to, are given in this volume. They have been revised from the English edition; and in order to adapt them for American readers, some have been amplified and recast by the editor.

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THE artist here carries us back to Luther's very entrance into life at Eisleben, in Saxony, four hundred years ago. The child is born, and the father devotes him in prayer to the service of his Creator and Lord.

Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero-worship," refers to the birthday of Luther in these striking words: "In the whole world, that day, there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this miner and his wife. And yet, what were all emperors, popes and potentates in comparison? There was born here, once more, a Mighty Man, whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world. The whole world and its history were waiting for this man. It is strange—it is great. It leads us back to another birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, eighteen hundred years ago—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there? The age of miracles past? The age of miracles is forever here!"

BIRTH OF LUTHER AT EISLEBEN, NOV. 10TH, 1483.

Conrad Schlüsseberg relates that Luther's father had often prayed fervently at the bedside of his child that God would grant the boy grace that he might, according to the signification of his name, Luther—that is, *lauter* (pure)—promote the propagation of the *pure* doctrine. Even supposing that this account, which was most likely present to the mind of the artist when he designed this picture, were unauthenticated or unfounded, still, all that is known of the great Reformer's father assures us that the first emotion at the birth of his son was no other than that here represented.

To the right on the wall we see the portrait of St. Martin, whose name was given to the infant born on that saint's day; and that baptismal name, says John Mathesius, "he has maintained with Christian honor through life, as a valiant warrior and knight of Christ." It was a custom at that time among Christian people to give to children the names of the saints upon whose birthdays they were born.

LUTHER'S FATHER BRINGS HIS BOY TO SCHOOL.

Here is the Latin school at Mansfeld to which Luther's father brought his son Martin when quite a small boy. Mathesius states that Luther's parents reared their son strictly in the fear of God, and at this Latin school he soon learned the Ten Commandments, the Child's Creed and the Lord's Prayer; also Donatus, the Child's Grammar, Cesio Janus, and psalm-singing.

Schools at that time were very poor places for instruction, as the teachers were often ignorant, as well as harsh and cruel to their scholars. In the view before us, the bundle of rods in the master's hand, and the weeping boy behind his chair, are peculiarly significant of the kind of discipline employed in that school. Luther himself relates that "in one morning I was whipped fifteen times;" and in his later years he declared that "in former times schools were mere prisons or hells, and schoolmasters tyrants and flagellators; poor children were whipped unceasingly and indiscriminately, and they were made to learn with great labor, but to little purpose. To such teachers and masters we were everywhere obliged

to submit. They knew nothing themselves, and could teach us nothing good or useful."

A few years later, young Martin was sent to another school at Magdeburg, but remained there only one year. In 1498, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to a better school at Eisenach, where he became a *currend-schuler*, as poor scholars were then called, who went through the streets of the town singing before the houses of the wealthier citizens for bread. This was the custom in all large towns of Germany at that time. Years after, Luther said:—"It is stated, and it is true, that the Pope himself was once a poor scholar; therefore despise not these poor lads who cry at your door—*Panem propter Deum!* (Bread for the sake of God!)—and sing their songs for their daily bread. Myself was once such a screaming boy, and I have sought my bread at people's doors, particularly in my beloved city of Eisenach."

LUTHER SINGING FOR BREAD.

In this picture we see young Luther, with other boys, singing before the house of Ursula Cotta in Eisenach. This kind lady was so well pleased with the appearance and singing of the boy, that she not only responded to his call for bread, but received him into her house and gave him a seat at her table.

In the next picture we behold Madame Cotta furnishing young Luther with a lute, and as he had great musical talents, he soon learned to play on that and also upon a number of other musical instruments which his kind patroness provided for him. Thus did he comfort and cheer himself in the intervals of his severer studies at school, and enliven the home of his benefactress. It was the musical culture which he here enjoyed that prepared him in after years to reform the service of praise in the church of God.

But a higher study than that of music is soon to open the mind of Luther—it is that of the Holy Scriptures, the Revelation of God to man!

In 1501, at the age of eighteen, we find him a student in the University at Erfurt, and in the library there he found the book which was to become the subject of his future labors, and the foundation of his future power and greatness. Malthesius relates the incident thus:—"As he searched one day among the books in the university library, he hit upon the Latin Bible, which he had never seen before.

LEARNING MUSIC IN MADAME COTTA'S HOME.

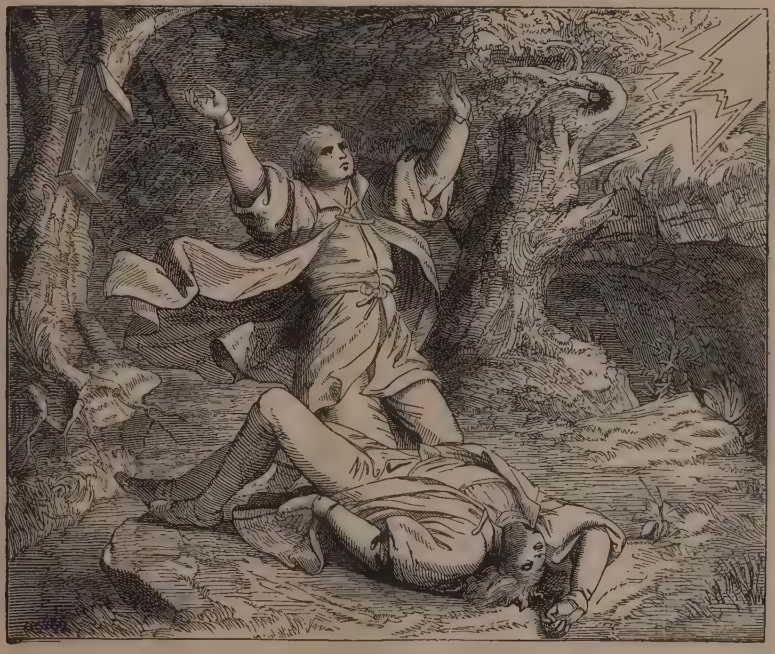
He observed with astonishment that this book contained many more texts, epistles and gospels than were usually explained in the homilies, or from the pulpits in churches. As he turned over the Old Testament he met with the history of Samuel and his mother Anna, which he read through hastily with great interest and delight. He wished from his heart that God would some day give him such a book to be his own."

HE DISCOVERS A LATIN BIBLE.

This was the first casual view Luther ever had of that momentous field of exploration which was subsequently to become as it were the theatre of his future life-work! He alludes to this important incident in these words:—"When a young man I saw a Bible in the university library at Erfurt, and read a portion of the first book of Samuel. Willingly would I have read through the whole book, but I had to attend a lecture just then, and had no opportunity."

The picture on page 14 represents the inquiring youth absorbed in his great discovery, and relaxing his grasp on a volume of Aristotle, the chief of the schoolmen, whose philosophy was then the principal subject of study in the universities of the Middle Ages.

Presentiments of death in frightful forms arise before the thoughtful mind of young Luther: a university friend (Alexis is said to have been his name) is suddenly killed; a thunderstorm surprises and terrifies him during a solitary ramble. The two events mature in him the resolution to withdraw from the world, and devote himself entirely to God. He is filled with dread of the wrath of God and the last judgment, and he resolves to enter a monastery, there to



DEATH OF LUTHER'S FRIEND ALEXIS.

serve God and be reconciled unto Him by reading masses, and attain his eternal salvation by monastic sanctity. "Help, Saint Anna!" he cried, when the lightning struck close beside him, "and I will forthwith become a monk!"

The artist has designedly adopted the above legendary version of this event in Luther's life, according to which his friend was killed at his side; and we see the two mighty monitors of death—the corpse of his friend and the lightning—united to create one profound impression upon his soul.

The vow is accomplished; Luther enters the monastery of the Augustine friars at Erfurt, on St. Alexius' day, July 17th, 1505. Having obtained his first degree at the university, he becomes a monk.

Some time afterward he wrote thus to his father:—"I became a monk, not willingly, still less to fatten my body, but because, when I was encompassed by the terror of quick-coming death, I vowed a forced and hasty vow."

He took with him only two Latin poets, Virgil and Plautus, into the cell of the cloister; and he crossed its threshold agitated by anxious internal strife. The statue of St. Augustine, the tutelary saint of his order, whose words were destined at a later period to become for him a guide to the living waters, looked down upon him as he entered, with a significant prophecy of his future.

"I entered the monastery and left the world," said he, "despairing of myself. I thought God would not take my part; and if I meant to go to heaven and be saved, it must be by my own efforts. For this reason I became a monk, and labored hard."

LUTHER ENTERS A MONASTERY IN 1505.

The master of arts became a monk, and the monk has now become a priest. The vow of the monk and the ordination of the priest are raised like two walls between Luther and the profane world.

On Sunday, Cantate, May 2d, 1507, he read mass for the first time. "It is a fine thing," he said later, "to be a new priest and to celebrate mass for the first time! Blessed was the woman who had borne a priest. Compared with a common Christian, a consecrated parson was like the morning star compared to a flickering wick."

"As the glorious God, holy in all his works," he writes to a friend a few days before his ordination, "has deemed me, an unworthy sinner, fit to be raised thus highly, and in his exceeding mercy has called me to his most solemn service, I am in every way bound to undertake the task which has been intrusted to me, that I may be as grateful for his divine goodness as it is possible for such dust as I."

But neither monkish vow nor ordination could bring peace to his troubled heart, yearning after God. "I have indeed"—these are his own words—"kept the rules of my order with great zeal and perseverance; I have often been sick and almost dead with fasting. I was a shameful persecutor and murderer of my

own body; for I fasted, prayed, watched, wearied and exhausted myself beyond my strength. We had been brought up under these human ordinances, which had obscured Christ and made him of no avail to us. I thought that my monkery would be all-sufficient; for I did not believe in Christ, but took him to be only a dreadful judge. The more I strove to pacify my conscience by means of fasting, watching and praying, the less quiet and peace I felt; for the true light was hidden from mine eyes. The more I sought the Lord, and thought to approach him, the further I departed from him. There is no greater affliction and misery in this life than the pain and trouble of a heart that is lost, and knows no counsel or consolation. There is no heavier suffering than sorrow of the heart; for that is death and hell itself. Then let who can unlock and lock again this hell, in order that such a weak and troubled heart may not altogether expire when it is conscious of sin, and suffers such martyrdom thereat."

Nothing external, not the martyr's cross which he embraced, nor the castigations with which he tormented himself, could satisfy the longing of his soul.

The artist next takes us into Luther's monastic cell at Erfurt. We see the youth weakened by mental struggles and penances; and, absorbed in the Scriptures, he has fainted, so that the monks can awaken him only by the power of music.

HE IS ORDAINED AS A PRIEST IN 1507.

According to Seckendorf's account, this event occurred at Wittenberg, where Luther's friend Edenberger roused him with a sacred song, which he and the boys of the choir sang at his door; but the artist adopts the more generally believed version, that this event occurred in the monastery at Erfurt. It is more than probable that such instances of abstraction and the arousing from it occurred more than once. "For music," said Luther, "is the best cordial for a sorrowful man; it maketh the heart contented, refreshed, and vigorous."

Referring to that period, he states: "I made myself so well acquainted with the Bible, that I knew the page and place of every text. No other study than

LUTHER SEEKS PEACE THROUGH PENANCE.

that of the Scriptures interested me: I read them zealously, and imprinted them on my memory. Many a time one single significant text dwelt in my thoughts for a whole day."

Still more powerfully than by music was Luther strengthened by the living word of God from the mouth of a believer. "God sent him," relates Mathesius, "an old brother of the monastery as a confessor, who consoled him affectionately in his cell, and pointed out to him the merciful forgiveness of sins announced in the apostolic confession of faith; and who taught him, from the sermons of St. Bernard, that he ought to have this faith also with regard to himself, that our merciful God and Father had granted him forgiveness of all his sins through the sole sacrifice and blood of his Son, and had announced

HE IS FOUND EXHAUSTED IN HIS CELL.

the same through the Holy Ghost, in the apostolic church, by the word 'absolution.' This proved a living and powerful consolation to our doctor's heart, in that he hath often made honorable mention of his confessor, and heartily thanked him." Seckendorf, in his account of Luther's having been comforted on his sick-bed by an old monk, apparently confounds this event with an earlier one, when Luther, during a serious illness, before his entrance into the monastery, was consoled by an old monk in these words: "Be comforted, my young bachelor of arts, thou shalt not die of this attack; our God will yet make of thee a great man to comfort many people. For whom God loveth, and whom he wills to prepare for salvation, on him he early lays the cross; and in the school of the cross patient people may learn much."

The artist, however, has also a good right to represent Luther to us in the monastery as a sick man; for he himself says of these attacks: "In the great temptations which I suffered, and which consumed my body so that I had no breath, no man could comfort me."

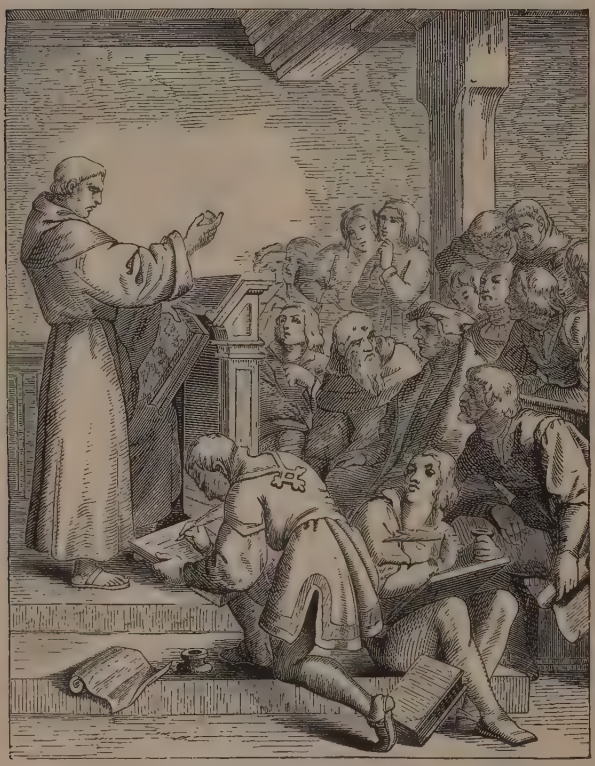
HE IS COMFORTED BY AN OLD MONK.

The living power which dwells in the communion of faith, Luther experienced for the first time at the words of that aged man. They gave him his first conception of the true gospel.

In his twenty-fifth year, Luther steps from the monk's cell, as teacher into the lecture-room; the worst of his mental troubles are past; and the feeling of inward freedom strives for a first imperfect utterance.

Having been called in 1508 to the new university at Wittenberg, he there delivered his first course of lectures on the philosophy of Aristotle, and afterwards another on theology, with the Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans as his subject. "Here Brother Martin begins to study the Scriptures, and begins also to contend against the sophistry which prevailed everywhere at that time."

Among his hearers, as represented in the picture, we see in the first row the rector of the new university, Dr. Pollich, of Melrichstadt, physician to the Elector Frederick, and afterwards also doctor of divinity. Of him Mathesius says: "Dr. Pollich, who was at that time a *lux mundi* (light of the world), that is to say, a doctor of laws, of medicine, and of monastic sophistry, would not forget even at table the arguments and conclusions of the monk. 'That monk,' he often said, as I have heard from the mouth of his brother Walter, 'will confound all the learned doctors, propound a new doctrine, and reform the whole Roman church; for he studies the writings of the prophets and the evangelists; he relies on the word of Jesus Christ—no one can subvert that, either with philosophy or sophistry.'" According to Pollich, Luther himself said, "Let the doctors be the doctors; we must not hearken to what holy church says, but to what Scripture says."



LUTHER BECOMES PROFESSOR AT WITTENBERG.

At the right hand of Pollich sits Johann Staupitz, vicar-general of the order of Augustine, and as such, Luther's superior; indeed it was he who had called the latter to Wittenberg. Many years afterwards, in 1528, Luther expresses himself as follows, writing to Staupitz: "Through thee the light of the gospel was lit up for the first time in the darkness of my soul."

Luther the teacher is also to have the care of souls; the man of the school is to become the man of the church. Unwillingly and fearfully did he comply with the wish of his paternal friend Staupitz, that he should preach. "Oh, how I dread the pulpit!" said he; "it is no trifling thing to speak to the people in the name of God."

His first sermons, until the town church was open to him, he delivered in the small ruinous chapel of his monastery, only thirty feet long and twenty broad.

Myconius says, "This chapel might be compared to the stable in which Christ was born. In this miserable building it was the will of God that his gospel was to be preached, and his beloved Son Jesus Christ as it were to be born again. Not one among the cathedrals or other grand churches did he choose for these excellent sermons." "When I was a young preacher," says Luther himself, "I was fully in earnest, and would willingly have made all the world pious."—"God has led me to it as he did Moses. Had I known all beforehand, he would have had greater trouble ere he had led me thus far. Well, as I have begun, I will go through with this work."

In front of the young preacher, sits the venerable Staupitz among the hearers,

HE BEGINS TO PREACH IN THE MONASTERY.

listening attentively to the address of his spiritual foster-son. He lived to see his young *protege* begin a mighty work in the church of Christ.

A vow had led young Luther into a monastery; another vow, added to a commission from his monastery, took him to Rome in 1510. But his pilgrimage to the holy city, where he saw the Pope and his pompous religion and impious courtiers, like his experiences in the monastery, served to disenchant him afterwards from the power of the impostures and delusions with which the Roman hierarchy deceived the people.

When he came with his companions in sight of Rome, he raised his hands and cried, "I greet thee, thou holy Rome! yes, truly holy through the blood of the

martyrs which was here shed." Of the outward show of the prince of the church, he says: "Rome has now its pomps; the Pope goes about in triumph, with richly adorned horses before him, and he beareth the host on a white horse."

Luther left the holy city with a sharp thorn in his side. "I would wish that every one who is to become a preacher had been first at Rome, and seen how matters are carried on there." Mathesius says that he frequently expressed himself to the effect, "he would not take a thousand florins not to have been at Rome." "I have myself heard it said at Rome, 'It is impossible that matters

LUTHER MAKES A PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

can remain in that state; things must change or break down.'" Again, "Pope Julius said, 'If we do not choose to be pious ourselves, let us at least not prevent others.' I have heard it said at Rome, 'If there be a hell, Rome has been built on the top of it.' Rome has been the most holy city; but now it has become the most unrighteous and disgraceful. Whoever has been at Rome knows well that things are worse there than can be expressed in words, or believed."

At the top of the picture we see Luther with a companion setting out on his

pilgrimage to Rome, and Vicar-General Staupitz, his superior, in the act of dismissing him with his parting benediction. Below on the left, Luther is represented as falling on his knees and greeting the holy city when he first came in sight of it. In the center, the pomp and pageantry of the Pope and his courtiers at Rome are seen; and on the right, Luther and his companion are taking their departure from the city with far different feelings from those with which they entered it.

HE IS CONSECRATED A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

On the 18th and 19th of October, 1512, Luther was solemnly ordained as a doctor of theology and a preacher of the gospel. It was an occasion of great solemnity. Carlstadt, theological dean of the university, presided and administered the oath to Luther, who stands before him holding an open Bible as he takes the oath, while Staupitz is seated beside the altar in the foreground.

Mathesius says, "Brother Martin was appointed on St. Luke's day doctor of the holy Scriptures, and took the oath, and promised to study and proclaim them all his life; also to defend the holy Christian faith in writing and preaching against all heretics, so help him God!"

Luther says: "But I, Dr. Martinus, have been called upon, compelled to become a teacher, without any wish of my own, from pure obedience. I had to take upon myself the degree of doctor, and vow and promise to my beloved holy Scriptures that I would teach and preach them faithfully in their purity. Teaching accordingly, popedom has come in my way, and wanted to stop me; the consequences whereof may be seen by all who have eyes."

Staupitz had had as much trouble to persuade Luther to accept the dignity of doctor, as previously to persuade him to preach. To his many objections Staupitz replied, "It seems that our God will soon have much work to be done for him in heaven and upon earth, and therefore he will need many young, vigorous doctors to fight his battles. Whether you live or die, God has need of you in his councils."

To the mental preparation which Luther had already undergone, a greater experience of life and a more extended intercourse with his fellow-men was now to be added. As *locum tenens* for his friend Staupitz, he had an opportunity of acquiring the habits of active life.

PERFORMS THE DUTIES OF VICAR-GENERAL.

It is stated that, "About this time Staupitz was despatched to the Netherlands to bring relics from a monastery. In the meantime Luther received the office of vicar, which included the supervision of the monasteries of the Augustines, and an order to visit them. For this purpose he traveled from one to the other, assisted the schools, and admonished the brethren to study the Bible, and to live holy, peaceable, and chaste lives."

In a letter of the 26th of October, 1516, he thus describes to his friend Lange at Erfurt the extent of his daily occupations: "I might find work for two clerks almost, for I am occupied all day in writing letters. I am preacher to the brotherhood, reader at meals (*ecclesiast*), have to preach daily before the com-

munity, am also inspector of studies. I am vicar; and that means as much as ten priors. I lecture on St. Paul and on the Psalms; and am, besides all this, overburdened with household matters."

By the weight of all these labors for the eternal as well as the temporal welfare of those intrusted to his care, was the future head of the new church prepared for the arduous duties of the spiritual guidance of the church. On this journey of visitation already he became conscious in his inmost soul of his future calling; for when he learned in the monastery at Grimma, how Tetzel, the trafficker in indulgences, was carrying on his trade at the neighboring town of Wurzen, he exclaimed angrily, "I will make a hole in his drum, so God will!" It was the first distant lightning-flash, the premonitor of the coming storm. The Reformer was being prepared for his great work!

In the picture before us, the artist represents several of the most significant and memorable scenes which opened the great drama of the Reformation. On the left, John Tetzel is seen auctioneering the Pope's indulgences for committing sin and for getting souls out of purgatory, while a purchaser is kneeling to receive one as he drops the price of it into the money-box of the impostor. The flames beside him represent his burning of Luther's Theses; while the scene on the right shows the similar treatment which the students of Wittenberg gave to Tetzel's reply. Below, Luther appears as a priest, hearing the confessions of penitents, and when he refuses them absolution for sins confessed but unrepented, he is shocked at their showing him indulgences bought from Tetzel, absolving them from punishment for their sins.

In the center stands Luther in the attitude of affixing his Ninety-five Theses to the doors of the Castle Church at Wittenberg; while above is a symbolic representation of a swan (Bohemian *hus*) rising from the flames of the pile on which John Huss suffered martyrdom, by the decree of the Council of Constance, a century before.

Unpretendingly began the greatest work of modern times by a German monk affixing his Ninety-five Theses to the church door at Wittenberg. But this unpretending beginning soon became the awakening cry to all Christendom.

"It is from the nailing up of these Theses that the Reformation takes its date. That act became, in the providence of God, the starting-point of the work which still goes on, and shall forever go on—that glorious work in which the truth was raised to its orginal purity, and civil and religious liberty restored to men." —*C. P. Krauth.*

The next memorable scene represents Luther before Cardinal Cajetan, the Pope's legate, at Augsburg, where he was summoned to appear to defend his doctrines. According to custom, Luther knelt reverently before this high ecclesiastic, and presented a written defence of his doctrines. But the haughty Italian would not so much as read his defence, but arrogantly ordered him to recant. This Luther firmly but courteously refused to do. Whereupon Cajetan, angered at the obstinacy of the German monk, threw Luther's written defence at his feet and exclaimed: "Appear not again before me, unless thou recant!"

"Because he sat there representing the Pope," said Luther, "he insisted that I should submit and agree to all he said; while, on the contrary, all that I said

OPENING SCENES OF THE REFORMATION.

against it was contemned and laughed at, although I quoted the Scriptures; in

short, his fatherly love went no further than that I must suffer violence or recant, for he declared he would not dispute with me."

The artist has sought to depict the moment in which Luther picks up the paper which Cajetan had thrown down, while his friend Staupitz, evidently frightened at the wrath of the church dignitary, tries to pacify both.

LUTHER BEFORE CAJETAN AT AUGSBURG.

As Luther was determined not to obey the Pope's legate and recant the truth of God, which he had proclaimed, his friends feared that violence would be done him if he remained at Augsburg until the next day. They therefore provided for his escape in the night, and in the picture we see Luther making rather a sorry figure on horseback, in the act of leaving Augsburg through a small portal, while a friend is lighting the way with a torch, and a horseman is ready to accompany him to show him the way.

HIS ESCAPE FROM AUGSBURG AT NIGHT.

Luther's own account of this nocturnal escape is this: "Staupitz had procured me a horse, and sent an old horseman with me who was acquainted with the road. I hastened away without breeches, boots, spurs or sword, and reached Wittenberg safely."

In Augsburg Luther had contended with the proud prince of the Church of Rome; at Leipsic he was to defend his doctrine against the men of the schools in learned debate. On this occasion he spoke the decisive word to Dr. Eck: "I do not recognize any man as the head of the church militant but Jesus Christ

DISPUTATION WITH DR. ECK AT LEIPSIC, 1519.

only, on the ground of holy Scriptures." Mathesius says: "For Luther, like the true Samson, pulled down the pillar on which the Romans rested the power of the Pope, and said, 'that the text on which Dr. Eck relied—Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church—did not refer to St. Peter, still less to any of his successors, but to the Lord Jesus Christ, who was the true rock on which Christianity might stand against all the attacks of hell.'"

The two principal warriors, Luther and Eck, stand opposite each other in the hall of the Pleisenburg, the first advancing boldly to the attack, the other dex-

terously turning aside each blow, but cunningly enticing his opponent to further advances.

At Luther's side sits the youthful Melanchthon, in silent, anxious thought, while the more lively Carlstadt seeks to assist his own weak memory by referring to books. In the centre of the hall Duke George of Saxony is listening attentively to the disputants, until at the words of Luther, "that even some of the propositions of Huss and of the Bohemians were perfectly Christian and evangelical," he angrily cries out, "The man is mad!" At his feet sits his one-eyed fool wildly staring at Dr. Eck. Artists and poets are fond of introducing into

LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL.

matters of solemn import, agreeable equally to legend as to history, some amusing trait of human folly, as in this case, into the midst of the princes and warriors of the church, the court-fool of an earthly prince.

Neither cardinals nor doctors, neither negotiations nor disputations, could adjust the controversy. A rupture ensued; Rome condemned the Wittenberg doctor; the doctor solemnly declared the Roman judgment to be naught; he burnt the Pope's bull containing his condemnation.

Mathesius says: "But when the people from Louvain and other universities, the monasteries and the bishops attacked Luther's work with glowing fire,

such fire having been stirred up and blown into a flame by the Pope at Rome, the Spirit of God came upon this second Samson. On the 10th of December he once more caused a great fire to be made at Wittenberg before the Elster gate, and into it he himself threw the decree of the Pope, also the bull of Leo X., saying, 'Because thou, godless book, hast aggrieved or defamed the saint of the Lord, let eternal fire aggrieve and consume thee.'"

Although the ban of Rome was fulminated against Luther, the Emperor, Charles V., hesitated to have it executed, as he desired to avoid a collision with the Elector of Saxony, who was the steadfast friend and protector of the daring Wittenberg professor. He therefore summoned him to appear before him and

HE IS SUMMONED TO APPEAR AT WORMS IN 1521.

the princes of the empire at Worms, in the hope of inducing him to recant and yield submission to the Pope.

Thus was he led from the quiet cell of the cloister, from the lecture-rooms of the university, from the midst of his powerfully roused community, upon a far greater scene. All Germany now looks upon him as upon no other! The monk, the preacher, and the teacher of Wittenberg has become *the man of the German nation.*

Therefore the artist represents him, in this picture, in the midst of his people, who joyfully greet the man upon whom they found their hopes; old and young, men and women, high and low, clergymen and laymen, all unite in one group as they enter the famous city of Worms.

Beside Luther in the carriage sit his friends, Amsdorf, Petrus Von Suaven, and the monk Pezenstein, Justus Jonas and many Saxony noblemen who had gone to meet him, follow on horseback. Thousands of people from all ranks accompany him to his abode in the "Deutschen Hof."

But the waving flood of the people, which on that day bore him upwards so mightily, is not the principal or the strongest shield of his heart. This beating, warring heart appeals to a higher protection,—to the eternal Rock amidst the flood of time and of nations.

Streets and hostelries have become quiet, the masses which to-day shouted his welcome are silent; but he seeks to compose his mind with music, and by gazing upwards into the sacred stillness of the starry sky;—he prays:

"Almighty, eternal God, how poor a thing is this world! how little a matter will cause the people to stand open-mouthed! how little and mean is the confidence of man in God! Do thou, O Lord, assist me against all worldly wisdom and understanding; do this—thou *must* do it, thou alone! It is not indeed my

LUTHER AT PRAYER.

cause, but thine own; I myself have nothing to do here and with the great princes of this world. But it is thy cause, which is just and eternal; I rely upon no man. Come, oh come! I am ready to give up even my life patiently, like a lamb; for the cause is just: it is thine, and I will not depart from thee eternally. This I resolve in thy name: the world cannot force my conscience. And should my body be destroyed, my soul is thine, and remaineth with thee forever."

The two protecting figures above, to the right and left of Luther, represent two other German Knights: Hutten, with his harp and sword, and the laurel-wreath of the poet on his brow; and his friend, the valorous Sickingen, with the General's baton in his hand. They were ready to protect their "holy friend, the unconquerable theologian and evangelist, at Worms, by their words and their swords," if necessary.

The evening afterwards, when he was about to appear before the Emperor, he met at the very threshold of the hall the Knight George of Freundsberg who, laying his hand upon Luther's shoulder, said kindly, "Monk, monk ('Mönchlein' being a caressing diminutive), thou enterest upon a path, and art about to take a stand, such as I and many other commanders have never braved even in our most deadly battles. If thou have right on thy side, and be sure of thy cause, then go on, in the name of God, and be comforted; God will not forsake thee!" Thus spoke, if we are to believe in tradition, the knight of this world to the spiritual knight,—the military hero to the hero of the faith; he spoke with noble modesty, as the inferior to the higher warrior. The picture

ENCOURAGED BY FREUNDSBERG.

above represents Luther and the Knight of Freundsberg accosting him at the entrance of the Imperial Hall.

The decisive moment has come! Before the Emperor and all the dignitaries of the Empire, Luther is to prove whether the power of conscience is stronger in him than all earthly considerations. "My conscience and the Word of God," said he, "hold me prisoner." Therefore after a firm and courteous defence, and after repeated calls to recant his doctrines, his final answer was: "Unless with proofs of the Holy Scriptures, or with manifest, clear and distinct principles and arguments I am refuted and convinced, I can and will recant nothing. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me! Amen!"

"This is one of the glorious days," exclaims Mathesius, "before the end of the world, on which the word of God has been professed and confessed publicly with Christian rejoicings before the Roman Emperor and the whole Empire of Germany!"

Carlyle says:—"The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. The world's pomp and power sits there, on this hand; on that,

LUTHER BEFORE THE EMPEROR AT THE DIET OF WORMS, 1521.

stands up for God's truth one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's son. Our petition—the petition of the whole world to him was: 'Free us; it rests with thee; desert us not.' Luther did not desert us. It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the modern history of men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, America's vast work these two centuries; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present; the germ of it all lay there. Had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise."—*Heroes and Hero-Worship.*

The picture is strikingly suggestive: Next to the young Emperor Charles sits

his brother Ferdinand; at their sides the three spiritual and the three temporal electors—the wise Frederick of Saxony sits in front; opposite, on the bench for the princes, we see Philip of Hesse looking attentively at Luther. Dr. Hieronymus Schurf stands behind him as his legal adviser; opposite to him, at the table covered with Luther's works, we see the imperial orator and official of the Archbishop of Treves, Dr. John Eck; nearer to the Emperor, the Cardinal Alexander holds in his hand the bull containing the condemnation of Luther. In the background are seen the Spanish sentinels who mocked the German monk as he retired from the presence of the Emperor.

The Imperial Diet has closed, and the Monk of Wittenberg, relying on his

THE CAPTURE OF LUTHER BY FRIENDS.

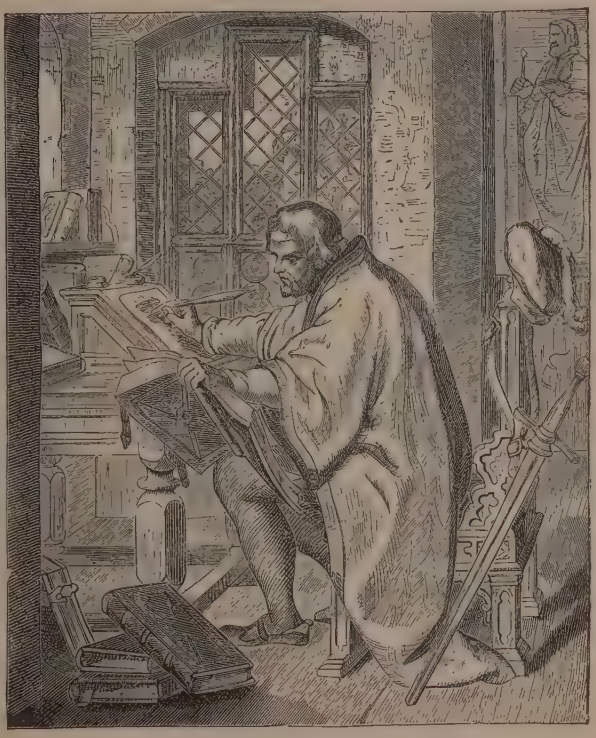
conscience and the Word of God, has triumphed over the potentates of the earth. The ban of the Empire was now proclaimed against him, but he remained at Worms until the following day, and then set out for Wittenberg, escorted by a few of his most trusty friends.

Neither Spaniard nor Roman was to lay hand on the teacher of the German nation, strong in the faith of God. German fidelity and princely care had prepared for him a secret asylum.

Mathesius says: "Although Luther had been outlawed by the Emperor, and excommunicated by the Pope, God inspired the wise Elector of Saxony to give orders, through confidential and trustworthy persons, to take prisoner for a time the outlawed and excommunicated Luther, as the pious servant of God, Obadiah, the teacher of King Ahab, kept one hundred priests for a time concealed in a cavern, and fed them, while the Queen Jezebel sought their life. Our Doctor consented to this step at the anxious desire of good people."

Captain Berlepsch and Burkhard Hund, Lord of Altenstein, with their servants, stopped Luther's carriage in a hollow way near the Castle of Altenstein, in the direction of Waltershausen, and carried him off. His companion, Amsdorf, had to proceed alone, Luther's younger brother having fled, alarmed at sight of the approaching horsemen.

The heroic monk has suddenly vanished from the busy market-places of the world; we find him in the quiet chamber of a Thuringian castle disguised as The Knight Sir George, absorbed in the study of that volume which, since the dark days of Erfurt, had become the guiding star of his life. This book was now to speak in the German tongue to German hearts. Such was Luther's resolution, and his labor in his Patmos.



TRANSLATES THE BIBLE IN WARTBURG CASTLE.

"While our doctor was kept quite secretly at the Wartburg, he was not idle, but pursued daily his studies and his prayers, and devoted himself to the Greek and Hebrew Bibles, and wrote many kind consolatory letters to his friends." (*Mathesius.*)

"In the mean time," writes Luther, "I intend to translate the New Testament into our mother tongue, as our people wish. Oh, that every city had its own translator; so that this book might be in the hands and hearts of every one! . . . . I have taken upon myself a burden which surpasses my strength

Now only I perceive what a translation means, and why hitherto no one has ventured to put his name to one. It is to be hoped that we may give to our Germany a better translation than the Latins possess. It is a great work, well worthy that we should all labor thereat."

The spiritual knight now departs from his Patmos armed with his best weapon —his Bible. He has heard of the fanaticism and disturbances of Carlstadt and others at Wittenberg, and the news bereft him of all peace in his solitude. He resolves to return.

"I come to Wittenberg," he wrote to his prince, "under a much higher protection than that of the Elector. In this business the sword neither can nor ought to assist. Here God alone must work without human care or interference. Therefore he who hath most faith will in this matter protect most."

In this confidence he began his journey; and thoughts like these occupied

DEPARTURE FROM THE WARTBURG.

his mind most likely when, at Jena, in the inn called the Black Bear, he opened his heart cheerfully and affectionately to two Swiss students, Johannes Kessler and Rütiner, from St. Gall.

One of them, Kessler, has described this meeting thus: "In the sitting-room we found a man sitting alone at a table, with a little book lying before him. He greeted us kindly and called us forward to sit beside him at the table. He offered us drink, which we could not refuse; but we did not imagine he was other than a horseman, who sat there dressed according to the custom of the country in a red cap, simple breeches and jacket, a sword at his side, holding with his right hand the pommel of the sword, with the other his book. We asked him, 'Master, can you tell us whether Martin Luther is at this time at Wittenberg, or at what place he may be found?' He replied, 'I am well

informed that Luther is not at this time at Wittenberg; but he is soon to be there. Philip Melanchthon is there, however; he teaches Greek and Hebrew, both which languages I would recommend you to study, for they are necessary for understanding the Scriptures.' In such conversation he became quite familiar with us; so that my companion at last took up and opened the little book which lay before him: it was a Hebrew Psalter."

A few days later these Swiss students met the same horseman at Wittenberg, at the house of their countryman, Dr. H. Schurf, by the side of Melanchthon. "When we were called into the room," relates Kessler, "behold, we found Mar-

LUTHER AND SWISS STUDENTS.

AMONG HIS FRIENDS AT WITTENBERG.

tin, as we had seen him at Jena, with Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, Nicolaus Amsdorf, and Dr. Schurf, all telling him what had happened at Wittenberg during his absence. He greeted us smiling, and pointing with his finger, said: 'This is the Philip Melanchthon, of whom I spoke unto you at Jena!'"

A new epoch and a more severe struggle were now before Luther. He had to prove to the world whether he could maintain the idea which animated him, even against the false deductions which others had drawn from it; whether he could meet and check the divisions among those who had hitherto been his adherents. From the seed of his doctrine "of the liberty of the Christian"

there threatened to shoot up a harvest of the wildest fanaticism, if he could not root it out at the right moment. Already had Carlstadt and the enthusiasts of Zwickau begun to distract the young community at Wittenberg by their iconoclastic mischief.

But Luther interfered, and preserved the liberty of the Gospel: "Do not change liberty into compulsion (*Machet nur nicht aus dem Frei sein ein Muss sein*)," he exclaimed, "that ye may not have to render an account of those whom you have led astray by your liberty without love." "As I cannot pour faith

LUTHER ARRESTS THE DESTRUCTION OF IMAGES OF SAINTS IN THE CHURCH.

into the heart, neither can I nor ought I to compel any one to believe; for God only can do this, who alone can communicate life to the hearts of men. We are to preach the word; but the result must be as God pleases. Nothing can come of force and command, but pretence, outward show, and the aping of religion. Let us first of all seek to move the heart; wherever the heart and mind of all are not moved, there leave it to God; ye cannot do any good. But if ye will carry out such base precepts, I will recant all I have written and preached; I will not stand by you. *The Word hath created heaven and earth and all things; that Word must do it, and not poor sinners like ourselves.*"

The artist makes the soothing power of Luther's preaching evident, by representing him in the midst of the iconoclasts, arresting their wild proceedings.

From the confused crowd of the iconoclasts, and their fanatical excesses, we enter once more Luther's silent cell, to witness the quiet and cheerful progress of his translation of the Bible. At his side stands the younger friend and assistant of the reformer, Philip Melanchthon, the distinguished teacher of the Greek language at the young university. According to Luther's description he was "a mere youth in age, figure, and appearance; but a man when one considered the extent of his knowledge."

This was the beautiful period of their friendship, when each labored in the same spirit at their common task, full of admiration of the higher gifts of the other. "See how beautiful and lovely it is when brethren dwell together in unity!" Luther says in 1522, "No commentator has come nearer to the spirit of the Apostle Paul than my Philippus."

The reformation in the church is now in danger of being swallowed up by political revolution. The internal freedom of the Christian is made to justify rebellion against the state. This stormy flood Luther opposes with all his might. Shudderingly he seems to look into a bottomless abyss that opens before his people.

MELANCHTHON ASSISTS IN TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

In May, 1525, he wrote to his brother-in-law from Seeburg, where he had warned the people against rebellious proceedings: "Though there were many more thousand peasants, they are all of them robbers and murderers, who take to the sword for the sake of their own gratification, and who want to make a new rule in the world, from which they have from God neither law, nor right, nor command. They likewise bring disgrace and dishonor upon the word of God and upon the Gospel: yet I still hope that this will not continue. Well, when I get home, I will prepare myself for death, with God's help, and await

my new masters, the robbers and murderers. But sooner than approve of and pronounce their doings right, I would lose an hundred necks; so God in his mercy help me! In this my conscience is secure, although I may lose my life. It endureth but a short time, until the right Judge cometh, who will find both them and us. . . . Their doings and their victories cannot last long."

He had already warned the peasants, some time previously, in his "Admonition to Peace," and said: "Be ye in the right as much as ye may, yet it becometh no Christians to quarrel and fight, but to suffer wrong and bear evil. Put away

HE PREACHES AT SEEBURG AGAINST THE PEASANTS' WAR.

the name of Christians, I say, and make it not the cover for your impatient, quarrelsome, and unchristian intentions. That name I will grudge you, nor leave it you, but tear it away from you by writing and preaching, as long as a vein beats in my body."

From the agitation caused by his opposition to the iconoclasts Luther had returned to his Bible; from the annihilating struggles of a political revolution he turned to the symbolical erection of a Christian household, to the foundation of a family in the true German and evangelical spirit. Even during the storm

of insurrection, he wrote in the spring of 1525: "And if I can fit it, I mean to take my Kate to wife ere I die, in despite of the devil, although I hear that my enemies will continue. I hope they may not take from me my courage and my joy." A few weeks later, on June 13th, he was united to Catherine for life in the house of the town-clerk of Wittenberg: his friend Bugenhagen blessed the sacred union, in the presence of the lawyer Apel and of Lucas Kranach.

Thus did Luther pray on this occasion: "Beloved heavenly Father, as Thou hast given me the honor of Thy name and of Thine office, and willest also that I should be called and be honored as a father, grant me grace, and bless me, that I may govern and nourish my dear wife, child, and servants in a divine and Christian manner. . . . . I have not known how to refuse to my beloved Lord and Father this last act of obedience to His will which He claimed of me, in the good hope that God may grant me children. Also that I may confirm my doctrine by this my act and deed; seeing that I find still so many faint hearts, notwithstanding the shining light of the Gospel. . . I have reaped such great discredit and contempt from this my marriage, that I hope the angels will rejoice and the devils weep. The world and her wiseacres know not nor understand this word, that it is divine and holy. . . . . If matrimony be the work of God, what wonder that the world should be offended thereat? Is it not also offended that its own God and Maker has taken upon Himself our flesh and blood and given it for its salvation, as a redemption and as food? . . . Matrimony drives, hunts, and forces man into the very innermost and highest

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE WITH CATHARINE VON BORA, JUNE 13TH, 1525.

moral condition; that is to say, into faith—since there is no higher internal condition than faith, which dependeth solely upon the Word of God. . . . . Let the wife think thus: My husband is an image of the true high Head of Christ. In the same manner the husband shall love his wife with his whole heart, for the sake of the perfect love which he seeth in Christ, who gave himself for us. Such will be a Christian and divine marriage, of which the heathen know nothing. . . . . It is the highest mercy of God when a married couple love each other with their whole hearts through their whole lives." And this mercy he enjoyed. "My Kate is obedient and amenable to me in all things, more so than I had dared to hope. So that I deem myself richer than Crœsus."

THE DISPUTATION AT MARBURG.

Ten years earlier Luther had stood at Leipsic opposed to the chief theological champion of the court of Rome; here, at Marburg, we find him opposing the spiritual head of the Swiss Reformation. Wittenberg and Zurich, Saxony and Switzerland, represented by their most distinguished professors, debated in the castle at Marburg from the first to the fourth of October, 1529, upon the theological interpretation of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and upon the words employed in instituting it. The profound mystery of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in its depth and power entirely beyond the range, and indeed opposed to the scholastic controversy, became nevertheless the watchword of party.

Zwingli dreaded a physical interpretation; Luther, on the contrary, dreaded the evaporation of the spiritual element of the sacrament of the communion. One considered that he defended the corner-stone of evangelical Protestantism; the other, the foundation of the Christian church. On one side the cry was: "The Spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing!" The other side maintained the blessed presence and full enjoyment of the entire Christ, the undivided Saviour. Profound and insurmountable antitheses of religious thought and practice, defying the discriminating power of the human understanding!

In vain the Swiss sought to establish a cordial union, notwithstanding these differences, or rather rising above them. "There are no people on earth with whom I would more willingly be united than those of Wittenberg!" cried Zwingli, in tears. "Ye have a different spirit from ours!" was Luther's implacable reply. "Conscience is a shy thing; therefore we must not act lightly in such great matters, nor introduce anything new unless we have the distinct word of God for it. We deem, truly, that our opponents mean well; but it will be seen that their arguments do not satisfy conscience, as opposed to the meaning of the words, *This is my body.*"

Even a Christian and brotherly union was rejected. "To-day," says Luther, "the Landgrave proposed that we should, although maintaining different opinions, still keep together as brethren and members in Christ. But we want not such brethren or members: let us, however, have peace and good will!"

To the left of the picture Melanchthon and Œcolampadius are conversing; behind them, Philip of Hesse and Ulrich of Wurtemburg follow the conversation between Luther and Zwingli with extreme attention; to the right, several other theologians belonging to the two contending parties sit under the portrait of the peaceable Frederick the Wise.

That which had been heard thirteen years before at Wittenberg, on the 31st of October, 1517, like the voice of a watchman at midnight, was in full daylight, on the 25th of June, 1530, proclaimed at the court of the Bishop of Augsburg, before the Emperor and the Empire, as the steadfast conviction of many thousand German hearts.

For prudential reasons, it was deemed best that Luther should not be present in person at the diet, but he remained in the castle at Coburg, from which place he corresponded daily with Melanchthon, and was thus present in spirit and in prayer with his friends at Augsburg.

"Great is my joy," says Luther, "to have lived till this hour, when Christ is proclaimed by such confessors, before such an assembly, through so glorious a confession! Now the word is fulfilled: 'I will speak of thy testimony also before kings.' The other also will be fulfilled: 'Thou hast not let me be put to shame;' for 'whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father who is in heaven.'"

In this spirit he comforted his friends with the most joyful confidence: "Ye have confessed Christ Jesus; ye have offered peace, rendered obedience to the

PRESENTATION OF THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION. 1530

Emperor, borne evil, have been covered with reproach, and have returned evil for evil. To sum up all, ye have worthily carried on the sacred work as it becometh his saints. Look up, and lift up your heads, for your deliverance is nigh!"

"With sighs and prayer," he writes to Melanchthon, "I am in truth faithfully by your side. The cause concerns me also, indeed more than any of you; and it has not been begun lightly or wickedly, or for the sake of honors or worldly good. In this the Holy Ghost is my witness, and the cause itself has shown it until now. If we fall, Christ falls with us, the ruler of the world; and if he should fall, I would rather fall with Christ than stand with the Emperor. Christ is the conqueror of the world, I know! Why then should we fear the conquered world as if it were the conqueror?"

A witness, Veit Dietrich, says that he prayed with such reverence that it could be seen he spoke to God; and yet at the same time with such faith and hope, that it seemed as if he addressed a father and friend. "I know," he prayed, "that thou art our God and Father; I am therefore sure that thou wilt bring to shame the persecutors of the children. If thou do not, the danger is as well thine as ours. The whole cause is thine own. We have been forced to put our hands to the work; mayest thou protect it now!"

The artist has grouped the Reformers to the left, and the Catholics to the right of the spectators. There stands Melanchthon, with his care-worn, thoughtful countenance, full of grief over the impending separation of the churches; beside him, with hands folded in prayer, the elector John the Constant; behind him, the margrave George of Brandenburg; and, leaning on his sword, Philip of Hesse. Before the Emperor stands the chancellor, Christian Baier, reading with a loud voice the Evangelical Confession. On the stairs in the background, the people are seen pushing in and listening with attention. Above, in the Gothic arch, Luther is seen in prayer. In the lower compartment appear Luther's and Melanchthon's coat-of-arms, connected by a band, on which we read Luther's motto of those days, taken from his favorite Psalm: *Non moriar, sed vivam*, "I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord." Such was the presentiment of his soul regarding himself and his mission.

The members of the Evangelical Church had published their general confession at Augsburg. It is true the source of this confession could only be found in the Bible; and the Bible became their property only through Luther's translation.

"This is one of the greatest miracles," says Mathesius, "which our Lord has caused to be performed by Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world, that he giveth us Germans a very beautiful version of the Bible, and explaineth to us his eternal divine nature, and his merciful will, in good intelligible German words. When the whole German Bible had been published, Luther began anew to revise it with great zeal, industry and prayer. And as the Son of God had promised, that 'where two or three were gathered together in his name, he would be in the midst of them,' he caused a sanhedrim, as it were, of the best scholars then about him to assemble weekly, at his house, for a few hours before supper.

They were Dr. Bugenhagen, Dr. Justus Jonas, Dr. Kreuziger, Melanchthon, Mattheus Aurogallus and George Rorer the corrector. These were frequently joined by strange doctors and other learned men, Dr. Bernhard Ziegler, Dr. Forstenius, and others.

"After our doctor had looked through the published Bible, and consulted Jews

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

and foreign philologists, and had also inquired among old German persons for fitting German words, he joined the above assembly with his Latin and new German Bible; he had also the Hebrew text always with him. Melanchthon brought the Greek text; Dr. Kreuziger both the Hebrew and the Chaldee Bibles. The professors had several tables beside them; and Dr. Pomacer had also a Latin text before him. Every one had previously prepared himself by studying the

text. Then Luther, as president, proposed a passage, and heard what each one had to say on it, according to the peculiarity of the language, and the interpretation of the old doctors, and collected their votes."

In the picture, Luther stands between Melanchthon and Bugenhagen; to the left, looking up at Luther, is Jonas; beside him, Dr. Forstenius; and to the right, Dr. Kreuziger conversing with the rabbis. The artist has given an appearance of peculiar solemnity to the scene; and properly so, for it was one of the most important and dignified synods in the history of the Christian church.

Among the most beautiful fruits of the reform movement was the religious instruction of youth in the schools of the people; and nothing lay more at Luther's heart.

"I hold that the magistrates ought to force parents to send their children to school. Can they not force their subjects to bear pikes and muskets in wartime? why not much more then to send their children to school? for in this instance a worse war impendeth against the detestable devil, who seeketh to drain all cities and countries dry of all worthy people, until he have extracted the kernel, so that only the empty useless shell of worthless people be left standing, whom he may play with and deceive as he listeth! Therefore let all those work who can! Well, my beloved Germans, I have told you enough, ye have heard your Prophet!"

In this spirit he presented to the youth of his nation that master-piece of popular instruction in the elementary truths of Christianity, his Small Catechism.

Said he: "The miserable want which I witnessed formerly when I was still a visitor, has urged and driven me to give to this Catechism, or Christian teaching, such a simple form. God help me, what wretchedness have I seen! how ignorant are the common people of all Christian knowledge! particularly in the villages, and how many of the parochial priests are unskilful and unfit, alas, to teach them! O ye bishops! how will ye answer it unto Christ that ye have deserted the people thus disgracefully?"

It was his greatest joy and greatest encouragement to see the fruits of his labor ripen among the new generation. "Tender youths and maidens grow up so well instructed in the catechism and the Scriptures, that it soothes my heart to see how, at present, young boys and maidens pray and believe more, and can tell more of God and of Christ than formerly, and more even now than all foundation-converts and schools can. Young people like them are truly a paradise, such as the world cannot show. And all this the Lord buildeth as though he would say: 'Well, my much-beloved Duke Hans, I confide to thee my noblest treasure, my cheerful paradise; thou shalt be father over it, as my gardener and fosterer.' As if God himself were your daily guest and ward, because his word, and his children who keep his word, are your daily guests and wards, and eat your bread."

The picture represents the great Reformer in the midst of a number of children, to whom, according to the text, "Let little children come unto me," he expounds his Catechism, whilst Jonas is distributing the book among them. In

the background are seen a circle of attentive schoolmasters, who are preparing themselves for the duties of their calling by listening to his teaching.

As Luther had translated the Word of God for his people into their mother-tongue; as he had interpreted it in his elementary work for the understanding of children; so did he wish to announce it to the assembled community in sermons, as an explanation, development, and application of the revelation of God in Christ. Preaching became the principal instrument for the foundation

REFORMING THE SCHOOLS—INTRODUCING THE CATECHISM.

and guidance of the Evangelical Church. The Reformer became from this time forward pre-eminently a preacher. Here are his words:

"Therefore, mark this, thou parochial priest and preacher! Our office has now become another thing than it was under the Pope; it is now real and beneficial. It has therefore much more trouble and labor, more danger and temptations, and with all that, less reward and thanks in this world. But Christ himself will be our reward, if we labor faithfully."

In the picture all the elements of evangelical worship are indicated; the sacraments, by the baptismal font and the altar; music, by the organ and the

hymn-books; the duty of benevolence, by the poor-box. We are at the same time reminded of the fact, that Luther and the renovated church were entirely free from the heartless and fanatical endeavor to exclude the arts from public worship. "I am not of opinion," said he, "that all the arts are to be rooted out by the Gospel, as some ultra-divines pretend; but would wish to see all the arts

LUTHER IN THE PULPIT.

employed, and music particularly, in the service of Him who has given and created them."

"*The word and the sacrament*," was for Luther the motto and symbol of the true Christian church. As a pendant to the preaching, the artist has chosen, therefore, the most sacred rite of the Evangelical Church—the celebration of the Lord's Supper in its original mode and form. Luther presents the cup to his

elector, John Frederick, while Dr. Bugenhagen breaks the bread. By retaining and insisting upon the "real presence" in the sacrament, Luther strove to save the reformed church from the double danger of being either split into a number of sects unconnected with the great Christian church, or driven from its object by the arbitrary opinions of the schools. "Whoever doth not require and long for the sacrament, of him it may be feared that he despises it, and is no Christian; even as he is no Christian who doth not hear and believe in the Gospel. But who doth not reverence the Sacrament, that is a sign that he has no sin, no

ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT.

world, no death, no danger, no hell; that is to say, he believeth in none, although he be sunk in them over head and ears. Contrariwise, he needeth not either grace, eternal life, the kingdom of heaven, Christ or God."

The artist, introducing us to the private life of Luther, gives us in the first instance a proof of the intimate relation that existed between the Reformer and his prince; we see him in confidential conversation with the Elector John, to whom he is reading and explaining the Scriptures. As an individual instance, this meeting may not perhaps be capable of historical proof; still the picture

shows in perfection the beautiful and unshaken unity of mind and of opinion which so closely connected the teacher with the prince, and of which history affords ample proof. It was this prince, indeed, to whom Luther addressed, in 1530, from Coburg to Augsburg, those incomparable words, in which the mutual

READS THE BIBLE TO THE ELECTOR, JOHN THE CONSTANT.

relation between the two men is so clearly reflected: "The all-merciful God approves himself still more merciful by making his word so powerful and effective in your highness' lands. For in your dominions, it is true, there are more excellent preachers and clergymen, and a greater number of them, who teach purely and faithfully and assist in keeping the blessed peace, than in any

other country in the world. God, our Lord, who has appointed your highness father and helper over this country, feedeth all through your office and service. Let your highness be comforted. Christ is come, and will confess you before his Father, as you have confessed him before this wicked race. I am grieved

LUTHER ON A SICK-BED IS COMFORTED BY THE ELECTOR, 1537.

that Satan should afflict and trouble your heart; he is a sorry bitter spirit, and cannot bear that the heart of man should rejoice or be at peace, particularly in the Lord; how much less can he bear that your highness should be of good courage, since he well knoweth of how much importance your heart is to us all; and not

only to us, but to all the world; nay, I might almost say to heaven itself. Therefore we are all bound to assist your highness with prayer, consolations, with love, and in whatever way we can. Oh! the young people will do this, who cry and call, with their innocent tongues, so affectingly to heaven, and faithfully recommend your highness to the all-merciful God."

In the last picture Luther appeared as the clerical servant of his prince; here the son of that prince visits him kindly in his bodily affliction. He had fallen dangerously ill at Schmalkalden, when, on the Sunday Invocavit (February, 1537), the Elector John Frederick visited and comforted him. "The good God our Lord," said that prince, much affected, "will be merciful unto us, and prolong your life." When Luther, in the fear of death, recommended the gospel to his future protection, he replied: "I fear, dear doctor, that if the Lord were to remove you, he would take away his precious word also;" which observation Luther properly contradicted. At parting, John Frederick sought to comfort him with these words: "Your wife shall be as my wife, and your children my children." "The pious prince," writes Luther to his wife, "sent messengers on foot and on horseback to fetch, whatever might be beneficial to me, at any and every expense; but it was not to be."

In our picture Melanchthon sits in the foreground full of anxiety and deep sorrow; indeed he frequently could not restrain his tears at sight of his suffering friend. Behind him, at the right hand of the sick man, stands Frederick Myconius; George Spalatin bends, in anxious thought, over the pillow of the sufferer; the physician holds the medicine in his hand, and Hans von Dolzig stands behind the Elector.

As we owe it almost wholly to the industrious and artistic hand of Lucas Cranach, that Luther's portrait, with its bold, strongly marked features, has been preserved to us, it is but a just proof of gratitude that our biographer-artist refers in this picture to the indefatigable activity of Cranach. Master Lucas is here seen sketching the portrait of his friend, which he afterwards copied many times. Melanchthon examines the features to judge of the resemblance. Few had looked so often and so deeply into the innermost soul of the hero as he, nor observed him in such varied conditions of mind: he was therefore sent for expressly to give an opinion on the portrait of his friend. Another friend, Spalatin, seeks to amuse Luther during the sitting by reading to him.

We have seen Luther on a sick-bed, and his friends grieving beside him; here we find him by the side of the suffering Melanchthon, raising the almost broken spirit of the sick man with the powerful words of life. Melanchthon had suddenly fallen sick at Weimar, while on his way to the monastery at Hagenau. Presentiments of death had accompanied him thither, and a mental affliction, which undermined his strength, threatened the speedy dissolution of the almost exhausted powers of life. His delicately strung mind was tormented by the bitterest pain that can assail a poor mortal; he was at war with himself, for his conscience could not find rest from the reproach that he had not resisted more firmly the desires and demands of the Landgrave of Hesse in regard to his

Morganatic marriage, and had thus, it might be alleged, acquiesced in part at least, in a public slight offered to the Evangelical Church.

At the call of the Elector, Luther and Kreuziger came to him: the former saw with terror the corpselike form of his friend, the failing eyes, the fleeting sense. "God preserve me!" he cried, "how has the devil destroyed this *organon!*" and turning to the window, he poured out his anxious soul in the boldest and most earnest prayer. Words passed through his soul and crossed his lips which, coming from another, might be condemned as blasphemy, but which

HE SITS FOR HIS PORTRAIT TO LUCAS CRANACH.

in him arose from the very depth of a sublime confidence in God, and from an unconditional faith in the Scriptures. "This time I besought the Almighty with great vigor; I attacked him with his own weapons, quoting from Scripture all the promises I could remember, that prayers should be granted, and said that he must grant my prayer, if I was henceforth to put faith in his promises." He then took the hand of the sick man, saying, "Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die; although the Lord might see cause to kill, yet wills he not the death of the sinner, but rather that he should turn to him and live! God hath called the greatest sinners unto mercy; how much less then will he cast off thee,

my Philip, or destroy thee in sin and sadness! Therefore do not give way to grief, do not become thine own murderer, but trust in the Lord, who can kill and bring to life, who can strike and heal again." Melanchthon would rather have passed away in sleep to eternal peace, than have returned to earthly strife; but the spiritually powerful words of Luther recalled him, "No, no, Philip, thou must serve the Lord our God still further!"

He recovered; "recalled from death unto life," he says himself, "by divine

LUTHER PRAYING FOR MELANCHTHON.

power;" and Luther rejoicingly said, "he would bring back the Magister Philip, with the help of God, from the grave to cheerfulness."

From Luther's friends we turn to his domestic relations, to which his singing at home forms a fitting link of connexion, while it serves at the same time as a record of the immortal fame he has acquired by his zeal in improving German vocal church-music.

In the picture he is represented surrounded by his children and friends practising the first evangelical church-melodies under the direction of the electoral

chapel-master, John Walther. To the left stands the cantor, to the right Mathesius.

"I have," relates Walther, "sung many a delightful hour with him, and have often observed how our beloved friend became more and more cheerful as we sang, and never grew weary nor had enough of it. He himself composed the chants to the Epistles and Gospels, has sung them to me, and asked my opinion. He kept me three weeks at Wittenberg, until the first German mass had been chanted in the parish church. I attended it, and afterwards took a copy of this first German mass with me to Torgau, that I might present it to the Elector.

LUTHER SINGING AT HOME.

"At table, as well as afterwards, the Doctor sang sometimes; he also played the lute; I have sung with him; between the songs he introduced good words . . . . . Once, during Advent 1538, when he had the singers at table with him, and they sang beautiful motettes, he said with emotion: 'As our Lord pours out such noble gifts upon us in this life how glorious will be eternal life! This is only the beginning.'"—*Mathesius.*

In the preface to his first collection of sacred songs and psalms, he says that they had been set for four voices, because he wished "that the young people, who ought at all events to be instructed in music and other proper arts, might be

rid of their improper love-songs, and learn something good and instructive instead; and to find pleasure in that which is good, as it becometh young people."

The artist here presents to us Luther's summer pleasures in the circle of his family, and at the same time calls attention to those habitual guests at his table, to whom (as indicated by the young man who is writing behind Luther) we owe the noting down of his table-talk. A garden-scene could not indeed be omitted in a series of pictures, memorials of the man whose heart ever opened in the free air, in the sight and enjoyment of nature; who gladly observed and ad-

A SUMMER SCENE IN LUTHER'S HOME.

mired the creation with his pious, thoughtful and poetical eye. He wrote to a friend who procured garden seeds for him: "If Satan and his imps rave and roar, I shall laugh at him, and admire and enjoy, to the Creator's praise, God's blessings in the gardens." He writes to Spalatin in 1526: "I have planted my garden and built a well, both with success. Come to me, and thou shalt be crowned with roses and lilies!"

"If I live, I shall become a gardener," he once said, while in this humor. "The world knows neither God their Creator, nor his creatures. Alas! how

would man, if Adam had not sinned, have recognized God in all his works, and loved and praised him! Then he might have been seen and considered the wisdom, might and goodness of God even in the smallest flower! We are at present in the dawn of a future life, for we begin to recover the knowledge of creatures which we had lost through Adam's fall. In his creatures we recognize the power of his word; how great that is!—He said, and it was so!"

His profoundly contemplative mind, in its heartfelt enjoyment of nature,

LUTHER'S WINTER PLEASURES.

looked upon creation as the divine symbolic expression of the Invisible and Highest. He compared the Bible, for instance, to a beautiful forest, "in which there is no tree at which my hand has not knocked." Again, he said on a fine spring day (1541) to Justus Jonas, in that tone of mind of mingled melancholy and undefined longing, which sometimes overpowers us amidst the joys of spring: "If there were neither sin nor death, we might be satisfied with this paradise. But all shall be more beautiful still, when the old world shall have been renewed, and a new spring shall open and remain forever."

Upon the pleasures of summer follow those of winter. The Christmas festival is the chief of all in a Christian home. The garden which delights Luther's eyes most are his children, whom he looked upon as God's greatest blessing. He expressed this one day to his friend Justus Jonas, who admired the branch of a cherry-tree which hung over the table: "Why do you not consider this still more in your children, the fruits of your body, and who are more beautiful and nobler creatures of God than the fruits of any other tree? In them is shown the almighty power, wisdom and art of God, who has made them out of nothing."

The crossbow with which the eldest boy shoots at the apples of the Christmas-tree reminds us of a letter which Luther wrote from Coburg, in 1530, to his son, then four years old, in which he told him of "the gay, beautiful garden, the many children, the apples and pears, the fine little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles, the fifes, cymbals, and grand silver crossbows."

BESIDE THE COFFIN OF HIS DAUGHTER MAGDALENA.

In the picture, Melanchthon is occupied with the little bowman, while "Aunt Lena" looks at a book with the younger boy; and the eldest girl, Magdalena, rejoices in a doll representing the angel of the Christmas festival —as if she had felt a presentiment of soon becoming an angel herself. This hint of the artist prepares us for the solemn nature of the next picture.

We stand here before a sanctuary. On the altar of his God, from the inmost depths of his painfully struggling soul, the father gave up the dearest of all he possessed. His beloved child, ripe for heaven while still on earth, he placed resignedly into the lap of his Creator and Redeemer. On Wednesday, September

20, 1542, his Magdalena, not yet fourteen years old, closed her eyes forever in the arms of her father, who was praying for her. "I love her much," he said at her bedside; "but if it be thy will, O God, to take her, I shall gladly know her to be with thee!" When he asked her: "Magdalena, my little daughter, thou wouldst gladly remain here with thy father; but thou wilt also readily go to thy other Father?" the dying child replied: "Yes, dear father, as God wills." "My beloved Lena, thou art well bestowed," he said beside her coffin; "thou shalt rise again and shine like a star, nay, like the sun. . . . . Indeed, I rejoice in the spirit, but sorrow in the flesh; the flesh will not submit; parting grieves us beyond all measure." And after the funeral he said: "My daughter is now provided for, body and soul. We Christians ought not to mourn; we know that it must be thus; we are most fully assured of eternal life, for God, who has promised it us through his Son, cannot lie. God has now two saints of my flesh! If I could bring my daughter to life again, and she could bring me a kingdom, I would not do it. Oh, she is well cared for! Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Whoever dies thus is assured of eternal life. I wish I and my children, and you all, might depart; for I see evil times coming."

The great effectiveness of this picture arises from the holy peacefulness breathing in the words of the mourning father, so powerfully impressive in their solemn simplicity. We seem to hear them: "Thou hast given, thou hast taken away; blessed be thy name!"

Prominently to depict the moral courage of Luther, and to show the great weight of his name, the artist refers to his intercourse with Hans Kohlhase.

This unhappy individual, originally an honest, much-respected man, of a strong and vigorous mind, but passionate and with a keen perception of justice and of his own rights, was driven to desperation by a series of injuries, and a denial of all redress, inflicted upon him by the ruling powers. He became a robber, and on several occasions acted in concert with the most violent opponents of the constituted authorities of that day. A character such as this was well calculated to inspire Luther with the most lively interest; for in the depths of his soul also violent passions lay hid, subdued and controlled by his higher qualities and by his faith.

The *Chronica* of Peter Haftiti states that a warning letter which Luther addressed to Kohlhase, and in which he solemnly and impressively admonished him to repentance, encouraged the outcast to go to Luther's house, and, without naming himself, implore for admission. "It occurred suddenly to Luther that this might be Kohlhase; therefore he went to the door himself, and said: '*Numquid tu es Hans Kohlhase?*' to which the answer was, '*Jam, Domine Doctor.*' Upon this he was let in; and Luther conducted him solemnly to his own room, and sent for Master Philip Melanchthon and several other divines. These Kohlhase made acquainted with the state of his affairs, and all remained with him until late at night. In the morning he confessed himself to Luther, received the holy communion, and promised that he would abstain from violence, and injure the

Saxon lands no further. He departed from the hostelry unrecognized and unobserved, having been consoled by the promise that Luther and his friends would advocate his cause, and bring it to a good end." When this interference proved unavailing, Kohlhase resumed his attempts to right himself by violence; and was at length taken, condemned, and executed, in 1540.

In the picture Kohlhase appears despairing; bowing down before Luther only, because he could have faith in and respect him alone. Luther receives him seriously and compassionately; for he reads in this darkened mind that a great power had been given it, the degeneration and destruction of which he deeply laments.

LUTHER AND HANS KOHLHASE.

Luther, inspired by the courage which faith gives, looked death in the face even when it approached in the terrible guise of the plague. This awful disease had broken out three times in Wittenberg, in 1516, 1527, and 1535; and three times he remained in the midst of the danger, although he was pressingly requested to absent himself.

"I hope," he wrote to Lange, in 1516, "that the world will stand, though Martin Luther fall. I mean to disperse the brethren in all directions; but I have been posted here, and here I must remain. I do not say this because I do not fear death—for I am not the Apostle Paul, but only his commentator—but I trust God will protect me from all my fears." Eleven years later, when the

greater number of the inhabitants had left, and the university had been removed to Jena, he cried: "We are not alone; Christ and your prayers, and those of all the saints, are with us; also the holy angels, invisible but powerful! If it be the will of God that we should remain and die, our care will avail us nothing. Let every one dispose his mind in this way: if he be bound to remain and assist his fellow-men in their death-struggles, let him resign himself to God, and say, 'Lord, I am in thy hand; thou hast placed me here; thy will be done.'"

On All-saints' day, ten years after the indulgences had been trodden under foot (1527), he complained to Amsdorf: "My house is becoming an hospital; Hanna, Dr. Augustin's wife, has carried the plague about with her, but she is now recovered; Margaretta Mochina frightened us with one boil and other symptoms, but she is well again; for my Kate I fear much, for she is near her lying in; my little son also has been ill for the last three days. Thus there is struggle abroad and fear within—and both violent enough. Christ visits us sorely; the only consolation which we can oppose to the wrath of Satan is, that we have God's word for the salvation of our souls, even though he destroy our bodies. Therefore do thou and our brethren include us in your prayers, that we firmly bear the hand of God." On the 10th of December he writes: "I am like a dying man; and behold, I live!" At the end of the year he exclaimed thankfully: "God hath shown himself wondrously merciful unto us."

There existed at this time an unfortunate family quarrel between the Counts of Mansfeld, in regard to their estates and worldly possessions. In the previous year Luther had twice attempted to adjust the quarrel, but without success, and now he was called upon to make another effort to restore peace among the members of this alienated family. On the 23d of January, 1546, he set out a third time from Wittenberg to Eisleben for this purpose, accompanied by his three sons.

Thus the warrior of Christ, who had contended for His Gospel against the mightiest potentates of earth, begins a journey of peace to the place of his birth —his earliest home. It proved to be his last journey on earth, and led him to eternal peace in his eternal home. He himself believed it would be his last journey, and he said: "The world is tired of me and I am tired of it; we shall part not unwillingly, but easily, as a guest leaves his hostelry."

His Katharine saw him depart with a sorrowful heart, as if she had a presentiment that she would never see him again in this life. In vain he sought to cheer her with playful as well as grave remarks in his letters: "Read St. John and the Little Catechism, my beloved Kate, for thou seemest to fear for thy God, as if He were not Almighty, and could not create ten Dr. Martins if the old one were drowned in the Saale." Again he wrote: "Do not trouble me with thine anxieties; I have a better Protector than thee and all the angels. He lies in the manger, or clings to the breast of the Virgin, but sitteth also at the right hand of God, our Father Almighty. Therefore, rest in peace. Amen!"

There was a great flood in the river Saale, which he crossed in his journey on January 28th, and narrowly escaped death—but only to depart this life a few weeks later in the place of his birth. The object of his journey to Eisleben—to

reconcile two brothers at variance—was a very painful one to him. "In this school," he writes, "one may learn why the Lord in His Gospel calls riches thorns."

In the picture the artist represents several scenes of this memorable journey. First, Katharine mourning the departure of Luther, and their sons, who are next seen setting out on their journey on foot. In the intervening panel is depicted a crowded boat amid angry billows, threatening to engulph it, representing the perilous passage and escape of Luther and his party in crossing the Saale; and

LUTHER AS A PEACEMAKER.

finally their reception at the frontiers of Mansfeld by the Counts with a large retinue to escort Luther to Eisleben with great honor.

A great and eventful life, of which the results are incalculable, approaches its end; the heart stands still that has beaten so warmly and faithfully for his people, for Christ, and His Gospel. Shortly before his end he said, sighing: "Good God! I feel so anxious and troubled; I am going; I shall assuredly remain at Eisleben!" and then he prayed: "I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast revealed Thy beloved Son Jesus Christ unto me, in whom I have believed, and whom I have confessed and preached, and whom the Pope and all godless people persecute. . . . . O heavenly Father, although I must resign my body

and be torn away from this life, I know that I shall be with Thee forever, and

DEATH OF LUTHER AT EISLEBEN, FEBRUARY 18TH, 1546.

that no one can tear me from Thy hands." . . . . The words which he repeated frequently during his last hours were: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my

spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!" When Jonas and Cœlius asked him: "Reverend Father, shall you die faithful to Christ and to the doctrine you have preached?" he answered distinctly, "Yes." This word was his last on earth, spoken in the first hour of February the 18th, 1546.

In the picture his two sons kneel beside their dying parent; his faithful friend and companion, Dr. Justus Jonas, addresses his last words to him: Michael Cœlius prays for the preservation of the beloved life; the physician, Simon Wild, holds the now useless medicine-bottle in his hand; to the right stand Count Albrecht of Mansfeld and his wife, for whose sake the weary warrior had undertaken this troublesome winter journey.

Below, Master Lucas Fortenagel, from Halle, is kneeling at the coffin of the departed, whose portrait he is about to take. Above, the swan prophesied by Huss rises anew from the flames.

Once more we stand at Wittenberg before Luther; but the eloquent lips are silent, the eye is closed which once he raised with holy confidence to the Emperor and the country, to the Pope, and the cardinals; he is silent forever in the church to which, thirty years before, he had affixed words that were to shake the world. His body had been carried in solemn procession from Eisleben to Wittenberg, by order of the Elector, that a place of rest might be prepared for it in the electoral chapel. Never before nor since was there such a funeral in Germany.

Next to the coffin, in the picture, stands his friend Melanchthon, who had during twenty-eight years stood faithfully by his side. He had been deeply affected by the news of his death. On the following morning he pronounced in his lecture-room, with few but emphatic words, the testimony of history and of the Protestant world upon the departed: "The doctrine of the forgiveness of sins and of faith in the Son of God has not been discovered by any human understanding, but has been revealed unto us by God through this man, whom He had raised up." On the day of the funeral also, after Dr. Bugenhagen had preached, he again bore witness to the value of the labors of the departed: "His doctrine does not consist in rebellious opinions made known with violence; it is rather an interpretation of the divine will and of the true worship of God, an explanation of the Scriptures, a sermon of the word of God, namely, the Gospel of Christ. . . . . Now he is united with the prophets, of whom he loved to talk; now they greet him as their fellow-laborer, and with him praise the Lord who collects and maintains his church."

Three times has the centenary festival of his death been celebrated in Wittenberg, but still Germany and the German Evangelical Church await a second Luther. To many has been given the power to develop in an equal or a higher degree some one single feature of his sublime being; but where find a second time that inexhaustible depth of faith, with the same irresistible command of the popular language, united to the same strength of will and readiness for action? Where this blessed absorption in God, with the power of ruling mankind? Where can we find once more that union of qualities, the non-existence of which thus united has constituted for centuries the hereditary want of Germany? Even

to-day we still ask this at the grave of the German Reformer. The fourth centenary of Luther's birth is now at hand; and it is to aid in befittingly commemo-

THE OBSEQUIES OF LUTHER.

rating his marvellous career and his transcendant services to mankind that this memorial tribute to his memory is reproduced.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

GREAT REFORMATION

IN THE TIMES OF

LUTHER AND CALVIN,

COMPRISING

GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, ENGLAND AND ITALY,

THROUGH THE LABORS OF

LUTHER, CALVIN, MELANCHTHON, ERASMUS, ZWINGLE, FAREL, WICKLIFFE, TYNDALE, CRANMER, LATIMER, BERQUIN, OLIVETAN, ROUSSEL, FRYTH, BERTHELIER, ŒCOLAMPADIUS, BUCER, MYCONIUS, AND MANY OTHER REFORMERS.

BY J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D.,

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PREFACE.

THE work I have undertaken is not the history of a party. It is the history of one of the greatest revolutions ever effected in human affairs,—the history of a mighty impulse communicated to the world three centuries ago, and of which the operation is still everywhere discernible in our own days. The history of the Reformation is altogether distinct from the history of Protestantism. In the former all bears the character of a regeneration of human nature, a religious and social transformation emanating from God himself. In the latter, we see too often a glaring depravation of first principles,—the conflict of parties,—a sectarian spirit,—and the operation of private interests. The history of Protestantism might claim the attention only of Protestants. The history of the Reformation is a book for all Christians,—or rather for all mankind.

An historian may choose his portion in the field before him. He may narrate the great events which change the exterior aspect of a nation, or of the world; or he may record that tranquil progression of a nation, of the church, or of mankind, which generally follows mighty changes in social relations. Both these departments of history are of high importance. But the public interest has seemed to turn, by preference, to those periods which, under the name of Revolutions, bring forth a nation, or society at large, for a new era,—and to a new career.

Of the last kind is the transformation which, with very feeble powers, I have attempted to describe, in the hope that the beauty of the subject will compensate for my insufficiency. The name of *revolution* which I here give to it, is, in our days, brought into discredit with many who almost confound it with revolt. But this is to mistake its meaning. A revolution is a change wrought in human affairs. It is a something new which unrolls itself from the bosom of humanity; and the word, previously to the close of the last century, was more frequently understood in a good sense than in a bad one:—"a happy—a wonderful Revolution" was the expression. The Reformation, being the re-establishment of the principles of primitive Christianity, was the reverse of a revolt. It was a movement *regenerative* of that which was destined to revive; but *conservative* of that which is to stand forever. Christianity and the Reformation, while they established the great principle of the equality of souls in the sight of God, and overturned the usurpations of a proud priesthood, which assumed to place itself between the Creator and his creature, at the same time laid down as a first element of social order, that there is no power but what is of God,—and called on all men to love the brethren, to fear God, to honour the king.

The Reformation is entirely distinguished from the revolutions of antiquity, and from the greater part of those of modern times. In these, the question is one of politics, and the object proposed is the establishment or overthrow of the power of the one or of the many. The love of truth, of holiness, of eternal things, was the simple and powerful spring which gave effect to that which we have to narrate. It is the evidence of a gradual advance in human nature. In truth, if man, instead of seeking only material, temporal, and earthly interests, aims at a higher object, and seeks spiritual and immortal blessings,—he advances, he progresses. The Reformation is one of the most memorable days of this progress. It is a pledge that the struggle of our own times will terminate in favour of truth, by a triumph yet more spiritual and glorious.

Christianity and the Reformation are two of the greatest revolutions in history. They were not limited to one nation, like the various political movements which history records, but extended to many nations, and their effects are destined to be felt to the ends of the earth.

Christianity and the Reformation are, indeed, the same revolution, but working at different periods, and in dissimilar circumstances. They differ in secondary features:—they are alike in their first lines and leading characteristics. The one is the re-appearance of the other. The former closes the old order of things;—the latter begins the new. Between them is the middle age. One is the parent of the other; and if the daughter is in some respects, inferior, she has, in others, characters, altogether peculiar to herself.

The suddenness of its action is one of these characters of the Reformation. The great revolutions which have drawn after them the fall of a monarchy, or an entire change of political system, or launched the human mind in a new career of development, have been slowly and gradually prepared; the power to be displaced has long been mined, and its principal supports have given way. It was even thus at the introduction of Christianity But the Reformation, at the first glance, seems to offer a different aspect. The Church of Rome is seen, under Leo X., in all its strength and glory. A monk speaks,—and in the half of Europe this power and glory suddenly crumble into dust. This revolution reminds us of the words by which the Son of God announces his second advent: "As the lightning cometh forth from the west and shineth unto the east, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

This rapidity is inexplicable to those who see in this great event only a reform; who make it simply an act of critical judgment, consisting in a choice of doctrines,—the abandoning of some, the preserving others, and combining those retained, so as to make of them a new code of doctrine.

How could an entire people?—how could many nations have so rapidly performed so difficult a work? How could such an act of critical judgment kindle the enthusiasm indispensable to great and especially to sudden revolutions? But the Reformation was an event of a very different kind; and this its history will prove. It was the pouring forth anew of that life which Christianity had brought into the world. It was the triumph of the noblest of doctrines—of that which animates those who receive it with the purest and most powerful enthusiasm,—the doctrine of *Faith*—the doctrine of *Grace*. If the Reformation had been what many Catholics and Protestants imagine,—if it had been that negative system of a negative reason, which rejects with childish impatience

whatever displeases it, and disowns the grand ideas and leading truths of universal Christianity, —it would never have overpassed the threshold of an academy,—of a cloister or even of a monk's cell. But it had no sympathy with what is commonly intended by the word Protestantism. Far from having sustained any loss of vital energy, it arose at once like a man full of strength and resolution.

Two considerations will account for the rapidity and extent of this revolution. One of these must be sought in God, the other among men. The impulse was given by an unseen hand of power, and the change which took place was the work of God. This will be the conclusion arrived at by every one who considers the subject with impartiality and attention, and does not rest in a superficial view. But the historian has a further office to perform:—God acts by second causes. Many circumstances, which have often escaped observation, gradually prepared men for the great transformation of the sixteenth century, so that the human mind was ripe when the hour of its emancipation arrived.

The office of the historian is to combine these two principal elements in the picture he presents. This is what is attempted in the present work.—We shall be easily understood, so long as we investigate the secondary causes which contributed to bring about the revolution we have undertaken to describe. Many will, perhaps, be slower of comprehension, and will be inclined even to charge us with superstition, when we shall ascribe to God the accomplishment of the work. And yet that thought is what we particularly cherish. The history takes as its guiding star the simple and pregnant truth that GOD IS IN HISTORY. But this truth is commonly forgotten, and sometimes disputed. It seems fit, therefore, that we should open our views, and by so doing justify the course we have taken.

In these days, history can no longer be that dead letter of facts to recording which the majority of the earlier historians confined themselves. It is felt that, as in man's nature, so in his history, there are two elements,—matter and spirit. Our great writers, unwilling to restrict themselves to the production of a simple recital, which would have been but a barren chronicle, have sought for some principle of life to animate the materials of the past.

Some have borrowed such a principle from the rules of art; they have aimed at the simplicity, truth, and *picturesque* of description; and have endeavoured to make their narratives *live* by the interest of the events themselves.

Others have sought in philosophy the spirit which should fecundate their labours. With incidents they have intermingled reflections,—instructions,—political and philosophic truths,—and have thus enlivened their recitals with a moral which they have elicited from them, or ideas they have been able to associate with them.

Both these methods are, doubtless, useful, and should be employed within certain limits. But there is another source whence we must above all seek for the ability to enter into the understanding, the mind, and the life of past ages;—and this is Religion. History must live by that principle of life which is proper to it, and that life is God. He must be acknowledged and proclaimed in history; —and the course of events must be displayed as the annals of the government of a Supreme Disposer.

I have descended into the lists to which the recitals of our historians attracted me. I have there seen the actions of men and of nations developing themselves with power, and encountering in hostile collision;—I have heard I know not what clangour of arms; but nowhere has my attention been directed to the majestic aspect of the Judge who presides over the struggle.

And yet there is a principle of movement emanating from God himself in all the changes among nations. God looks upon that wide stage on which the generations of men successively meet and struggle. He is there, it is true, an invisible God: but if the profaner multitude pass before Him without noticing Him, because he is "a God that hideth himself,"—thoughtful spirits, and such as feel their need of the principle of their being, seek him with the more earnestness, and are not satisfied until they lie prostrate at his feet. And their search is richly rewarded. For, from the heights to which they are obliged to climb to meet their God,—the world's history, instead of offering, as to the ignorant crowd, a confused chaos, appears a majestic temple, which the invisible hand of God erects, and which rises to His glory above the rock of humanity.

Shall we not acknowledge the hand of God in those great men, or in those mighty nations which arise,—come forth, as it were, from the dust of the earth, and give a new impulse, a new form, or a new destiny to human affairs? Shall we not acknowledge His hand in those heroes who spring up among men at appointed times; who display activity and energy beyond the ordinary limits of human strength; and around whom individuals and nations gather, as if to a superior and mysterious power? Who launched them into the expanse of ages, like comets of vast extent and flaming trains, appearing at long intervals, to scatter among the superstitious tribes of men anticipations of plenty and joy—or of calamities and terror? Who, but God himself? Alexander would seek his own origin in the abodes of the Divinity. And in the most irreligious age there is no eminent glory but is seen in some way or other seeking to connect itself with the idea of divine interposition.

And those revolutions which, in their progress, precipitate dynasties and nations to the dust, those heaps of ruin which we meet with in the sands of the desert, those majestic remains which the field of human history offers to our reflection, do they not testify aloud to the truth that God is in History? Gibbon, seated on the ancient Capitol, and contemplating its noble ruins, acknowledged the intervention of a superior destiny. He saw, he felt its presence; wherever his eye turned it met him; that shadow of a mysterious power reappeared from behind every ruin; and he conceived the project of depicting its operation in the disorganization, the decline, and the corruption of that power of Rome which had enslaved the nations. Shall not that mighty hand which this man of admirable genius, but who had not bowed the knee to Jesus Christ, discerned among the scattered monuments of Romulus and of Marcus Aurelius,—the busts of Cicero, and Virgil,—Trajan's trophies, and Pompey's horses, be confessed by us as the hand of our God?

But what superior lustre does the truth—that God is in history—acquire under the Christian dispensation? What is Jesus Christ—but God's purpose in the world's history? It was the discovery of Jesus Christ which admitted the greatest of modern historians* to the just comprehension of his subject.—"The gospel," says he, "is the fulfilment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpreter of all revolutions, the key to all the seeming contradictions of the physical and moral world,—it is life,—it is immortality. Since I have known the Saviour, every thing is clear; —with him, there is nothing I cannot solve."†

Thus speaks this distinguished historian; and, in truth, is it not the keystone of the arch,—is it not the mysterious bond which holds together the things of the earth and connects them with those of heaven,—that God has appeared in our nature? What! God has been born into this

* John von Müller. † Lettre à C. Bonnet

world, and we are asked to think and write, as if He were not everywhere working out his own will in its history? Jesus Christ is the true God of human history; the very lowliness of his appearance may be regarded as one proof of it. If man designs a shade or a shelter upon earth, we look to see preparations,—materials, scaffolding, and workmen. But God when he will give shade or shelter, takes the small seed which the newborn infant might clasp in its feeble hand, and deposits it in the bosom of the earth, and from that seed, imperceptible in its beginning, he produces the majestic tree, under whose spreading boughs the families of men may find shelter. To achieve great results by imperceptible means, is the law of the divine dealings.

It is this law which has received its noblest illustration in Jesus Christ. The religion which has now taken possession of the gates of all nations, which at this hour reigns, or hovers over all the tribes of the earth, from east to west, and which even a sceptical philosophy is compelled to acknowledge as the spiritual and social law of this world;—that religion, than which there is nothing nobler under the vault of heaven,—nay, in the very universe of creation;—what was its commencement? . . . A child born in the meanest town of the most despised country of the earth;—a child whose mother had not even what falls to the lot of the most indigent and wretched woman of our cities,—a room to bring forth in;—a child born in a stable and placed in an ox's crib . . . . O God! I acknowledge thee there, and I adore thee.

The Reformation recognised the same law of God's operations: and it had the consciousness that it fulfilled it. The thought that God is in history is often put forth by the Reformers. We find it on one occasion in particular expressed by Luther, under one of those comparisons familiar and grotesque, yet not without a certain sublimity, which he took pleasure in using, that he might be understood by the people. "The world," said he one day, in a conversation with his friend at table,—"the world is a vast and grand game of cards, made up of emperors, kings, and princes. The pope for several centuries has beaten emperors, princes, and kings. They have been put down and taken up by him. Then came our Lord God; he dealt the cards; he took the most worthless of them all, (Luther,) and with it he has beaten the Pope, the conqueror of the kings of the earth . . . There is the ace of God. 'He has cast down the mighty from their seats, and has exalted them of low degree,' as Mary says."

The age of which I am about to retrace the history is most important for our own generation. Man, when he feels his weakness, is generally inclined to seek assistance in the institutions he sees standing around him, or else in groundless inventions of his imagination. The history of the Reformation shows that nothing new can be wrought with "old things," and that if, according to the Saviour's word, we need new bottles for new wine, we need also new wine for new bottles. The history of the Reformation directs men to God, who orders all events in history; to that divine word, ever ancient in the eternal nature of the truths it contains, ever new in the regenerative influence it exercises,—that word which, three centuries ago, purified society, brought back the faith of God to souls enfeebled by superstition, and which, in every age of man's history, is the source whence cometh salvation.

It is singular to observe many persons, impelled by a vague desire to believe in something settled, addressing themselves now-a-days to old Catholicism. In one view, the movement is natural. Religion is so little known (in France) that men scarce think of finding it elsewhere than where they see it inscribed in large letters on a banner that time has made venerable. We do not say that all Catholicism is incapable of affording to man what he stands in need of. We think Catholicism should be carefully distinguished from Popery. Popery is, in our judgment, an erroneous and destructive system; but we are far from confounding Catholicism with Popery. How many respectable men,—how many sincere Christians, has not the Catholic Church comprised within its pale! What important services were rendered by Catholicism to the existing European nations, in the age of their first formation,—at a period when itself was still richly imbued with the Gospel, and when Popery was as yet only seen behind it as a faint shadow! But those times are past. In our day, attempts are made to reconnect Catholicism with Popery; and if Catholic and Christian truths are put forward, they are but as baits made use of to draw men into the net of the hierarchy. There is, therefore, nothing to be hoped from that quarter. Has Popery renounced so much as one of its observances, of its doctrines, or of its claims? The religion which was insupportable in other ages will be less so in ours? What regeneration has ever emanated from Rome? Is it from that priestly hierarchy, full, even to overflow, of earthly passions,—that that spirit of faith, of charity, of hope can come forth, which alone can save us? Can an exhausted system, which has scarcely strength for its own need, and is everywhere in the struggles of death,—living only by external aids,—can such a system communicate life, and breathe throughout Christian society the heavenly breath that it requires?

This craving void in the heart and mind which betrays itself in our contemporaries, will lead others to apply to that modern Protestantism which has, in many parts, taken the place of the powerful doctrines of Apostles and Reformers? A notable uncertainty of doctrine prevails in many of those Reformed churches whose first members sealed with their blood the clear and living faith that animated their hearts. Men distinguished for their information, and, in all other things, susceptible of generous emotions, are found carried away into singular aberrations. A vague faith in the divine authority of the Gospel is the only standard they will maintain. But what is this Gospel? The whole question turns on that; and yet on that they are silent, or else each one speaks after his own mind. What avails it to know that God has placed in the midst of the nations a vessel containing their cure, if we are regardless what it contains, or fail to appropriate its contents to ourselves? *This* system cannot fill up the void of the times. Whilst the faith of Apostles and Reformers discovers itself, at this day, everywhere active and effectual for the conversion of the world, this vague system does nothing,—throws light on nothing,—vivifies nothing.

But let us not abandon all hopes. Does not Catholicism confess the great doctrines of Christianity? does it not acknowledge the one God, *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit*,—Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier? And that vague Protestantism,—does it not hold in its hand the book of life, for conviction and instruction in righteousness? And how many upright minds, honoured in the sight of men and beloved of God, are there not found among those subjected to these two systems! How can we help loving them? How refrain from ardently desiring their complete emancipation from human elements? Charity is boundless; it embraces the most distant opinions to lead them to the feet of Jesus Christ.

Already there are indications that these two extreme opinions are in motion, and drawing nearer to Jesus Christ, who is the centre of the

truth Are there not already some Roman Catholic congregations among whom the reading of the Bible is recommended and practised? and as to Protestant rationalism, how many steps has it not already taken towards Jesus Christ? It never was the offspring of the Reformation;—for the history of that great change will show that it was an epoch of faith:—but may we not be permitted to hope that it is drawing nearer to it? Will not the power of the truth come forth to it from the word of God? and will not its coming have the effect of transforming it? Already we often see in it a feeling of religion, inadequate no doubt, but yet a movement in the direction of sound learning, encouraging us to look for more definite advances.

But modern Protestantism, like old Catholicism, is, in itself, a thing from which nothing can be hoped,—a thing quite powerless. Something very different is necessary, to restore to men of our day the energy that saves. A something is requisite which is not of man, but of God. "Give me," said Archimedes, "a point out of the world, and I will raise the world from its poles." True Christianity is this standing beyond the world, which lifts the heart of man from its double pivot of selfishness and sensuality, and which will one day move the whole world from its evil way, and cause it to turn on a new axis of righteousness and peace.

Whenever religion has been the subject of discussion, there have been three points to which our attention have been directed. God,—Man,—and the Priest. There can be but three kinds of religion on this earth, God, Man, or the Priest, is its author or its head. I call that the religion of the Priest, which is devised by the priest, for the glory of the priest, and in which a priestly caste is dominant. I apply the name of the religion of Man to those systems and various opinions framed by man's reason, and which, as they are the offspring of his infirmity, are, by consequence, destitute of all sanative efficacy. I apply the words religion of God,—to the Truth, such as God himself has given it, and of which the object and the effect are God's glory and Man's salvation.

Hierarchism, or the religion of the priest; Christianity or the religion of God; rationalism, or the religion of man;—such are the three doctrines which in our day divide Christendom. There is no salvation, either for man or society, in hierarchism or in rationalism. Christianity alone can give life to the world; and, unhappily, of the three prevailing systems, it is not that which numbers most followers.

Some, however, it has. Christianity is operating its work of regeneration among many Catholics of Germany, and doubtless also of other countries. It is now accomplishing it with more purity, and power, as we think, among the evangelical Christians of Switzerland, of France, of Great Britain, and of the United States. Blessed be God, such individual or social regenerations, wrought by the Gospel, are no longer in these days prodigies to be sought in ancient annals. We have ourselves witnessed a powerful awakening, begun in the midst of conflicts and trials, in a small republic, whose citizens live happy and tranquil in the bosom of the wonders with which creation surrounds them.* It is but a beginning; and already from the plenteous horn of the Gospel we see come forth among this people a noble, elevated, and courageous profession of the great truths of God; a liberty ample and real, a government full of zeal and intelligence; an affection, elsewhere too rarely found, of magistrates for people, and of the people for their magistrates; a powerful impulse communicated to education and general instruction, which will make of this country an example for imitation; a slow, but certain amelioration in morals; men of talent, *all Christians*, and who rival the first writers of our language. All these riches developed between the dark Jura and the summits of the Alps, on the magnificent shores of Lake Leman, must strike the traveller attracted thither by the wonders of those mountains and valleys, and present to his meditation one of the most eloquent pages which the Providence of God has inscribed in favour of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is the history of the Reformation *in general* that I propose to write. I intend to trace it among different nations,—to point out the same effects of the same truths,—as well as the diversities which take their origin in the varieties of the national character. But it is in Germany especially that we shall see and describe the history of the Reformation. It is there we find its primitive type;—it is there that it offers the fullest development of its organization. It is there that it bears, above all, the marks of a revolution not confined to one or more nations, but, on the contrary, affecting the world at large. The German Reformation is the true and fundamental Reformation. It is the great planet, and the rest revolve in wider or narrower circles around it, like satellites drawn after it by its movement. And yet the Reformation in SWITZERLAND must, in some respects, be considered as an exception, both because it took place at the very same time as that of Germany, and independently of it; and because it bore, especially at a later period, some of those grander features which are seen in the latter. Notwithstanding that recollections of ancestry and of refuge,—and the memory of struggle, suffering, and exile, endured in the cause of the Reformation in France,—give, in my view, a peculiar charm to the history of its vicissitudes,—I nevertheless doubt whether I could place it in the same rank as those which I have here spoken of.

From what I have said, it will be seen that I believe the Reformation to be the work of God. Nevertheless, as its historian, I hope to be impartial. I think I have spoken of the principal Roman Catholic actors in the great drama, Leo X., Albert of Magdeburg, Charles V., and Doctor Eck, &c. more favourably than the majority of historians. And, on the other hand, I have had no wish to conceal the faults and errors of the Reformers.

This history has been drawn from the original sources with which a long residence in Germany, the Low Countries, and Switzerland has made me familiar: as well as from the study, in the original languages, of documents relating to the religious history of Great Britain and other countries. Down to this time we possess no history of that remarkable period. Nothing indicated that the deficiency would be supplied when I commenced this work. This circumstance could alone have led me to undertake it;—and I here allege it in my justification. The want still exists;—and I pray Him from whom cometh down every good gift, to cause that this work may, by His blessing, be made profitable to some who shall read it.

* Canton of Vaud.

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JEROME OF PRAGUE.
JOHN HUSS.
JOHN WICKLIFFE.
COLIGNY.
SAVONAROLA.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

BOOK I.

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The world was tottering on its old foundations when Christianity appeared. The various religions which had sufficed for an earlier age no longer satisfied the nations. The mind of the existing generation could no longer tabernacle in the ancient forms. The gods of the nations had lost their oracles—as the nations had lost their liberty in Rome. Brought face to face in the Capitol, they had mutually destroyed the illusion of their divinity. A vast void had ensued in the religious opinions of mankind.

A kind of Deism, destitute of spirit and vitality, hovered for a time over the abyss in which had been engulphed the superstitions of heathenism.—But, like all negative opinions, it had no power to edify. The narrow prepossessions of the several nations had fallen with the fall of their gods,—their various populations melted, the one into the other. In Europe, Asia, Africa, all was but one vast empire, and the human family began to feel its comprehensiveness and its unity.

Then the Word was made flesh.

God appeared amongst men, and as Man, to save that which was lost. In Jesus of Nazareth dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

This is the greatest event in the annals of all time. The former ages had been a preparation for it; the latter unroll from it. It is their centre and connecting link.

From this period the popular superstitions had no significancy, and such feeble relics of them as outlived the general wreck of incredulity, vanished before the majestic orb of eternal truth.

The Son of Man lived thirty-three years on this earth. He suffered, he died, he rose again,—he ascended into heaven. His disciples, beginning at Jerusalem, travelled over the Roman empire and the world, everywhere proclaiming their Master the author of everlasting salvation. From the midst of a people who rejected intercourse with others—proceeded a mercy that invited and embraced all. A great number of Asiatics, of Greeks, of Romans, hitherto led by their priests to the feet of dumb idols, believed at their word. "The Gospel suddenly beamed on the earth like a ray of the sun," says Eusebius. A breath of life moved over this vast field of death. A new, a holy people was formed upon the earth; and the astonished world beheld in the disciples of the despised Galilean a purity, a self-denial, a charity, a heroism, of which they retained no idea.

The new religion had two features amongst many others which especially distinguished it from all the human systems which fell before it. One had reference to the ministers of its worship,—the other to its doctrines.

The ministers of paganism were almost the gods of those human inventions. The priests led the people, so long at least as their eyes were not opened. A vast and haughty hierarchy oppressed the world. Jesus Christ dethroned these living idols, abolished this proud hierarchy,—took from man what man had taken from God, and re-established the soul in direct communication with the divine fountain of truth, by proclaiming himself the only Master and the only Mediator. "One is your master, even Christ, (said he,) and all ye are brethren." (Matt. xxiii.)

As to doctrine, human religions had taught that salvation was of man. The religions of the earth had invented an earthly salvation. They had taught men that heaven would be given to them as a reward; they had fixed its

price, and what a price. The religion of God taught that salvation was His gift, and emanated from an amnesty and sovereign grace. God hath *given* to us eternal life. (1 John v. 11.)

Undoubtedly Christianity cannot be summed up in these two points: but they seem to govern the subject, especially when historically viewed. And as it is impossible to trace the opposition between truth and error in all things, we have selected its most prominent features.

Such were the two principles that composed the religion which then took possession of the Empire and of the whole world. The standing of a Christian is in them,—and apart from them, Christianity itself disappears. On their preservation or their loss depended its decline or its growth. One of these principles was to govern the history of the religion; the other its doctrine. They both presided in the beginning. Let us see how they were lost: and let us first trace the fate of the former.

The Church was in the beginning a community of brethren. All its members were taught of God; and each possessed the liberty of drawing for himself from the divine fountain of life. John vi. 45. The epistles, which then settled the great questions of doctrine, did not bear the pompous title of any single man, or ruler. We find from the holy Scriptures that they began simply with these words: "The apostles, elders, and brethren, to our brethren." Acts xv. 23.

But the writings of these very apostles forewarn us that from the midst of these brethren, there shall arise a power which shall overthrow this simple and primitive order. 2 Thess. ii.

Let us contemplate the formation and trace the development of this power alien to the Church.

Paul of Tarsus, one of the chiefest apostles of the new religion, had arrived at Rome, the capital of the empire and of the world, preaching the salvation that cometh from God only. A church was formed beside the throne of the Cæsars. Founded by this same apostle, it was at first composed of converted Jews, Greeks, and some inhabitants of Rome. For a while it shone brightly as a light set upon a hill, and its faith was everywhere spoken of. But ere long it declined from its first simplicity The spiritual dominion of Rome arose as its political and military power had done before, and was slowly and gradually extended.

The first pastors or bishops of Rome employed themselves in the beginning in converting to the faith of Christ the towns and villages that surrounded the city. The necessity which the bishops and pastors felt of referring in cases of difficulty to an enlightened guide, and the gratitude which they owed to the metropolitan church, led them to maintain an intimate union with her. As is generally the consequence in such circumstances, this reasonable union soon degenerated into dependence. The bishops of Rome regarded as a right the superiority which the neighbouring churches had voluntarily yielded. The encroachments of power form a large portion of all history: the resistance of those whose rights are invaded forms the other part: and the ecclesiastical power could not escape that intoxication which leads those who are lifted up to seek to raise themselves still higher. It felt all the influence of this general weakness of human nature.

Nevertheless the supremacy of the Roman bishop was at first limited to the overlooking of the churches, in the territory lawfully subject to the prefect of Rome. But the rank which this imperial city held in the world offered to the ambition of its first pastors a prospect of wider sway. The consideration which the different Christian bishops enjoyed in the second century was in proportion to the rank of the city over which they presided. Rome was the greatest, the richest, and the most powerful city in the world. It was the seat of empire, the mother of nations. "All the inhabitants of the earth are hers," said Julian, and Claudian declares her to be "the fountain of laws."

If Rome be the Queen of cities, why should not her pastor be the King of Bishops? Why should not the Roman church be the mother of Christendom? Why should not all nations be her children, and her authority be the universal law? It was natural to the heart of man to reason thus. Ambitious Rome did so.

Hence it was that when heathen Rome fell, she bequeathed to the humble minister of the God of peace, seated in the midst of her own ruins, the proud titles which her invincible sword had won from the nations of the earth.

The bishops of the other parts of the Empire, yielding to the charm that Rome had exercised for ages over all nations, followed the example of the Campagna, and aided the work of usurpation. They willingly rendered to the Bishop of Rome something of that honour which was due to this Queen of cities: nor was there at first any thing of dependence in the honour thus yielded. They acted towards the Roman pastor as equals toward an equal; but usurped power swells like the avalanche. Exhortations, at first simply fraternal, soon became commands in the mouth of the Roman Pontiff. A chief place amongst equals appeared to him a throne.

The Bishops of the West favoured this encroachment of the Roman pastors, either from jealousy of the Eastern bishops, or because they preferred subjection to a pope to the dominion of a temporal power.

On the other hand, the theological sects which distracted the east, strove, each for itself, to gain an interest at Rome, hoping to triumph over its opponents by the support of the principal of the Western churches.

Rome carefully recorded these requests and intercessions, and smiled to see the nations throw themselves into her arms. She neg

ected no opportunity of increasing and extending her power. The praises, the flattery, and exaggerated compliments paid to her, and her being consulted by other churches, became in her hands as titles and documents of her authority. Such is the heart of man exalted to a throne; flattery intoxicates him, and his head grows dizzy. What he possesses impels him to aspire after more.

The doctrine of "the Church," and of "the necessity for its visible unity," which had gained footing as early as the third century, favoured the pretensions of Rome. The great bond, which originally bound together the members of the church, was a living faith in the heart, by which all were joined to Christ as their one Head. But various causes ere long conspired to originate and develope the idea of a necessity for some exterior fellowship. Men, accustomed to the associations and political forms of an earthly country, carried their views and habits of mind into the spiritual and everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ. Persecution—powerless to destroy, or even to shake the new community, compressed it into the form of a more compacted body.—To the errors that arose in the schools of deism, or in the various sects, was opposed the truth "one and universal" received from the Apostles and preserved in the church. All this was well, so long as the invisible and spiritual church was identical with the visible and outward community. But soon a great distinction appeared:—the form and the vital principle parted asunder. The semblance of identical and external organization was gradually substituted in place of the internal and spiritual unity which is the very essence of a religion proceeding from God. Men suffered the precious perfume of faith to escape while they bowed themselves before the empty vase that had held it. Faith in the heart no longer knit together in one the members of the church. Then it was that other ties were sought; and Christians were united by means of bishops, archbishops, popes, mitres, ceremonies, and canons. The Living Church retiring by degrees to the lonely sanctuary of a few solitary souls,—an exterior church was substituted in place of it, and installed in all its forms as of divine institution. Salvation no longer flowing forth from that word which was now hidden—it began to be affirmed that it was conveyed by means of certain invented forms, and that none could obtain it without resorting to such means! No one, it was said, can by his faith attain to everlasting life: Christ communicated to the Apostles, and the Apostles to the Bishops, the unction of the Holy Spirit; and this Spirit is found only in this order of communication. In the beginning of the Gospel, whosoever had received the spirit of Jesus Christ was esteemed a member of the church:—now the order was inverted; and no one, unless a member of the church, was counted to have received the spirit of Jesus Christ.

As soon as the notion of a supposed necessity for a visible unity of the church had taken root,* another error began to spread:—namely that it was needful that there should be some outward representative of that unity. Though no trace of any primacy of St. Peter above the rest of the Apostles appears in the Gospels; although the idea of a primacy is at variance with the mutual relations of the disciples as "brethren,"—and even with the spirit of the dispensation which requires all the children of the Father to minister one to another,* (1 Pet. iv. 10,) acknowledging but one Master and Head; and though the Lord Jesus had rebuked his disciples whenever their carnal hearts conceived desires of pre-eminence;—a Primacy of St. Peter was invented, and supported by misinterpreted texts, and men proceeded to acknowledge in that Apostle, and in his pretended successor, the visible representative of visible unity—and head of the whole Church!

The constitution of the patriarchate contributed further to the exaltation of the Roman Papacy. As early as the first three centuries, the churches of the metropolitan cities had been held in peculiar honour. The Council of Nice, in its sixth canon, named especially three cities, whose churches, according to it, held an anciently established authority over those of the surrounding provinces. These were Alexandria, Rome, and Antioch. The political origin of this distinction may be discerned in the name which was at first given to the bishops of these cities; they were called Exarchs, like the political governors. In later times they bore the more ecclesiastical name of Patriarch. It is in the Council of Constantinople that we find this title first used. This same Council created a new Patriarchate, that of Constantinople itself, the new Rome, the second capital of the Empire. Rome at this period shared the rank of Patriarchate with these three churches. But when the invasion of Mahomet had swept away the bishoprics of Alexandria and Antioch, when the see of Constantinople fell away, and in latter times even separated itself from the West, Rome alone remained, and the circumstances of the times causing everything to rally around her, she remained from that time without a rival.

New and more powerful partisans than all the rest soon came to her assistance. Ignorance and superstition took possession of the

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* From the previous reflections it is clear that the author does not disparage that Unity which is the manifested result of the partaking of the life of the Head by the members; but only that lifeless form of unity which man has devised in place of it. We learn from John xvii. 21—23, that the true and real One-ness of Believers was to be *manifested*,—so that the world might believe that the Father had sent Jesus.—Hence we may conclude that the things which divide, instead of gathering, the "little flock" are contrary to his mind: and among such things must be classed not alone the carnality of names, (1 Cor. iii. 4.)—but every commandment or requirement of men that excludes the very weakest whom God has received. (Rom. xiv. 1—3; Acts xi 17 compare Acts ii. 44, &c.)—Transl.

Church, and delivered it up to Rome, blindfold and manacled.

Yet this bringing into captivity was not effected without a struggle. The voices of particular churches frequently asserted their independence. This courageous remonstrance was especially heard in proconsular Africa and in the East.

To silence the cries of the churches, Rome found new allies. Princes, who in those troublesome times often saw their thrones tottering, offered their adherence to the Church, in exchange for her support. They yielded to her spiritual authority, on condition of her paying them with secular dominion. They left her to deal at will with the *souls* of men, provided only she would deliver them from their enemies. The power of the hierarchy in the ascending scale and of the imperial power which was declining, leaned thus one toward the other—and so accelerated their twofold destiny.

Rome could not lose by this. An edict of Theodosius II. and of Valentinian III. proclaimed the bishop of Rome "ruler of the whole church." Justinian issued a similar decree. These decrees did not contain all that the Popes pretended to see in them. But in those times of ignorance it was easy for them to gain reception for that interpretation which was most favourable to themselves. The dominion of the Emperors in Italy becoming every day more precarious, the Bishops of Rome took advantage of it to withdraw themselves from their dependence.

But already the forests of the North had poured forth the most effectual promoters of papal power. The barbarians who had invaded the West and settled themselves therein,—but recently converted to Christianity,—ignorant of the spiritual character of the Church, and feeling the want of an external pomp of religion, prostrated themselves in a half savage and half heathen state of mind at the feet of the Chief Priest of Rome. At the same time the people of the West also submitted to him. First the Vandals, then the Ostrogoths, a short time after the Burgundians and the Alains, then the Visigoths, and at last the Lombards and the Anglo-Saxons came bowing the knee to the Roman Pontiff. It was the sturdy shoulders of the idolatrous children of the North which elevated to the supreme throne of Christendom, a pastor of the banks of the Tiber.

These events occurred in the West at the beginning of the seventh century, at the precise period that the Mahometan power arose in the East, and prepared to overrun another division of the earth.

From that time the evil continued increasing. In the eighth century we see the Bishops of Rome on the one hand resisting the Greek Emperors, their lawful sovereigns, and endeavouring to expel them from Italy; whilst on the other they court the French Mayors of the Palace, and demand from this new power now arising in the West, a share in the wreck of the empire. We see Rome establish her usurped authority between the East, which she repelled, and the West which she courted; thus erecting her throne upon two revolutions.

Alarmed by the progress of the Arabs, who had made themselves masters of Spain, and boasted that they would speedily traverse the Pyrenees and the Alps, and proclaim the name of Mahomet on the seven hills;—terrified at the daring of Aistolpho, who, at the head of his Lombards, threatened to put every Roman to death, and brandished his sword before the city gates—Rome, in the prospect of ruin, turned on all sides for protection, and threw herself into the arms of the Franks. The usurper Pepin demanded the confirmation of his claim to the throne:—the Pope granted it; and, in return, obtained his declaration in defence of the "Republic of God." Pepin recovered from the Lombards their conquests from the Emperor; but instead of restoring them to that Prince, he deposited the keys of the conquered cities on the altar of St. Peter's; and with uplifted hand, swore that it was not in the cause of man that he had taken arms,—but to obtain from God the remission of his sins, and to do homage for his conquests to St. Peter! Thus did France establish the temporal power of the Popes.

Charlemagne appeared.—At one time we see him climbing the stairs of St. Peter's, devoutly kissing the steps:—again he presents himself,—but it is as master of all the nations composing the Western Empire, and of Rome itself. Leo III. decided to confer the rank on one who already possessed the power; and in the year 800, on Christmas day, he placed the crown of the Roman Emperors on the brow of the son of Pepin. From this period the Pope belonged to the empire of the Franks, and his connexion with the East was at an end: thus loosing his hold on a decayed tree, nodding to its fall, in order to graft himself upon a wild but vigorous sapling. Little could he then have dared to hope for the elevation that awaited his successors among the German nations, to which he thus joined himself.

Charlemagne bequeathed to his feeble successors only the wreck of his own power. In the ninth century disunion everywhere weakened the civil authority. Rome perceived that this was the moment to exalt herself. What better opportunity could offer for achieving the Church's independence of the state, than when the crown of Charles was broken, and its fragments scattered over his former empire.

It was then that the pretended decretals of Isidorus appeared. In this collection of alleged decrees of the Popes, the most ancient bishops, contemporaries of Tacitus and Quintilian, were made to speak the barbarous Latin of the ninth century. The customs and constitutions of the Franks were gravely attributed to the Romans in the time of the Emperors. Popes quoted the Bible in the Latin translation of St. Jerome, who lived one, two, or three centuries after them. And Victor, bishop of Rome in the year 192, wrote to Theophilus, who was archbishop of Alexandria in 385.

The impostor who had fabricated this collection, endeavoured to prove that all bishops derived their authority from the bishop of Rome who held his own immediately from Christ. He not only recorded all the successive acquisitions of the Pontiffs, but carried them back to the earliest times. The Popes did not blush to avail themselves of this contemptible imposture. As early as 865, Nicholas I. selected weapons from this repository to attack princes and bishops. This barefaced fabrication was for ages the arsenal of Rome.

Nevertheless the vices and atrocities of the Pontiffs were such as suspended for a time the object of the decretals. The Papacy signalized its sitting down at the table of Kings by shameful libations; and intoxication and madness reigned in its orgies. About this time tradition places upon the Papal throne a girl named Joan, who had taken refuge at Rome with her lover, and whose sex was betrayed by the pains of child-birth coming upon her in the midst of a solemn procession. But let us not needlessly exaggerate the shame of the Roman Pontiffs. Women of abandoned character reigned at this period in Rome. The throne which affected to exalt itself above the majesty of kings, was sunk in the filth of vice. Theodora and Marozia installed and deposed at their pleasure the pretended teachers of the Church of Christ, and placed on the throne of St. Peter their lovers, their sons, and their grandsons. These two well authenticated charges may have given rise to the tradition of the female Pope Joan.

Rome was one vast scene of debauchery, wherein the most powerful families in Italy contended for pre-eminence. The counts of Tuscany were generally victorious in these contests. In 1033, this family dared to place upon the pontifical throne, under the name of Benedict IXth, a young boy brought up in debauchery. This child of twelve years of age continued when Pope, in the practice of the same scandalous vices. Another party elected in his stead Sylvester III., and Benedict, with a conscience loaded with adulteries, and hands stained with homicide, at last sold the Papacy to a Roman ecclesiastic.

The Emperors of Germany, roused to indignation by these enormities, purged Rome with the sword. In 1047, a German bishop, Leo IX., possessed himself of the pontifical throne.

The Empire, using its right as suzerain, raised up the triple crown from the mire, and preserved the degraded Papacy by giving to it suitable chiefs. In 1046, Henry III. deposed the three rival popes, and pointing with his finger, on which glittered the ring of the Roman patricians, designated the bishop to whom St. Peter's keys should be confided. Four Popes, all Germans, and chosen by the Emperor, succeeded. Whenever the Pontiff of Rome died, a deputation from its church repaired to the Imperial court, just as the envoys of other dioceses, to solicit the nomination of a bishop to succeed him. The Emperors were not sorry to see the Popes reforming abuses—strengthening the influence of the church—holding councils—choosing and deposing prelates in spite of foreign princes: for in all this the Papacy, by its pretensions, did but exalt the power of the reigning Emperor, its suzerain Lord. But such excesses were full of peril to his authority. The power thus gradually acquired might at any moment be directed against the Emperor himself, and the reptile having gained strength, might turn against the bosom that had warmed it,—and this result followed. The Papacy arose from its humiliation and soon trampled under foot the princes of the earth. To exalt the Papacy was to exalt the Church, to aggrandize religion, to ensure to the spirit the victory over the flesh, and to God the conquest of the world. Such were its maxims; in these, ambition found its advantage, and fanaticism its excuse.

The whole of this new policy is personified in one man, HILDEBRAND.

Hildebrand, who has been by turns indiscreetly exalted or unjustly traduced, is the personification of the Roman pontificate in its strength and glory. He is one of those characters in history, which include in themselves a new order of things, resembling in this respect Charlemagne, Luther, and Napoleon, in different spheres of action.

Leo IX. took notice of this monk as he was going to Cluny, and carried him with him to Rome. From that time Hildebrand was the soul of the Papacy, till he himself became Pope. He had governed the Church under different Pontiffs, before he himself reigned under the name of Gregory VII. One grand idea occupied his comprehensive mind. He desired to establish a visible theocracy, of which the Pope, as the vicar of Christ, should be the head. The recollection of the ancient universal dominion of heathen Rome, haunted his imagination and animated his zeal. He wished to restore to Papal Rome what Rome had lost under the Emperors. "What Marius and Cæsar," said his flatterers, "could not effect by torrents of blood, you have accomplished by a word."

Gregory VII. was not actuated by the spirit of Christ. That spirit of truth, humility, and gentleness, was to him unknown. He could sacrifice what he knew to be the truth, whenever he judged it necessary to his policy. We may instance the case of Berengarius. But without doubt he was actuated by a spirit far above that of the generality of Pontiffs, and by a deep conviction of the justice of his cause. Enterprising, ambitious, persevering in his designs, he was at the same time skilful and politic in the use of the means of success.

His first task was to remodel the militia of the Church. It was needful to gain strength before attacking the Imperial authority. A council held at Rome, removed the pastors from their families, and obliged them to devote themselves undividedly to the hierarchy. The law of celibacy, devised and carried into

operation by the Popes, (who were themselves monks,) changed the clergy into a monastic order. Gregory VII. claimed to exercise over the whole body of bishops and priests of Christendom, a power equal to that possessed by an abbot of Cluny over the order subjected to his rule. The legates of Hildebrand passed through the provinces, depriving the pastors of their lawful partners, and the Pope himself, if necessary, excited the populace against the married clergy.

But Gregory's great aim was to emancipate Rome from subjection to the Emperor. Never would he have dared to conceive so ambitious a design, if the discord which disturbed the minority of Henry IV., and the revolt of the German princes from that young Emperor had not favoured his project. The Pope was at this time one of the magnates of the empire. Making common cause with some of the greatest of its vassals, he strengthened himself in the aristocratic interest, and then proceeded to prohibit all ecclesiastics from receiving investiture from the Emperor, under pain of excommunication.

He thus snapt asunder the ancient ties which connected the several pastors and their churches with the royal authority, but it was that he might bind them to the pontifical throne. He undertook to restrain by a powerful hand, priests, princes, and people; and to make the Pope a universal monarch. It was Rome *alone* that every priest was to fear—and in her only he was to hope. The kingdoms and principalities of the earth were to be her domain; and kings were to tremble before the thunders of the Jupiter of New Rome. Wo to those who should resist her. Their subjects were released from their oaths of allegiance—their whole country placed under interdict—public worship was to cease—the churches to be closed—the bells mute—the sacrament no longer administered—and the malediction extended even to the dead, to whom, at the command of the proud Pontiff, the earth refused the peace and shelter of the tomb.

The Pope, whose power had been from the very beginning subordinate, first to the Roman Emperors; then to the Frankish princes; and lastly, to the Emperors of Germany; at once freed himself, and assumed the place of an equal, if not of a master. Yet Gregory the VIIth was in his turn humbled; Rome was taken, and Hildebrand obliged to flee. He died at Salerno; his last words were, *Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem; propterea morior in exilio.** And who will dare to charge with hypocrisy words uttered at the very gates of the tomb.

The successors of Gregory acted like soldiers arriving after a great victory. They threw themselves as conquerors on the unresisting Churches. Spain, delivered from the presence of Islamism, and Prussia, reclaimed from idolatry, fell into the embrace of the crowned priest. The crusades, undertaken at his instance, spread far and wide, and everywhere confirmed his authority:—the pious pilgrims, who in imagination had seen saints and angels conducting their armed hosts, and who entering humbly and barefooted within the walls of Jerusalem, had burned alive the Jews in their synagogue, and shed the blood of tens of thousands of Saracens on the spots where they came to trace the footsteps of the Prince of Peace, bore with them to the East the name of the Pope, whose existence had been scarcely known there, since the period when he exchanged the supremacy of the Greeks for that of the Franks.

Meanwhile that which the arms of the republic and of the empire had failed to effect, was achieved by the power of the Church. The Germans brought to the feet of a bishop the tribute their ancestors had refused to the mightiest generals; and their princes thought they received from the Popes their crown, while in reality the Popes imposed upon them a yoke. The kingdoms of Christendom, already subject to the spiritual empire of Rome, became her serfs and tributaries.

Thus every thing was changed in the Church.

At the beginning it was a society of brethren, and now an absolute monarchy is reared in the midst of them. All Christians were priests of the living God, (1 Pet. ii. 9,) with humble pastors for their guidance. But a lofty head is uplifted from the midst of these pastors; a mysterious voice utters words full of pride; an iron hand compels all men, small and great, rich and poor, freemen and slaves, to take the mark of its power. The holy and primitive equality of souls before God is lost sight of. Christians are divided into two strangely unequal camps. On the one side a separate class of priests daring to usurp the name of the Church, and claiming to be possessed of peculiar privileges in the sight of the Lord. On the other, timid flocks reduced to a blind and passive submission; a people gagged and silenced and delivered over to a proud caste. Every tribe, language, and nation of Christendom submitted to the dominion of this spiritual king who had received power to overcome.

But side by side with that principle that should have pervaded the history of Christianity was a principle that was given to preside over its doctrine. This was the great principle of Christianity; its leading idea—that of grace, of pardon, and amnesty, and of the gift of eternal life. This idea supposed an alienation from God, and an inability in man to enter, by any power of his own, into communion with an infinitely holy Being. The opposition of true and false doctrine cannot assuredly be entirely summed up in the question of salvation by faith or by works. Nevertheless, it is the most striking feature in the contrast. We may go farther: Salvation considered as derived from any power in man is the germinating principle of all errors and perversions. The scandals produced by

* I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity—therefore I die in exile.

this fundamental error brought on the Reformation;—and the profession of the contrary principle was the means by which it was achieved. It is therefore indispensable that this truth should be prominent in an introduction to the history of that Reformation.

Salvation by Grace. Such, then, was the second peculiarity which was designed especially to distinguish the religion that came from God from all human systems. And what had become of this great and primordial thought? Had the Church preserved it as a precious deposit? Let us follow its history.

The inhabitants of Jerusalem, of Asia, of Greece, and of Rome, in the time of the Roman Emperors, had heard this gospel. YE ARE SAVED BY GRACE—THROUGH FAITH—IT IS THE GIFT OF GOD, (Eph. ii. 8;) and at this voice of peace, at the sound of these good tidings, at this word of power, multitudes of sinners believed, and were attracted to Him who alone can give peace to the conscience; and numerous *societies of believers* were formed in the midst of the degenerate communities of that age.

But ere long an important error began to prevail, as to the nature of Saving Faith.—Faith (according to St. Paul) is the way through which the whole being of the believer,—his understanding, his heart, and his will, enters upon present possession of the salvation purchased by the incarnation and death of the Son of God. Jesus Christ is apprehended by Faith, and from that hour becomes all things to,—and all things, in the believer. He communicates to the human nature a divine life; and the believer, renewed and set free from the power of self and of sin, feels new affections, and bears new fruits. Faith, says the theologian, labouring to express these thoughts, is the subjective appropriation of the objective Work of Christ. If faith is not the appropriation of Salvation it is nothing—the whole economy of Christian doctrine is out of place; the fountains of the new life are sealed, and Christianity is overturned from its foundation.

And this consequence did in fact ensue. By degrees this practical view of Faith was forgotten, and ere long it was regarded, as it still is by many, as a bare act of the understanding, a mere submission to a commanding evidence.

From this primary error a second necessarily resulted. When Faith was robbed of its practical character, it could no longer be maintained that Faith *alone* saved. Works no longer following in their places as its fruits—it seemed necessary to range them on one line with it; and the Church was taught to believe that the sinner is justified by FAITH *and* by WORKS. In place of that Christian unity in doctrine, which comprises in a single principle Justification and Works—Grace and a rule of life—belief and responsibility, succeeded that melancholy quality which regards religion and moral duty as things altogether unconnected; a fatal delusion which brings in death, by separating the body from the spirit, whose continued union is the necessary condition of life itself. The word of the Apostle heard across the interval of ages is, "Having begun in the spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh."

Another error contributed to unsettle the doctrine of Grace. This was Pelagianism. Pelagius asserted that man's nature was not fallen,—that there is no such thing as hereditary evil, and that man having received power to do good has only to will in order to perform it. If the doing "good things" consists in certain external acts, Pelagius judged truly. But if regard is had to the motives whence these external acts proceed,—or to the entire inward life of man, (see Matt. xii. 34,) then we discern in all his works selfishness—forgetfulness of God, pollution and weakness. This was the doctrine of St. Augustine. He proved that to entitle any action to approval, it was needful not merely that it should seem right when looked at by itself and from the outside, but above all that its real spring in the soul should be holy. The Pelagian doctrine rejected by St. Augustine from the church when it presented itself broadly for investigation, re-appeared ere long with a side aspect as semi-Pelagian, and under forms of expression borrowed from St. Augustine's own writings. It was in vain that eminent Father opposed its progress. He died soon after. The error spread with amazing rapidity throughout Christendom—passing from the West to the East, and even at this day it continues to disturb and harass the Church. The danger of the doctrine appeared in this; that by placing goodness in the external act rather than in the inward affections, it led men to put a high value upon outward action, legal observances and works of penance. The more of such works the greater the reputed sanctity—heaven was to be obtained by means of them—and (extravagant as such a thought must appear to us) it was not long before certain persons were believed to have made attainments in holiness beyond that which was required of them.

Thus did the proud heart of man refuse to give the glory to that God to whom all glory belongs. Thus did man claim to deserve, what God had decreed to give freely! He essayed to find in himself the salvation which the Gospel brought to him ready wrought out from heaven. He spread a veil over the saving truths of salvation which cometh from God, and not from man—a salvation which God gives—but barters not; and from that day all the other truths of religion were overclouded; darkness spread over the church, and from this deep and deplorable gloom were seen to arise innumerable errors.

And in the first place we may observe that both great divisions of error converged to one effect. Pelagianism, while it corrupted the church's teaching, strengthened the hierarchy—by the same influence by which it hid the doctrine of grace, it exalted the authority of the Church—for *grace* was God's part in the work as *the Church* was man's!

As soon as salvation was taken out of the

hands of God, it fell into the hands of the Priests. The latter put themselves in the place of the Lord; and the souls of men thirsting for pardon were no longer taught to look to heaven, but to the Church, and especially to its pretended Head. The Roman Pontiff was in the place of God to the blinded minds of men. Hence all the grandeur and authority of the Popes, and hence also unutterable abuses.

Doubtless the doctrine of salvation by Faith was not entirely lost to the Church. We meet with it in some of the most celebrated Fathers, after the time of Constantine; and in the middle ages. The doctrine was not formally denied. Councils and Popes did not hurl their bulls and decrees against it; but they set up beside it a something which nullified it. Salvation by Faith was received by many learned men, by many a humble and simple mind,—but the multitude had something very different. Men had invented a complete system of forgiveness. The multitude flocked to it and joined with it, rather than with the Grace of Christ; and thus the system of man's devising prevailed over that of God. Let us examine some of the phases of this deplorable change.

In the time of Vespasian and his sons, he who had been the most intimate companion of the despised Galilean, one of the sons of Zebedee, had said: "If we confess our sins, God is *faithful* and *just* to forgive our sins."

About 120 years later, under Commodus, and Septimius Severus, Tertullian, an illustrious pastor of Carthage, speaking of pardon, already held a very different language. "It is necessary (said he) to change our dress and food, we must put on sackcloth and ashes, we must renounce all comfort and adorning of the body, and falling down before the Priest, implore the intercession of the brethren." Behold man turned aside from God, and turned back upon himself.

Works of penance, thus substituted for the salvation of God, multiplied in the Church from the time of Tertullian to the 13th century. Men were enjoined to fast, to go bareheaded, to wear no linen, &c. or required to leave home and country for distant lands, or else to renounce the world and embrace a monastic life.

In the 11th century were added voluntary flagellations; a little after they became an absolute mania in Italy, which was then in a very disturbed state. Nobles and peasants, old and young, even children of five years old, went in pairs, through the villages, the towns, and the cities, by hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, without any other covering than a cloth tied round the middle, and visiting the churches in procession in the very depth of winter. Armed with scourges, they lashed themselves without pity, and the streets resounded with cries and groans, which drew forth tears of compassion from all who heard them.

And yet long before the evil had arrived at this height, men sighed for deliverance from the tyranny of the priests. The priests themselves were sensible that if they did not devise some remedy, their usurped power would be at an end. Then it was that they invented the system of barter known by the name of indulgences. It is under John, surnamed the *Faster*, archbishop of Constantinople, that we see its first commencement. The priests said, "O penitents, you are unable to perform the penances we have imposed upon you. Well then, we, the priests of God, and your pastors, will take upon ourselves this heavy burden. Who can better fast than we? Who better kneel and recite psalms than ourselves?" But the labourer is worthy of his hire. "For a seven weeks fast, (said Regino, abbot of Prum,) such as are rich shall pay twenty pence, those who are less wealthy ten pence, and the poor three pence, in the same proportion for other things." Some courageous voices were raised against this traffic, but in vain.

The Pope soon discovered what advantages he might derive from these indulgences. His want of money continued to increase. Here was an easy resource, which, under the appearance of a voluntary contribution, would replenish his coffers. It seemed desirable to establish so lucrative a discovery on a solid footing. The chief men of Rome exerted themselves for this purpose. The irrefragable doctor, Alexander de Hales, invented, in the 13th century, a doctrine well suited to secure this mighty resource to the Papacy. A bull of Clement VII. declared the new doctrine an article of the faith. The most sacred truths were made to subserve this persevering policy of Rome. Christ, it was affirmed, has done much more than was required for reconciling God and man. One single drop of his blood would have sufficed for that; but he shed his blood abundantly, that he might form for his church *a treasury* that eternity itself should never exhaust. The supererogatory merits of the saints, the reward of the works they have done, beyond and additional to the obligations of duty, have still further enriched this treasury. Its guardianship and distribution are confided to the Vicar of Christ upon earth. He applies to every sinner, for sins committed after baptism, these merits of Christ and of his saints, in the measure and degree that his sins have made necessary. Who would dare to attack a custom of so high and holy an origin.

Rapidly was this almost inconceivable invention reduced to a system. The scale imposed ten, twenty years of penance, for such and such kinds of sin. "It is not merely for each kind of sin, but for each sinful action, that this penance of so many years is demanded," exclaimed the mercenary priests. Behold mankind, bowed down under the weight of a penance that seemed almost eternal.

"But for what purpose this long penance, when life is so short—when can it take effect? How can man secure the time requisite for its performance? You are imposing on him centuries of severe discipline. When death comes he will but laugh at you—for death will discharge him from his burden. Ah, welcome

death!" But this objection was provided against. The philosophers of Alexandria had spoken of a fire in which men were to be purified. Some ancient doctors in the church had received the notion. Rome declared this philosophic tenet the doctrine of the church; and the Pope, by a bull, added *purgatory* to his domain. He declared that man would have to expiate in purgatory all he could not expiate on earth; but that indulgences would deliver men's souls from that intermediate state in which their sins would otherwise hold them. Thomas Aquinas set forth this new doctrine in his celebrated *Summa*. Nothing was left undone to fill the mind with terror. Man is by nature inclined to fear an unknown futurity and the dark abodes beyond the grave; but that fear was artfully excited and increased by horrible descriptions of the torments of this purifying fire. We see at this day in many Catholic countries paintings exposed in the temples, or in the crossways, wherein poor souls engulphed in flames invoke alleviation for their miseries. Who could refuse the money that, dropt into the treasury of Rome, redeemed the soul from such horrible torments?

But a further means of increasing this traffic was now discovered. Hitherto it had been the sins of the living that had been turned to profit; they now began to avail themselves of the sins of the dead. In the 13th century it was declared that the living might, by making certain sacrifices, shorten or even terminate the torments their ancestors and friends were enduring in purgatory. Instantly the compassionate hearts of the faithful offered new treasures for the priests.

To regulate this traffic, they invented shortly after, probably in the Pontificate of John XXII. the celebrated and scandalous tax of indulgences, of which more than forty editions are extant: a mind of the least delicacy would be shocked at the repetition of the horrors therein contained. Incest was to cost, if not detected, five groschen, if known, or flagrant, six. A certain price was affixed to the crime of murder, another to infanticide, adultery, perjury, burglary, &c. Oh, shame to Rome! exclaims Claudius of Espersa, a Roman divine; and we may add, Oh, shame to human nature! For no reproach can attach to Rome which does not recoil with equal force on mankind in general. Rome is human nature exalted, and displaying some of its worst propensities. We say this in truth as well as in justice.

Boniface VIII., the boldest and most ambitious of the Popes, after Gregory VII., effected still more than his predecessors had done.

He published a bull in 1300, by which he declared to the church that all who should at that time or thenceforth make the pilgrimage to Rome, which should take place every hundred years, should there receive a plenary indulgence. Upon this multitudes flocked from Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, France, Spain, Germany, Hungary, and other quarters. Old men, of sixty and seventy, set out on the pilgrimage; and it was computed that 200,000 visited Rome in one month. All these foreigners brought with them rich offerings, and the Pope and the Romans saw their coffers replenished.

The avarice of the Pontiffs soon fixed this jubilee at intervals of fifty years, afterwards at thirty-three years, and at last at twenty-five. Then, for the greater convenience of the purchasers, and to increase the profits of the venders, they transferred both the jubilee and its indulgences from Rome to the market-places of all the nations of Christendom. It was no longer necessary to abandon one's home; what others had been obliged to seek beyond the Alps, each might now obtain at his own door.

The evil was at its height,—and then the Reformer arose.

We have seen what had become of the principle which was designed to govern the history of Christianity; we have also seen what became of that which should have pervaded its doctrine. Both were now lost.

To set up a single caste as mediators between God and man, and to barter in exchange for works and penances, and gold, the salvation freely given by God;—such was Popery.

To open wide to all, through Jesus Christ, and without any earthly mediator, and without that power that called itself the Church, free access to the gift of God, *eternal life*;—such was Christianity, and such was the Reformation.

Popery may be compared to a high wall erected by the labour of ages, between man and God. Whoever will scale it must pay or suffer in the attempt; and even then he will fail to overleap it.

The Reformation is the power which has thrown down this wall, has restored Christ to man, and has thus made plain the way of access to the Creator.

Popery interposes the Church between God and man.

Christianity and the Reformation bring God and man face to face.

Popery separates man from God:—the Gospel re-unites them.

After having thus traced the history of the decline and loss of the two grand principles which were to distinguish the religion of God from systems of man's devising, let us see what were the consequences of this immense change.

But first let us do honour to the church of that middle period, which intervened between the age of the Apostles and the Reformers. The church was still the church, although fallen and more and more enslaved. In a word, she was at all times the most powerful friend of man. Her hands, though manacled, still dispensed blessings. Many eminent servants of Christ diffused during these ages a beneficent light; and in the humble convent—the sequestered parish—there were found poor monks and poor priests to alleviate bitter sufferings. The church *Catholic* was not the Papacy. This filled the place of the oppressor,

that of the oppressed. The Reformation which declared war against the one, came to liberate the other. And it must be acknowledged, that the Papacy itself was at times, in the hands of Him who brings good out of evil, a necessary counterpoise to the ambition and tyranny of princes.

Let us now contemplate the condition of Christianity at that time.

Theology and religion were then widely different. The doctrine of the learned, and the practice of priests, monks, and people, presented two very different aspects. They had, however, great influence upon each other, and the Reformation had to deal with both. Let us examine them, and take a survey first of the Schools, or Theology.

Theology was still under the influence of the middle ages. The middle ages had awoke from their long trance, and had produced many learned men. But their learning had been directed neither to the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, nor to the examination of the history of the Church. Scriptural exposition, and the study of history, the two great sources of theological knowledge, still slumbered.

A new science had usurped their place. It was the science of Dialectics. The art of reasoning became the fruitful mine of a new theology. The middle ages had discovered the long lost writings of Aristotle. Their knowledge of him was derived either from old Latin versions, or from translations from the Arabic. The resuscitated Aristotle appeared in the West as a giant, subjecting the minds, and even the consciences of men. His philosophic method added strength to the disposition for dialectics which marked the age. It was a method well suited to subtle researches and trivial distinctions. The very obscurity of the translations of the Greek philosopher favoured the dialectic subtlety which had captivated the West. The Church, alarmed at its progress, for a while opposed this new tendency. She feared that this taste for discussion might engender heresies. But the dialectic philosophy proved to be easily compounded with; monks employed it against heretics, and thenceforward its victory was secure.

It was the characteristic of this method of teaching, to suggest numerous questions on every branch of theology, and then to decide them by a solution. Often these inquiries turned upon most useless matters. It was asked whether all animals had been enclosed in Noah's ark; and whether a dead man could say mass, &c. But we should be wrong to form our judgment of the scholastic divines from such examples only. On the contrary, we must often acknowledge the depth and extent of their inquiries.

Some among them made a distinction between theological and philosophical truth, affirming that a proposition might be theologically true, and philosophically false. In this way it was hoped to reconcile incredulity with a cold and dead adherence to the forms of the Church. But there were others, and Thomas Aquinas at their head, who maintained that the doctrine of revelation was in no respect at variance with an enlightened reason; and that even as Christian charity does not annihilate the natural affections, but chastens, sanctifies, ennobles, and governs them, so Faith does not destroy Philosophy, but may make use of it by sanctifying and illuminating it with its own light.

The doctrine of the Trinity, opened a wide field for the dialectic method of the theologians. By dint of distinctions and disputes, they fell into contrary errors. Some distinguished the three Persons so as to make of them three Gods. This was the error of Rocelin of Compeigne and his followers. Others confounded the Persons so as to leave only an ideal distinction. This was the case with Gilbert of Poictiers and his adherents. But the orthodox doctrine was ably maintained by others.

The dialectic subtlety of the times was not less directed to the article of the Divine Will. How are we to reconcile the will of God with his almighty power and holiness? The scholastic divines found in this question numerous difficulties, and laboured to remove them by dialectic distinctions. "We cannot say that God wills the existence of *evil*," said Peter the Lombard, "but neither can we say that He wills that evil should not exist."

The majority of these theologians sought to weaken by their dialectic labours the doctrine of Predestination which they found in the church. Alexander de Hales availed himself for this purpose of the following distinction of Aristotle; that every action supposes two parties, namely, an agent, and the thing subjected to the action. Divine Predestination, said he, acts doubtless for man's salvation; but it is requisite that it find in the soul of man a capacity for the reception of this grace. Without this second party the first cannot *effect* any thing; and Predestination consists in this, that God knowing by his prescience those in whom this second requisite will be found, has appointed to give them his grace.

As to the original condition of man, these theologians distinguished natural gifts and free gifts. The first they held to consist in the primitive purity and strength of the human soul. The second were the gifts of God's grace that the soul might accomplish good works. But here again the learned were divided; some contended that man had originally possessed only natural gifts, and had by his use of them to merit those of grace. But Thomas Aquinas who was generally on the side of sound doctrine, affirmed that the gifts of grace had from the beginning been closely united with the gifts of nature, because the first man was perfect in his moral health. The Fall, said the former, who leaned towards Free-will, has deprived man of the gifts of grace, but it has not entirely stripped him of the primitive strength of his nature; for the least sanctification would have been impossible if there had been no longer with

him any moral strength. Whilst, on the other side, the stricter theologians thought that the Fall had not only deprived man of grace, but corrupted his nature.

All acknowledged the work of Reconciliation wrought out by Christ's sufferings and death. But some maintained that redemption could have been effected in no other way than by the expiatory satisfaction of the death of Jesus Christ, whilst others laboured to prove that God had simply attached redemption and grace to this price. Others again, and among these last we may particularize Abelard, made the saving efficacy of redemption to consist merely in its fitness to awaken in man's heart a confidence and love toward God.

The doctrines of Sanctification or of Grace discovers to us in fresh abundance the dialectic subtlety of these divines. All of them, accepting the distinction of Aristotle already mentioned, laid down the necessity of the existence in man of a *materia disposita*, a something disposed to the reception of grace. But Thomas Aquinas ascribes this disposition to grace itself. Grace, said they, was *formative* for man before the Fall; now, that there is in him something to extirpate, it is grace *reformative*. And a farther distinction was laid down between grace given gratuitously, *gratia gratis data*, and grace that makes acceptable, *gratia gratum faciens*; with many other similar distinctions.

The doctrine of penance and indulgence, which we have already exhibited, crowned the whole of this system, and ruined whatever good it might contain. Peter the Lombard had been the first to distinguish three sorts of penitence; that of the heart or compunction; that of the lips, or confession; that of works, or satisfaction by outward action. He distinguished, indeed, absolution in the sight of God from absolution before the church. He even affirmed that inward repentance sufficed to obtain the pardon of sins. But he found a way back into the error of the church through another channel. He allowed that for sins committed after baptism, it was necessary either to endure the fires of purgatory, or to submit to the ecclesiastic penance; excepting only the sinner whose inward repentance and remorse should be so great as to obviate the necessity of further sufferings. He proceeds to propose questions which, with all his skill in dialectics, he is embarrassed to resolve. If two men, equal in their spiritual condition, but one poor and the other rich, die the same day, the one having no other succours than the ordinary prayers of the church, while for the other many masses can be said, and many works of charity can be done, what will be the event? The scholastic divine turns on all sides for an answer, and concludes by saying that they will have the like fate, but not by the like causes. The rich man's deliverance from purgatory will not be more perfect, but it will be earlier.

We have given a few sketches of the sort of Theology which reigned in the schools at the period of the Reformation. Distinctions, ideas, sometimes just, sometimes false, but still mere notions. The Christian doctrine had lost that odour of heaven, that force and practical vitality which came from God, and which had characterized it as it existed in the apostolic age: and these were destined again to come to it *from above*.

Meanwhile the learning of the schools was pure when compared with the actual condition of the Church. The theology of the learned might be said to flourish, if contrasted with the religion, the morals, the instructions of the priests, monks, and people. If Science stood in need of a revival, the Church was in still greater need of a Reformation.

The people of Christendom, and under that designation almost all the nations of Europe might be comprised, no longer looked to a living and holy God for the free gift of eternal life. They therefore naturally had recourse to all the devices of a superstitious, fearful, and alarmed imagination. Heaven was peopled with saints and mediators, whose office it was to solicit God's mercy. All lands were filled with the works of piety, of mortification, of penance and observances, by which it was to be procured. Take the description of the state of religion at this period given by one who was for a long while a monk, and in after life a fellow-labourer with Luther,—Myconius.

"The sufferings and merits of Christ were looked upon (says he) as an empty tale, or as the fictions of Homer. There was no longer any thought of that faith by which we are made partakers of the Saviour's righteousness, and the inheritance of eternal life. Christ was regarded as a stern judge, prepared to condemn all who should not have recourse to the intercessions of saints or to the Pope's indulgences. Other intercessors were substituted in his stead; first the Virgin Mary, like the heathen Diana; and then the saints, whose numbers were continually augmented by the Popes. These intercessors refused their mediation unless the party was in good repute with the monastic orders which they had founded. To be so, it was necessary not only to do what God had commanded in his word, but also to perform a number of works invented by the monks and priests, and which brought them in large sums of money. Such were Ave Marias, the prayers of St. Ursula, and of St. Bridget. It was necessary to chaunt and cry day and night. There were as many different pilgrimages as there were mountains, forests, and valleys. But with money these penances might be compounded for. The people therefore brought to the convents and to the priests money, and every thing they possessed that was of any value, fowls, ducks, eggs, wax, straw, butter, and cheese. Then the chauntings resounded, the bells rang, the odour of incense filled the sanctuary, the sacrifices were offered up, the tables groaned, the glasses circulated, and these pious orgies were terminated by masses. The bishops no longer appeared in the pulpits, but they consecrated priests, monks, churches, chapels, images, books, and burial places, and all these brought

a large revenue. Bones, arms, feet, were preserved in boxes of silver or gold; they gave them to the faithful to kiss during mass, and this increased their gains.

"All maintained that the Pope being in the place of God (2 Thessal. ii. 4) could not err; and there were none to contradict them."

At the church of All Saints, at Wittemberg, was shewn a fragment of Noah's ark; some soot from the furnace of the three children; a piece of wood from the crib of the infant Jesus; some hair of the beard of the great St. Christopher; and nineteen thousand other relics, more or less precious. At Schaffhausen was shown the breath of St. Joseph, that Nicodemus received on his glove. In Wurtemburg, might be seen a seller of indulgences disposing of his merchandise with his head adorned with a feather plucked from the wing of the Archangel Michael. But there was no need to seek so far for these precious treasures. Those who *farmed* the relics overran the country. They bore them about in the rural districts, (as has since been done with the Holy Scriptures;) and carried them into the houses of the faithful, to spare them the cost and trouble of the pilgrimage. They were exhibited with pomp in the churches. These wandering hawkers paid a certain sum to the proprietors of the relics, with a per centage on their profits. The kingdom of heaven had disappeared; and men had opened in its place on earth, a market of abominations.

At the same time, a profane spirit had invaded religion, and the most solemn recollections of the church; the seasons which seemed most to summon the faithful to devout reflection and love, were dishonoured by buffoonery and profanations altogether heathenish. The *Humours* of Easter held a large place in the annals of the Church. The festival of the Resurrection claiming to be joyfully commemorated, preachers went out of their way to put into their sermons whatever might excite the laughter of the people. One preacher imitated the cuckoo; another hissed like a goose; one dragged to the altar a layman dressed in a monk's cowl; a second related the grossest indecencies; a third recounted the tricks of the Apostle St. Peter,—among others, how, at an inn, he cheated the host, by not paying his reckoning. The lower orders of the clergy followed the example, and turned their superiors into ridicule. The very temples were converted into a stage, and the priests into mountebanks.

If this was the state of religion, what must have been the morals of the age?

Doubtless the corruption was not universal. — Justice requires that this should not be forgotten. The Reformation elicited many shining instances of piety, righteousness, and strength of mind. The spontaneous power of God was the cause; but how can we doubt that by the same power the germs of this new life had been deposited long before in the bosom of the church. If, in these our days, any one were to collect the immoralities and degrading vices that are committed in any single country, such a mass of corruption would doubtless be enough to shock every mind. But the evil, at the period we speak of, bore a character and universality that it has not borne at any subsequent date; and above all, the abomination stood in the holy places, which it has not been permitted to do since the Reformation.

Moral conduct had declined with the life of faith. The tidings of the gift of eternal life is the power of God to regenerate men. Once take away the salvation which is God's gift, and you take away sanctification and good works:—and this was the result.

The proclamation and sale of indulgences powerfully stimulated an ignorant people to immorality. It is true that, according to the Church, they could benefit those only who made and kept a promise of amendment. But what could be expected from a doctrine invented with a view to the profit to be gained from it? The venders of indulgences were naturally tempted to further the sale of their merchandise by presenting them to the people under the most attractive and seducing aspect; even the better instructed did not fully comprehend the doctrine in respect to them. All that the multitude saw in them was a permission to sin; and the sellers were in no haste to remove an impression so favourable to the sale.

What disorders, what crimes, in these ages of darkness, in which impunity was acquired by money! What might not be feared when a small contribution to the building of a church was supposed to deliver from the punishments of a future world! What hope of revival when the communication between God and man was at an end; and man, afar off from God, who is spirit and life,—moved only in a circle of pitiful ceremonies and gross practices,—in an atmosphere of death.

The priests were the first who felt the effects of this corrupting influence. Desiring to exalt themselves, they had sunk themselves lower. Infatuated men! They aimed to rob God of a ray of his glory, and to place it on their own brows; but their attempt had failed, and they had received only a leaven of corruption from the power of evil. The annals of the age swarm with scandals. In many places the people were well pleased that the priest should have a woman in keeping, that their wives might be safe from his seductions. What scenes of humiliation were witnessed in the house of the pastor! The wretched man supported the mother and her children, with the tithe and the offering; his conscience was troubled; he blushed in presence of his people, of his servants, and before God. The mother, fearing to come to want when the priest should die, provided against it beforehand, and robbed the house. Her character was gone: her children were a living accusation of her. Treated on all sides with contempt, they plunged into brawls and debaucheries. Such was the family of the priests. These horrid scenes were a kind of instruction that the people were ready enough to follow.

TRIAL OF JOHN HUSS.

The rural districts were the scene of numerous excesses. The abodes of the clergy were frequently the resorts of the dissolute. Cornelius Adrian, at Bruges, the Abbot Trinkler, at Cappel, imitated the customs of the East, and had their harems. Priests, consorted with abandoned characters, frequented the taverns, played dice, and finished their orgies by quarrels and blasphemy.

The council of Schaffhausen pronibited the clergy from dancing in public except at weddings; from carrying two kinds of weapons; and decreed that a priest who should be found in a house of ill-fame should be stripped of his ecclesiastical habit. In the archbishopric of Mentz they scaled the walls in the night, committed disturbances and disorders of all kinds in the inns and taverns, and broke open doors and locks. In several places the priest paid to the bishop a regular tax for the woman with whom he lived, and for every child he had by her. A German bishop, who was present at a grand entertainment, publicly declared that in one year eleven thousand priests had presented themselves to him for that purpose. It is Erasmus who records this.

The higher orders of the hierarchy were equally corrupt. Dignitaries of the Church preferred the tumult of camps to the service of the altar. To be able, lance in hand, to compel his neighbours to do him homage, was one of the most conspicuous qualifications of a bishop. Baldwin, archbishop of Treves, was constantly at war with his neighbours and vassals; razing their castles, building fortresses of his own, and thinking only how to enlarge his territory. A certain bishop of Eichstadt, when dispensing justice, wore under his habit a coat of mail, and held in his hand a long sword. He used to say he did not fear five Bavarians, provided they would but attack him in the open field. Everywhere the bishops were engaged in constant war with the towns; the citizens demanding freedom, and the bishops requiring implicit obedience If the latter triumphed, they punished the revolters, by sacrificing numerous victims to their vengeance; but the flame of insurrection broke out again at the very moment when it was thought to be extinguished.

And what a spectacle was presented by the Pontifical Throne in the generation immediately preceding the Reformation! Rome, it must be acknowledged, has seldom been witness to so much infamy.

Rodrigo Borgia, after living in illicit intercourse with a Roman lady, had continued a similar connection with one of her daughters, by name Rosa Vanozza, by whom he had five children. He was living at Rome with Vanozza and other abandoned women,—as cardinal, and archbishop, visiting the churches and hospitals,—when the death of Innocent VIII. created a vacancy in the Pontifical chair. He succeeded in obtaining it by bribing each of the cardinals at a stipulated price. Four mules, laden with silver, were publicly driven into the palace of Sforza, the most influential of the cardinals. Borgia became Pope under the name of Alexander VI. and rejoiced in the attainment of the pinnacle of pleasures.

The very day of his coronation he created his son Cæsar, a ferocious and dissolute youth, archbishop of Valencia and bishop of Pampeluna. He next proceeded to celebrate in the Vatican the nuptials of his daughter Lucrezia, by festivities, at which his mistress Julia Bella was present, and which were enlivened by farces and indecent songs. "Most of the ecclesiastics," says an historian, "had their mistresses, and all the convents of the capital were houses of ill fame." Cæsar Borgia espoused the cause of the Guelphs, and when by their assistance he had annihilated the power of the Ghibelines, he turned upon the Guelphs, and crushed them in their turn. But he would allow none to share in the spoils of his atrocities. In the year 1497, Alexander conferred upon his eldest son the duchy of Benevento. The Duke suddenly disappeared. That night a faggot-dealer on the banks of the Tiber saw some persons throw a corpse into the river; but he said nothing of it, for such things were common. The Duke's body was found. His brother Cæsar had been the instigator of the murder. He did not stop there. His brother-in-law stood in the way of his ambition. One day Cæsar caused him to be stabbed on the staircase of the Pope's palace, and he was carried covered with blood to his own apartments. His wife and sister never left him. Dreading lest Cæsar should employ poison, they were accustomed to prepare his meals with their own hands. Alexander placed guards before his door,—But Cæsar ridiculed these precautions, and on one occasion when the Pope visited him dropped the remark, "What cannot be done at *dinner* may be at *supper*." Accordingly, he one day gained admittance to the chamber of the wounded man, turned out his wife and sister, and calling Michilotto, the executioner of his horrors, and the only man in whom he placed any confidence, commanded him to strangle his victim before his eyes. Alexander had a favourite named Peroto, whose preferment offended the young Duke. Cæsar rushed upon him, Peroto sought refuge under the Papal mantle, clasping the Pontiff in his arms;—Cæsar stabbed him, and the blood of the victim spirted in the Pontiff's face. "The Pope," adds a contemporary and witness of these atrocities,—"loves the Duke his son, and lives in great fear of him." Cæsar was one of the handsomest and most powerful men of his age. Six wild bulls fell beneath his hand in single combat. Nightly assassinations took place in the streets of Rome. Poison often destroyed those whom the dagger could not reach. Every one feared to move or breathe lest he should be the next victim. Cæsar Borgia was the hero of crime. The spot on earth where all iniquity met and overflowed was the Pontiff's seat. When man has given himself over to the power of evil,—the higher his pretensions before God, the lower he is seen to sink in the depths of

hell. The dissolute entertainments given by the Pope and his son Cæsar and his daughter Lucrezia, are such as can neither be described nor thought of. The most impure groves of ancient worship saw not the like. Historians have accused Alexander and Lucrezia of incest, but the charge is not sufficiently established. The Pope, in order to rid himself of a wealthy Cardinal, had prepared poison in a small box of sweetmeats, which was to be placed on the table after a sumptuous feast: the Cardinal receiving a hint of the design, gained over the attendant, and the poisoned box was placed before Alexander. He ate of it and perished. The whole city came together, and could hardly satiate themselves with the sight of this dead viper.

Such was the man who filled the pontifical throne at the commencement of the age of the Reformation.

Thus the clergy had disgraced religion and themselves. Well might a powerful voice exclaim, "The ecclesiastic order is opposed to God and to his glory. The people well know it; and it is but too evident, from the many songs, proverbs, and jests on the priests, current amongst the common people, as also from the figures of monks and priests scrawled on the walls, and even on the playing cards, that every one has a feeling of disgust at the sight or name of a priest." It is Luther who thus speaks.

The evil had spread through all ranks; a spirit of delusion had been sent among men; the corruption of morals corresponded to the corruption of the faith; the mystery of iniquity weighed down the enslaved Church of Christ.

Another consequence necessarily ensued from the neglect into which the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel had fallen. From the darkness of the understanding resulted the corruption of the heart. The priests having taken into their own hands the dispensing a salvation which belonged only to God, had thereby secured a sufficient hold on the respect of the people. What need had they to study sacred learning? It was no longer their office to explain the Scriptures, but to grant letters of indulgence; and for the fulfilling of that ministry, it was unnecessary to have acquired any great learning.

In country parts, says Wimpheling, they appointed as preachers poor wretches whom they had taken from beggary, and who had been cooks, musicians, huntsmen, stable boys, and even worse.

The superior clergy themselves were sunk in great ignorance. A bishop of Dunfeldt congratulated himself on never having learned Greek or Hebrew. The monks asserted that all heresies arose from these languages, but especially from the Greek. "The New Testament," said one of them, "is a book full of serpents and thorns. Greek," continued he, "is a modern language, but recently invented, and against which we must be upon our guard. As to Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that whoever studies *that* immediately becomes a Jew." Heresbach, a friend of Erasmus, and a respectable writer, reports these very words. Thomas Linacer, a learned and celebrated divine, had never read the New Testament. Drawing near his end (in 1524) he called for it, but quickly threw it from him with an oath, because his eye had caught the words, "But I say unto you, Swear not at all." "Either this is not the Gospel," said he, "or we are not Christians." Even the school of theology in Paris did not scruple to declare before the Parliament, "There is an end of religion if the study of Hebrew and Greek is permitted."

If here and there among the clergy some learning existed, it was not in sacred literature. The Ciceronians of Italy affected a great contempt for the Bible on account of its style: men who arrogated to themselves the title of Priests of Christ's Church translated the words of the Holy Ghost into the style of Virgil and of Horace, to accommodate them to the ears of men of taste. The Cardinal Bembo wrote always, instead of the *Holy Spirit*, "the breath of the celestial zephyr;" for *remission of sins* he substituted the "pity of the Manes and of the Gods;" and instead of *Christ the Son of God*, "Minerva sprung from the brows of Jupiter." Finding one day the respectable Sadoletus employed on a translation of the Epistle to the Romans, "Leave these childish productions," said he, "such puerilities do not become a sensible man."

Behold some of the consequences of the system that then weighed down Christendom. This picture no doubt exhibits in strong colours both the corruption of the Church and the need of reformation. It is for that reason we have sketched it. The vital doctrines of Christianity had almost disappeared, and with them the life and light which constitute the essence of true religion. The internal strength of the Church was gone, and its lifeless and exhausted frame lay stretched over the Roman world.

Who shall give it new life? Whence shall we look for a remedy for so many evils?

For ages a reformation in the church had been loudly called for, and all the powers of this world had attempted it. But God alone could bring it to pass. And he began by humbling the power of man, that he might exhibit man's helplessness. We see human assailants, one after another, fail and break to pieces at the feet of the Colossus they undertook to cast down.

First temporal princes resisted Rome. The whole power of the Hohenstaufens, heroes who wore the Imperial crown, seemed directed to humble and reform Rome, and deliver the nations, and especially Germany, from her tyranny. But the castle of Canossa gave proof of the weakness of the Imperial power against the usurped dominion of the Church. A warlike prince, the Emperor Henry IV., after a long and fruitless struggle against Rome, was reduced to pass three days and nights in the trenches of that Italian fortress, exposed to the winter's cold, stripped of his imperial robes, barefoot, in a scanty woollen garment, implor-

ing with tears and cries the pity of Hildebrand, before whom he kneeled, and who, after three nights of lamentation, relaxed his papal inflexibility, and pardoned the suppliant. Behold the power of the high and mighty of the earth, of kings and emperors against Rome!

To them succeeded adversaries perhaps more formidable,—men of genius and learning. Learning awoke in Italy, and its awakening was with an energetic protest against the Papacy. Dante, the father of Italian poetry, boldly placed in his *Hell* the most powerful of the Popes; he introduced St. Peter in heaven pronouncing stern and crushing censures on his unworthy successors, and drew horrible descriptions of the monks and clergy. Petrarch, that eminent genius, of a mind so superior to all the emperors and popes of his time, boldly called for the re-establishment of the primitive order of the Church. For this purpose he invoked the efforts of the age and the power of the emperor Charles VII. Laurentius Valla, one of the most learned men of Italy, attacked with spirit the pretensions of the Popes, and their asserted inheritance from Constantine. A legion of poets, learned men, and philosophers, followed in their track; the torch of learning was everywhere kindled, and threatened to reduce to ashes the Romish scaffolding that intercepted its beams. But every effort failed; Pope Leo X. enlisted among the supporters and satellites of his court,—literature, poetry, sciences and arts; and these came humbly kissing the feet of a power that in their boasted infancy they had attempted to dethrone. Behold the power of letters and philosophy against Rome!

At last an agency which promised more ability to reform the church came forward. This was the Church itself. At the call for Reformation, reiterated on all sides, and which had been heard for ages past, that most imposing of ecclesiastical conclaves, the Council of Constance, assembled. An immense number of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, eighteen hundred doctors of divinity and priests; the Emperor himself, with a retinue of a thousand persons; the Elector of Saxony, the Elector Palatine, the Duke of Bavaria and Austria, and ambassadors from all nations, gave to this assembly an air of authority, unprecedented in the history of Christianity. Above the rest, we must mention the illustrious and immortal doctors of the University of Paris, the Aillys, the Gersons, the Clemangnis,—those men of piety, learning, and courage, who by their writings and eloquence communicated to the Council an energetic and salutary direction. Every thing bowed before this assembly; with one hand it deposed three Popes at once, while with the other it delivered John Huss to the flames. A commission was named, composed of deputies from different nations, to propose a fundamental reform. The Emperor Sigismund supported the proposition with the whole weight of his power. The Council were unanimous. The cardinals all took an oath that he among them who should be elected Pope would not dissolve the assembly, nor leave Constance before the desired reformation should be accomplished. Colonna was chosen under the name of Martin V. The moment was come which was to decide the Reform of the Church; all the prelates, the Emperor, the princes, and the representatives of different nations, awaited the result with intense desire. "*The Council is at an end*," exclaimed Martin V. as soon as he had placed the tiara on his brow. Sigismund and the clergy uttered a cry of surprise, indignation, and grief; but that cry was lost upon the winds. On the 16th of May, 1418, the Pope, arrayed in the pontifical garments, mounted a mule richly caparisoned; the Emperor was on his right hand, the Elector of Brandenburg on his left, each holding the reins of his palfrey; four counts supported over the Pope's head a magnificent canopy; several princes surrounded him bearing the trappings; and a mounted train of forty thousand persons, says an historian, composed of nobles, knights, and clergy of all ranks, joined in the solemn procession outside the walls of Constance. Then indeed did Rome, in the person of her pontiff sitting on a mule, inwardly deride the superstition that surrounded her; then did she give proof that to humble her a power must be exerted far different from any thing that could be put in motion by emperors, or kings, or bishops, or doctors of divinity, or all the learning of the age and of the church.

How could the Reformation proceed from the very thing to be reformed? How could the wound find in itself the elements of its cure?

Nevertheless the means employed to reform the Church, and which the result showed to be inefficacious, contributed to weaken the obstacles and prepared the ground for the Reformers.

The evils which then afflicted Christendom, namely, superstition, incredulity, ignorance, unprofitable speculation, and corruption of morals,—evils naturally engendered in the hearts of men,—were not new on the earth They had made a great figure in the history of nations. They had invaded, especially in the East, different religious systems, which had seen their times of glory. Those enervated systems had sunk under these evils, and not one of them had ever arisen from its fall.

And was Christianity now to undergo the same destiny? Was it to be lost like those old religions of the nations? Was the blow that had doomed them to death to be of power to destroy it? Was there nothing to secure its preservation? And these opposing forces which overflowed it, and which had already dethroned so many various systems of worship, were they indeed to have power to seat themselves without resistance on the ruins of the Church of Jesus Christ?

No:—there is in Christianity that which there was not in any of these national systems. It does not, like them, offer certain general ideas, mixed with tradition and fables, destined, sooner or later, to fall before the march of human reason; but it contains within it pure

truth, built upon facts which challenge the scrutiny of any upright and enlightened mind. Christianity has for its object not merely to excite in man certain vague religious feelings, of which the impression, once forgotten, can never be revived; its object is to satisfy, and it does in reality satisfy, all the religious wants of human nature, in whatever degree that nature may be developed. It is not the contrivance of man, whose works pass away and are forgotten, but it is the work of God, who upholds what he creates; and it has the promises of its Divine Author for the pledge of its duration.

It is impossible that human nature can ever be above the need of Christianity. And if ever man has for a time fancied that he could do without it, it has soon appeared to him clothed in fresh youth and vigour, as the only cure for the human soul; and the degenerate nations have returned with new ardour to those ancient, simple, and powerful truths, which in the hour of their infatuation they despised.

In fact, Christianity displayed, in the 16th century, the same regenerative power which it had exercised in the first. After the lapse of fifteen hundred years, the same truths produced the same effects. In the days of the Reformation, as in the days of Peter and Paul, —the Gospel, with invincible energy, overcame mighty obstacles. The efficacy of its sovereign power was displayed from north to south; amidst nations differing most widely in manners, in character, and in civilization. Then, as in the times of Stephen and of James, it kindled the fire of enthusiasm and devotion in the midst of the general deadness, and raised on all sides the spirit of martyrs.

How was this revival in the Church and in the world brought to pass?

An observant mind might then have discerned two laws by which God governs the course of events.

He first prepares slowly and from afar that which he designs to accomplish. He has ages in which to work.

Then, when his time is come, he effects the greatest results by the smallest means. He acts thus in nature and in providence. For the production of a gigantic tree, He deposits in the earth a tiny seed; for the renovation of his church, He makes use of the meanest instrument to accomplish what emperors, learned men, and even the heads of that church have failed to effect! We shall shortly have to investigate and bring to light this little seed that a divine hand placed in the earth in the days of the Reformation. We must now distinguish and recognise the different methods by which God prepared the way for the great change.

We will first survey the condition of the Papacy; and from thence we will carry our view over the different influences which God caused to concur to the accomplishment of his purposes.

At the period when the Reformation was on the point of breaking forth, Rome appeared in peace and safety. One might have said that nothing could for the future disturb her triumph. She had gained great and decisive victories. The general councils, those upper and lower senates of Catholicism, had been subdued. The Vaudois and the Hussites had been put down. No university, (except perhaps that of Paris, which sometimes raised its voice at the instance of its kings,) doubted of the infallibility of the oracles of Rome. Every one seemed to take part with its power. The superior clergy preferred to give to a remote head the tenth of their revenues, and quietly to consume the remainder to the hazarding of all for the acquisition of an independence which would cost dear, and bring little advantage. The humbler clergy, before whom were spread the prospects and baits of higher dignities, were willing to purchase these cherished hopes by a little slavery. Add to which, they were everywhere so overawed by the heads of the hierarchy, that they could scarcely move under their powerful hands, and much less raise themselves and make head against them. The people bowed the knee before the Roman altar, and even kings, who began in secret to despise the Bishop of Rome, could not have dared to raise the hand against it, lest they should be reputed guilty of sacrilege.

But if at the time when the Reformation broke out, opposition seemed outwardly to have subsided, or even ceased altogether, its internal strength had increased. If we take a nearer view, we discern more than one symptom which presaged the decline of Rome. The general councils, had, in their fall, diffused their principles through the Church, and carried disunion into the camp of those who impugned them. The defenders of the hierarchy had separated into two parties; those who maintained the system of the absolute power of the Pope, according to the maxims of Hildebrand; and those who desired a constitutional Papacy, offering securities and liberty to the churches.

To this we may add, that in all parties faith in the infallibility of the Roman bishop had been rudely shaken. If no voice was raised to attack him, it was because every one was anxious to retain the little faith he still possessed. The slightest shock was dreaded, lest it should overturn the edifice. The Christianity of the age held in its breath; but it was to avoid a calamity in which it feared to perish. From the moment when man trembles to quit a once venerated creed, he no longer holds it, and he will soon abandon its very semblance.

Let us see what had brought about this singular posture of mind. The church itself was the primary cause. The errors and superstitions she had introduced into Christianity, were not, properly speaking, what had so fatally wounded her. This might indeed be thought if the nations of Christendom had risen above the Church in intellectual and religious developement. But there was an aspect of the question level to the observation of the laity,

and it was under that view that the Church was judged:—it was become altogether *earthly*. That priestly sway which governed the world, and which could not subsist but by the power of illusion, and of that halo which invested it, had forgotten its true nature, and left Heaven and its sphere of light and glory, to immerse itself in the low interests of citizens and princes. Born to the representation of the spirit, the priesthood had forsaken the spirit—for the flesh. They had thrown aside the treasures of learning and the spiritual power of the word, and taken up the brute force and false glory of the age: and this had naturally resulted. It was truly the *spiritual* order that the Church had at first attempted to defend. But to protect it against the resistance and invasion of the nations, she had from false policy had recourse to earthly instruments and vulgar weapons. When once the Church had begun to handle these weapons, her spiritual essence was lost. Her arm could not become carnal without her heart becoming the same; and the world soon saw her former character inverted. She had attempted to use earth in defence of Heaven: she now employed Heaven itself to defend earthly possessions. Theocratic forms became, in her hands, only instruments of worldly schemes. The offerings which the people laid at the feet of the sovereign pontiff of Christendom, were used to support the luxury of his court, and the charge of his armies. His spiritual power supplied the steps by which he placed his feet above the kings and nations of the earth. The charm was dispelled; and the power of the Church was gone, from the hour that men could say, "she is become as one of us."

The great were the first to scrutinize the title to this supposed power The very questioning of it might possibly have sufficed to overturn Rome. But it was a favorable circumstance on her side, that the education of the princes was everywhere in the hands of her adepts. These persons inculcated in their noble pupils a veneration for the Roman pontiffs. The chiefs of nations grew up in the sanctuary of the Church. Princes of ordinary minds scarce ever got beyond it. Many even desired nothing better than to be found within it at the close of life. They chose to die wearing a monk's cowl rather than a crown.

Italy was mainly instrumental in enlightening the sovereigns of Europe. They had to contract alliances with the Popes, which had reference to the temporal Prince of the States of the Church,—and not to the Bishop of bishops. Kings were much astonished to find the Popes ready to sacrifice some of the asserted rights of the Pontiff, that they might retain the advantages of the *Prince*. They saw these self-styled organs of truth resort to all the petty artifices of policy, deceit, dissimulation, and even perjury. Then it was that the bandage that education had drawn over the eyes of secular princes fell off. It was then that the artful Ferdinand of Arragon had recourse to stratagem against stratagem; it was then that the impetuous Louis XII. struck a medal with this legend, *Perdam Babylonis nomen*:* and the respectable Maximilian of Austria, grieved at hearing of the treachery of Leo X., exclaimed, "This Pope, like the rest, is in my judgment a scoundrel. Henceforth I can say that in all my life no Pope has kept his faith or word with me. I hope, if God be willing, that this one will be the last of them."

Discoveries of this sort made by kings gradually took effect upon the people. Many other causes had unclosed the long sealed eyes of Christian nations. The most reflecting began to accustom themselves to the idea that the Bishop of Rome was a man, and sometimes even a very bad man. The people began to suspect that he was not much holier than their own bishops, whose characters were very doubtful. But the popes themselves contributed more than any single cause to their own dishonour. Released from constraint after the Council of Basle, they gave themselves up to the boundless licentiousness of victory. Even the dissolute Romans shuddered. The rumours of these disorders spread through other countries. The people, incapable of arresting the torrent that swept their treasure into this gulf of profligacy, sought amends in hatred.

Whilst many circumstances contributed to sap what then existed, there were others tending to the production of something new.

The singular system of theology that had established itself in the Church, was fitted powerfully to assist in opening the eyes of the rising generation. Formed for a dark age, as if the darkness were to endure forever, this system was destined to be superseded and scattered to the winds as soon as the age should outgrow it. And this took place. The Popes had added now this, and now that article to the Christian doctrine. They had changed or removed only what could not be made to square with their hierarchy; what was not opposed to their policy was allowed to remain during pleasure. There were in this system true doctrines, such as redemption, the power of the Spirit of God, &c., which an able theologian, if one had been found, could have used to combat and overturn the rest. The pure gold mixed with the baser metal in the mint of the Vatican, was enough to reveal the fraud. It is true that if any courageous opponent took notice of it, the winnowing fan of Rome was immediately set to work to cast the pure grain forth. But these rejections and condemnations did but augment the confusion.

That confusion was without bounds, and the asserted unity was but one vast disorder. At Rome there were the doctrines of the Court, and the doctrines of the Church. The faith of the metropolis differed from that of the provinces. Even in the provinces there was an infinite diversity of opinion. There was the creed of princes, of people, and, above all, of the religious orders. There were the opinions

* I will extirpate the name of Babylon.

of this convent, of that district, of this doctor, and of that monk.

Truth, that it might pass safe through the period when Rome would have crushed it with her iron sceptre, had acted like the insect that weaves with its threads the chrysalis in which it envelopes itself during the winter. And, strange to say, the means that had served in this way to preserve the truth, were the scholastic divines so much decried. These ingenious artisans of thought had strung together all the current theological notions, and of these threads they had formed a net, under which it would have been difficult for more skilful persons than their contemporaries to recognise the truth in its first purity. We may regret, that the insect, full of life, and so lately shining with the brightest colours, should wrap itself in its dark and seemingly inanimate covering; but that covering preserves it. It was thus with the truth. If the interested and suspicious policy of Rome, in the days of her power, had met with the naked truth, she would have destroyed it, or, at least, endeavoured to do so. Disguised as it was by the divines of that period, under endless subtleties and distinctions, the Popes did not recognise it, or else perceived that while in that state it could not trouble them. They took under their protection both the artisans and their handy-work. But the spring might come, when the hidden truth might lift its head, and throw off all the threads which covered it. Having acquired fresh vigour in its seeming tomb, the world might behold it in the days of its resurrection, obtain the victory over Rome and all her errors. This spring arrived. At the same time that the absurd coverings of the scholastic divines fell, one after another, beneath the skilful attacks or derisions of a new generation, the truth escaped from its concealment in full youth and beauty.

It was not only from the writings of the scholastic divines that powerful testimony was rendered to the truth. Christianity had everywhere mingled something of its own life with the life of the people. The Church of Christ was a dilapidated building: but in digging there were in some parts discovered in its foundations the living rock on which it had been first built. Some institutions which bore date from the best ages of the Church still existed, and could not fail to awaken in many minds evangelical sentiments opposed to the reigning superstition. The inspired writers, the earliest teachers of the Church, whose writings were deposited in different libraries, uttered here and there a solitary voice. It was doubtless heard in silence by many an attentive ear. Let us not doubt (and it is a consoling thought) that Christians had many brethren and sisters in those very monasteries wherein we are too apt to see nothing but hypocrisy and dissoluteness.

It was not only old things that prepared the revival of religion; there was also something new which tended powerfully to favour it. The human mind was advancing. This fact alone would have brought on its enfranchisement. The shrub as it increases in its growth throws down the walls near which it was planted, and substitutes its own shade for theirs. The high priest of Rome had made himself the guardian of the nations. His superiority of understanding had rendered this office easy; and for a long time he kept them in a state of tutelage and forced subjection. But they were now growing and breaking bounds on all sides. This venerable guardianship, which had its origin in the principles of eternal life and of civilization, communicated by Rome to the barbarous nations, could no longer be exercised without resistance. A formidable adversary had taken up a position opposed to her, and sought to control her. The natural disposition of the human mind to develope itself, to examine and to acquire knowledge, had given birth to this new power. Men's eyes were opening: they demanded a reason for every step from this long respected conductor, under whose guidance they had marched in silence, so long as their eyes were closed. The infancy of the nations of Modern Europe was passed; a period of ripe age was arrived. To a credulous simplicity, disposed to believe every thing, had succeeded a spirit of curiosity, an intelligence impatient to discover the foundations of things. They asked of each other what was the design of God in speaking to the world? and whether men had a right to set themselves up as mediators between God and their brethren? One thing alone could have saved the Church; and this was to rise still higher than the laity. To keep on a level with them was not enough. But, on the contrary, the Church was greatly behind them. It began to decline just when they began to arise. While the laity were ascending in the scale of intelligence,—the priesthood was absorbed in earthly pursuits and worldly interests. A like phenomenon has been often seen in history. The eaglet had become full fledged, and there was none who could reach it or prevent its taking flight.

Whilst in Europe the light was thus issuing from the prisons in which it had been held captive, the East was sending new lights to the West. The standard of the Osmanlis, planted in 1453 on the walls of Constantinople, had driven thence the learned of that city. They had carried Grecian literature into Italy The torch of antiquity rekindled the intellectual flame which had for so many ages been extinguished. Printing, then recently discovered, multiplied the energetic protests against the corruption of the Church, and the not less powerful calls which summoned the human mind to new paths. There was at that time, as it were, a burst of light. Errors and vain ceremonies were exposed. But this light, well suited to destroy, was most unfit to build up. It was not given to Homer or Virgil to rescue the Church.

The revival of letters, of science, and of the arts, was not the moving principle of the Reformation. We may rather say that the Paganism of the poets, when it re-appeared in Italy, brought with it the Paganism of the

heart. Vain superstitions were attacked;—but it was incredulity that established itself in their stead, with a smile of disdain and mockery. Ridicule of all things, even the most sacred, was the fashion, and deemed the mark of wit. Religion was regarded only as an instrument of government. "I have one fear," exclaimed Erasmus in 1516, "it is that with the study of ancient literature the ancient Paganism should re-appear."

True, the world saw then, as after the mockeries of the Augustan age, and as in our own times after those of the last century, a new Platonic Philosophy, which, in its turn, attacked this impudent incredulity; and sought, like the philosophy of our own days, to inspire respect for Christianity, and re-animate the sentiments of religion. At Florence the Medici favoured these efforts of the Platonists. But never can philosophical religion regenerate the Church or the World. Proud—despising the preaching of the cross—pretending to see in the Christian dogmas only types and symbols unintelligible to the majority of minds—it may evaporate in mystical enthusiasm, but must ever be powerless to reform or to save.

What then would have ensued if true Christianity had not re-appeared in the world—and if true faith had not replenished the heart with its strength and holiness? The Reformation saved religion, and with it society. If the Church of Rome had had at heart the glory of God, and the happiness of nations, she would have welcomed the Reformation with joy. But what were these to a Leo X?

In Germany, the study of ancient learning had effects the very reverse of those which attended it in Italy and France. It was 'mixed with faith.' What had, in the latter, produced only a certain trivial and sterile refinement of taste, penetrated the lives and habits of the Germans, warmed their hearts, and prepared them for a better light. The first restorers of letters in Italy and in France were remarkable for their levity; often for their immorality. The German followers, with a grave spirit, sought zealously for truth. There was formed in that country a union of free, learned, and generous individuals, among whom were some of the princes of the land, and who laboured to render science useful to religion. Some of them brought to their studies the humble teachableness of children: others an enlightened and penetrating judgment, inclined perhaps to overstep the limits of sound and deliberate criticism; but both contributed to clear the passages of the temple, hitherto obstructed by so many superstitions.

The monkish theologians perceived the danger, and they began to clamour against the very same studies that they had tolerated in Italy and France, because they were there mixed with levity and dissoluteness. A conspiracy was entered into against languages and sciences, for in their rear they perceived the true faith. One day a monk, cautioning some one against the heresies of Erasmus, was asked "in what they consisted?" He confessed he had not read the work he spoke of, and could but allege "that it was written in too good Latin."

Still all these exterior causes would have been insufficient to prepare the renovation of the Church.

Christianity had declined, because the two guiding truths of the new covenant had been lost. The first, in contradistinction to Church assumption, is the immediate relation existing between every individual soul and the Fountain of Truth—the second, (and this stood directly opposed to the idea of merit in human works,) is the doctrine of salvation by Grace. Of these two principles, immutable and immortal in themselves,—forever true, however slighted or corrupted, which,—it might then have been asked,—was to be first set in motion, and give the regenerative impulse to the Church?—Was it to be the former, the principle of Church authority? Or was it to be the latter, the energy of the Spirit?—In our days men pretend to operate through the social condition upon the soul; through human nature in general, upon individual character. It will be concluded that the principle of a Church was prominent in the movement:—History has shown the very contrary:—it has proved that it is by individual influence that an impression is produced on the community, and that the first step toward restoring the social condition—is to regenerate the soul. All the efforts for amelioration witnessed in the middle ages arose out of religious feeling;—the question of authority was never mooted till men were compelled to defend against the hierarchy the newly discovered truth.—It was the same in later times, in Luther's case.—When the Truth that saves appears on the one side, sustained by the authority of God's word,—and on the other, the Error that destroys, backed by the power of the Roman hierarchy, Christians cannot long hesitate; and in spite of the most specious sophisms and the fairest credentials, the claim to authority is soon disposed of.

The Church had fallen because the great doctrine of Justification through faith in Christ had been lost. It was therefore necessary that this doctrine should be restored to her before she could arise. Whenever this fundamental truth should be restored, all the errors and devices which had usurped its place, the train of saints, works, penances, masses, and indulgences would vanish. The moment the ONE Mediator and his ONE sacrifice were acknowledged, all other mediators, and all other sacrifices, would disappear. "This article of justification," says one* whom we may look upon as enlightened on the subject, "is that which forms the Church, nourishes it, builds it up, preserves and defends it. No one can well teach in the Church, or successfully resist its adversary, if he continue not in his attachment to this grand truth." "It is," adds the Reformer, referring to the earliest

* Luther to Brentius.

prophecy, "the heel that crushes the serpent's head."

God, who was then preparing his work, raised up, during a long course of ages, a succession of witnesses to this truth. But the generous men, who bore testimony to this truth, did not clearly comprehend it, or at least did not know how to bring it distinctly forward. Incapable of accomplishing the work, they were well suited to prepare it. We may add also, that if they were not prepared for this work, the work itself was not ready for them. The measure was not yet full—the need of the true remedy was not yet felt so extensively as was necessary.

Thus, instead of felling the tree at the root by preaching chiefly and earnestly the doctrine of salvation by grace, they confined themselves to questions of ceremonies, to the government of the Church, to forms of worships, to the adoration of saints and images, or to the transubstantiation, &c.; and thus limiting their efforts to the branches, they might succeed in pruning the tree here and there, but they left it still standing. In order to a salutary reformation without, there must be a real reformation within. And faith alone can effect this.

Scarcely had Rome usurped power before a vigorous opposition was formed against her; and this endured throughout the middle ages.

Archbishop Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century, Peter of Bruys, his pupil Henry, Arnold of Brescia, in the twelfth century, in France and Italy, laboured to restore the worship of God in spirit and in truth; but they sought that worship too much in the riddance from images and outward ceremony.

The Mystics, who have existed in almost every age, seeking in silence, holiness, righteousness of life, and quiet communion with God, beheld with alarm and sorrow the wretched condition of the Church. They carefully abstained from the quarrels of the schools, and all the unprofitable discussions beneath which true piety had been well nigh buried. They laboured to turn men from the empty form of an outward worship, from noise and pomp of ceremonies, that they might lead them to the inward peace of the soul that seeks all its happiness in God. They could not do this without coming in collision with all the received opinions, and exposing the wounds of the Church; but still even they had no clear views of the doctrine of justification by faith.

Far superior to the Mystics in purity of doctrine, the Vaudois formed a long-continued chain of witnesses for the truth. Men more free than the rest of the Church appear from early times to have inhabited the summits of the Piedmontese Alps. Their numbers had increased, and their doctrine had been purified by the disciples of Valdo. From the heights of their mountains the Vaudois protested for ages against the superstitions of Rome. "They contended," said they, "for their lively hope in God through Christ; for regeneration and inward renewal by faith, hope, and charity; for the merits of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of his grace and righteousness

And yet this primary truth of the Justification of the sinner, which ought to rise pre-eminent above other doctrines, like Mount Blanc above the surrounding Alps, was not sufficiently prominent in their system.

Pierre Vaud, or Valdo, a rich merchant of Lyons, (A. D. 1170,) sold all his goods and gave to the poor. He and his friends appear to have had for their object to re-establish in the intercourse of life the perfection of primitive Christianity. He began then, like others, at the branches, and not at the root. Nevertheless his preaching was powerful; for he recalled the minds of his hearers to the Scriptures which menaced the Roman hierarchy in its foundation.

In 1360, Wicklif made his appearance in England, and appealed from the Pope to the Word of God; but the real inward wound of the Church appeared to him as only one of many symptoms of its malady.

John Huss preached in Bohemia a century before Luther appeared in Saxony. He seemed to enter more deeply than all who had gone before him into the essence of Christian truth. He besought Christ to grant him grace to glory only in his cross, and in the inestimable humiliation of his sufferings. But he attacked rather the lives of the clergy than the errors of the Church. And yet he was, if we may be allowed the expression, the John the Baptist of the Reformation. The flames of his martyrdom kindled a fire which shed an extensive light in the midst of the general gloom, and was destined not to be speedily extinguished.

John Huss did more: prophetic words resounded from the depths of his dungeon. He foresaw that a real reformation of the Church was at hand. When driven from Prague, and compelled to wander in the fields of Bohemia, where he was followed by an immense crowd eager to catch his words, he exclaimed: "The wicked have begun by laying treacherous snares for the *goose*.* But if even the goose, which is only a domestic fowl, a tame creature, and unable to rise high in the air, has yet broken their snares, other birds, whose flight carries them boldly towards heaven, will break them with much more power. Instead of a feeble goose, the truth will send forth eagles and keen-eyed falcons." The Reformers fulfilled this prediction.

And when the venerable priest was summoned, by order of Sigismund, before the Council of Constance, and cast into prison, the chapel of Bethlehem, where he had proclaimed the Gospel and the future triumph of Christ, employed his thoughts more than his own defence. One night, the holy martyr thought he saw from the depths of his dungeon the pictures of Christ, which he had painted on the walls of his oratory, effaced by the Pope and his bishops. This dream distressed him. Next night he saw several painters

* The word Huss in Bohemian signifying goose.

engaged in restoring the figures in greater numbers and more vivid colouring; and this work performed, the painters, surrounded by an immense multitude, exclaimed: "Now let the popes and bishops come when they will, they will never again be able to efface them."—"And many persons thereupon rejoiced in Bethlehem, and I amongst them," adds Huss. "Think of your defence, rather than of your dreams," said his faithful friend, the Chevalier de Chlum, to whom he had imparted his dream. "I am no dreamer," replied Huss; "but I hold it certain, that the image of Christ will never be effaced. They desired to destroy it, but it will be imprinted anew on the hearts of men by much better preachers than myself. The nation that loves Christ will rejoice at this. And I, awaking from the dead, and rising as it were from the grave, shall leap for joy."

A century elapsed; and the Gospel torch, rekindled by the Reformers, did in truth enlighten many nations, who rejoiced in its beams.

But it was not only amongst those whom Rome regarded as her adversaries, that a life-giving word was heard at that period. Catholicism itself—and we may take comfort from the thought—reckons amongst its own members numerous witnesses for the truth. The primitive edifice had been consumed; but a holy fire smouldered beneath its ashes, and from time to time bright sparks were seen to escape.

Anselm of Canterbury, in a work for the use of the dying, exhorted them "to look solely to the merits of Jesus Christ."

A monk, named Arnoldi, offered up every day in his peaceful cell this fervent prayer, "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ! I believe that in thee alone I have redemption and righteousness."

A pious bishop of Bâle, Christopher de Utenheim, had his name written upon a picture painted on glass, which is still at Bâle, and round it this motto, which he wished to have always before him,—"My hope is in the cross of Christ; I seek grace, and not works."

A poor Carthusian, brother Martin, wrote this affecting confession: "Oh, most merciful God! I know that I can only be saved, and satisfy thy righteousness, by the merit, the innocent suffering, and death of thy well-beloved Son. Holy Jesus! my salvation is in thy hands. Thou canst not withdraw the hands of thy love from me; for they have created, and formed, and redemeed me. Thou hast inscribed my name with a pen of iron, in rich mercy, and so as nothing can efface it, on thy side, thy hands, and thy feet; &c. &c. After this the good Carthusian placed his confession in a wooden box, and enclosed the box in a hole he had made in the wall of his cell.

The piety of brother Martin would never have been known, if his box had not been found, on the 21st of December, 1776, in taking down an old building which had been part of the Carthusian convent at Bâle. How many convents may have concealed similar treasures!

But these holy men only held this faith themselves, and did not know how to communicate it to others. Living in retirement, they might, more or less adopt the words of good brother Martin, written in his box: "*Et si hæc prædicta confiteri non possim lingua, confiteor tamen corde et scripto.*—If I cannot confess these things with my tongue, I at least confess them with my pen and with my heart." The word of truth was laid up in the sanctuary of many a pious mind, but to use an expression in the Gospel, it had not free course in the world.

If men did not openly confess the doctrine of salvation, they at least did not fear, even within the pale of the Romish Church, boldly to protest against the abuses which disgraced it. Italy itself had at that time her witnesses against the priesthood. The Dominican, Savaronola, preached at Florence in 1498 against the insupportable vices of Rome; but the powers that then were, despatched him by the inquisition and the stake.

Geiler of Kaisersberg was for three-and-thirty years the great preacher of Germany He attacked the clergy with energy. "When the summer leaves turn yellow," said he, "we say that the root is diseased; and thus it is, a dissolute people proclaim a corrupted priesthood." "If no wicked man ought to say mass," said he to his bishop, "drive out all the priests from your diocese." The people, hearing this courageous minister, learned even in the sanctuary to see the enormities of their spiritual guides.

This state of things in the Church itself deserves our notice. When the Wisdom of God shall again utter his teachings, there will everywhere be understandings and hearts to comprehend. When the sower shall again come forth to sow, he will find ground prepared to receive the seed. When the word of truth shall resound, it will find echoes to repeat it. When the trumpet shall utter a war-note in the Church, many of her children will prepare themselves to the battle.

We are arrived near the scene on which Luther appeared. Before we begin the history of that great commotion, which caused to shoot up in all its brilliancy that light of truth which had been so long concealed, and which, by renovating the Church, renovated so many nations, and called others into existence, creating a new Europe and a new Christianity, let us take a glance at the different nations in the midst of whom this revolution in religion took place.

The Empire was a confederacy of different states, with the Emperor at their head. Each of these states possessed sovereignty over its own territory. The Imperial Diet, composed of all the princes, or sovereign states, exercised the legislative power for the whole of the Germanic body. The Emperor ratified the laws, decrees, or resolutions, of this assembly, and it was his office to publish and execute them. The seven more powerful princes, un-

der the title of Electors, had the privilege of awarding the Imperial crown.

The princes and states of the Germanic Confederacy had been anciently subjects of the Emperors, and held their lands of them. But after the accession of Rodolph of Hapsburg, (1273,) a series of troubles had taken place, in which princes, free cities, and bishops, acquired a considerable degree of independence, at the expense of the Imperial sovereign.

The north of Germany, inhabited chiefly by the old Saxon race, had acquired most liberty. The Emperor, incessantly attacked by the Turks in his hereditary possessions, was disposed to keep on good terms with courageous chiefs and communities, whose alliance was then necessary to him. Several free cities in the north-west and south of Europe had, by commerce, manufactures, and industry, attained a considerable degree of prosperity, and, by that means, of independence. The powerful house of Austria, which wore the crown of the Empire, controlled the majority of the states of central Germany, overlooked their movements, and was preparing to extend its dominion, over and beyond the whole Empire, when the Reformation interposed a powerful barrier to its encroachments, and saved the liberties of Europe.

If, in the time of St. Paul, or of Ambrose, of Austin, of Chrysostom, or even in the days of Anselm and Bernard, the question had been asked, what people or nation God would be likely to use to reform the church,—the thought might have turned to the countries honoured by the Apostles' ministry,—to Asia, to Greece, or to Rome, perhaps to Britain or to France, where men of great learning had preached; but none would have thought of the barbarous Germans. All other countries of Christendom had, in their turn, shone in the history of the Church; Germany alone had continued dark. Yet it was Germany that was chosen.

God, who prepared during four thousand years the Advent of his Messiah, and led through different dispensations, for many ages, the people among whom he was to be born, also prepared Germany in secret and unobserved, unknown indeed even to itself, to be the cradle of a Religious Regeneration, which, in a later day, should awaken the various nations of Christendom.

As Judea, the birthplace of our religion, lay in the centre of the ancient world, so Germany was situated in the midst of Christian nations. She looked upon the Netherlands, England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, Denmark, and the whole of the north. It was fit that the principle of life should develope itself in the *heart* of Europe,—that its pulses might circulate through all the arteries of the body the generous blood designed to vivify its members.

The particular form of constitution that the Empire had received, by the dispensations of Providence, favoured the propagation of new ideas. If Germany had been a monarchy, strictly so called, like France or England, the arbitrary will of the sovereign might have sufficed to delay for a long time the progress of the Gospel. But it was a confederacy. The truth, opposed in one state, might be received with favour by another. Important centres of light, which might gradually penetrate through the darkness, and enlighten the surrounding population, might be quickly formed in different districts of the Empire.

The internal peace which Maximilian had given to the Empire was no less favourable to the Reformation. For a long while, the numerous members of the Germanic body had laboured to disturb each other. Nothing had been seen but confusions, quarrels, wars incessantly breaking out between neighbours, cities, and chiefs. Maximilian had laid a solid basis of public order by instituting the Imperial chamber appointed to settle all differences between the states.—The Germans, after so many confusions and anxieties, saw a new æra of safety and repose. This condition of affairs powerfully contributed to harmonize the general mind. It was now possible in the cities and peaceful valleys of Germany to seek and adopt ameliorations, which discord might have banished. We may add, that it is in the bosom of peace that the Gospel loves most to gain its blessed victories. Thus it had been the will of God, fifteen centuries before, that Augustus should present a pacified world for the blessed triumphs of Christ's religion. Nevertheless the Reformation performed a double part in the peace then beginning for the Empire. It was as much cause as effect. Germany, when Luther appeared, offered to the contemplation of an observer the sort of movement which agitates the sea after a continued storm. The calm did not promise to be lasting. The first breath might again call up the tempest. We shall see more than one example of this. The Reformation, by communicating a new impulse to the population, destroyed forever the old motives of agitation. It made an end of the system of barbarous times, and gave to Europe one entirely new.

Meanwhile the religion of Jesus Christ had had its accustomed influence on Germany. The common people had rapidly advanced; numerous institutions arose in the Empire, and particularly in the free cities,—well adapted to develope the minds of the mass of the people. The arts flourished; the burghers followed in security their peaceable labours and the duties of social life. They gradually opened to information, and thus acquired respect and influence. It was not magistrates bending conscience to political expediency, or nobles emulous of military glory, or a clergy seeking gain or power, and regarding religion as their peculiar property, who were to be the founders of the Reformation in Germany. It was to be the work of the *bourgeoisie*—of the people—of the whole nation.

The peculiar character of the Germans was such as especially to favour a Reformation in Religion. A false civilization had not enfeebled them. The precious seeds that a fear of God deposits in a nation had not been scattered to the winds. Ancient manners still

subsisted There was in Germany that uprightness, fidelity, love, and toil, and perseverance,—that religious habit of mind—which we still find there, and which presages more success to the Gospel than the scornful or brutal levity of other European nations.

Another circumstance may have contributed to render Germany a soil more favourable to the revival of Christianity than many other countries. God had fenced it in; he had preserved its strength for the day of its giving birth to his purpose. It had not fallen from the faith after a period of spiritual vigour, as had been the case with the churches of Asia, of Greece, of Italy, of France, and of Britain. The Gospel had never been offered to Germany in its primitive purity; the first missionaries who visited the country gave to it a religion already vitiated in more than one particular. It was a law of the Church, a spiritual discipline, that Boniface and his successors carried to the Frisons, the Saxons, and other German nations. Faith in the "good tidings," that faith which rejoices the heart and makes it free indeed, had remained unknown to them. Instead of being slowly corrupted, the religion of the Germans had rather been purified. Instead of declining, it had arisen. It was indeed to be expected that more life and spiritual strength would be found among this people than among those enervated nations of Christendom where deep darkness had succeeded to the light of truth, and an almost universal corruption had taken place of the sanctity of the earliest times.

We may make the like remark on the exterior relation between the Germanic body and the Church. The Germans had received from Rome that element of modern civilization, the faith. Instruction, legislation, all, save their courage and their weapons, had come to them from the Sacerdotal city. Strong ties had from that time attached Germany to the Papacy. The former was a spiritual conquest of the latter, and we know to what use Rome has ever turned her conquests. Other nations, which had held the faith and civilization before the Roman Pontiff existed, had continued in more independence of him. But this subjection of Germany was destined only to make the reaction more powerful at the moment of awakening. When Germany should open her eyes, she would indignantly tear away the trammels in which she had been so long kept bound. The very measure of slavery she had had to endure would make her deliverance and liberty more indispensable to her, and strong champions of the truth would come forth from the enclosure of control and restriction in which her population had for ages been shut up.

When we take a nearer view of the times of the Reformation, we see, in the government of Germany, still further reasons to admire the wisdom of Him, by whom kings reign and princes execute judgment. There was, at that time, something resembling what has in our own days been termed a system of *see-saw* When an energetic sovereign presided over the Empire, the imperial power was strengthened; on the other hand, when he was of feeble character, the authority of the Electors gained force.

Under Maximilian, the predecessor of Charles V., this alternate rise and depression of the various states was especially remarkable. At that time the balance was altogether against the Emperor. The princes had repeatedly formed close alliances with one another. The emperors themselves had urged them to do so, in order that they might direct them at one effort against some common enemy. But the strength that the princes acquired from such alliances against a passing danger, might, at an after period, be turned against the encroachments or power of the Emperor. This did indeed ensue. At no period had the electors felt themselves more independent of their head, than at the period of the Reformation. And their head having taken part against it, it is easy to see that this state of things was favourable to the propagation of the Gospel.

We may add, that Germany was weary of what the Romans contemptuously termed "*the patience of the Germans.*" The latter had, in truth, manifested much patience ever since the time of Louis of Bavaria. From that period the emperors had laid down their arms, and the ascendency of the tiara over the crown of the Cæsars was acknowledged. But the battle had only changed its field. It was to be fought on lower ground. The same contests, of which emperors and popes had set the example, were quickly renewed in miniature, in all the towns of Germany, between bishops and magistrates. The commonalty had caught up the sword dropped by the chiefs of the empire. As early as 1329, the citizens of Frankfort on the Oder had resisted with intrepidity their ecclesiastical superiors. Excommunicated for their fidelity to the Margrave Louis, they had remained twenty-eight years without masses, baptisms, marriage, or funeral rites. And afterwards, when the monks and priests reappeared, they had openly ridiculed their return as a farce. Deplorable irreverence, doubtless; but of which the clergy themselves were the cause. At the epoch of the Reformation, the animosity between the magistrates and the ecclesiastics had increased. Every hour the privileges and temporal possessions of the clergy gave rise to collision. If the magistrates refused to give way, the bishops and priests imprudently had recourse to the extreme means at their disposal. Sometimes the Pope interfered; and it was to give an example of the most revolting partiality, or to endure the humiliating necessity of leaving the triumph in the hands of the commons, obstinately resolved to maintain their right. These continual conflicts had filled the cities with hatred and contempt of the Pope, and the bishops, and the priests.

But not only among the burgomasters, councillors, and town clerks did Rome and the clergy find adversaries; they had opponents both above and below the middle classes

of society. From the commencement of the 16th century, the Imperial Diet displayed an inflexible firmness against the papal envoys. In May, 1510, the States assembled at Augsburg, handed to the Emperor a statement of ten leading grievances against the Pope and clergy of Rome. About the same time, there was a violent ferment among the populace. It broke out in 1512 in the Rhenish provinces; where the peasantry, indignant at the weight of the yoke imposed by their ecclesiastical sovereigns, formed among themselves the League of the Shoes.

Thus, on all sides, from above and from beneath, was heard a low murmur, the forerunner of the thunderbolt that was about to fall. Germany appeared ripe for the work appointed for the 16th century. Providence, in its slow course, had prepared all things; and even the passions which God condemns were to be turned by His power to the fulfilment of His purposes.

Let us take a view of other nations.

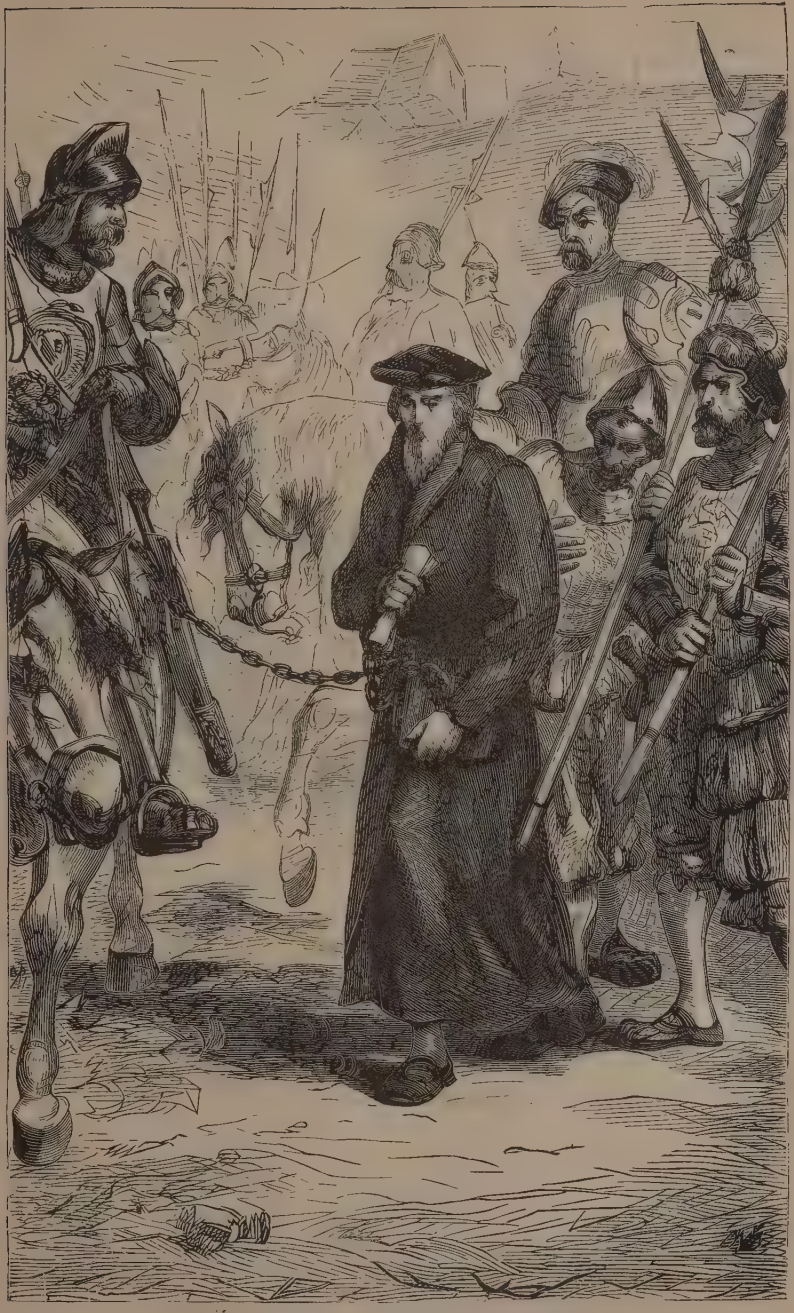
Thirteen small republics, placed with their allies in the centre of Europe, among mountains which compose as it were its citadel, formed a simple and brave population. Who would have thought of looking to these obscure valleys for the men whom God would choose to be, jointly with the children of the Germans, the liberators of the church? Who would have guessed that poor and unknown villages, just raised above barbarism—hidden among inaccessible mountains, in the extremity of lakes never named in history,—would, in their connexion with Christianity, eclipse Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, and Rome? Yet so it was. Such was the will of him who causeth it to rain upon one city, and causeth it not to rain upon another city, and maketh his showers to descend on one piece of land, while another withereth under drought. (Amos iv. 7.)

Circumstances of another kind seemed to surround with multiplied rocks the course of the Reformation in the bosom of the Swiss population. If, in a monarchy, it had to fear the hinderances of power; in a democracy it was exposed to the hazards of the precipitation of the people. True, this Reformation, which, in the states of the Empire, could but advance slowly and step by step, might have its success decided in one day in the general council of the Swiss republic. But it was necessary to guard against an imprudent haste, which, unwilling to wait a favourable moment, should abruptly introduce innovations, otherwise most useful, and so compromise the public peace, the constitution of the state, and even the future prospects of the Reformation itself.

But Switzerland also had had its preparations. It was a wild tree, but one of generous nature, which had been guarded in the depth of the valleys, that it might one day be grafted with a fruit of the highest value. Providence had diffused among this recent people, principles of courage, independence, and liberty, destined to manifest all their strength when the signal of conflict with Rome should be given. The Pope had conferred on the Swiss the title of protectors of the liberties of the Church; but it seems they had understood this honourable name in a totally different sense from the pontiff. If their soldiers guarded the Pope in the neighbourhood of the Capitol, their citizens, in the bosom of the Alps, carefully guarded their own religious liberties against the invasion of the Pope and of the clergy. Ecclesiastics were forbidded to have recourse to any foreign jurisdiction. The "lettre des prêtres" was a bold protest of Swiss liberty against the corruptions and power of the clergy. Zurich was especially distinguished by its courageous opposition to the claims of Rome. Geneva, at the other extremity of Switzerland, struggled against its bishops. Doubtless the love of political independence may have made many of its citizens forget the true liberty; but God had decreed that this love of independence should lead others to the reception of a doctrine which should truly enfranchise the nation. These two leading cities distinguished themselves among all the rest in the great struggle we have undertaken to describe.

But if the Helvetic towns, open and accessible to ameliorations, were likely to be drawn early within the current of the Reformation, the case was very different with the mountain districts. It might have been thought that these communities, more simple and energetic than their confederates in the towns, would have embraced with ardour a doctrine of which the characteristics were simplicity and force: but He who said—"At that time two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left," saw fit to leave these mountaineers, while He took the men of the plain. Perhaps an attentive observer might have discerned some symptoms of the difference which was about to manifest itself between the people of the town and of the hills. Intelligence had not penetrated to those heights. Those Cantons, which had founded Swiss liberty, proud of the part they had played in the grand struggle for independence, were not disposed to be tamely instructed by their younger brethren of the plain. Why, they might ask, should they change the faith in which they had expelled the Austrians, and which had consecrated by altars all the scenes of their triumphs? Their priests were the only enlightened guides to whom they could apply; their worship and their festivals were occupation and diversion for their tranquil lives, and enlivened the silence of their peaceful retreats. They continued close against religious innovations.

Passing the Alps, we find ourselves in that Italy, which, in the eyes of many, was the Holy Land of Christianity. Whence would Europe look for good to the Church but from Italy, and from Rome itself! The power which placed successively upon the pontifical chair so many different characters, might it not one day place thereon a pontiff who should become an instrument of blessing to the Lord's



JEROME OF PRAGUE DRAGGED TO PRISON.

heritage? Even if no hope was to be placed on the popes, were there not *there* bishops and councils which would reform the Church? Nothing good can come out of Nazareth; it must proceed from Jerusalem,—from Rome. Such might have been the thoughts of man, but God's thoughts were not as theirs. He says, "Let him that is filthy be filthy still;" Rev. xxii. 11, and He left Italy to its unrighteousness. Many causes conspired to deprive this unhappy country of Gospel light. Its different states, sometimes rivals, sometimes enemies, came into violent collision as often as they were shaken by any commotion. This land of ancient glory was by turns the prey of intestine wars and foreign invasions; the stratagems of policy, the violence of factions, the agitation of battles, seemed to be its sole occupation, and to banish for a long time the Gospel of peace.

Italy, broken to pieces, and without unity, appeared but little suited to receive one general impulse. Every frontier line was a new barrier, where truth would be stopped and challenged, if it sought to cross the Alps, or land on those smiling shores. It was true the Papacy was then planning a union of all Italy, desiring, as Pope Julius expressed it, to expel the *barbarians*,—that is, the foreign princes; and she hovered like a bird of prey over the mutilated and palpitating members of ancient Italy. But if she had gained her ends, we may easily believe that the Reformation would not have been thereby advanced.

And if the truth was destined to come to them from the north, how could the Italians so enlightened, of so refined a taste and social habits, so delicate in their own eyes, condescend to receive any thing at the hands of the barbarous Germans. Their pride, in fact, raised between the Reformation and themselves a barrier higher than the Alps. But the very nature of their mental culture was a still greater obstacle than the presumption of their hearts. Could men, who admired the elegance of a well cadenced sonnet more than the majestic simplicity of the Scriptures, be a propitious soil for the seed of God's word? A false civilization is, of all conditions of a nation, that which is most repugnant to the Gospel.

Finally, whatever might be the state of things to Italy—Rome was always Rome. Not only did the temporal power of the Popes incline the several parties in Italy to court at any cost their alliance and favour, but, in addition to this, the universal sway of Rome offered more than one inducement to the avarice and vanity of the Italian states. Whenever it should become a question of emancipation of the rest of the world from the yoke of Rome, Italy would again become Italy! Domestic quarrels would not be suffered to prevail to the advantage of a foreign system; and attacks directed against the head of the peninsula would immediately call up the affections and common interests from their long sleep.

The Reformation, then, had little prospect of success in that country. Nevertheless there were found within its confines souls prepared to receive the Gospel light, and Italy was not then entirely disinherited.

Spain possessed what Italy did not,—a serious and noble people, whose religious mind had resisted even the stern trial of the eighteenth century, and of the Revolution, and maintained itself to our own days. In every age this people has had among its clergy men of piety and learning, and it was sufficiently remote from Rome to throw off without difficulty her yoke. There are few nations wherein one might more reasonably have hoped for a revival of that primitive Christianity, which Spain had probably received from St. Paul himself. And yet Spain did not then stand up among the nations. She was destined to be an example of that word of the Divine Wisdom, "The first shall be last." Various circumstances conduced to this deplorable result.

Spain, considering its isolated position, and remoteness from Germany, would feel but slightly the shocks of the great earthquake which shook the Empire. But more than this, she was busily occupied in seeking treasure very different from that which the Word of God was then offering to the nations. In her eyes the new world outshone the eternal world. A virgin soil, which seemed to be composed of gold and silver, inflamed the imagination of her people. An eager desire after riches left no room in the heart of the Spaniard for nobler thoughts. A powerful clergy, having the scaffolds and the treasures of the land to their disposal, ruled the Peninsula. Spain willingly rendered to its priests a servile obedience, which, releasing it from spiritual pre-occupations, left it to follow its passions, and go forward in quest of riches, and discoveries of new continents. Victorious over the Moors, she had, at the expense of her noblest blood, thrown down the crescent from the towers of Granada, and many other cities, and planted in its place the cross of Jesus Christ. This great zeal for Christianity, which promised so much,—turned against the truth,—for could Catholic Spain, that had triumphed over infidels, refuse to oppose heretics? How could a people who had expelled Mahomet from their noble country, allow Luther to make way in it? Their kings went further. They fitted out their fleets against the Reformation. They went forth to meet and conquer it in England and in Holland. But these attacks had the effect of elevating the nations assailed; and, ere long, their power crushed the power of Spain. Thus those Catholic countries lost, owing to the Reformation, that very temporal wealth which had led them, at the first, to reject the spiritual liberty of the Gospel. Yet the Spanish nation was generous and brave; and many of its noble people, with equal ardour and better knowledge, than those who had rushed upon the swords of the Arabs,—gave up their lives at the stake to the Inquisition.

Portugal was nearly in the same condition

as Spain. Emanuel the Fortunate gave to it an "age of gold," which tended to unfit it for that self-denial which Christianity requires. The nation precipitating itself on the newly discovered routes to India and the Brazils, turned its back upon Europe and the Reformation.

Few countries seemed likely to be better disposed than France for the reception of the evangelical doctrines. Almost all the intellectual and spiritual life of the middle ages was concentrated in her. It might have been said that the paths were everywhere trodden for a grand manifestation of the truth. Men of the most opposite characters, and whose influence over the people had been most powerful, had in some degree countenanced the Reformation. Saint Bernard had set the example of that heartfelt faith, that inward piety which is the most beautiful feature of its character. Abelard had introduced into the study of theology the rational principle, which, though incapable of developing the truth, is yet powerful for the destruction of error. Many heretics, so called, had revived the light of God's word in the provinces. The University of Paris had placed itself in opposition to the Church, and had not feared to combat it. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Clemangis and the Gersons had spoken out with undaunted courage. The Pragmatic Sanction had been a grand Act of Independence, and promised to be the palladium of Gallic liberty. The French nobility, numerous, jealous of their pre-eminence, and having at this period been gradually deprived of their privileges by the growing power of their kings, must have been favourably disposed towards a religious change which might restore to them some portion of the independence they had lost. The people, of quick feelings, intelligent, and susceptible of generous emotions, were as open, or even more so, than most other nations, to the truth. It seemed as if the Reformation must be, among them, the birth which should crown the travail of several centuries. But the chariot of France, which for so many generations seemed to be advancing to the same goal, suddenly turned at the moment of the Reformation, and took a contrary direction. Such was the will of Him who rules nations and their kings. The prince, then seated in the chariot, and holding the reins, and who, as a pattern of learning, seemed likely to be foremost in promoting the Reformation, turned his people in another direction. The augury of ages was deceived, and the impulse given to France was spent and lost in struggles against the ambition and fanaticism of her kings. The race of Valois deprived her of her rights. Perhaps if she had received the Gospel, she might have become too powerful. God had chosen a weaker people, a people that as yet was not,—to be the depository of his truth. France, after having been almost reformed, found herself, in the result, Roman Catholic. The sword of her princes, cast into the scale, caused it to incline in favour of Rome. Alas! another sword, that of the Reformers themselves, insured the failure of the effort for Reformation. The hands that had become accustomed to warlike weapons, ceased to be lifted up in prayer. It is by the blood of its confessors, not by that of its adversaries, that the Gospel triumphs. Blood shed by its defenders, extinguishes and smothers it. Francis I., in the very beginning of his reign, eagerly sacrificed the Pragmatical Sanction to the Papacy, substituting a *concordat* detrimental to France, and advantageous to the crown and to the Pope. Maintaining by his sword the rights of the German Protestants at war with his rival, this "father of the sciences" plunged it up to the hilt in the hearts of his own reformed subjects. His successors did, from motives of fanaticism, or weakness, or to silence the clamours of a guilty conscience, what he had done for ambition. They met indeed with a powerful resistance, but it was not always such as the martyrs of the first ages had opposed to their Pagan persecutors. The strength of the Protestants was the source of their weakness; their success drew after it their ruin.

The Low Countries formed, at that period, one of the most flourishing portions of Europe. Its population was industrious, better informed, owing to its numerous connections with different regions of the earth, full of courage, and passionately attached to its independence, its privileges, and its liberty. On the very borders of Germany, it would be the first to hear the report of the Reformation; it was capable of receiving it. But all did not receive it. To the poor it was given to receive the truth. The hungry were filled with good things, and the rich sent empty away. The Netherlands, which had always been more or less connected with the Empire, had forty years before fallen to the possession of Austria, and after Charles V., they devolved to the Spanish branch, and so to the ferocious Philip. The princes and governors of this ill-fated country trampled the Gospel under foot, and waded through the blood of its martyrs. The country was composed of two divisions widely dissimilar the one from the other. The south, rich, and increased in goods succumbed. How could its extensive manufactures, carried to such perfection,—how could Bruges, the great mart of northern merchandise, or Antwerp, the queen of commercial cities, make their interests consist with a long and bloody struggle for the things of faith? But the northern provinces, defended by their dykes, the sea, their marshes, and, still more, by the simple manners of the population, and their determination to suffer the loss of all, rather than of the Gospel,—not only preserved their franchises, their privileges and their faith, but achieved independence and a glorious existence as a nation.

England then gave little promise of all she has subsequently acquired. Driven from the Continent, where she had long obstinately contended for the conquest of France, she began to turn her eyes towards the ocean as to

the empire which was designed to be the true end of her victories, and of which the inheritance was reserved for her. Twice converted to Christianity, first under the Britons, then under the Anglo-Saxons, she paid devoutly the annual tribute of St. Peter's pence. Yet was she reserved for a lofty destiny. Mistress of the ocean, everywhere present through all parts of the earth, she was ordained to be one day, with the people to whom she should give birth, as the hand of God to scatter the seed of life in remotest islands and on boundless continents. Already some circumstances gave presage of her destinies. Great intellectual light had shone in the British Isles, and some glimmerings of it still remained. A crowd of foreigners, artists, merchants, workmen, from the Low Countries, Germany, and other regions, thronged her harbours and cities. The new religious opinions would therefore be easily and quickly introduced. Finally, England had then an eccentric king, who, endowed with some learning and considerable courage, was continually changing his purposes and notions, and turning from one side to another, according to the direction in which his violent passions impelled him. It was *possible* that one of the inconsistencies of Henry VIII. might prove favourable to the Reformation.

Scotland was then torn by factions. A king five years old, a queen regent, ambitious nobles, an influential clergy, harassed this courageous nation on all sides. It was however destined to hold a distinguished place amongst the nations which should receive the Reformation.

The three northern kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, were united under one government. These rude and warlike people seemed likely to have little sympathy with the doctrine of love and peace. Yet from the very energy of their character, they were perhaps better disposed to receive the spirit of the evangelical doctrine than the southern nations. But these descendants of warriors and pirates brought perhaps too warlike a spirit to the support of the Protestant cause; in subsequent times they defended it heroically by the sword.

Russia, situate at the extremity of Europe, had but little connection with other states, we may add, that she belonged to the Greek Church. The Reformation effected in the West had little or no influence upon the East.

Poland seemed well prepared for a reformation. The vicinity of the Bohemian and Moravian Christians had disposed it to receive that religious impulse which the neighbouring states of Germany were destined speedily to impart to it. As early as the year 1500, the nobility of Poland had demanded that the cup should be given to the laity, appealing to the custom of the primitive Church. The liberty which was enjoyed in the cities, and the independence of its nobles, made this country a safe asylum for Christians who were persecuted in their own. The truth they brought with them was joyfully welcomed by numbers.—It is the country which in our times has the fewest confessors of the Gospel.

The flame of Reformation, which had long flickered in Bohemia, had almost been extinguished in blood. Nevertheless some poor survivors, escaped from the carnage, were still living to see the day that Huss had predicted.

Hungary had been distracted by intestine wars, under the rule of princes without ability or experience, who, in the result, made the country a dependency of Austria, by enrolling that powerful house among the heirs of the crown.

Such was the condition of Europe at the beginning of that sixteenth century, which was destined to produce so mighty a change in the great Christian family.

But we have already observed, it was on the vast platform of Germany, and more particularly in Wittemberg, in the heart of the Empire, that the grand drama of the Reformation was to commence.

Let us contemplate the actors in the prologue which ushered in, or contributed to the work of which Luther was appointed to be in God's hands the hero.

Of all the electors of the Empire the most powerful at that time was Frederick of Saxony, surnamed the Wise. The influence he exercised, joined to his wealth and generosity, raised him above his equals. God selected him to serve as a tree, under shadow of which the seed of truth might put forth its first shoot without being rooted up by the tempests around it.

Born at Torgua in 1463, he manifested from his early youth much love for science, philosophy, and piety. Succeeding, in 1487, in conjunction with his brother John, to the government of the hereditary states of his family, he received the dignity of Elector from the Emperor Frederick III. In 1493, the pious prince undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Henry of Schaumburg on that sacred spot conferred upon him the order of the Holy Sepulchre. He returned to Saxony in the following summer. In 1502 he founded the university of Wittemberg, which was destined to be the nursery of the Reformation.

When the light dawned, he did not commit himself on either side, but stood by to secure it. No man was fitter for this office; he possessed the general esteem, and was in the intimate confidence of the Emperor. He even acted for him in his absence. His wisdom consisted not in the skilful working of deep laid policy, but in an enlightened and prescient prudence, of which the first law was never for the sake of any self-interest to infringe the rules of honour and religion.

At the same time he felt in his heart the power of the word of God. One day, when the Vicar-General, Staupitz, was in his company, the conversation turned on public declaimers: "All sermons," said the Elector "made up of mere subtleties and human traditions, are marvellously cold, without nerve or power, since there is no subtlety we can advance that may not by another subtlety be

overturned. Holy Scripture alone is clothed with such power and majesty that shaming us out of our rules of reasoning, it compels us to cry out 'Never *man* spake as this.'" Staupitz assenting entirely to his opinion, the Elector cordially extended his hand to him, and said, "Promise me that you will always think thus."

Frederic was precisely the prince that was needed for the cradle of the Reformation. Too much weakness on the part of those friendly to the work might have allowed it to be crushed. Too much haste would have caused too early an explosion of the storm that from its origin gathered against it. Frederic was moderate but firm; he possessed that Christian grace which God has in all times required from his worshippers; he waited for God. He put in practice the wise counsel of Gamaliel—"If this work be of man it will come to naught;—if it be of God we cannot overthrow it." "Things are come to such a pass," said the prince to one of the most enlightened men of his time, Spengler of Nuremberg, "that men can do no more:—God alone can effect anything; therefore we must leave to his power those great events which are too hard for us." We may well admire the wisdom of Providence in the choice of such a prince to guard the small beginnings of its work.

Maximilian I., who wore the Imperial crown from 1493 to 1519, may be reckoned among those who contributed to prepare the way of the Reformation. He afforded to the other princes the example of enthusiasm for literature and science. He was less attached than any other to the Popes, and had even thoughts of seizing on the Papacy. No one can say what it might have become in his hands; but we may be allowed to imagine from this circumstance, that a rival power to the Pope, such as the Reformation, would not have reckoned the Emperor of Germany among its fiercest opponents.

Among even the princes of the Romish Church were found venerable men, whom sacred study and sincere piety had prepared for the divine work about to be wrought in the world. Christopher of Stadion, bishop of Augsburg, knew and loved the truth; but he would have had to sacrifice all by a courageous confession of it. Laurentius de Biba, bishop of Wurtzburg, a kind, pious, and wise man, and esteemed by the Emperor and princes, was accustomed to speak openly against the corruption of the Church. But he died in 1519, too early to take part in the Reformation. John VI., bishop of Meissen, was used to say, "As often as I read the Bible, I find there a different religion from that which is taught to us." John Thurzo, bishop of Breslau, was called by Luther the best bishop of the age. But he, too, died in 1520. William Briçonnet, bishop of Meaux, contributed largely to introduce the Reformation in France. Who indeed can say to what extent the enlightened piety of these bishops and of many others, was of use in preparing, each in his diocese, and beyond it, the great work of the Reformation?

But it was reserved to men of lower station than these princes or bishops to become the chief instruments of God's providence in the work of preparation. It was the scholars and the learned, then termed *humanists*, who exercised the greatest influence on their age.

There existed at that time open war between these disciples of letters and the scholastic divines. The latter beheld with alarm the great movements going on in the field of intelligence, and took up with the notion that immobility and ignorance would be the best safeguards of the Church. It was to save Rome that divines opposed the revival of letters; but by so doing they in reality contributed to her ruin, and Rome herself unconsciously co-operated in it. In an unguarded moment, under the pontificate of Leo X., she forsook her old friends, and embraced her youthful adversaries. The Papacy formed with literature a union which seemed likely to break the old alliance with the monastic orders. The Popes did not at first perceive that what they had taken up as a toy was in reality a sword that might destroy them. Thus in the last century we beheld princes who received at their courts a tone of politics and a philosophy which, if they had experienced their full effect, would have overturned their thrones. The alliance of which we have spoken did not last long. Literature advanced, entirely regardless of that which might endanger the power of its patrons. The monks and the scholastic divines perceived that to forsake the Pope would be to abandon their own interests. And the Pope, notwithstanding the transient patronage which he bestowed upon the fine arts, adopted, when it suited his interest, measures most opposed to the spirit of the time.

The revival of letters presented at that time an animating spectacle. Let us sketch some lines of this picture, selecting such as have the closest connexion with the revival of the true faith.

In order that the truth might triumph, it was necessary that the arms that were to achieve the victory should be taken from the arsenal in which for ages they had lain hidden. These weapons were the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. It was necessary to revive in Christendom the love and study of the sacred Greek and Hebrew texts. The man chosen by God for this work was John Reuchlin.

A very sweet toned child's voice had been noticed in the choir of the church of Pforzheim. It attracted the attention of the Margrave of Baden. It proved to be that of John Reuchlin, a young boy, of pleasing manners and of a sprightly disposition, the son of an honest citizen of the place. The Margrave treated him with great favour, and made choice of him in 1473 to accompany his son Frederick to the University of Paris.

The son of the bailiff of Pforzheim in transports of joy arrived in company with the prince at this most celebrated school of the West. He there found the Spartan Hermonymos, and John Weissel, surnamed the *Light*

of the World, and he had now an opportunity of studying, under the most able masters, the Greek and Hebrew, of which there was at that time no professor in Germany, and which he himself was destined one day to restore in the land of the Reformation. The young and indigent German transcribed for rich students the verses of Homer, and the orations of Isocrates, and thus earned the means of prosecuting his studies, and purchasing books.

But he heard other things from Weissel which made a powerful impression on his mind. "The Popes may be deceived," said Weissel. "All satisfaction made by men is blasphemy against Christ, who has completely reconciled and justified mankind. To God alone belongs the power of giving complete absolution. It is not necessary to confess our sins to the priests. There is no purgatory, unless it be God himself, who is a consuming fire, and purifies from all pollution."

When Reuchlin was hardly twenty, he taught philosophy and Greek and Latin at Bâle, and it was then accounted almost a miracle that a German should speak Greek.

The partisans of Rome began to be uneasy when they saw men of independent character searching into these ancient treasures. "The Romans make a wry face," said Reuchlin, "and clamorously assert that all such literary labours are contrary to Roman piety, since the Greeks are schismatics. Oh! what pains and patience are needed to restore wisdom and learning to Germany!"

Soon after, Eberhard of Würtemberg invited Reuchlin to Tubingen, to adorn that rising university; and in 1487 he took him into Italy. Chalcondylas, Aurispa, John Picus of Mirandola, were his friends and companions at Florence. And at Rome, when Eberhard had a solemn audience of the Pope, surrounded by his cardinals, Reuchlin pronounced an address in such pure and elegant Latin, that the assembly, who expected nothing of that kind from a barbarous German, were in the utmost astonishment, and the Pope exclaimed, "Certainly this man deserves to be ranked with the best orators of France and Italy."

Ten years after, Reuchlin was obliged to take refuge at Heidelberg, at the court of the Elector Philip, to escape the vengeance of the successor of Eberhard. Philip, in conjunction with John of Dalberg, bishop of Worms, his friend and chancellor, endeavoured to diffuse the light that was beginning to dawn in all parts of Germany. Dalberg had formed a library, which was open to all the studious. Reuchlin made in this new field, great efforts to enlighten and civilize the people.

Being sent to Rome by the Elector in 1498, on an important mission, he employed the time and money he could command, either in improving himself in the Hebrew, under the instruction of the learned Jew, Abdias Sphorna, or in purchasing whatever Hebrew and Greek manuscripts he could meet with, intending to use them as torches, to diffuse in his own country the light which was beginning to appear.

An illustrious Greek, Argyropylos, was explaining in that metropolis, to a numerous auditory, the wonderful progress his nation had formerly made in literature. The learned ambassador went with his suite to the room where the master was teaching, and on his entrance saluted him, and lamented the misery of Greece, then languishing under Turkish despotism. The astonished Greek asked the German: "Whence come you, and do you understand Greek?" Reuchlin replied: "I am a German, and am not quite ignorant of your language." At the request of Argyropylos, he read and explained a passage of Thucydides, which the professor happened to have before him; upon which Argyropylos cried out in grief and astonishment, "Alas! alas! Greece, cast out and fugitive, is gone to hide herself beyond the Alps."

It was thus that the sons of barbarous Germany and those of ancient Greece met together in the palaces of Rome; thus it was that the East and the West gave each other the right hand of fellowship in this rendezvous of the world, and that the former poured into the hands of the latter those intellectual treasures which it had carried off in its escape from the barbarism of the Turks. God, when his plans require it, brings together in an instant, by some unlooked for catastrophe, those who seemed forever removed from each other.

On his return to Germany, Reuchlin was again permitted to take up his abode at Würtemberg. It was at this time that he entered upon the labours that were most useful to Luther and to the Reformation. He translated and expounded the Penitential Psalms, revised the Vulgate, and especially distinguished himself, by the publication of the first Hebrew and German Grammar and Dictionary. Reuchlin, by this labour, took off the seals from the ancient Scriptures, and made himself a name more enduring than brass.

But it was not alone by his writings, but also by his life, that Reuchlin sought to promote the cause of truth. He had great influence over the minds of youth, and who can estimate how much the reformation owes to him on that account? We will mention but one example. A young man, a cousin of his, the son of an artisan, famous as a manufacturer of arms, whose name was Schwarzerd, came to lodge with his sister Elizabeth, for the purpose of studying under his direction. Reuchlin, delighted with the talents and diligence of his young pupil, adopted him, and spared neither advice, presents of books, example, nor any thing else that was likely to make his relation useful to the Church and to his country. He rejoiced in seeing his work prosper in his hands; and thinking his German name Schwarzerd too harsh, he translated it into Greek, according to the custom of the time, and called the young student *Melancthon*. This was the illustrious friend of Luther.

Soon after, the amiable Reuchlin was involved, much against his inclination, in a violent contest, which was one of the preludes of the Reformation.

There was at Cologne a baptised Jew, named Pfefferkorn, intimately connected with the inquisitor Hochstraten. This man and the Dominicans solicited and obtained from the Emperor Maximilian, probably with no bad motives, an order, requiring the Jews to bring all their Hebrew books (the Bible excepted) to the town-hall of the city in which they resided, there to be publicly burnt. The reason alleged was, that they were full of blasphemies against Jesus. It must be confessed, that they were at least full of absurdities, and that the Jews themselves would not have lost much by the proposed measure. However, they did not think so; and no power could rightly deprive them of works which were, in their estimation, of great value. Add to which, the Dominicans might be influenced by other motives than zeal for the Gospel. It is probable that they expected, by this means, to extort considerable ransoms from the Jews.

The Emperor asked Reuchlin to give his opinion of these works. The learned doctor pointed out the books that were written against Christianity, leaving them to the fate they deserved; but he tried to save the rest: "The best way to convert the Jews," he added, "would be to establish in each university two masters of the Hebrew language, who should teach devines to read the Bible in Hebrew, and thus refute the Jewish doctors." The Jews, in consequence of this advice, had their writings restored to them.

The proselyte and the inquisitor, like ravens who see their prey escaping, uttered cries of rage and fury. They picked out different passages from the writings of Reuchlin, perverted the sense, declared the author a heretic, accused him of being secretly inclined to Judaism, and threatened him with the inquisition. Reuchlin was at first alarmed, but these men becoming more insolent, and prescribing to him disgraceful conditions of peace, he published, in 1513, a "Defence against his Slanderers at Cologne," in which he described the whole party in the liveliest colours.

The Dominicans vowed vengeance. Hochstraten erected at Mayence a tribunal against Reuchlin. The writings of this learned man were condemned to the flames. Reuchlin appealed to Pope Leo X. This Pope, who did not much like those narrow-minded and fanatical monks, referred the whole affair to the Bishop of Spires; the latter declared Reuchlin innocent, and condemned the monks to pay the expenses of the investigation.

This affair was of great importance, and made much noise in Germany. It exhibited in the most revolting publicity, the very large class of monkish theologians; it drew together in closer alliance all the friends of learning —then called Reuchlinists, from the name of their distinguished head. This struggle was like an affair of advanced posts, which influenced in a considerable degree the great contest which the heroic courage of Luther afterwards waged with error.

This union of letters with the faith is an important feature of the Reformation, and serves to distinguish it both from the establishment of Christianity, and from the revival in religion taking place in our own days. The Christians, in the Apostles' time, had against them the intellectual cultivation of the age; and, with some exceptions, it is the same at this day. But the majority of men of letters were ranged on the side of the Reformers. Even general opinion was favourable to them. The work gained in extension: perhaps it lost in depth!

Luther, acknowledging all that Reuchlin had done, wrote to him shortly after his victory over the Dominicans: "The Lord has wrought in you, that the light of his holy word may again shine forth in Germany, where, for so many ages, it has been, alas! not only stifled, but extinct."

Reuchlin was about twelve years old when one of the greatest geniuses of the age was born. A man, full of vivacity and wit, named Gerard, a native of Gouda, in the Low Countries, had formed an attachment to the daughter of a physician, named Margaret. The principles of the Gospel did not govern his life; or, to say the least, his passion silenced them. His parents, and nine brothers, urged him to enter into the Church. He fled, leaving Margaret on the point of becoming a mother, and repaired to Rome. The shame-struck Margaret gave birth to a son. Gerard heard nothing of it; and, some time afterwards, he received from his parents intelligence, that she he loved was no more. Overwhelmed with grief, he took priest's orders, and devoted himself to the service of God. He returned to Holland; and, lo! Margaret was still living, she would never marry another; and Gerard remained faithful to his priest's vows. Their affection was concentrated on their infant son. His mother had taken the tenderest care of him. The father, after his return, sent him to school, when he was only four years old. He was not yet thirteen, when his master, Sinthemius of Deventer, embracing him one day in great joy, exclaimed: "That child will attain the highest summits of learning." This was Erasmus of Rotterdam.

About this time his mother died; and shortly after his father, from grief, followed her.

The young Erasmus,* alone in the world, felt the strongest aversion to the monastic life, which his tutors would have constrained him to embrace. At last, a friend persuaded him to enter himself in a convent of regular canons; which might be done without taking orders. Soon after, we find him at the court of the Archbishop of Cambray; and, a little later, at the university of Paris. There he

* He was named Gerhard after his father. He translated this Dutch name into Latin (Desiderius,) and into Greek (Erasmus.)

pursued his studies in the greatest poverty, but with the most indefatigable perseverance. Whenever he could obtain any money, he employed it in the purchase of Greek authors —and then, of clothes. Often the poor Hollander solicited in vain the generosity of his protectors: hence, in after life, it was his greatest satisfaction to contribute to the support of young and poor students. Devoted incessantly to the investigation of truth and learning, he yet shrunk from the study of theology, from a fear lest he should discover therein any error, and so be denounced as a heretic.

The habits of application which he formed, at this period, continued to distinguish him through life. Even in his journeys, which were generally on horseback, he was not idle. He was accustomed to compose on the high road, or travelling across the country, and, on arriving at an inn, to note down his thoughts. It is in this way that he composed his celebrated "*Praise of Folly*," during a journey from Italy to England.

Erasmus very early acquired a high reputation among scholars.

But the monks, irritated by his "Praise of Folly," in which he had turned them to ridicule, vowed vengeance against him. Courted by princes, he constantly excused himself from their invitations; preferring to gain his livelihood with Frobenius, the printer, by correcting his proofs, to a life of luxury and favour in the splendid courts of Charles V., of Henry VIII., and Francis I.; or even to encircling his head with the cardinal's hat, which was offered to him.

From 1509 he taught at Oxford. In 1516 he came to Bâle, and in 1521 fixed his abode there.

What was his influence on the Reformation?

It has been too much exalted by some, and too much depreciated by others. Erasmus never was, and never could have become, a Reformer; but he prepared the way for others. Not only did he in his time diffuse a love of learning and a spirit of inquiry and discussion, which led much farther than he himself would follow, but, in addition to this, he was able, sheltered by the protection of great prelates and powerful princes, to unveil and combat the vices of the Church by the most pungent satires.

He did more; not satisfied with attacking abuses, Erasmus laboured to recall divines from the scholastic theology to the study of the Holy Scriptures. "The highest use of the revival of philosophy," said he, "will be to discover in the Bible the pure and simple Christianity." A noble saying! and would to God that the organs of the philosophy of our days understood as well their proper duty. "I am firmly resolved," said he again, "to die in the study of the Scripture. In that is my joy and my peace." "The sum of all Christian philosophy," says he in another place, "is reduced to this:—to place all our hope in God, who, without our deserts, by *grace*, gives us all things by Jesus Christ; to know that we are redeemed by the death of his Son; to die to the lusts of the world; and to walk conformably to his doctrine and example; not merely without doing wrong to any, but doing good to all; to bear with patience our trial, in the hope of a future recompense; and finally to ascribe no honour to ourselves on the score of our virtues, but to render praise to God for all our strength and works. And it is with this that man must be imbued until it becomes to him a second nature."

But Erasmus was not content with making so open a confesion of the evangelic doctrine; his labours did more than his words. Above all, he rendered a most important service to the truth by publishing his New Testament; the first and for a long time the only critical edition. It appeared at Bâle in 1516, the year previous to the usual date of the Reformation. He accompanied it with a Latin translation, wherein he boldly corrected the Vulgate, and with notes, defending his corrections. Thus Erasmus did that for the New Testament which Reuchlin had done for the Old.

Divines and learned men might thus read the word of God in the original language; and at a later period they were enabled to recognise the purity of the doctrine of the Reformers. "Would to God," said Erasmus, in sending forth this work, "would to God it might bear as much fruit for Christianity as it has cost me labour and application." His wish was realized. In vain did the monks clamour against it. "He pretends to correct the Holy Ghost!" said they. The New Testament of Erasmus shed a brilliant light. This great man also diffused a taste for the word of God by his paraphrases of the Epistle to the Romans. The effect of his studies went beyond his own intentions: Reuchlin and Erasmus gave the Scriptures to the learned;—Luther, *to the people*.

Erasmus served as a stepping-stone to several others. Many who would have taken alarm at evangelical truths, brought forward in all their energy and purity, suffered themselves to be drawn on by him, and became afterwards the most zealous actors in the Reformation.

But the very causes that made him a fit instrument to prepare this great work, disqualified him for accomplishing it. "Erasmus knows very well how to expose error," said Luther, "but he does not know how to teach the truth." The Gospel of Christ was not the fire that kindled and sustained his life, the centre around which his activity revolved. In him Christianity was second to *learning*. He was too much influenced by vanity to acquire a decided influence over his contemporaries. He carefully weighed the effect that each step might have upon his own reputation. There was nothing that he liked better to talk about than himself and his own glory. "The Pope," he wrote to an intimate friend, with a childish vanity, at the period when he declared himself the adversary of Luther, "the Pope

has sent me a diploma full of good-will and honourable testimonials. His secretary declares that it is an unprecedented honour, and that the Pope himself dictated it word for word."

Erasmus and Luther are the representatives of two great ideas relative to a Reformation,—of two great parties in their age, and in all ages. The one class are men of a timid prudence; the other those of active courage and resolution. These two great bodies of men existed at this period, and they were personified in these two illustrious heads. The former thought that the cultivation of theological science would lead gradually and without violence to the Reformation of the Church. The more energetic class thought that the spread of more correct ideas amongst the learned would not put an end to the gross superstitions of the people, and that to reform such or such an abuse was of little importance, so long as the life of the church was not thoroughly renovated.

"A disadvantageous peace," said Erasmus, "is better than the most just war." He thought (and how many Erasmuses have lived since that time, and are still living), he thought that a Reformation which should shake the Church would risk the overturning it; he foresaw with terror passions excited, evil mingling everywhere with the little good that might be done; existing institutions destroyed without others being substituted in their stead, and the vessel of the Church, letting in water on every side, engulphed at last in the raging billows. "They who let in the ocean to new beds," said he, "are often deceived in the result of their toil: for the mighty element once admitted, stops not where they would have it stayed, but overflows where it will, spreading devastation around."

But the more courageous party was not at a loss for an answer. History had sufficiently proved that a candid exhibition of the truth and a decided war against imposture, could alone ensure the victory. If they had used caution and political artifice, the Papal court would have extinguished the light in its first glimmerings. Had not gentler means been tried for ages? Had they not seen Council after Council convoked with the intention of reforming the Church? All had been in vain. Why again try an experiment that had so often failed?

Undoubtedly a thorough Reformation was not to be effected without violence. But when has anything great or good appeared amongst men without causing some disturbance? Would not the fear of seeing evil mingling with good, if it were allowed, put a stop to the very noblest and holiest undertakings? We must not fear the evil that may arise from general disturbance, but we must strengthen ourselves to resist and overcome it.

Is there not, moreover, a marked difference between the agitation which arises from human passions, and that which is wrought by the Spirit of God? The former loosens the bonds of society, but the latter strengthens them. How erroneous was it to suppose, with Erasmus, that in the state in which Christianity then was, with that mixture of opposing elements, of truth and error, of life and death, a violent convulsion could possibly be avoided. Close if you can, the crater of Vesuvius when the contending elements are already agitating its bosom! The middle ages had witnessed more than one violent commotion, with an atmosphere less stormy than that existing at the time of the Reformation. We must not at such a moment think of arresting and repressing, but rather of directing and guiding.

If the Reformation had not broke forth, who can estimate the ruin that would have ensued? Society a prey to a thousand destructive elements, without any regenerating or preserving principles, would have been frightfully subverted. Certainly, a Reformation such as Erasmus contemplated, and such as many moderate but timid men of our times still dream of, would have overturned Christian society. The people deprived of the light and piety which a true Reformation brought down even to the lowest ranks, abandoned to violent passion and a restless spirit of revolt, would have burst the chain like an enraged animal roused by provocation to uncontrollable fury.

The Reformation was nothing less than the coming in of the Spirit of God among men, a regulating principle, placed by God upon the earth. It might, it is true, move the elements of ferment which are hidden in the human heart, but God triumphed over all. The evangelical doctrine, the truth of God, penetrating among the mass of the people, destroyed what was destined to be destroyed,—but everywhere strengthened what was to be maintained. The effect of the Reformation was to build up. Only prejudice could say that it lowered. And it has been justly observed that the ploughshare might as well be accused of injuring the earth it breaks up only to prepare it for fruitfulness.

The great maxim of Erasmus was, "Give light, and the darkness will disperse of itself." The principle is good; Luther acted upon it. But when the enemies of the light attempted to extinguish it, or to snatch the torch from him who bore it, was it fit that, from a love of peace, they should be suffered to do so? Was it not a duty to resist the wicked?

Erasmus was deficient in courage. But courage is as necesaary to effect a reformation as to capture a city. There was much timidity in his character. From his youth he trembled at the mention of death. He took the most extraordinary care of his health. He would avoid, at any sacrifice, a place where contagion prevailed. His relish for the comforts of life surpassed even his vanity, and this was his reason for declining more than one brilliant offer.

Thus it was that he did not pretend to the part of a Reformer. "If the corrupted morals of the court of Rome require a great and speedy remedy," said he, "it is not for me, or such

as me to effect it." He had none of that strength of faith which animated Luther. Whilst the latter was ever ready to lay down his life for the truth, Erasmus, with perfect ingenuousness, could say, "Let others affect martyrdom: for my part, I think myself unworthy of that honour. I fear, if a tumult arose, I should be like Peter in his fall."

Erasmus, by his writings and discourses, had, more than any other person, hastened the Reformation; and yet he trembled when he saw the tempest he had raised approaching. He would have given every thing to restore the former calm, even with its heavy vapours. But it was too late,—the dam was broken down. It was no longer possible to stay the violence of the torrent that was at once to cleanse and fertilize the world. Erasmus was powerful, so long as he was an instrument in God's hands. When he ceased to be that—he was nothing.

In the result Erasmus knew not on which side to range himself. None pleased him, and he dreaded all. "It is dangerous to speak," said he, "and dangerous to be silent." In all great religious movements, there are such undecided characters,—respectable in some things, but hindering the truth, and who, from a desire to displease no one, displease all.

What, we may ask, would become of truth, if God were not to raise up in its defence more courageous champions?

Listen to the advice given by Erasmus to Virgilius Zuichem, afterwards president of the superior court of Brussels, as to his deportment towards the sectaries, (for that was the name he gave to the reformers.) "My friendship for you makes me desire that you would keep yourself quite clear of contagion of sects, and that you give them no ground to claim Zuichem as their own. If you approve their teaching, at least dissemble your approval; and, above all, never dispute with them. A jurisconsult must be on his guard with these people, as a certain dying man eluded the devil. The devil asked him what he believed. The dying man, fearing that, if he confessed, he should be surprised in some heresy, answered, 'What the Church believes.' His interrogator pressed him with the question, 'What does the Church believe?' The other replied, 'What I believe?' Again the devil,—'And what do you believe?' and the dying man rejoined, 'What the Church believes.'"

So, the Duke George of Saxony, the mortal enemy of Luther, having received an equivocal answer to a question he had addressed to Erasmus, exclaimed aloud, "My dear Erasmus, wash me the robe, if you can, without wetting it." Secundus Curio, in one of his works, depicts two heavens, the Papal and the Christian. He found Erasmus in neither; but perceived him incessantly wheeling in never ending eddies between both.

Such was Erasmus. He wanted that 'liberty of heart' which makes truly free. How different would he have been, if he had given up *himself* to devote his soul to truth. But after trying to work some reforms, with the approbation of the heads of the Church,—after having, for the sake of Rome, abandoned the Reformation, when he saw that the two could not walk together,—he lost all his influence with either. On the one side, his recantations could not repress the indignation of the fanatic partisans of Popery. They felt the injury he had done them, and never forgave it. The monks poured forth abuse on him from their pulpits. They called him a second Lucian,—a fox that had laid waste the vineyard of the Lord. A doctor of Constance had the portrait of Erasmus hung up in his study, that he might spit in his face as often as he pleased.

And on the other hand, Erasmus, forsaking the standard of the Gospel, found himself deprived of the affections and esteem of the noblest men of his age, and had doubtless to suffer the loss of those heavenly consolations which God sheds into the hearts of those who act as good soldiers of Christ. So at least it would seem from the bitter tears, painful vigils, disturbed rest, failure of appetite and loss of relish for literary pursuits, once his only enjoyments, wrinkled forehead, sallow complexion, and dejected and sorrowful expression, that hatred of what he calls a cruel life, and desire of death which he described to his friends. Poor Erasmus!

The enemies of Erasmus went a little beyond the truth, when they said on the appearance of Luther, "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther has hatched it."

The same signs of new life that were seen among the princes, the bishops and the learned, were visible among men of the world, nobles, knights, and warriors. The nobles of Germany played an important part in the Reformation. Many of the most illustrious sons of Germany formed a close alliance with literary men, and, inflamed with a zeal sometimes indiscreet, made efforts to deliver their dependents from the yoke of Rome.

Various causes would contribute to make friends to the Reformation among the nobles. Some having frequented the universities, had there received into their bosoms that fire with which the learned were animated. Others, educated in noble sentiments, had hearts open to the elevating doctrine of the Gospel Many found in the Reformation a vague and chivalrous something to charm and captivate them. Others, it must be owned, were influenced by ill-will to the clergy, who had helped, under the rule of Maximilian to deprive them of their ancient independence, and reduce them to submission to their princes. Full of enthusiasm, they deemed the Reformation the prelude of a great political renovation they hoped to behold the Empire emerge from the crisis with a splendor altogether unprecedented, and a better and more glorious state of things established in the world, as much by the sword of chivalry as by the word of God.

Ulric de Hütten, surnamed the Demosthenes of Germany from his philippics against the Papacy, forms, as it were, the link which then held united the knights and the men of letters

He was no less distinguished by his writings than by his military exploits. Descended from an ancient family of Franconia, he was sent when eleven years old, to the convent of Fulda, to become in due time a monk. But Ulric, who felt no inclination for that vocation, fled from the convent in his sixteenth year, and repaired to the University of Cologne, where he devoted himself to the study of languages and poetry. At a later period he led a wandering life, was present in 1513 at the siege of Padua, in the capacity of a common soldier, saw Rome and all her abominations, and there sharpened the darts which he afterwards hurled against her.

On his return to Germany, Hütten composed against Rome a writing entitled *The Roman Trinity*. He there strips bare the disorders of that court, and shows the necessity of putting a forcible stop to its oppressions. "There are three things," says a traveller named Vadiscus, introduced in this tract, "which we commonly bring away with us from Rome,—a bad conscience, a vitiated stomach, and an empty purse. There are three things which Rome does not believe in: the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the dead, and hell. There are three things which Rome trades in: the grace of Christ, the dignities of the church, and women."—The last writing obliged Hütten to quit the court of the Archbishop of Mentz, where he was residing when he composed it.

When Reuchlin's affair with the Dominicans made a noise, Hütten took the part of the learned doctor. One of his university acquaintances, Crotus Robianus, and others, composed at that time the famous satire known by the name of "Letters of Obscure Men," which first appeared in 1516, one year before the theses of Luther. This writing was attributed especially to Hütten, and it is very probable that he had a large share in its composition. In it the monks who were the enemies of Reuchlin, and are exhibited as the authors of these letters, discourse of the affairs of the time, and of theological subjects, in their manner and in barbarous Latin. They address to their correspondent Eratius, professor at Cologne, the most idiotic and useless questions; they discover with the utmost simplicity their gross ignorance, incredulity, superstition, and low and vulgar spirit, and at the same time their pride, and fanatical and persecuting zeal. They relate to him many of their low adventures and debaucheries, and many scandalous particulars of the conduct of Hochstraten, Pfefferkorn, and other heads of their party. These letters are very amusing, from their mixture of hypocrisy and stupidity: and the whole was so much to the life, that the Dominicans and Franciscans of England received the writing with great approbation, and thought it to be really composed in the principles and for the defence of their order. A prior of Brabant, in his credulous simplicity, bought a large number of copies, and sent them as presents to the most distinguished of the Dominicans. The monks, more and more irritated, importuned Leo X. for a severe bull against all who should dare to read these letters; but that pontiff refused them. They were compelled to endure the general ridicule, and to suppress their anger. No work ever struck a more terrible blow at the pillars of Popery. But it was not by ridicule and satire that the Gospel was ordained to triumph. If its friends had continued their progress in these ways;—if the Reformation, instead of attacking error with the weapons of God, had had recourse to the spirit of mockery,—its cause had been lost. Luther loudly condemned these satires. One of his acquaintances having sent him one, entitled "The Burden of the Petition of Pasquin." "The absurdities you have sent me," said he, "appear to be the production of an ill-regulated mind. I have shown them to some friends, and they all formed the same opinion of them." And in reference to the same work, he wrote to another of his correspondents. "This petition seems to me a freak of the same buffoon who wrote the Letters of Obscure Men. I approve his design, but not his performance; for he deals only in reproachful and insulting language." This judgment may be thought severe, but it shows the spirit of Luther, and how he arose above his contemporaries.—Yet it must be added that he did not always follow these wise maxims.

Ulric, being obliged to renounce the protection of the Archbishop of Mentz, courted the favour of Charles V., who was then at variance with the Pope.

He repaired to Brussels, where Charles held his court. But, far from gaining any advantage, he learned that the Pope had required the Emperor to send him bound hand and foot to Rome. The inquisitor Hochstraten, the persecutor of Reuchlin, was one of those charged with the office of bringing him to trial. Indignant that his enemies should have dared to make such a demand of the Emperor, Ulric quitted Brabant. Just outside Brussels he met Hochstraten on the road. The terrified inquisitor fell upon his knees and commended his soul to God and the saints. "No," said the knight; "I will not soil my weapon with thy blood!" He gave him some strokes with the flat of his sword, and allowed him to pass unhurt.

Hütten sought refuge in the Castle of Ebernburg, where Francis of Sickingen offered an asylum to all who were persecuted by the Ultramontanes. It was there that his zeal, panting for the enfranchisement of his nation, dictated those remarkable letters addressed to Charles V., Frederic the elector of Saxony, Albert archbishop of Mentz, and the princes and nobility, which place him in the first rank of orators. There he composed all those writings, destined to be read and comprehended by the common people, which spread throughout the German population a horror of Rome and a love of liberty. Devoted to the cause of the Reformer, his design was to lead the nobles to take up arms in favour of the Gospel, and to rush sword in hand on that Rome which Luther aimed to destroy only by the word and invincible power of the truth

And yet, in the midst of all this warlike exultation, it is delightful to find in Hütten kind and considerate feelings. At the death of his parents, he gave up to his brothers all the property of the family, though he was the eldest son, and even begged them not to write to him nor send him any money, lest, notwithstanding their innocence, they should be exposed to the malice of his enemies, and fall with him into the pit.

If truth cannot acknowledge him as one of her children, for she ever walks in company with holiness of life and charity of heart, she will at least accord to him all honourable mention as one of the most formidable enemies of error.

The same may be said of Francis of Sickingen, his illustrious friend and protector. This noble knight, whom many of his contemporaries judged worthy of the Imperial crown, shines in the foremost rank of the warlike antagonists of Rome. Though delighting in the noise of battles, he was full of ardour for learning, and veneration for its professors. At the head of an army which threatened Würtemberg, he commanded that in case Stutgard should be taken by assault, the house and property of the distinguished scholar, John Reuchlin, should be respected. He afterwards invited him to his camp, embraced him and tendered him his assistance in the contest between him and the monks of Cologne. Chivalry had for a long time prided itself in despising learning. The period we are retracing presents a new spectacle. Under the ponderous cuirasses of Sickingen and Hütten, we perceive that new movement of the general intelligence then everywhere beginning to make itself felt. The Reformation gave to the world as its first fruits, warriors who were friends of the arts and of peace.

Hütten, during his residence at the castle of Sickingen, after his return from Brussels, encouraged the brave knight to study the evangelic doctrine, and explained to him the main truths on which it is based. "And is there any man," exclaimed Sickingen in astonishment, "that dares seek to overturn such a doctrine! Who dares to attempt it?"

Several who were at a later period distinguished as Reformers found a refuge in his castle. Among others Martin Bucer, Aquila, Schwebel, Œcolampadius; so that Hütten, with some reason, designated Ebernburg the "house of the just." Œcolampadius preached, according to his custom, every day at the castle. Nevertheless the warriors there collected were ere long weary of hearing so much of the mild virtues of Christianity; the sermons were too long for them, though Œcolampadius did his best to be brief. They, however, came every day to church, but it was merely to hear the benediction, or to make a short prayer, so that Œcolampadius was used to exclaim, "Alas! the word is here sown upon rocks."

Soon after, Sickingen, wishing to help the cause of truth in his own fashion, declared war against the Archbishop of Treves, "to open a door," as he said "for the Gospel.' It was in vain that Luther, who had then appeared, dissuaded him from it; he attacked Treves with five thousand horse and a thousand foot. The courageous Archbishop assisted by the Palatine and the Landgrave of Hesse, compelled him to retreat. In the spring following, the allies besieged him in his castle of Landstein. After a bloody assault, Sickingen was obliged to retire: he was mortally wounded. The three princes penetrated into the fortress, and passing through its apartments, found the lion-hearted knigh in a vault, stretched on his death-bed. He put forth his hand to the Palatine, without seeming to notice the princes who accompanied him. But they overwhelmed him with questions and reproaches. "Leave me in quiet," said he, "for I must now prepare to answer to a greater Lord than ye." When Luther heard of his death, he exclaimed, "The Lord is just but wonderful! It is not by the sword that he will have his gospel propagated."

Such was the melancholy end of a warrior who, as Emperor, or as an Elector, might perhaps have raised Germany to a high degree of glory, but who, confined within a narrow circle, expended uselessly the great powers with which he was gifted. It was not in the tumultuous minds of these warriors that divine truth came to fix her abode. It was not by their arms that the truth was to prevail; and God by bringing to nought the mad projects of Sickingen, confirmed anew the testimony of St. Paul, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God."

Another knight, Harmut of Cronberg, the friend of Hütten and Sickingen, appears, however, to have had more wisdom and knowledge of the truth. He wrote with much modesty to Leo X., urging him to restore his temporal power to him to whom it belonged, namely, to the Emperor. Addressing his subjects as a father, he endeavoured to explain to them the doctrines of the Gospel, and exhorted them to faith, obedience, and trust in Jesus Christ, "who," added he, "is the sovereign Lord of all." He resigned to the Emperor a pension of two hundred ducats, "because he would no longer serve one who gave ear to the enemies of the truth." And we find a saying of his recorded, which places him in our judgment above Hütten and Sickingen. "Our heavenly teacher, the Holy Ghost, can, when he pleases, teach us in one hour much more of the faith of Christ, than could be learned in ten years at the University of Paris."

However, those who only look for the friends of the Reformation on the steps of thrones, or in cathedrals and academies, and who suppose it had no friends amongst the people, are greatly mistaken. God, who was preparing the hearts of the wise and powerful, was also preparing amongst the lowest of the people many simple and humble men, who were one day to become the promoters of his truth. The history of those times shows the excitement that prevailed among the lower classes. There were not only many young

men who rose to fill the highest offices in the Church, but there were men who continued all their lives employed in the humblest occupations, who powerfully contributed to the revival of Christianity. We relate some circumstances in the life of one of them.

He was the son of a tailor named Hans Sachs, and was born at Nuremberg, the 5th November, 1494. He was named Hans (John) after his father, and had made some progress in his studies, when a severe illness obliging him to abandon them, he applied himself to the trade of a shoemaker. Young Hans took advantage of the liberty this humble profession afforded to his mind, to search into higher subjects better suited to his inclination. Since music had been banished from the castles of the nobles, it seemed to have sought and found an asylum amongst the lower orders of the merry cities of Germany. A school for singing was held in the church of Nuremberg. The exercises in which young Hans joined opened his heart to religious impressions, and helped to excite in him a taste for poetry and music. However, the young man's genius could not long be confined within the walls of a workshop. He wished to see that world of which he had read so much in books, of which his companions had told him so much, and which his youthful imagination peopled with wonders. In 1511, he took his bundle on his shoulders, and set out, directing his course towards the south. The young traveller, who met with merry companions on his road, students who were passing through the country, and many dangerous attractions, soon felt within himself a fearful struggle. The lusts of life and his holy resolutions contended for the mastery. Trembling for the issue, he fled and sought refuge in the little town of Wels, in Austria, (1513,) where he lived in retirement, and in the cultivation of the fine arts. The Emperor Maximilian happened to pass through the town with a brilliant retinue. The young poet was carried away by the splendour of this court. The prince received him into his hunting establishment, and Hans again forgot his better resolutions in the joyous chambers of the palace of Inspruck. But again his conscience loudly reproached him. The young huntsman laid aside his glittering uniform, set out, repaired to Schwartz, and afterwards to Munich. It was there, in 1514, at the age of twenty, he sang his first hymn, 'to the honour of God," to a well known chant. He was loaded with applause. Everywhere in his travels he had occasion to notice numerous and melancholy proofs of the abuses under which religion was labouring.

On his return to Nuremberg, Hans settled in life, married, and became the father of a family. When the Reformation burst forth, he lent an attentive ear. He clung to that holy book which had already become dear to him as a poet, and which he now no longer searched for pictures and music, but for the light of truth. To this sacred truth he soon dedicated his lyre. From a humble workshop, situated at one of the gates of the imperial city of Nuremberg, proceeded sounds that resounded through all Germany, preparing the minds of men for a new era, and everywhere endearing to the people the great revolution which was then in progress. The spiritual songs of Hans Sachs, his Bible in verse, powerfully assisted this work. It would perhaps be difficult to say to which it was most indebted, the Prince Elector of Saxony, Administrator of the Empire, or the shoemaker of Nuremberg!

There was at this time something in every class of society that presaged a Reformation. In every quarter signs were manifest, and events were pressing forward that threatened to overturn the work of ages of darkness, and to bring about "a new order of things." The light discovered in that age had communicated to all countries, with inconceivable rapidity, a multitude of new ideas. The minds of men, which had slept for so many ages, seemed resolved to redeem by their activity the time they had lost. To have left them idle and without nourishment, or to have offered them no other food than that which had long sustained their languishing existence, would have shown great ignorance of human nature. The mind of man saw clearly what was, and what was coming, and surveyed with daring eye the immense gulf that separated these two worlds. Great princes were seated upon the throne, the ancient colossus of Rome was tottering under its own weight; the by-gone spirit of chivalry was leaving the world, and giving place to a new spirit which breathed at the same time from the sanctuaries of learning and from the dwellings of the common people. The art of printing had given wings to the written word, which carried it, like certain seeds, to the most distant regions. The discovery of the Indies enlarged the boundaries of the world. Every thing proclaimed a mighty revolution at hand.

But whence was the stroke to come that should throw down the ancient edifice, and call up a new structure from the ruins? No one could answer this question. Who had more wisdom than Frederic? Who had more learning than Reuchlin? Who had more talent than Erasmus? Who had more wit and energy than Hütten? Who had more courage than Sickingen? Who had more virtue than Cronberg? And yet it was neither Frederic, nor Reuchlin, nor Erasmus, nor Hütten, nor Sickingen, nor Cronberg. Learned men, princes, warriors, the Church itself, all had undermined some of the old foundations; but there they had stopped: and no where was seen the hand of power that was to be God's instrument.

However, all felt that it would soon be seen. Some pretended to have discovered in the stars sure indications of its appearing. Some, seeing the miserable state of religion, foretold the near approach of Antichrist. Others, on the contrary, presaged some reformation at hand. The world was in expectation. Luther appeared.

ZWINGLE
MARTIN LUTHER
MELANCHTHON
FREDERICK III.
ERASMUS

BOOK II.

THE YOUTH, CONVERSION, AND EARLY LABOURS OF LUTHER.

1483—1517.

Luther's Parents—Birth of Luther—Luther's Early Life—Magdeburg—His Hardships—The "Shunamite"—Recollections—The University—Discovery—The Bible—Mental Agitation—Visit to Mansfeld—Luther's Resolution—The Farewell—The Convent—Humiliations—Endurance—His Studies—Ascetic Life—Mental Struggle—Monastic Tendencies—Staupitz—Staupitz and Luther—Present of a Bible—The Aged Monk—The Change—Consecration—Luther at Eisleben—Invitation to Wittemberg—First Instructions—Lectures—The Old Chapel—His Preaching—Journey to Rome—Sickness at Bologna—Luther in Rome—Effects of his Journey—Pilate's Staircase—Confession of Faith—Luther leaves Home.—Carlstadt—Luther's Oath—Luther's Courage—Attacks the Schoolmen—Spalatin—Luther's Faith—His Preaching—Luther on Idolatry—On Superstitions—His Conduct—George Spenlein—The True Righteousness—Luther and Erasmus—Christian Charity—George Leiffer—Luther's Theses—His Visitation—Plague at Wittemberg—The Elector and the Relics—Spalatin—Duke George—Luther's Sermon—Emser—The Supper—Free Will—Theses—Nature of Man—Doctor Eck—Urban Regius—The Theses sent to Eck—Effect of the Theses.

ALL things were ready. God who prepares his work for ages, accomplishes it, when his time is come, by the feeblest instruments. It is the method of God's providence to effect great results by inconsiderable means. This law, which pervades the kingdom of nature, is discerned also in the history of mankind. God chose the Reformers of the Church from the same condition, and worldly circumstances, from whence he had before taken the Apostles. He chose them from that humble class which, though not the lowest, can hardly be said to belong to the middle ranks. Everything was thus to make manifest to the world, that the work was not of man, but of God. The reformer, Zwingle, emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps: Melancthon, the great theologian of the Reformation, from an armourer's workshop: and Luther from the cottage of a poor miner.

The opening period of a man's life,—that in which his natural character is formed and developed under the hand of God,—is always important. It is especially so in Luther's career. The whole Reformation was there.

The different phases of this work succeeded each other in the mind of him who was to be the instrument for it, before it was publicly accomplished in the world. The knowledge of the Reformation effected in the heart of Luther himself is, in truth, the key to the Reformation of the Church. It is only by studying the work in the individual that we can comprehend the general work. They who neglect the former, will know but the form and exterior signs of the latter. They may gain knowledge of certain events and results, but they will never comprehend the intrinsic nature of that renovation; for the principle of life that was the soul of it will remain unknown to them. Let us then study the Reformation of Luther himself, before we contemplate the facts that changed the state of Christendom.

John Luther, the son of a peasant of the village of Mora, near Eisenach, in the county of Mansfeld, in Thuringia, descended from an ancient and widely-spread family of humble peasantry, married the daughter of an inhabitant of Neustadt, in the bishopric of Wurzburg, named Margaret Lindemann. The newly married couple left Eisenach, and went to settle in the little town of Eisleben, in Saxony.

Seckendorff relates, on the testimony of Relhan, the superintendant of Eisenach in 1601, that the mother of Luther, thinking that her time was not near, had gone to the fair of Eisleben, and that there she was brought to bed of her son. Notwithstanding the credit that is due to Seckendorff, this fact does not seem well authenticated; indeed it is not alluded to by any of the oldest historians of Luther; moreover, the distance from Mora to Eisleben must be about twenty-four leagues,—a journey not likely to have been undertaken in the state in which Luther's mother then was, for the sake of going to a fair; and lastly the testimony of Luther himself appears to contradict this assertion.

John Luther was a man of upright character, diligent in his business, open-hearted, and possessing a strength of purpose bordering upon obstinacy. Of more cultivated mind than the generality of his class, he read much. Books were then rare; but John did not neglect any opportunity of procuring them. They were his recreation in the intervals of rest that his severe and assiduous labours allowed him. Margaret possessed those virtues which adorn good and pious women. Modesty, the fear of God, and devotion, especially marked her character. She was considered by the mothers of families in the place where she resided, as a model worthy of their imitation.

It is not precisely known how long the newmarried couple had been settled at Eisleben, when, on the 10th of November, at 11 o'clock in the evening, Margaret gave birth to a son. Melancthon often questioned the mother of his friend as to the time of her son's birth. "I well remember the day and the hour," replied she; "but I am not certain about the year." But James, the brother of Luther, an honest and upright man, said that, according to the opinion of all the family, Martin was born in

the year of our Lord 1483, on the 10th of November. It was the eve of St. Martin The first thought of his pious parents was to devote to God, by the rite of baptism, the child that had been sent them. The next day, which was Tuesday, the father, with joy and gratitude, carried his son to St. Peter's church. It was there he received the seal of his dedication to the Lord. They named him Martin, in memory of the day.

Little Martin was not six months old, when his parents left Eisleben, to go to Mansfeld, which is only five leagues distant. The mines of Mansfeld were then much celebrated. John Luther, an industrious man, feeling that he should perhaps be called upon to bring up a numerous family, hoped to get a better livelihood there for himself and his children. It was in this town that the understanding and physical powers of young Luther were first developed; it was there that his activity began to display itself;—there he began to speak and act. The plains of Mansfeld, the banks of the Vipper, were the theatre of his first sports with the children of the neighbourhood.

The early years of their abode at Mansfeld were full of difficulty for the worthy John and his wife. They lived at first in extreme poverty. "My parents," said the Reformer, "were very poor. My father was a woodcutter, and my mother has often carried the wood on her back, that she might earn wherewith to bring us children up. They endured the hardest labour for our sakes." The example of parents whom he reverenced, and the habits they trained him to, very early accustomed Luther to toil and frugal fare. How often may Martin, when a child have accompanied his mother to the wood, and made up and brought to her his little fagot.

There are blessings promised to the labour of the righteous; and John Luther experienced their reality. He gradually made his way, and established at Mansfeld two small furnaces for iron. By the side of these forges little Martin grew up,—and it was with the earnings of this industry that his father was afterwards able to place him at school. "It was from a miner's fireside," says the worthy Mathesius, "that one who was destined to recast vital Christianity was to go forth:—an expression of God's purpose, by his means, to cleanse the sons of Levi, and refine them as gold in His furnace." Respected by all for his uprightness, irreproachable conduct, and good sense, he was made one of the council of Mansfeld, the chief town of the district so called. Circumstances of too pinching want might have weighed down their child's spirit; while comparatively easy circumstances would dilate his heart and raise his character.

John took advantage of his new appointment, to court the society he preferred. He paid great attention to the learned, and often invited to his table the ecclesiastics and schoolmasters of the place. His house afforded a sample of those social meetings of citizens that did honour to Germany in the beginning of the 16th century. It was a kind of mirror, to which came, and wherein were reflected, the numerous subjects which successively took possession of the agitated stage of the times. The child derived advantage from this. Doubtless the sight of these men, to whom so much respect was shown in his father's house, excited in the heart of young Martin the ambitious desire that he himself might one day be a schoolmaster or a man of learning.

As soon as he was old enough to receive instruction, his parents endeavoured to communicate to him the knowledge of God, to train him in His fear, and form him to the practice of the Christian virtues. They applied the utmost care to this earliest domestic education. But their solicitude was not confined to this instruction.

His father, desiring to see him acquire the elements of that learning for which he had so much esteem, invoked upon him the blessing of God, and sent him to school. Martin was then a little child. His father and Nicholas Emler, a young man of Mansfeld, often carried him in their arms to the house of George Emilius, and came again to fetch him. Years afterwards, Emler married Luther's sister. Fifty years later, the Reformer reminded the aged Nicholas of this touching mark of affection received in his childhood, and commemorated it on the blank leaves of a book presented to this old friend.

The piety of his parents, their active turn of mind and strict virtue, gave to the boy a happy impulse, and helped to form in him a habit of seriousness and application. In those days it was the practice to use chastisements and fear as the main impulses in education. Margaret, although she sometimes approved the too great severity of her husband, often opened her maternal arms to Martin, and comforted him in his tears. Yet she herself overstepped the precept of that wisdom which tells us that he who loves his child will chastise him early. The resolute character of the child gave frequent occasion for correction and reprimand. "My parents," said Luther in after life, "treated me cruelly, so that I became very timid; one day for a mere trifle my mother whipped me till the blood came. They truly thought they were doing right; but they had no discernment of character, which is yet absolutely necessary, that we may know when, on whom, and how, punishment should be inflicted."

At school, the poor child was treated with equal severity. His master flogged him fifteen times in one day. "It is right," said Luther, relating this fact, "it is right to punish children, but at the same time we must *love* them." With such an education Luther early learned to despise the attractions of a self-indulgent life. It is a just remark of one of his earliest biographers, that "that which is to become great must begin in small things; and if children are from their youth brought up with too much daintiness and care, they are injured for the rest of their lives."

Martin learned something at school He

was taught the heads of the Catechism, the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, some hymns, some forms of prayer, a Latin Grammar composed in the fourth century by Donatus,, master of St. Jerome, and which, improved by Remigius, a French monk, in the eleventh century, was for a long while in great repute in the schools; he also read the Cisio Janus, a singular calendar, composed in the tenth or eleventh century;—in a word all that was studied in the Latin school of Mansfeld.

But it appears that the child was not yet led to God. The only religious feeling that he then manifested was that of fear. Every time that he heard Christ spoken of, he turned pale with terror; for he had been represented to him only as an angry judge. This servile fear, which is so far removed from true religion, perhaps prepared his mind for the good tidings of the gospel, and for that joy which he afterwards felt when he learned to know Christ as meek and lowly of heart.

John Luther, in conformity with his predilections, resolved to make his son a scholar. That new world of light and science which was everywhere producing vague excitement, reached even to the cottage of the miner of Mansfeld, and excited the ambition of Martin's father. The remarkable character, and persevering application of his son, made John conceive the highest hopes of his success. Therefore, when Martin was fourteen years of age, in 1497, his father came to the resolution of parting from him, and sending him to the school of the Franciscans at Magdeburg. Margaret was obliged to yield to this decision, and Martin made preparations for leaving his paternal roof.

Amongst the young people of Mansfeld, there was one named John Reinecke, the son of a respectable burgher. Martin and John, who had been school-fellows, in early childhood, had contracted a friendship which lasted to the end of their lives. The two boys set out together for Magdeburg. It was at that place, when separated from their families, that they drew closer the bonds of their friendship.

Magdeburg was like a new world to Martin. In the midst of numerous privations, (for he had hardly enough to subsist on,) he observed and listened. Andreas Proles, a provincial of the Augustine order, was then preaching with great zeal the necessity of reforming Religion and the Church. Perhaps these discourses deposited in the soul of the youth the earliest germ of the thoughts which a later period unfolded.

This was a severe apprenticeship for Luther. Cast upon the world at fourteen, without friends or protectors, he trembled in the presence of his masters, and in his play-hours he and some children, as poor as himself, with difficulty begged their bread. "I was accustomed," says he, "with my companions to beg a little food to supply our wants. One day about Christmas time, we were going all together through the neighbouring villages, from house to house, singing in concert the usual carols on the infant Jesus born at Bethlehem. We stopped in front of a peasant's house which stood detached from the rest, at the extremity of the village. The peasant hearing us sing our Christmas carols, came out with some food which he meant to give us, and asked in a rough loud voice, 'Where are you, boys?' Terrified at these words, we ran away as fast as we could. We had no reason to fear, for the peasant offered us this assistance in kindness; but our hearts were no doubt become fearful from the threats and tyranny which the masters then used towards their scholars, so that we were seized with sudden fright. At last, however, as the peasant still continued to call after us, we stopped, forgot our fears, ran to him, and received the food that he offered us. It is thus," adds Luther, "that we tremble and flee when our conscience is guilty and alarmed. Then we are afraid even of the help that is offered us, and of those who are our friends, and wish to do us good."

A year had scarcely elapsed, when John and Margaret, hearing what difficulty their son found in supporting himself at Magdeburg, sent him to Eisenach, where there was a celebrated school, and at which place they had relations. They had other children, and though their circumstances were much improved, they could not maintain their son in a city where he was a stranger. The unremitting labours of John Luther could do no more than support the family at Mansfeld. He hoped that when Martin got to Eisenach he would find it easier to earn his living. But he was not more fortunate there than he had been at Magdeburg. His relations who lived in the town did not trouble themselves about him, or perhaps they were very poor and could not give him any assistance.

When the young scholar was pressed with hunger, he was obliged, as at Magdeburg, to go with his school-fellows and sing in the streets to earn a morsel of bread. This custom of Luther's time is still preserved in many towns in Germany. These young people's voices sometimes form a most harmonious concert. Often the poor modest boy, instead of bread, received nothing but harsh words. More than once, overwhelmed with sorrow, he shed many tears in secret; he could not look to the future without trembling.

One day, in particular, after having been repulsed from three houses, he was about to return fasting to his lodging, when having reached the Place St. George, he stood before the house of an honest burgher, motionless, and lost in painful reflections. Must he, for want of bread, give up his studies, and go to work with his father in the mines of Mansfeld? Suddenly a door opens, a woman appears on the threshold:—it is the wife of Conrad Cotta, a daughter of the burgomaster of Eilfeld. Her name was Ursula. The chronicles of Eisenach call her "the pious Shunamite," in remembrance of her who sc

earnestly entreated the prophet Elijah to eat bread with her. This Christian Shunamite had more than once remarked young Martin in the assemblies of the faithful; she had been affected by the sweetness of his voice and his apparent devotion. She had heard the harsh words with which the poor scholar had been repulsed. She saw him overwhelmed with sorrow before her door; she came to his assistance, beckoned him to enter, and supplied his urgent wants.

Conrad approved his wife's benevolence; he even found so much pleasure in the society of young Luther, that, a few days afterwards, he took him to live in his house. From that moment he no longer feared to be obliged to relinquish his studies. He was not to return to Mansfeld, and bury the talent that God had committed to his trust! God had opened the heart and the doors of a Christian family at the very moment when he did not know what would become of him. This event disposed his soul to that confidence in God, which at a later period the severest trials could not shake.

In the house of Cotta, Luther lived a very different life from that which he had hitherto done. He enjoyed a tranquil existence, exempt from care and want; his mind became more calm, his disposition more cheerful, his heart more enlarged. His whole nature was awakened by the sweet beams of charity, and began to expand into life, joy, and happiness. His prayers were more fervent; his thirst for learning became more ardent; and he made rapid progress in his studies.

To literature and science he united the study of the arts; for the arts also were then advancing in Germany. The men whom God designs to influence their contemporaries, are themselves at first influenced and led by the tendencies of the age in which they live. Luther learned to play on the flute and on the lute. He often accompanied his fine alto voice with the latter instrument, and thus cheered his heart in his hours of sadness. He also took pleasure in expressing by his melody his gratitude to his adoptive mother, who was very fond of music. He himself loved this art even to his old age, and composed the words and music of some of the most beautiful German hymns.

Happy time for the young man! Luther always looked back to them with emotion! and a son of Conrad having gone many years after to study at Wittemberg, when the poor scholar of Eisenach had become the learned teacher of his age, he joyfully received him at his table and under his roof. He wished to repay in part to the son what he had received from the father and mother.

It was when memory reverted to the Christian woman who had supplied him with bread when every one else repulsed him, that he uttered this memorable saying: "There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious woman."

But never did Luther feel ashamed of the time, when, pressed by hunger, he sorrowfully begged the bread necessary for the support of life and the continuance of his studies. So far from this, he thought with gratitude of the extreme poverty of his youth. He considered it as one of the means that God had made use of to make him what he afterwards became, and he thanked him for it. The condition of poor children, who were obliged to lead the same kind of life, touched him to the heart. "Do not despise," said he, "the boys who try to earn their bread by chanting before your door, 'bread for the love of God,' *Panem propter Deum.* I have done the same. It is true that in later years my father maintained me at the University of Erfurth, with much love and kindness, supporting me by the sweat of his brow; but at one time I was only a poor mendicant. And now by means of my pen, I have succeeded so well, that I would not change fortunes with the Grand Seignor himself. I may say more: if I were to be offered all the possessions of the earth heaped one upon another, I would not take them in exchange for what I possess. And yet I should never have known what I do, if I had not been to school, and been taught to write." Thus did this great man acknowledge that these humble beginnings were the origin of his glory. He was not afraid of reminding his readers that that voice whose accents electrified the Empire and the world, had not very long before begged a morsel of bread in the streets of a petty town. The Christian takes pleasure in such recollections, because they remind him that it is in God alone that he is permitted to glory.

The strength of his understanding, the liveliness of his imagination, and his excellent memory, enabled him in a short time to get the start of all his fellow-students. He made especially rapid progress in the dead languages, in rhetoric, and in poetry. He wrote sermons, and made verses. Cheerful, obliging, and what is called good-hearted, he was beloved by his masters and his companions.

Amongst the professors, he was particularly attached to John Trebonius, a learned man, of an agreeable address, and who had that regard for the young which is so encouraging to them. Martin had observed that when Trebonius came into the school-room he took off his hat and bowed to the scholars; a great condescension in those pedantic times. This had pleased the young man. He began to perceive that he himself was something. The respect paid him by his master had raised the scholar in his own estimation. The colleagues of Trebonius, whose custom was different, having one day expressed their astonishment at this extreme condescension, he answered them;—and his answer made an impression on young Luther. "There are," said he, "amongst these youths, some whom God will one day raise to the ranks of burgomasters, chancellors, doctors and magistrates. Though you do not now see the outward signs of their respective dignities, it is yet proper to treat them with respect." Doubtless the young scholar heard these

words with pleasure, and perhaps he then saw himself in prospect adorned with a doctor's cap.

Luther had attained his eighteenth year. He had tasted the sweets of learning. He thirsted after knowledge. He sighed for a university education. He longed to go to one of those fountains of all knowledge, where his thirst for it might be satisfied. His father required him to study the law. Full of confidence in his son's talents, he desired to see him cultivate them and make them known in the world. Already, in anticipation, he beheld him filling honourable offices amongst his fellow-citizens, gaining the favour of princes, and shining on the great stage of the world. It was determined that the young man should be sent to Erfurth.

Luther arrived at that university in the year 1501; Jodocus, surnamed the Doctor of Eisenach, was then teaching scholastic philosophy in that place with great success. Melancthon regrets that there was at that time nothing taught at Erfurth but a logic beset with difficulties. He expresses the opinion that if Luther had met with professors of a different character, if he had been taught the milder and more tranquillizing doctrines of true philosophy, it might have moderated and softened the natural vehemence of his character. The new pupil, however, began to study the philosophy of the times in the writings of Occam, Scotus, Bonaventura, and Thomas Aquinas. In later years he looked upon this class of writers with abhorrence;—he trembled with rage when even the name of Aristotle was pronounced in his presence; and he went so far as to say that if Aristotle had not been a man, he should be tempted to take him for the devil. But his mind, eager for instruction, required better food; and he applied himself to the study of the best ancient authors, Cicero, Virgil, and others. He did not satisfy himself, like the generality of students, with learning by heart the works of these writers; but he endeavoured especially to fathom their thoughts, to imbibe the spirit by which they were animated, to make their wisdom his own, to comprehend the object they aimed at in their writings, and to enrich his understanding with their weighty sentences and brilliant descriptions. He often pressed his tutors with inquiries, and soon outstript his school-fellows. Gifted with a retentive memory and a vivid imagination, all that he had read or heard remained fixed on his memory; it was as if he had seen it himself. Thus did Luther distinguish himself in his early youth. "The whole University," says Melancthon, "admired his genius."

But even at this early period the young man of eighteen did not study merely with a view of cultivating his understanding; there was within him a serious thoughtfulness, a heart looking upwards, which God gives to those whom he designs to make his most zealous servants. Luther felt that he depended entirely upon God,—a simple and powerful conviction, which is at once a principle of deep humility and an incentive to great undertakings He fervently invoked the divine blessing upon his labours. Every morning he began the day with prayer; then he went to church; afterwards he commenced his studies, and he never lost a moment in the course of the day. "To pray well," he was wont to say, "was the better half of study."

The young student spent in the library of the university the moments he could snatch from his academical labours. Books being then scarce, it was in his eyes a great privilege to be able to profit by the treasures of this vast collection. One day, (he had been then two years at Erfurth, and was twenty years of age,) he was opening the books in the library one after another, in order to read the names of the authors. One which he opened in its turn drew his attention. He had not seen anything like it till that hour. He reads the title:—it is a Bible! a rare book, unknown at that time. His interest is strongly excited; he is filled with astonishment at finding more in this volume than those fragments of the gospels and epistles which the Church has selected to be read to the people in their places of worship every Sunday in the year. Till then he had thought that they were the whole word of God. And here are so many pages, so many chapters, so many books, of which he had no idea! His heart beats as he holds in his hand all the Scripture divinely inspired With eagerness and indescribable feelings he turns over these leaves of God's word. The first page that arrests his attention, relates the history of Hannah and the young Samuel. He reads, and can scarcely restrain his joyful emotion. This child whom his parents lend to the Lord as long as he liveth; Hannah's song in which she declares that the Lord raiseth up the poor out of the dust and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes; the young Samuel who grows up in the temple before the Lord; all this history, all this revelation which he has discovered, excites feelings till then unknown. He returns home with a full heart. "Oh!" thought he, "if God would but give me such a book for my own! Luther did not yet understand either Greek or Hebrew. It is not probable that he should have studied those languages during the first two or three years of his residence in the university. The Bible that filled him with such transport was in Latin. He soon returned to the library to find his treasure again. He read and re-read, and then in his surprise and joy, he went back to read again. The first gleams of a new truth then arose in his mind.

Thus has God caused him to find His word! He has now discovered that book of which he is one day to give to his countrymen that admirable translation in which the Germans for three centuries have read the oracles of God. For the first time, perhaps, this precious volume has been removed from the place that it occupied in the library at Erfurth. This book, deposited upon the unknown shelves of a dark room, is soon to become the book of life to a

whole nation. The Reformation lay hid in that Bible.

It was in the same year that Luther took his first academical degree, that of a bachelor.

The excessive labour he had undergone in preparing for his examination, occasioned a dangerous illness. Death seemed at hand. Serious reflections filled his mind. He thought his earthly career was at an end. All were interested about the young man. "It was a pity," thought they, "to see so many hopes so early extinguished." Several friends came to visit him on his sick bed. Amongst them was an old man, a venerable priest, who had observed with interest the labours and academical life of the student of Mansfeld. Luther could not conceal the thoughts that filled his mind. "Soon," said he, "I shall be summoned hence." But the prophetic old man kindly answered. "My dear bachelor, take courage! you will not die this time. Our God will yet make you his instrument in comforting many others. For God lays his cross upon those whom he loves, and those who bear it patiently gain much wisdom." The words impressed the sick youth. It was as he lay in the dust of death that he heard the voice of a priest remind him that God, as Samuel's mother had said, raiseth up the poor. The old man has poured sweet consolation into his heart, and revived his spirits; he will never forget it. "This was the first prophecy the doctor ever heard," says Mathesius, the friend of Luther, who relates this circumstance, "and he often recollected it." We may easily comprehend in what sense Mathesius calls this speech a prophecy.

When Luther was restored to health there was in him a something new. The Bible, his sickness, the words of the old priest, seemed to have called him to a new vocation. There was, however, as yet, no settled purpose in his mind. He resumed his studies. In 1505 he was made master of arts, or doctor in philosophy. The university of Erfurth was then the most celebrated in all Germany. The others were in comparison but inferior schools. The ceremony was performed according to custom, with much pomp. A procession with torches came to do honour to Luther. The festival was magnificent. There was general rejoicing. Luther, perhaps, encouraged by these honours, prepared to apply himself entirely to the study of the law, agreeably to the wishes of his father.

But God willed otherwise. Whilst Luther was engaged in various studies, and beginning to teach natural philosophy and the ethics of Aristotle, with the other branches of philosophy, his conscience incessantly reminded him that religion was the one thing needful, and that his first care should be the salvation of his soul. He had learned God's hatred of sin; he remembered the penalties that his word denounces against the sinner; and he asked himself tremblingly, if he was sure that he possessed the favour of God. His conscience answered: No! His character was prompt and decided; he resolved to do all that depended upon himself, to ensure a well grounded hope of immortality. Two events occurred, one after the other, to rouse his soul and confirm his resolution.

Amongst his college friends there was one, named Alexis, with whom he was very intimate. One morning a report was spread in Erfurth that Alexis had been assassinated. Luther hurried to the spot and ascertained the truth of the report. This sudden loss of his friend affected him, and the question which he asked himself: "What would become of me, if *I* were thus suddenly called away?" filled his mind with the liveliest apprehension.

It was then the summer of 1505. Luther availed himself of the leisure afforded him by the university vacation, to take a journey to Mansfeld, to revisit the beloved abode of his infancy, and to see his affectionate parents. Perhaps, also, he intended to open his heart to his father, to sound him upon the plan that was forming in his mind, and obtain his permission to engage in a different vocation. He foresaw all the difficulties that awaited him. The idle life of the greater part of the priests was particularly offensive to the active miner of Mansfeld. The ecclesiastics were moreover little esteemed in society: most of them possessed but a scanty revenue, and the father who had made many sacrifices to keep his son at the university, and saw him lecturing publicly in his twentieth year, in a celebrated school, was not likely readily to renounce his proud hopes.

We are not informed of what passed during Luther's abode at Mansfeld. Perhaps the decided wish of his father made him fear to open his mind to him. He again left his father's house for the halls of the academy. He was within a short distance of Erfurth when he was overtaken by a violent storm. The thunder roared; a thunderbolt sunk into the ground by his side. Luther threw himself on his knees. His hour is perhaps come. Death, judgment, eternity, are before him in all their terrors, and speak with a voice which he can no longer resist. "Encompassed with the anguish and terror of death," as he himself says, he makes a vow, if God will deliver him from this danger, to forsake the world, and devote himself to His service. Risen from the earth, having still before his eyes that death that must one day overtake him, he examines himself seriously, and inquires what he must do. The thoughts that formerly troubled him return with redoubled power He has endeavoured, it is true, to fulfil all his duties. But what is the state of his soul? Can he, with a polluted soul, appear before the tribunal of so terrible a God? He *must* become holy. He now thirsts after holiness as he had thirsted after knowledge. But where shall he find it? How is it to be attained? The university has furnished him with the means of satisfying his first wish. Who will assuage this anguish, this vehement desire that consumes him now? To what school of holiness can he direct his steps? He will go into a cloister; the monastic life will ensure his salvation. How often has he been told of its power to change the heart, to cleanse

the sinner, to make man perfect! He will enter into a monastic order. He will there become holy. He will thus ensure his eternal salvation.

Such was the event that changed the vocation and the whole destiny of Luther. The hand of God was in it. It was that powerful hand that cast to the ground the young master of arts, the aspirant to the bar, the intended jurisconsult, to give an entirely new direction to his after life. Rubianus, one of Luther's friends at the university of Erfurth, wrote to him in later times: "Divine Providence foresaw what you would one day become, when, on your return from your parents, the fire of heaven struck you to the ground, like another Paul, near the city of Erfurth, and separating you from us, led you to enter the Augustine order." Thus, similar circumstances marked the conversion of two of the greatest instruments chosen by Divine Providence to effect the two greatest revolutions that have ever taken place upon the earth: Saint Paul and Luther.*

Luther re-enters Erfurth. His resolution is unalterable. Still it is with reluctance that he prepares to break ties that are so dear to him. He does not communicate his design to any of his companions. But one evening he invites his college friends to a cheerful and simple repast. Music once more enlivens their social meeting. It is Luther's farewell to the world. Henceforth the companions of his pleasures and studies are to be exchanged for the society of monks; cheerful and witty discourse for the silence of the cloister: merry voices, for the solemn harmony of the quiet chapel. God calls him; he must sacrifice all things. Now, however, for the last time, let him give way to the joys of his youth! The repast excites his friends. Luther himself encourages their joy. But at the moment when their gaiety is at its height, the young man can no longer repress the serious thoughts that occupy his mind. He speaks. He declares his intention to his astonished friends; they endeavour to oppose it; but in vain. And that very night Luther, perhaps dreading their importunity, quits his lodgings. He leaves behind his books and furniture, taking with him only Virgil and Plautus. (He had not yet a Bible.) Virgil and Plautus! an epic poem, and comedies! Singular picture of Luther's mind! There was, in fact, in his character, the materials of a complete epic poem; beauty, grandeur, and sublimity; but his disposition inclined to gaiety, wit, and mirth; and more than one ludicrous trait broke forth from the serious and noble groundwork of his life.

Furnished with these two books, he goes alone in the darkness of the night, to the convent of the hermits of St. Augustine. He asks admittance. The door opens and closes again. Behold him forever separated from his parents, from his companions in study, and from the world. It was the 17th of August, 1505. Luther was then twenty-one years and nine months old.

At length he is *with God*. His soul is safe. He is now to obtain that holiness he so ardently desired. The monks who gathered round the young doctor were full of admiration, commending his decision and renunciation of the world. But Luther did not forget his friends. He wrote to them, bidding adieu to them and to the world, and the next day he sent them these letters, together with the clothes he had till then worn, and the ring he received, when made master of arts, which he returned to the university, that nothing might remind him of the world he had renounced.

His friends at Erfurth were struck with astonishment. Must it be, thought they, that such eminent talents should be lost in that monastic life, which is but a kind of burial alive. Full of grief, they immediately repaired to the convent, in hopes of inducing Luther to retract so fatal a resolution; but in vain. The doors were closed against them. A whole month was to elapse before any one could be permitted to see the new monk, or to speak to him.

Luther had almost immediately communicated to his parents the great change that had now taken place. His father was thunderstruck. He trembled for his son, as Luther himself tells in the dedication of his book on monastic vows, addressed to his father. His weakness, his youth, the strength of his passions, made his father fear that, after the first moments of enthusiasm should have passed, the indolent life of a monk might either tempt the young man to despair, or occasion him to fall into some grievous sin. He knew that a monastic life had already ruined many. Besides, the miner of Mansfeld had formed other plans for his son. He had hoped that he would contract a rich and honourable marriage. And now all his ambitious projects were overthrown in one night by this imprudent step.

John wrote an angry letter to his son, in which he used a tone of authority that he had laid aside from the period when his son had been made Master of Arts. He withdrew all his favour, and declared him disinherited from a father's love. In vain did John Luther's friends, and doubtless his wife, endeavour to soften his displeasure, by saying: "If you would make a sacrifice to God, let it be the best and dearest of your possessions, your son, your Isaac." The inexorable town-councillor of Mansfeld would listen to nothing.

After some time, however, (Luther tells us this in a sermon preached at Wittemberg, the 20th of January, 1544,) the plague visited the neighbourhood, and deprived John Luther of two of his sons. Just then there came one who told the father, who was in deep affliction: "The monk of Erfurth is also dead."

* Some historians relate that Alexis was killed by the thunder-bolt that alarmed Luther; but two contemporaries, Mathesius and Selneccer (in Orat. de Luth.) distinguish between these two events; we may even add to their testimony that of Melancthon, who says, "Sodalem nescio quo casu interfectum." (Vita Luth.)

His friends took that opportunity of reconciling the father to the young novice. "If it should be a false report," said they, "at least sanctify your present affliction by consenting that your son should be a monk." "Well, be it so," said John Luther, with a heart broken and yet struggling; "and God grant he may prosper!" When Luther, at a later period, reconciled to his father, related the event that had induced him to embrace a monastic life: "God grant," replied the worthy miner, "that you may not have mistaken a delusion of the devil for a sign from heaven."

There was then in Luther little of that which made him in after life the Reformer of the Church. His entering into a convent is a proof of this. It was an act in that spirit of a past age from which he was to contribute to deliver the Church. He who was about to become the teacher of the world, was as yet only its servile imitator. A new stone was added to the edifice of superstition, by the very person who was shortly to overturn it. Luther was then looking for salvation in *himself*, in works and observances; he knew not that salvation cometh of God only. He sought to establish his own righteousness and his own glory,—being ignorant of the righteousness and glory of God. But what he was then ignorant of he soon learned. It was in the cloister of Erfurth that the great change was effected which substituted in his heart God and His wisdom, for the world and its traditions, and prepared the mighty revolution of which he was the most illustrious instrument.

Martin Luther, on entering the convent, changed his name, and took that of Augustine. "What can be more mad and impious," said he, in relating this circumstance, "than to renounce one's Christian name for the sake of a cowl! It is thus the popes are ashamed of their Christian names, and show thereby that they are deserters from Jesus Christ."

The monks had received him joyfully. It was no small gratification to their self-love to see the university forsaken, by one of its most eminent scholars, for a house of their order. Nevertheless, they treated him harshly, and imposed upon him the meanest offices. They perhaps wished to humble the doctor of philosophy, and to teach him that his learning did not raise him above his brethren; and thought, moreover, by this method, to prevent his devoting himself to his studies, from which the convent would derive no advantage. The former master of arts was obliged to perform the functions of door-keeper, to open and shut the gates, to wind up the clock, to sweep the church, to clean the rooms. Then, when the poor monk, who was at once porter, sexton, and servant of the cloister, had finished his work: "*Cum sacco per civitatem*—With your bag through the town!" cried the brothers; and, loaded with his bread-bag, he was obliged to go through the streets of Erfurth, begging from house to house, and perhaps at the doors of those very persons who had been either his friends or his inferiors. But he bore it all. Inclined, from his natural disposition, to devote himself heartily to whatever he undertook, it was with his whole soul that he had become a monk. Besides, could he wish to spare the body? to regard the satisfying of the flesh? Not thus could he acquire the humility, the holiness, that he had come to seek within the walls of a cloister?

The poor monk, overwhelmed with toil, eagerly availed himself of every moment he could snatch from his degrading occupations. He sought to retire apart from his companions, and give himself up to his beloved studies. But the brethren soon perceived this, came about him with murmurs, and forced him to leave his books: "Come, come! it is not by study, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat and money, that you can benefit the cloister." And Luther submitted, put away his books, and resumed his bag. Far from repenting of the yoke he had taken upon himself, he resolved to go through with it. Then it was that the inflexible perseverance with which he ever prosecuted the resolutions he had once formed began to develope itself. His patient endurance of this rough usage gave a powerful energy to his will. God was exercising him first with small trials, that he might learn to stand firm in great ones. Besides, to be able to deliver the age in which he lived from the miserable superstitions under which it groaned, it was necessary that he should feel the weight of them. To empty the cup, he must drink it to the very dregs.

This severe apprenticeship did not, however, last so long as Luther might have feared. The prior of the convent, upon the intercession of the university of which Luther was a member, freed him from the mean offices the monks had imposed upon him. The young monk then resumed his studies with fresh zeal. The works of the Fathers of the Church, especially those of St. Augustine, attracted his attention. The exposition which this celebrated doctor has written upon the Psalms, and his book concerning the Letter and the Spirit, were his favourite reading. Nothing struck him so much as the opinions of this Father upon the corruption of man's will, and upon the grace of God. He felt, in his own experience, the reality of that corruption, and the necessity for that grace. The words of St. Augustine found an echo in his heart: if he could have belonged to any other school than that of Christ, it would have undoubtedly been that of the doctor of Hippo. He almost knew by heart the works of Peter d'Ailly and of Gabriel Biel. He was struck with an observation of the former, that if the Church had not decided otherwise, it would have been preferable to allow that we really receive the bread and wine in the Holy Sacrament, and not mere accidents.

He also studied with attention Occam and Gerson, who have so freely expressed themselves concerning the authority of the Popes To this course of reading he united other exercises. He was heard publicly to unravel the most complicated arguments, and extricate himself from labyrinths whence others

could find no outlet. His hearers were astonished.

But it was not to gain the credit of being a great genius that he entered a cloister; it was to find the aliments of piety to God. He regarded these pursuits only as recreations.

He loved, above all, to draw wisdom from the pure spring of the Word of God. He found in the convent a Bible, fastened by a chain. He had constant recourse to this chained Bible. He understood but little of the Word; but still it was his most absorbing study. Sometimes he would meditate on a single passage for a whole day; another time he learned by heart some parts of the Prophets, but above all he wished to acquire, from the writings of the Apostles and Prophets, the knowledge of God's will,—to increase in reverence for His name,—and to nourish his faith by the sure testimony of the word.

It was apparently at this period, that he began to study the Scriptures in the originals, and, by this means, to lay the foundation of the most perfect and useful of his printed works, —the translation of the Bible. He made use of the Hebrew Lexicon, by Reuchlin, which had just appeared. John Lange, a brother in the convent, who was skilled in the Greek and Hebrew, and with whom he always maintained an intimate acquaintance, probably assisted him at the outset. He also made much use of the learned comments of Nicholas Lyra, who died in 1340. It was this circumstance that made Pflug (afterwards Bishop of Naumburg) remark: "*Si Lyra non lyrasset, Lutherus non saltasset.*—If Lyra had not played his lyre Luther had never danced."

The young monk applied himself to his studies with so much zeal, that often, for two or three weeks together, he would omit the prescribed prayers. But he was soon alarmed by the thought that he had transgressed the rules of his order. Then he shut himself up to redeem his negligence; he set himself to repeat conscientiously all his omitted prayers without thinking of his necessary food. On one occasion he passed seven weeks almost without sleep.

Burning with the desire after that holiness which he had sought in the cloister, Luther gave himself up to all the rigour of an ascetic life. He endeavoured to crucify the flesh by fastings, macerations, and watchings. Shut up in his cell, as in a prison, he was continually struggling against the evil thoughts and inclinations of his heart. A little bread, a single herring, were often his only food. Indeed he was constitutionally abstemious. So it was that his friends have often seen him,—even after he had learned that heaven was not to be purchased by abstinence,—content himself with the poorest food, and go four days together without eating or drinking. This is stated on the authority of a credible witness, —Melancthon; and we see from this how little attention is due to the fables which ignorance and prejudice have circulated as to intemperance in Luther. Nothing was too great a sacrifice, at the period we speak of, for the sake of becoming holy to gain heaven. Never did the Romish Church contain a monk of more piety; never did a cloister witness efforts more sincere and unwearied to purchase eternal happiness. When Luther, become a Reformer, declared that heaven could not be thus purchased, he knew well what he said: "Verily," wrote he to Duke George of Saxony, "I was a devout monk, and followed the rules of my order so strictly, that I cannot tell you all. If ever a monk entered into heaven by his monkish merits, certainly I should have obtained an entrance there. All the monks who knew me will confirm this; and if it had lasted much longer, I should have become literally a martyr, through watchings, prayer, reading, and other labours."

We approach the period which made Luther a new man; and, by discovering to him the unfathomable love of God, created in him the power to declare it to the world.

Luther did not find, in the tranquillity of the cloister and monkish perfection, the peace he was in quest of. He wanted an assurance that he was saved. This was the great want of his soul; without it he could not rest. But the fears which had shaken him in the world, pursued him to his cell. Nay, more, they increased there, and the least cry of his conscience seemed to resound beneath the vaulted roofs of the cloister. God had led him thither, that he might learn to know himself, and to despair of his own strength or virtues. His conscience, enlightened by the Divine Word, taught him what it was to be holy; but he was filled with terror at finding, neither in his heart nor in his life, the transcript of that holiness which he contemplated with wonder in the Word of God. Melancholy discovery! and one that is made by every sincere man. No righteousness within; no righteousness in outward action: everywhere omission of duty,—sin, pollution.—The more ardent Luther's natural character, the more powerful was this secret and constant resistance of his nature to that which is good, and the deeper did it plunge him into despair.

The monks and theologians encouraged him to do good works, and in that way satisfy the divine justice. "But what works," thought he, "can proceed out of a heart like mine? How can I, with works, polluted even in their source and motive, stand before a Holy Judge?"—"I was, in the sight of God, a great sinner," says he; "and I could not think it possible for me to appease him with my *merits*."

He was agitated and dejected; shunning the trivial and dull discourse of the monks. The latter, unable to comprehend the tempestuous heavings of his soul, watched him with astonishment, while they complained of his silent and unsocial manners. One day, Cochlæus tells us, whilst mass was performing in the chapel, Luther's abstraction led him thither, and he found himself in the choir in the midst of the monks, dejected and in anguish of mind. The priest had bowed before the altar—the incense was offered, the

Gloria chanted, and the gospel was being read, when the unhappy monk, unable to suppress his mental torment, exclaimed, falling upon his knees, "It is not I—it is not I." The monks were all amazement, and the solemnity was for an instant interrupted. Luther may perhaps have thought he heard some reproach of which he knew himself guiltless; or he may have meant, at the moment, to declare himself undeserving of being of the number of those to whom Christ's death had brought eternal life. According to Cochlæus, the gospel of the day was the account of the dumb man out of whom Jesus cast a devil. Possibly Luther's exclamation (if the story be true,) had reference to this fact, and that resembling the dæmoniac in being like him speechless, he by his cry protested that his silence was owing to a different cause from dæmoniacal possession. Indeed, Cochlæus tells us that the monks did sometimes ascribe the mental distresses of their brother to a secret intercourse with the devil, and that writer appears himself to have shared in the opinion.

A tender conscience led him to regard the least sin as a great crime. No sooner had he detected it, than he laboured to expiate it by the strictest self-denial; and that served only to make him feel the inutility of all human remedies. "I tormented myself to death," says he, "to procure for my troubled heart and agitated conscience peace in the presence of God: but encompassed with thick darkness, I nowhere found peace."

All the practices of monkish holiness which quieted so many drowsy consciences around him, and to which in his agony of mind he had recourse, soon evinced themselves to be useless prescriptions of an empirical quackery in religion. "When during the time I was a monk, I felt temptations assail me, I am a lost man, thought I. Immediately I resorted to a thousand methods to appease the reproaches of my heart. I confessed every day. But all that was of no use. Then, overwhelmed with dejection, I distressed myself by the multitude of my thoughts. See, said I to myself, thou art envious, impatient, passionate; therefore wretch that thou art! it is of no use to thee to have entered into this holy order."

And yet Luther, imbued with the prejudices of the age, had from his youth deemed the remedies of which he now experienced the inefficacy, the certain cure of a sick soul. What was to be thought of this strange discovery which he had just made in the solitude of his cloister? One may then live in the sanctuary, and yet carry within a man of sin. He has obtained another garment, but not another heart; his hopes are disappointed; where shall he turn? All these rules and observances, can they be mere inventions? Such a supposition appeared to him one moment as a temptation of the devil,—and the next, an irresistible truth. Struggling either against the holy voice which spoke in his heart, or against the venerable institutions which had the sanction of ages, Luther's existence was a continued conflict. The young monk moved, like a spectre, through the long corridors of the cloisters with sighs and groans. His bodily powers failed, his strength forsook him; sometimes he was motionless as if dead.

One day, overcome with sadness, he shut himself in his cell, and for several days and nights suffered no one to approach him. One of his friends, Lucas Edemberger, uneasy about the unhappy monk, and having some presentiment of his state, took with him some young boys, choral singers, and went and knocked at the door of his cell. No one opened or answered. The good Edemberger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and discovered Luther stretched on the floor in unconsciousness, and without any sign of life. His friend tried in vain to recall his senses, but he continued motionless. Then the young choristers began to sing a sweet hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his strength and consciousness returned. But if for a few instants music could restore to him a degree of serenity, another and more powerful remedy was needed for the cure of his malady; there was needed that sweet and penetrating sound of the Gospel, which is the voice of God. He felt *this* to be his want. Accordingly his sufferings and fears impelled him to study with unwearied zeal the writings of the Apostles and Prophets.

Luther was not the first monk who had passed through these conflicts. The cloisters often enveloped in their dark walls abominable vices, which, if they had been revealed, would have made an upright mind shudder; but often also they concealed Christian virtues, which grew up beneath the shelter of a salutary retirement; and which, if they had been brought forth to view, would have been the admiration of the world. They who possessed these virtues, living only with each other and with God, drew no attention from without, and were often unknown even to the small convent in which they were enclosed;—their life was known only to God. At times these humble recluses fell into that mystic theology, the melancholy failing of the noblest minds, which in an earlier age had been the delight of the first monks on the banks of the Nile, and which wears out unprofitably the souls in which it reigns.

But whenever one of these men was called to fill a distinguished post, he manifested virtues of which the salutary effects were long and widely felt. The candle being placed on the candlestick, gave light to all the house; many were awakened by this light. Thus it was that these pious souls were propagated from generation to generation; and they were shining like distant torches in the very periods when the cloisters were often only the impure receptacles of darkness.

There was a young man who had thus distinguished himself in one of the convents in Germany. His name was John Staupitz; he was descended from a noble family in Misnia.

From early youth he had been marked by a taste for letters and a love of virtue. He felt the necessity of retirement that he might devote himself to learning. But he soon found that philosophy, and the study of nature, could do nothing for our eternal salvation.

He therefore began to study divinity. But he especially endeavoured to join obedience with knowledge. "For," says one of his biographers, "it is in vain to call ourselves divines, if we do not confirm that noble title by our lives." The study of the Bible and of St. Augustine, the knowledge of himself, he war he, like Luther, had to wage with the deceitfulness and lusts of his own heart,—led him to the Saviour. He found in faith in Christ, *Peace* to his soul. The doctrine of the Election by Grace especially engaged his thoughts. The uprightness of his life, the depth of his learning, the eloquence of his speech, no less than a striking exterior and dignified manners, recommended him to his contemporaries. The Elector of Saxony, Frederic the Wise, honoured him with his friendship, employed him in several embassies, and founded under his direction the University of Wittemberg. Staupitz was the first professor of divinity in that school, from whence the light was one day to issue to enlighten the schools and churches of so many nations. He was present at the Council of Lateran, in place of the archbishop of Salzburg, became provincial of his order in Thuringia and Saxony, and afterwards Vicar-general of the Augustines for all Germany.

Staupitz deeply lamented the corruption of morals and the errors of doctrine which then devastated the Church. His writings on 'the love of God,' 'on Christian faith,' and 'conformity with the death of Christ,' as well as the testimony of Luther, give proof of this. But he considered the first of these two evils as much greater than the latter. Besides, the gentleness and indecision of his character, his desire not to go beyond the sphere of action which he thought assigned to him, made him more fit to be the restorer of a convent than the Reformer of the Church. He would have wished to raise none but men of distinguished characters to offices of importance, but not finding them, he submitted to the necessity of employing others. "We must," said he, "plough with such horses as we can find; and if we cannot find horses, we must plough with oxen."

We have seen the anguish and internal struggles which Luther underwent in the convent of Erfurth. At this period the visit of the Vicar-general was announced. Staupitz, in fact, arrived in his usual visitation of inspection. The friend of Frederic, the founder of the University of Wittemberg, the chief of the Augustines, cast a benevolent look upon those monks who were subject to his authority. Soon one of the brothers attracted his notice. He was a young man of middle stature, reduced by study, fasting, and watching, so that you might count his bones. His eyes, which were afterwards compared to a falcon's, were sunk; his demeanour was dejected; his countenance expressed a soul agitated with severe conflicts, but yet strong and capable of endurance. There was in his whole appearance something grave, melancholy, and solemn Staupitz, who had acquired discernment by long experience, easily discerned what was passing in that mind, and at once distinguished the young monk from all his companions He felt drawn towards him, had a kind of presentiment of his singular destiny, and soon experienced for his inferior a paternal interest. He, like Luther, had been called to struggle; *he* could, therefore, understand his feelings. He could, above all, show him the path to that *peace* which he had himself found. What he was told of the circumstances that had induced the young Augustine to enter the convent, increased his sympathy. He enjoined the prior to treat him with more mildness. He availed himself of the opportunities his office afforded for gaining the confidence of the young monk. He approached him affectionately, and endeavoured in every way to overcome the timidity of the novice—a timidity increased by the respect and fear that he felt for a person of rank so exalted as that of Staupitz.

The heart of Luther, which had remained closed under harsh treatment, at last opened and expanded to the sweet beams of love. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." (Prov. xxvii. 9.) Staupitz's heart responded to that of Luther. The Vicar-general *understood him.* The monk felt towards him a confidence till then unknown. He opened to him the cause of his sadness, he described the horrid thoughts that distressed him, and hence ensued, in the cloister of Erfurth, conversations full of wisdom and instruction.

"It is in vain," said the dejected Luther to Staupitz, "that I make promises to God; sin is always too strong for me."

"Oh, my friend," answered the Vicar-general, looking back on his own experience, "I have vowed to the holy God more than a thousand times that I would live a holy life, and never have I kept my vow! I now make no more vows, for I know well I shall not keep them. If God will not be merciful to me for Christ's sake, and grant me a happy death when I leave this world, I cannot, with all my vows and good works stand before him. I must perish."

The young monk is terrified at the thought of divine justice. He confesses all his fears. The unspeakable holiness of God—his sovereign majesty fill him with awe. Who can endure the day of his coming? Who can stand when he appeareth?

Staupitz resumed. He knew where he had found peace, and it was in his heart to tell the young man. "Why," said he, "do you distress yourself with these speculations and high thoughts? Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ, to the blood which he has shed for you; it is there you will see the mercy of God. Instead of torturing yourself for your

faults, cast yourself into the arms of the Redeemer. Trust in him,—in the righteousness of his life, in the expiatory sacrifice of his death. Do not shrink from him; God is not against you; it is you who are estranged and averse from God. Listen to the Son of God. He became man to assure you of the divine favour. He says to you, 'You are my sheep; you hear my voice; none shall pluck you out of my hand.'"

But Luther could not find in himself the repentance he thought necessary to his salvation; he answered, (and it is the usual answer of distressed and timid minds,) "How can I dare believe in the favour of God, so long as there is no real conversion? I must be changed before He can receive me."

His venerable guide proves to him that there can be no real conversion, so long as man fears God as a severe judge. "What will you say then," cries Luther, "to so many consciences, to whom are prescribed a thousand insupportable penances in order to gain heaven?"

Then he hears this answer from the Vicar-general;—or rather he does not believe that it comes from a man; it seems to him a voice resounding from heaven. "There is," said Staupitz, "no true repentance but that which begins in the love of God and of righteousness. That which some fancy to be the end of repentance is only its beginning. In order to be filled with the love of that which is good, you must first be filled with the love of God. If you wish to be really converted, do not follow these mortifications and penances. *Love him who has first loved you.*"

Luther listens, and listens again. These consolations fill him with a joy before unknown, and impart to him a new light. "It is Jesus Christ," thinks he in his heart; "yes, it is Jesus Christ himself who comforts me so wonderfully by these sweet and salutary words."

These words, indeed, penetrated the heart of the young monk like a sharp arrow from the bow of a strong man. In order to repentance, *we must love God!* Guided by this new light, he consulted the Scriptures. He looked to all the passages which speak of repentance and conversion. These words, so dreaded hitherto, (to use his own expressions,) become to him an agreeable pastime and the sweetest refreshment. All the passages of Scripture which once alarmed him, seemed now to run to him from all sides, to smile, to spring up and play around him.

"Before," he exclaims, "though I carefully dissembled with God as to the state of my heart, and though I tried to express a love for him, which was only a constraint and a mere fiction, there was no word in the Scripture more bitter to me than that of *repentance*. But now there is not one more sweet and pleasant to me. Oh! how blessed are all God's precepts, when we read them not in books alone, but in the precious wounds of the Saviour."

However, Luther, though comforted by the words of Staupitz, sometimes relapsed into depression. Sin was again felt in his timid conscience, and then to the joy of salvation, succeeded all his former despair. "Oh, my sin! my sin! my sin!" cried the young monk, one day in the presence of the Vicar-general, and in a tone of the bitterest grief. "Well, would you be only the *semblance* of a sinner," replied the latter, "and have only the *semblance* of a SAVIOUR?" And then Staupitz added with authority: "Know that Jesus Christ is the Saviour of those even who are *real* and *great sinners*, and deserving of utter condemnation."

It was not only the sin that he found in his heart that troubled Luther: to the doubts of his conscience were added those of his reason. If the holy precepts of the Bible distressed him, some of the doctrines of the divine word increased his distress. The truth, which is the great instrument by means of which God gives peace to man, must necessarily begin by taking from him that false confidence which is his ruin. The doctrine of election especially troubled the young man, and launched him into a field difficult indeed to explore. Must he believe that it was man who first chose God for his portion? or that it was God who first chose man? The Bible, history, daily experience, the writings of Augustine, all had shown him that we must always and in every thing refer in the last case to that sovereign will by which every thing exists, and upon which every thing depends. But his ardent mind desired to go farther. He wished to penetrate into the secret counsels of God,—to unveil his mysteries, to see the invisible, and comprehend the incomprehensible. Staupitz checked him. He persuaded him not to attempt to fathom God, who hideth himself; but to confine himself to what He has revealed of his character in Christ. "Look at the wounds of Christ," said he, "and you will there see shining clearly the purpose of God towards men. We cannot understand God out of Christ. 'In Christ you will see what I am and what I require,' hath the Lord said; 'you will not see it elsewhere, either in heaven or on earth.'"

The Vicar-general did yet more. He brought Luther to acknowledge the fatherly design of God's providence in permitting these temptations and varied struggles with which his soul had to contend. He made him see them in a light well suited to revive his spirit. God prepares for himself by such trials the souls which he destines to some important work. We must prove the vessel before we launch it on the mighty deep. If education is necessary for every man, there is a particular education necessary for those who are to influence the generation in which they live. This is what Staupitz represented to the monk of Erfurth. "It is not for nothing," said he, "that God proves you by so many trials; however, you will see there are great things in which he will make use of you as his minister."

These words, which Luther heard with wonder and humility, filled him with courage, and discovered to him in himself, powers which

he had not even suspected. The wisdom and prudence of an enlightened friend gradually revealed the strong man to himself. Staupitz did not stop there. He gave him valuable directions for his studies. He advised him to derive henceforth all his divinity from the Bible, laying aside the systems of the schools. "Let the study of the Scriptures," said he, "be your favourite occupation." Never was better advice, or better followed. But what especially delighted Luther, was the present that Staupitz made him of a Bible. At last he himself possessed that treasure which until that hour he had been obliged to seek either in the library of the University, or at the chain in the convent, or in the cell of a friend. From that time he studied the Scriptures, and especially St. Paul's Epistles, with increasing zeal. His only other reading was the works of St. Augustine. All that he read was powerfully impressed upon his mind. His struggles had prepared him to understand the word. The soil had been deeply ploughed; the incorruptible seed took deep root. When Staupitz left Erfurth, a new light had arisen upon Luther.

Still the work was not finished. The Vicar-general had prepared it. God reserved the completion of it for a more humble instrument. The conscience of the young Augustine had not yet found repose. His health at last sunk under the exertions and stretch of his mind. He was attacked with a malady that brought him to the gates of the grave. It was then the second year of his abode at the convent. All his anguish and terrors returned in the prospect of death. His own impurity and God's holiness again disturbed his mind. One day when he was overwhelmed with despair, an old monk entered his cell, and spoke kindly to him. Luther opened his heart to him, and acquainted him with the fears that disquieted him. The respectable old man was incapable of entering into all his doubts, as Staupitz had done; but he knew his *Credo*, and he had found *there* something to comfort his own heart. He thought he would apply the same remedy to the young brother. Calling his attention therefore to the Apostle's creed, which Luther had learnt in his early childhood at the school of Mansfeld, the old monk uttered in simplicity this article: "*I believe in the forgiveness of sins.*" These simple words, ingenuously recited by the pious brother at a critical moment, shed sweet consolation in the mind of Luther. "I believe," repeated he to himself on his bed of suffering, "I believe the remission of sins." "Ah," said the monk, "you must not only believe that David's or Peter's sins are forgiven: the devils believe that. The commandment of God is that we believe *our own sins* are forgiven." How sweet did this commandment appear to poor Luther! "Hear what St. Bernard says in his discourse on the Annunciation," added the old brother. "The testimony which the Holy Ghost applies to your heart is this: '*Thy* sins are forgiven *thee*.'"

From that moment the light shone into the heart of the young monk of Erfurth. The word of Grace was pronounced, and he believed it.—He renounced the thought of meriting salvation;—and trusted himself with confidence to God's Grace in Christ Jesus. He did not perceive the consequence of the principle he admitted;—he was still sincerely attached to the Church:—and yet he was thenceforward independent of it; for he had received salvation from God himself; and Romish Catholicism was virtually extinct to him. From that hour Luther went forward;—he sought in the writings of the Apostles and Prophets for all that might strengthen the hope which filled his heart. Every day he implored help from above, and every day new light was imparted to his soul.

This comfort to his spirit restored health to his body. He quickly arose from his sick-bed. He had received new life in more than one sense. The festival of Christmas, which soon after arrived, was to him an occasion of rich enjoyment of all the consolations of faith. He took part in the solemnities of that sacred season with sweet emotion; and when, in the services of the day, he had to sing these words, "*O beata culpa quæ talem meruisti Redemptorem!*" his whole soul joyfully responded—*Amen.*

Luther had now been two years in the cloister. The time drew near when he was to be ordained priest. He had received largely; and he looked forward with joy to the liberty afforded, by the priest's office, of freely giving what he had so freely received. He resolved to take advantage of the approaching solemnity, to be perfectly reconciled to his father. He invited him to be present at it, and even asked him to fix the day. John Luther, who had not yet entirely forgiven his son, nevertheless accepted this invitation, and named Sunday, May 2, 1507.

Amongst the number of Luther's friends was John Braun, vicar of Eisenach, who had been his faithful adviser during his abode in that town. Luther wrote to him on the 22d of April: this is the earliest letter extant of the Reformer. It is addressed: "To John Braun, holy and venerable priest of Christ and of Mary."

It is only in the two earliest letters of Luther that the name of the Virgin occurs.

"God, who is glorious and holy in all his works," said the candidate for the priesthood, "having condescended to raise me up, who am but a wretched man, and in every way an unworthy sinner, and to call me, by his alone and most free mercy, to his high and holy ministry, I, that I may testify my gratitude for goodness so divine and munificent, ought (as far as dust and ashes can) to fulfil, with all my heart, the office intrusted to me.

"For this cause, my beloved father, lord, and brother, I ask you, if you have time, and your ecclesiastical and domestic affairs allow it, to deign to assist me by your presence and your prayers, that my sacrifice may be acceptable in the sight of God.

"But I give you notice, that you must come straight to our monastery, and spend some

time with us, without seeking any other lodging; you must become an inhabitant of our cells."

At length the day arrived. The miner of Mansfeld did not fail to be present at the consecration of his son. He even gave him an unequivocal proof of his affection and generosity, by making him a present on this occasion of twenty florins.

The ceremony took place. Jerome, bishop of Brandenburg, officiated. At the moment in which he conferred upon Luther the power of celebrating the mass, he put the cup into his hand, and addressed him in these solemn words: "*Accipe potestatem sacrificandi pro vivis et mortuis*—Receive the power of offering sacrifice for the living and the dead." Luther, at that moment listened calmly to these words, which granted him power to do the work of the Son of God himself; but, at a later period, they made him shudder. "That the earth did not then swallow us both up," says he, "was an instance of the patience and long-suffering of the Lord."

His father afterwards dined in the convent with his son, the friends of the young priest, and the monks. The conversation turned on Martin's enterance into the cloister. The brethren commended it as a highly meritorious action; on which the inflexible John, turning to them, remarked: "Have you not read in the scripture, that it is a duty to obey father and mother?" These words struck Luther. They exhibited the action which brought him into the convent in a totally different light; and long afterwards they resounded in his heart.

Luther, after his consecration, acting by the advice of Staupitz, made several short excursions on foot to the parishes and convents of the environs; either to occupy his mind, or for the sake of necessary exercise; or else to accustom himself to preaching.

It had been appointed that Corpus-Christi should be kept with much ceremony at Eisleben. The Vicar-general was to be present: Luther attended. He still felt his need of Staupitz, and took every opportunity of being in the company of that enlightened guide, who helped forward his soul in the way of life. The procession was numerous and gaudy. Staupitz himself carried the host:—Luther followed next in his priestly garments. The thought that Jesus Christ himself was borne before him by the Vicar-general,—the idea that the Lord in person was present,—suddenly struck upon Luther's imagination, and so overawed him, that it was with difficulty he went forward:—a cold sweat came over him; he staggered, and thought he should die in the agony of his fear:—at last the procession stopped. The host which had awakened the monk's terrors was reverently deposited in the sacristy, and Luther, left alone with Staupitz, threw himself into his arms, and confessed the cause of his fear. Then the Vicar-general, who had long known that gracious Saviour who breaks not the bruised reed, gently whispered!—"Dear brother, it was not Jesus Christ; for Christ does not terrify; he ever comforts."

Luther was not destined to remain hidden in an obscure convent. The time had arrived which was to transfer him to a wider theatre. Staupitz, with whom he still maintained a regular correspondence, was well persuaded that there was in the young monk a spirit too stirring to be confined within a narrow range. He spoke of him to Frederic, the Elector of Saxony; and that enlightened prince invited Luther, in 1508, probably near the close of that year, to become professor of the University of Wittemberg. Wittemberg was the field on which Luther was ordained to fight many a hard battle. He felt himself called thither. He was pressed to repair quickly to his new post. He answered the call immediately; and in the haste of his removal, he had not time even to write to one whom he called his master and well-beloved father, the curate of Eisenach, John Braun. He wrote to him from Wittemberg, a few months after: "My departure was so sudden," said he, "that it was almost unknown to those with whom I was living. It is true, I am at a greater distance, but the better half of me remains still with you; and the further I am removed in bodily presence, the more closely my spirit is drawn to you." Luther had been three years in the cloister of Erfurth.

Arriving at Wittemberg, he repaired to the convent of the Augustines, where a cell was assigned him; for though a professor, he ceased not to be a monk. He was appointed to teach physics and dialectics. This appointment was probably conferred upon him in consideration of his philosophical studies at Erfurth, and his degree of master of arts. Thus Luther, who was then hungering and thirsting for the word of God, was obliged to apply himself almost exclusively to the scholastic philosophy of Aristotle. He felt the need of that bread of life which God gives to the world; and he was forced to bury himself in mere human subtleties. Hard necessity! how did he sigh under it! "I am very well, by God's favour," wrote he to Braun, "but that I am compelled to give my whole attention to philosophy. From the moment of my arrival at Wittemberg I have longed to exchange that study for theology; but," added he, lest he should be thought to mean the theology of that age, "I mean that theology which seeks the kernel of the nut, the pulp of the wheat, the marrow of the bone. However things may go, God is God," continued he with that confidence which was the life of his soul, "man almost always errs in his judgment; but this is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide unto death." The labours that were then imposed upon Luther were at a later period of great use in enabling him to combat the errors of the schools.

He could not rest there. The desire of his heart was destined to be fulfilled. That same power, which some years before had driven Luther from the bar to a religious life, now impelled him to the Bible. He applied

nimself zealously to the study of the ancient languages, especially the Greek and Hebrew, that he might draw knowledge and doctrine from the fountain head. He was, through life, indefatigable in his studies. Some months after his arrival at the university he solicited the degree of bachelor in divinity. He obtained it at the end of March, 1509, with a particular direction to Biblical theology.

Every day at one o'clock Luther was expected to discourse upon the Bible; a precious hour for the professor and the pupils, and which always gave them deeper insight into the divine sense of those discoveries so long lost to the people and to the schools.

He began these lectures, by explaining the Psalms, and he soon passed to the Epistle to the Romans. It was especially in meditating upon this book that the light of truth entered his heart. In the retirement of his tranquil cell, he devoted whole hours to the study of the divine word, with St. Paul's Epistle open before him. One day having proceeded as far as the 17th verse of the first chapter, he there read this passage of the prophet Habakkuk: "*The just shall live by faith.*" The precept strikes him. There is then for the just another life than that possessed by the rest of men; and this life is the fruit of faith. This word, which he receives into his heart as if God himself had planted it there, discloses to him the mystery of the Christian life, and increases that life in his soul. In the midst of his struggles in after life, the words often recurred to him, "The just shall live by faith."

The lectures of Luther, with such a preparation, were very different from any that had been heard before. It was not now an eloquent rhetorician, or a pedantic schoolman who spoke; it was a Christian who had experienced the power of revealed truths; who derived them from the Bible, who drew them from the treasury of his own heart, and presented them in full life to his astonished auditors. It was no longer man's teaching, but God's.

This altogether new way of exhibiting the truth made some noise: the rumour of it spread far, and attracted to the newly founded university a crowd of young and foreign students. Several even of the professors attended Luther's lectures, and amongst others, the celebrated Martin Pollich of Mellerstadt, doctor of physic, law, and philosophy, who, with Staupitz, had organized the university of Wittemberg, and had been its first rector. Mellerstadt, who has been often called "the light of the world," modestly mixed with the pupils of the new professor. "This monk," said he, "will put all doctors to the rout; he will introduce a new style of doctrine, and will reform the whole Church: he builds upon the word of Christ; and no one in this world can either resist or overthrow that word, though it should be attacked with all the weapons of Philosophers, Sophists, Scotists, Albertists, and Thomists."

Staupitz, who was as the hand of Providence to develope the gifts and treasures that lay hidden in Luther, invited him to preach in the church of the Augustines. The young professor shrunk from this proposal. He wished to confine himself to his academical duties; he trembled at the thought of adding to them those of public preaching. In vain Staupitz entreated him: "No, no," replied he, "it is no light thing to speak to men in God's stead." An affecting instance of humility in this great Reformer of the Church! Staupitz persisted. "But the ingenious Luther found," says one of his historians, "fifteen arguments, pretexts or evasions, to excuse himself from this summons." At last the chief of the Augustines, still persevering in his application: "Ah, worthy doctor," said Luther, "it would be the death of me. I could not stand it three months." "And what then," replied the Vicar-general; "in God's name so be it; for in heaven also the Lord requires devoted and able servants." Luther was obliged to yield.

In the middle of the square of Wittemberg stood an old wooden chapel, thirty feet long and twenty broad, whose walls, propped on all sides, were falling to ruins. A pulpit made of planks, raised three feet above the ground, received the preacher. It was in this chapel that the Reformation was first preached. It was the will of God that this work for the restoration of his glory should have the humblest beginnings. The foundation of the church of the Augustines was only just laid, and till it should be completed they made use of this mean place of worship. "That building," adds the contemporary of Luther, who relates these circumstances, "may be aptly compared to the stable in which Christ was born. It was in that enclosure that God willed, if we may so speak, that his well-beloved Son should be born a second time. Amongst the thousand cathedrals and parish churches with which the world is filled, not one was chosen for the glorious announcement of everlasting life."

Luther preached: every thing was striking in the new preacher. His expressive countenance and dignified demeanour, his clear and sonorous voice, charmed the audience. Before his time, the greater number of preachers had sought to amuse their hearers rather than to convert them. The deep seriousness that marked the preaching of Luther, and the joy with which the knowledge of the Gospel filled his own heart, gave to his eloquence an authority, energy, and unction, which none of his predecessors had possessed. "Gifted with a ready and lively intelligence," says one of his adversaries, "having a retentive memory, and speaking his mother tongue with remarkable fluency, Luther was surpassed in eloquence by none of his contemporaries. Addressing his hearers from his place in the pulpit, as if he had been agitated by some powerful passion, and adapting his action to the words, he affected their minds in a surprising manner, and carried them like a torrent whither he would. So much power, action,

and eloquence are rarely found amongst the people of the north." "He had," says Bossuet, "a lively and impetuous eloquence, which delighted and captivated his auditory".

In a short time the little chapel could no longer contain the crowds that flocked thither. The council of Wittemberg then chose Luther for their preacher, and called upon him to preach in the church of that city. The impression which he there produced was still greater. His wonderful genius, his eloquent style, and the excellency of the doctrines he proclaimed, equally astonished his auditors. His reputation spread far and wide, and Frederic the Wise himself came once to Wittemberg to hear him.

It was as if a new existence was opening for Luther. To the drowsiness of the cloister had succeeded a life of active exertion. Freedom, employment, earnest and regular action completed the re-establishment of harmony and peace in his spirit. He was now at last in his proper place, and the work of God was about to open out its majestic course. Luther was continuing his teaching both in the hall of the academy and in the church, when he was interrupted in his labours. In 1510, or according to some, not till 1511 or 1512, he was despatched to Rome. A difference had arisen between seven convents of his order and the Vicar-general. Luther's acuteness, eloquence, and talents in discussion led to his being chosen to represent these seven monasteries. This dispensation of divine Providence was needed. It was fit that Luther should know what Rome was. Full of the prejudices and illusions of the cloister, he had always pictured it to himself as the seat of holiness.

He set out; he crossed the Alps. But hardly had he descended into the plains of rich and voluptuous Italy than he found at every step matter of surprise and scandal. The poor German monk was entertained at a wealthy convent of the Benedictines, situate on the Po, in Lombardy. This convent enjoyed a revenue of thirty-six thousand ducats; twelve thousand were spent for the table, twelve thousand on the buildings, and twelve thousand to supply the other wants of the monks. The magnificence of the apartments, the richness of the dresses, and the delicacy of the viands, astonished Luther. Marble, silk, and luxury of every kind; what a novel spectacle to the humble brother of the convent of Wittemberg! He was amazed and silent; but Friday came, and what was his surprise! The table of the Benedictines was spread with abundance of meats. Then he found courage to speak out. "The Church," said he, "and the Pope forbid such things." The Benedictines were offended at this rebuke from the unmannerly German. But Luther, having repeated his remark, and perhaps threatened to report their irregularity, some of them thought it easiest to get rid of their troublesome guest. The porter of the convent hinted to him that he incurred danger by his stay. He accordingly took his departure from this epicurean monastery, and pursued his journey to Bologna, where he fell sick. Some have seen in this sickness the effects of poison. It is more probable that the change in his mode of living disordered the frugal monk of Wittemberg, who had been used to subsist for the most part on dry bread and herrings. This sickness was not "unto death," but for the glory of God. His constitutional sadness and depression returned. What a fate was before him, to perish thus far away from Germany under a scorching sun, in a foreign land. The distress of mind he had experienced at Erfurth again oppressed him. A sense of his sins disturbed him; and the prospect of the judgment of God filled him with dismay. But in the moment when his terror was at its height that word of Paul, "*The just shall live by Faith*," recurred with power to his thought, and beamed upon his soul like a ray from heaven. Raised and comforted, he rapidly regained health, and again set forth for Rome, expecting to find there a very different manner of life from that of the Lombard convents, and eager to efface, by the contemplation of Roman sanctity, the sad impression left upon his memory by his sojourn on the banks of the Po.

At last, after a fatiguing journey under the burning sun of Italy, he approached the seven-hilled city. His heart was moved within him. His eyes longed to behold the queen of the earth and of the Church! As soon as he discovered from a distance the Eternal City,—the city of St. Peter and St. Paul, the metropolis of the Catholic World, he threw himself on the earth, exclaiming, "Holy Rome, I salute thee!"

Luther was now in Rome; the professor of Wittemberg was in the midst of the eloquent ruins of the Rome of Consuls and of Emperors, the Rome of Confessors of Christ and of Martyrs. *There* had lived Plautus and Virgil, whose works he had carried with him into his cloister; and all those great men whose history had so often stirred his heart. He beheld their statues, and the ruined monuments which still attested their glory. But, all this glory and power had passed away. He trod under foot the dust of them. He called to mind, at every step he took, the melancholy presentiments of Scipio, when, shedding tears over the ruins of Carthage, its palaces in flames, and its walls broken down, he exclaimed: "*It will one day be thus with Rome!*" "And truly," said Luther, "the Rome of Scipios and Cæsars is but a corpse. There are such heaps of ruin that the foundations of the houses rest at this hour where once their roofs were. *There*," said he, turning a melancholy look on its ruins, "*there* were once the riches and treasures of this world!" All these fragments of wreck which his foot encountered whispered to Luther, within Rome herself, that what is strongest in the sight of men may be destroyed by the breath of the Lord.

But with these profaner ruins were mixed holy ashes; the thought of this came to his mind. The burial places of the martyrs are hard by those of Roman generals and con-

querors. Christian Rome, and her trials, had more power over the heart of the Saxon monk, than Pagan Rome with all her glory. In this very place arrived that epistle wherein Paul wrote, "*the just shall live by faith.*" He is not far from the forum of Appius and the Three Taverns. In that spot was the house of Narcissus; here stood the palace of Cæsar, where the Lord delivered the Apostle from the jaws of the lion. Oh, how did these recollections strengthen the heart of the monk of Wittemberg!

Rome then presented a widely different aspect. The warlike Julius II. filled the pontifical chair, and not Leo X., as some distinguished historians of Germany have said, doubtless for want of attention. Luther often related an incident of this Pope's life. When the news was brought him that his army had been defeated by the French before Ravenna, he was reading his prayers; he threw the book on the floor, exclaiming, with a dreadful oath, "Well, now thou art become a Frenchman.—Is it thus thou guardest thy church?" Then, turning himself in the direction of the country to whose arms he thought to have recourse, he uttered these words, "Holy Swiss, pray for us." Ignorance, levity, and dissolute morals, a profane contempt of every thing sacred, and a shameful traffic in divine things; such was the spectacle presented by this wretched city. Yet the pious monk continued for awhile in his illusions.

Having arrived about the period of the festival of St. John, he heard the Romans repeating around him a proverb current among the people: "Blessed is that mother," said they, "whose son says mass on St. John's eve." Oh, thought Luther, how gladly would I make my mother blessed. The pious son of Margaret made some attempts to say mass on that day, but he could not, the crowd was too great.

Warm in his feeling, and confiding in disposition, he visited all the churches and chapels, gave credit to all the marvellous stories there told him, went through with devotion the observances required, and was pleased at being able to perform so many pious acts, from which his friends at home were debarred. "How do I regret," thought the pious monk, "that my father and mother are still living: how happy should I be to deliver them from the fire of purgatory by my masses, my prayers, and other admirable works." He had found the light; but the darkness was far from being wholly chased from his mind; he had the faith and love of the Gospel, but not the knowledge of it. It was no easy matter to emerge from that deep gloom that had for so many ages overspread the earth.

Luther said mass several times at Rome. He went through it with all the unction and dignity that such an act seemed to him to require. But how was the heart of the Saxon monk distressed, when he saw the profane and heartless formality with which the Roman clergy celebrated this Sacrament! The priests, on their part, laughed at his simplicity. One day, when he was officiating, he found that at the altar they had read seven masses while he was reading one. "Quick! quick!" said one of the priests, "send *Our Lady* her Son back speedily;"—thus impiously alluding to the transubstantiation of the bread into the body and blood of Christ. Another time Luther had only got as far as the Gospel, when the priest who was at his side had already finished the mass: "Make haste, make haste!" whispered the latter, "do have done with it."

His astonishment was still greater, when he found in the dignitaries of the Church, the same corruption he had observed in the inferior clergy. He had hoped better things of them.

It was the fashion at the papal court to attack Christianity: and a person was not counted a man of sense, if he did not hold some eccentric and heretical opinion in relation to the dogmas of the Church. Some would have convinced Erasmus, by certain passages from Pliny, that there was no difference between the souls of men and of beasts; and there were young courtiers of the Pope, who affirmed that the orthodox faith was the growth of the cunning invention of the saints.

Luther's office of envoy from the Augustines of Germany, procured him invitations to several meetings of distinguished ecclesiastics. One day, in particular, he was at table with several prelates: the latter exhibited openly their buffoonery in manners and impious conversation; and did not scruple to give utterance before him to many indecent jokes, doubtless thinking him one like themselves. They related, amongst other things, laughing, and priding themselves upon it, how when saying mass at the altar, instead of the sacramental words which were to transform the elements into the body and blood of the Saviour, they pronounced over the bread and wine these sarcastic words: "Bread thou art, and bread thou shalt remain; wine thou art, and wine thou shalt remain—*Panis es et panis manebis; vinum es et vinum manebis.*" "Then," continued they," "we elevate the pyx, and all the people worship." Luther could scarcely believe his ears. His mind, gifted with much vivacity, and even gayety, in the society of his friends, was remarkable for gravity when treating of serious things. These Romish mockeries shocked him. "I," says he, "was a serious and pious young monk; such language deeply grieved me. If at Rome they speak thus openly at table, thought I, what, if their actions should correspond with their words, and popes, cardinals, and courtiers should thus say mass. And I, who have so often heard them recite it so devoutly, how, in that case, must I have been deceived?"

Luther often mixed with the monks and citizens of Rome. If some among them extolled the Pope and the clergy, the greater number gave free vent to their complaints and sarcasms. What stories had they to tell of the reigning Pope, of Alexander VI. and of so many others! One day, his Roman friends

elated, how Cæsar Borgia, having fled from Rome, had been taken in Spain. On the eve of trial, he prayed for mercy, and asked for a priest to visit him in his prison. They sent him a monk. He murdered him, disguised himself in his cowl, and effected his escape. "I heard that at Rome: it is a thing well known," says Luther. Another day, passing along the principal street that led to St. Peter's church, he stopped in astonishment before a statue, representing a pope, under the figure of a woman holding a sceptre, clothed in the papal mantle, bearing a child in her arms. "It is a girl of Mentz," said the people, "who was chosen Pope by the Cardinals, and was delivered of a child on this spot: therefore no pope ever passes through this street." "I wonder," observed Luther, "that the popes allow the statue to remain."

Luther had expected to find the edifice of the church encompassed with splendour and strength; but its doors were broken in, and its walls consumed by fire. He saw the desolation of the sanctuary, and drew back in alarm. He had dreamed of sanctity; he found nothing but profanation.

He was not less struck with the disorders committed in the city. "The police is strict and severe in Rome," said he. "The judge, or captain rides through the city every night, with three hundred attendants. He stops all he finds in the streets; if he meets an armed man, he hangs him or throws him into the Tiber. And yet the city is full of disorders and murders; whilst, in places where the word of God is truly and faithfully preached, we see peace and order prevail, without the necessity for law or severity." "It is incredible what sins and atrocities are committed in Rome," he says again; "they must be seen and heard to be believed. So that it is usual to say: 'If there be a hell, Rome is built above it; it is an abyss from whence all sins proceed.'"

This sight made at the time a great impression on Luther's mind; an impression which was afterwards deepened. "The nearer we approach to Rome, the greater number of bad Christians do we find," said he several years after. "It is commonly observed, that he who goes to Rome for the first time, goes to seek a knave there; the second time, he finds him; and the third time, he brings him away with him under his cloak. But now, people are become so clever, that they make the three journeys in one." One of the most profound geniuses of Italy, though of deplorable celebrity, Macchiavelli, who was living at Florence when Luther passed through that city to go to Rome, has made a similar remark: "The greatest symptom," said he, "of the approaching ruin of Christianity, (by which he meant the Roman Catholic religion,) is, that the nearer we approach the capital of Christendom, the less do we find of the Christian spirit in the people. The scandalous example and the crimes of the court of Rome have caused Italy to lose every principle of piety and every religious sentiment. We Italians," continues the great historian, "are principally indebted to the Church and to the priests, for having become impious and profligate." Luther felt, later in life, all the importance of this journey: "If any one would give me a hundred thousand florins," said he, "I would not have missed seeing Rome."

This journey was also of advantage to him in regard to learning. Like Reuchlin, Luther profited by his residence in Italy, to obtain a deeper understanding of the Holy Scriptures. He there took lessons in Hebrew from a celebrated rabbin, named Elias Levita. He acquired partly at Rome the knowledge of that divine word under the assault of which Rome was doomed to fall.

But this journey was above all of great importance to Luther in another respect. Not only was the veil withdrawn, and the sardonic laugh, the jesting incredulity, which lay concealed behind the Romish superstitions, revealed to the future Reformer: but also the living faith which God had implanted in him was then powerfully strengthened.

We have seen how he had at first submitted to all the vain practices which the church enjoins in order to purchase the remission of sins. One day, in particular, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the Pope to any one who should ascend on his knees what is called *Pilate's staircase*, the poor Saxon monk was slowly climbing those steps which they told him had been miraculously transported from Jerusalem to Rome. But whilst he was going through this meritorious work he thought he heard a voice like thunder speaking from the depth of his heart: "*The just shall live by faith.*" These words, which already on two occasions had struck upon his ear as the voice of an angel of God, resounded instantaneously and powerfully within him. He started up in terror on the steps up which he had been crawling; he was horrified at himself; and, struck with shame for the degradation to which superstition had debased him, he fled from the scene of his folly.

This powerful text had a mysterious influence on the life of Luther. It was a creative word for the Reformer and for the Reformation. It was by means of that word that God then said: "Let there be light, and there was light."

It is frequently necessary that a truth should be repeatedly presented to our minds, in order to produce its due effect. Luther had often studied the Epistle to the Romans, and ye never had justification by faith, as there taught, appeared so clear to him. He now understood that righteousness which alone can stand in the sight of God; he was now partaker of that perfect obedience of Christ which God imputes freely to the sinner as soon as he looks in humility to the God-man crucified. This was the decisive epoch in the inward life of Luther. That faith which had saved him from the fear of death became henceforward the soul of his theology; a strong hold in every danger, giving power to his preaching and strength to his charity, constituting a ground

of peace, a motive to service, and a consolation in life and death.

But this great doctrine of a salvation which proceeds from God and not from man, was not merely the power of God unto salvation to Luther, it also became the power of God to reform the Church. It was the same weapon which the Apostle had once wielded, and now, after long disuse, it was drawn forth in its original brightness from the arsenal of Almighty God. At the moment when Luther started from his knees, transported with emotion at that word which St. Paul had addressed to the inhabitants of Rome, the truth, hitherto held captive and fettered in the Church, stood also up to fall no more.

We must here quote his own words. "Though as a monk I was holy and irreproachable," says he, "my conscience was still filled with trouble and torment. I could not endure the expression—the righteous justice of God. I did not love that just and holy Being who punishes sinners. I felt a secret anger against him; I hated him because, not satisfied with terrifying by his law, and by the miseries of life, poor creatures already ruined by original sin, he aggravated our sufferings by the Gospel. But when by the Spirit of God, I understood these words,—when I learnt how the justification of the sinner proceeds from God's mere mercy by the way of faith, -then I felt myself born again as a new man, and I entered by an opened door into the very paradise of God. From that hour I saw the precious and holy Scriptures with new eyes. I went through the whole Bible. I collected a multitude of passages which taught me what the work of God was. And as I had before heartily hated that expression, 'the righteousness of God,' I began from that time to value and to love it, as the sweetest and most consolatory truth. Truly this text of St. Paul was to me as the very gate of heaven."

Hence it was, that, when he was called upon on some solemn occasions to confess this doctrine, it ever roused his enthusiasm and rough eloquence. "I see," said he in a critical moment, "that the devil, by means of his teachers and doctors, is incessantly attacking this fundamental article, and that he cannot rest to cease from this object. Well, then, I, Doctor Martin Luther, an unworthy evangelist of our Lord Jesus Christ, do confess this article, 'that faith alone, without works, justifies in the sight of God, and I declare, that in spite of the emperor of the Romans, the emperor of the Turks, the emperor of the Tartars, the emperor of the Persians, the Pope, all the cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, kings, princes, nobles, all the world, and all the devils, it shall stand unshaken forever! that if they will persist in opposing this truth, they will draw upon their heads the flames of hell. This is the true and holy gospel, and the declaration of me, Doctor Luther, according to the light given to me by the Holy Spirit. .... There is no one," he continues, "who has died for our sins, but Jesus Christ the Son of God. I repeat it once more: let all the evil spirits of earth and hell foam and rage as they will, this is nevertheless true. And if Christ alone takes away sin, we can not do so by all our works. But good works follow redemption,—as surely as fruit appears upon a living tree. This is our doctrine, this the Holy Spirit teacheth, together with all holy Christian people. We hold it in God's name. Amen!"

It was thus that Luther discovered what hitherto even the most illustrious teachers and reformers had overlooked. It was in Rome that God gave him this clear view of the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. He had come to seek in that city of the Pontiffs, the solution of some difficulties concerning a monastic order; he brought back in his heart, that which was to emancipate the Church.

Luther left Rome, and returned to Wittemberg, full of grief and indignation. Turning away his eyes in disgust from the pontifical city, he directed them trustfully to the Holy Scriptures, and to that new life which the word of God seemed then to offer to the world. This word gained ground in his heart in proportion as the Church lost its hold upon him. He disengaged himself from the one to turn to the other. All the Reformation was comprised in that change; for it put God in the place the priest had usurped.

Staupitz and the Elector did not lose sight of the monk they had called to the university of Wittemberg. It seems as if the Vicar-general had a presentiment of the work that was to be accomplished in the world, and that finding it too hard for him, he desired to urge Luther to undertake it. Nothing is more remarkable, or perhaps more inexplicable, than the character of the man who was ever ready to impel the monk onward in the path to which God called him, and yet himself went and ended his days sadly in a convent. The preaching of the young professor had made an impression on the prince; he admired the strength of his understanding, the power of his eloquence, and the excellence of the subjects that he handled. The Elector and his friends, wishing to promote a man of such great promise, resolved to raise him to the distinction of doctor of divinity. Staupitz repaired to the convent. He led Luther into the cloister garden, and there talking with him alone under a tree, which Luther afterwards took pleasure in pointing out to his disciples, the venerable father said to him: "My friend, you must now become Doctor of the Holy Scriptures." Luther drew back. The thought of this distinguished honour overcame him. "Seek one more worthy of it," said he; "for my part, I cannot consent to it." The Vicar-general pressed the point. "The Lord has much to do in the Church, he requires just now young and vigorous doctors." "This was said perhaps jestingly," adds Melancthon, "yet the event corresponded to it, for usually many presages announce great revolutions." There is no reason to suppose that Melancthon here speaks of prophecy, strictly so called

The last century, though remarkable for incredulity, saw this exemplified:—how many presages, without miracle, preceded the revolution at the close of that century!

"But I am weak and ailing;" said Luther; "I have not long to live. Look for a strong man." "The Lord has work in heaven as in earth; dead or alive, God requires you."

"The Holy Spirit alone can make a doctor of divinity," exclaimed the monk, more and more overcome with fear. "Do as your convent desires," said Staupitz, "and what I your Vicar-general require you to do, for you have promised to obey us." "But think of my poverty," resumed the friar, "I having nothing wherewith to pay the expenses incident to such a promotion." "Do not make yourself uneasy about that," said his friend, "the prince is so kind as to take the charges upon himself." Urged on all sides, Luther was obliged to submit.

It was toward the summer of 1512, Luther set out for Leipsic to receive from the treasurers of the Elector, the money requisite on his promotion. But, according to court custom, the money did not arrive. Luther, becoming impatient, wished to depart; but the obedience becoming the character of a monk restrained him. At last, on the 4th of October, he received from Pfeffinger and John Doltzig, fifty florins. He gave them a receipt, in which he assumed no other designation than monk. "I, Martin," said he, "brother of the order of the Eremites." Luther hastened back to Wittemberg.

Andrew Bodenstein of Carlstadt was at that time the Dean of the Faculty of Theology. Carlstadt is the name under which this doctor is best known. He was also called the A. B. C. Melancthon first gave him that name, alluding to the three initials of his name. Bodenstein acquired in his native country the first elements of education. He was of grave and sombre character—perhaps inclined to jealousy, of unquiet temper, but very eager for learning, and gifted with great capacity. He visited several universities to enlarge his knowledge, and studied theology at Rome itself. On his return from Italy to Germany, he established himself at Wittemberg, and there became doctor of theology. At this time, as he himself afterwards declared, he had not read the Holy Scriptures. This trait gives a very just idea of what then constituted theology. Carlstadt, besides his functions as professor, was canon and archdeacon. This was the man who was one day to divide the Reformation. He then saw in Luther only an inferior; but the Augustine soon became an object of his jealousy. One day he remarked, "I will not be less distinguished than Luther." Far from anticipating at this time the future greatness of the young professor, Carlstadt conferred on his destined rival the first degree of the university.

On the 18th October, 1512, Luther was made licentiate in theology, and took the following oath:

"I swear to defend the truth of the Gospel with all my strength." The following day, Bodenstein solemnly delivered to him, in presence of a numerous assembly, the insignia of Doctor in Theology.

He was made Biblical Doctor, and not Doctor of Sentences, and was therefore specially bound to devote himself to the study of the Bible, instead of human traditions. Then it was, as he himself tells us, that he espoused his well-beloved and Holy Scriptures He promised to preach them faithfully, to teach them in purity, to study them all his life, and to defend them so far as God should enable him, by disputation, and by writing against false teachers.

This solemn vow was to Luther his vocation as a Reformer. Binding upon his conscience the sacred obligation to investigate freely, and declare openly evangelical truth, that oath lifted the new made doctor above the narrow bounds to which his monastic vow might have restricted him. Called by the University, by his Sovereign, in the name of the Imperial Majesty, and of the Roman See itself, and bound before God, by the most sacred of oaths, he was from that time the intrepid herald of the word of life. On that memorable day Luther was installed Champion of the Bible.

Therefore it is that this oath pledged to the Holy Scriptures may be regarded as one of the immediate causes of the revival of the Church. The infallible authority of the word of God was the first and fundamental principle of the Reformation. Every reform in detail afterwards effected in doctrine, morals, church government, and public worship was but a consequence of this first principle. In these days we can hardly imagine the sensation produced by this elementary truth, so simple, yet for ages neglected. A few men, of more enlarged discernment than the vulgar, alone foresaw its important consequences. Speedily the courageous voices of all the Reformers proclaimed this powerful principle, at the sound of which the influence of Rome crumbled into the dust: "Christians receive no other doctrines than those which rest on the express words of Christ, the apostles and prophets. No man, nor any assembly of men, has power to prescribe new doctrines."

The situation of Luther was changed. The call he had received became to the Reformer as one of those extraordinary commissions which the Lord intrusted to prophets under the old dispensation, and to apostles under the new. The solemn engagement he had contracted, made so profound an impression on his soul, that the recollection of this vow sufficed at a later period to comfort him in the midst of the greatest dangers and the rudest conflicts. And when he saw all Europe agitated and disturbed by the doctrine he had proclaimed,—when the accusations of Rome, the reproaches of many pious men, and the doubts and fears of his own heart (so easily moved) might have caused him to falter, to fear, and fall into despondency, he called to mind the oath he had taken, and remained

him, tranquil, and rejoicing. "I came forward," said he, "in a critical moment, and I put myself into the Lord's hands. Let his will be done. Who asked of him that he would make of me a teacher? If he has made me such, let him support me;—or if he change his purpose, let him deprive me. This tribulation then does not intimidate me. I seek but one thing—to have his favour in all he calls me to do in his work." Another time he said, "He who undertakes any thing without a divine call seeks his own glory. But I, Doctor Martin Luther, was constrained to become a doctor. The Papacy endeavoured to stop me in the discharge of my duty, but you see what has happened to it;—and much worse shall yet befall it; they cannot defend themselves against me. By God's help I am resolved to press on, to force a passage through, and trample dragons and vipers under foot. This will begin in my lifetime, and finish after I am gone."

From the hour of this oath Luther no longer sought the truth for himself alone, but for the Church. Still retaining his recollections of Rome, he perceived indistinctly before him a path in which he purposed to go forward with all the energy of his soul. The spiritual life which hitherto had grown up within him, began to manifest itself in outward action. This was the third period of his progress. His entrance into the convent had turned his thoughts towards God; the knowledge of the remission of sins, and of the righteousness of faith, had delivered his soul from bondage. The oath he had now taken had given him that baptism by fire which constituted him the Reformer of the Church.

The first adversaries he attacked were those celebrated schoolmen whom he had studied so deeply, and who then reigned supreme in every university. He accused them of Pelagianism; boldly opposing Aristotle (the father of the school!) and Thomas Aquinas, he undertook to hurl them from the throne whence they exercised so commanding an influence, the one over philosophy, and the other over theology.

"Aristotle, Porphyry, the theologians of the Sentences," said he, writing to Lange, "these are the unprofitable study of this age. I desire nothing more ardently than to lay open before all eyes this false system, which has tricked the Church, by covering itself with a Greek mask; and to expose its worthlessness before the world." In all his public disputations he was accustomed to repeat—"The writings of the Apostles and Prophets are more certain and sublime than all the sophisms and theology of the schools." Such language was new, but gradually people became familiarized with it; and about one year after this he was able exultingly to write, "God works amongst us; our theology and St. Augustine make wonderful progress, and are already paramount in our university. Aristotle is on the wane, and already totters to his fall, which is near at hand and irreversible. The lectures on the Sentences are received with utter distaste. None can hope for hearers unless he profess the scriptural theology." Happy the university where such testimony could be given!

At the same time that Luther attacked Aristotle, he took part with Erasmus and Reuchlin against their enemies. He entered into correspondence with those great men and others of the learned, such as Pirckheimer, Mutian Hütten, who belonged more or less to the same party. He formed also at this period another friendship, which was yet more important in its influence on his after life.

There was then at the court of the Elector a person remarkable for wisdom and candour. This was George Spalatin, a native of Spaltus, or Spalt, in the bishopric of Eichstadt. He had been curate of the village of Hohenkirch, near the forests of Thuringia. He was afterwards chosen by Frederic the Wise as his secretary and chaplain, and private teacher of his nephew, John Frederic, heir of the electoral crown. Spalatin was a man of simple manners, in the midst of a court; timid in emergencies, and circumspect and prudent as his master; contrasting with the energetic Luther, with whom he was in daily communication. Like Staupitz, he was fitted rather for peaceable than for stirring times. Such men are necessary: they are like that soft covering in which we wrap jewels and chrystals, to protect them from injury in transporting them from place to place. They seem of no use, and yet without them the precious gems would be broken or lost. Spalatin was not capable of great actions, but he faithfully and noiselessly discharged the task assigned to him. He was at first one of the principal aids of his master, in collecting those relics of the saints of which Frederic was long an amateur. But by slow degrees he, like his master, turned toward the truth. The faith which was then reappearing in the Church, did not so suddenly lay hold on him as on Luther,—he was led on by more circuitous paths. He became the friend of Luther at the court, the agent through which matters of business were transacted between the Reformer and the Princes, the go-between of the Church and the state. The Elector honoured Spalatin with the closest intimacy, and in his journeys admitted him to share his carriage. In other respects the air of the court was often oppressive to the worthy Spalatin, and affected him with deep sadness; he would have wished to leave all these honours, and again to become a simple pastor in the woods of Thuringia. But Luther comforted him, and persuaded him to remain at his post. Spalatin acquired general esteem. The princes and scholars of his age evinced the sincerest respect for him. Erasmus was accustomed to say, "The name of Spalatin is inscribed not only as one of my dearest friends, but of my most revered protectors, and that not on paper, but on my heart."

The affair of Reuchlin and the monks was then making much noise in Germany. The most pious persons often hesitated which side

to take, for the monks were bent upon destroying the Jewish books which contained blasphemies against Christ. The Elector commissioned his chaplain to consult the doctor of Wittemberg, whose reputation was considerable. Luther replied by letter, and it is the earliest of his letters to the court preacher.

"What shall I say? these monks pretend to expel Beelzebub,—but it is not by the finger of God. I never cease to complain and grieve at it. We Christians begin to be wise in things that are without, and senseless at home. There are, in all the public places of our Jerusalem, blasphemies a hundred times worse than those of the Jews, and in every corner of it spiritual idols. We ought in holy zeal to carry forth and destroy these enemies within. But we neglect what is most pressing, and the devil himself persuades us to abandon our own concerns, while he hinders us from reforming what is amiss in others."

Luther never lost himself in this quarrel. A living faith in Christ was that which especially filled his heart and life. "Within my heart," says he, "reigns alone, and must alone reign, faith in my Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is the beginning, the middle, and the end of the thoughts that occupy me day and night."

His hearers listened with admiration as he spoke from the professor's chair, or from the pulpit, of that faith in Christ. His instructions diffused light. The people marvelled that they had not earlier acknowledged truths which appeared so evident in his mouth. "The desire to justify ourselves is the spring of all our distress of heart," said he; "but he who receives Christ as a SAVIOUR has *peace*, and not only peace, but purity of heart. All sanctification of the heart is a fruit of faith. For faith in us is a divine work which changes us, and gives us a new birth, emanating from God himself. It kills *Adam* in us; and, through the Holy Spirit which it communicates, it gives us a new heart and makes us new men. It is not by empty speculations," he again exclaims, "but by this practical method that we obtain a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ."

It was at this time that Luther preached on the Ten Commandments a series of discourses, which have been preserved to us under the name of Declamations for the People. Doubtless they are not free from errors. Luther was only gradually gaining light: "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." But still what truth in these discourses! what simplicity! what eloquence! how well can we conceive the effect that the new preacher would produce on his audience and on his age. We will cite only one passage at the opening of his discourses.

Luther ascended the pulpit of Wittemberg, and read these words: "Thou shalt have no other gods than Me." Then turning to the people, who thronged the sanctuary, he said:

All the sons of Adam are idolaters, and guilty transgressors of this first commandment." Doubtless this strange assertion startled his audience. He must justify it The speaker continued: "There are two kinds of idolatry; the one in outward action, the other within our hearts.

"The outward, by which man worships wood, stone, reptiles, or stars.

"The inward, by which man, dreading chastisement, or seeking his own pleasure, renders no outward worship to the creature, but yet in his heart loves it and trusts in it.

"But what kind of religion is this? you do not bend the knee before riches and honour, but you give them your heart. The noblest part of your nature. Alas! with your *bodies* you worship God, and with your *spirits* the creature.

"This idolatry pervades every man until he is freely recovered by faith that is in Jesus Christ.

"And how is this recovery brought about?

"In this way: Faith in Christ strips you of all confidence in your own wisdom, and righteousness, and strength; it teaches you that if Christ had not died for you, and saved you by his death, neither you nor any created power could have done so. Then you begin to despise all these things which you see to be unavailing.

"Nothing remains, but Jesus—Jesus only; Jesus, abundantly sufficient for your soul. Hoping nothing from all created things, you have no dependence save on Christ, from whom you look for all, and whom you love above all.

"But Jesus is the one sole and true God. When you have him for your God, you have no other gods."

It was thus that Luther pointed out how the soul is brought to God, its sovereign good by the Gospel;—agreeable to that declaration of Christ: "I am the way and no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

The man who thus spoke to this generation was surely intent not merely on overturning some abuses; his aim, above all, was to establish true religion. His work was not merely negative; it was primarily positive.

Luther then turned his discourse against the superstitions which filled Christendom; signs and mysterious omens; observances of particular days and months; familiar demons, phantoms, influences of the stars, incantations, metamorphoses, incubi and succubi; patronage of saints, &c. &c. &c. He attacked them all, one after the other, and with a strong arm cast down these false gods.

But it was especially before the academy, before that youth, enlightened and eager for instruction, that Luther spread out the treasures of the word of God. "He so explained the Scriptures," says his illustrious friend Melancthon, "that, in the judgment of all pious and enlightened men, it was as if a new light had arisen on the doctrine after a long and dark night. He pointed out the difference between the Law and the Gospel. He refuted that error then predominant in the Church and schools, that men by their own

works, obtain remission of sins, and are made righteous before God by an external discipline. He thus brought back the hearts of men to the Son of God. Like John the Baptist, he pointed to the Lamb of God who has taken away the sins of the world. He explained that sin is freely pardoned on account of God's Son, and that man receives this blessing through faith. He in no way interfered with the usual ceremonies. The established discipline had not in all his order a more faithful observer and defender. But he laboured more and more to make all understand the grand essential doctrines of Conversion; of the Forgiveness of Sins; of Faith; and of the true consolations of the Cross. Pious souls were attracted and penetrated by the sweetness of this doctrine; the learned received it joyfully. One might have said that Christ and his Apostles and Prophets had come forth from darkness or from some impure dungeon.

The firmness with which Luther appealed to and rested on the Gospel, gave great authority to his teaching. But other circumstances added yet further to his power. With him, action corresponded with his words. It was known that these discourses were not merely the fruit of his lips. They came from the heart, and were practised in his daily walk. And when, at a later period, the Reformation burst forth, many influential men who saw with grief the divisions of the Church, won before-hand by the holy life of the Reformer, and his remarkable genius, not only did not oppose him, but embraced the doctrine to which his life gave testimony. The more men loved the Christian virtues, the more did they incline toward the Reformer;—all the most upright divines were in favour of him. This is what those who knew him, said of him, and especially the wisest man of his age, Melancthon, and Luther's celebrated opponent Erasmus. Envy and detraction have dared to talk of his dissolute life. Wittemberg was changed by this preaching of Faith. This city became the focus of a light which was soon to illuminate Germany, and spread over the whole Church.

Luther, whose heart was tender and affectionate, desired to see those whom he loved in possession of the light which had guided him in the paths of peace. He availed himself of all the opportunities he possessed, as professor, teacher, and monk, as well as of his extensive correspondence, to communicate his treasure to others. One of his old associates of the convent of Erfurth, the monk George Spenlein, was then in the convent of Memmingen, having, perhaps, spent a short time at Wittemberg. Spenlein had commissioned Luther to sell some effects that he had left in his hands, a cloak of Brussels stuff, a work by the doctor Isenac, and a monk's hood. Luther carefully executed this commission. "He got," says he, "a florin for the cloak, half a florin for the book, and a florin for the hood," and had forwarded the amount to the Father Vicar, to whom Spenlein was indebted the three florins. But Luther passed quickly from this account of a monk's effects to a more important subject.

"I should like," says he to brother George, "to know how it is with your soul? Is it weary of its own righteousness? In a word does it breathe freely? and put its trust in the righteousness of Christ? In these days, pride has drawn many aside, and especially those who labour with all their strength to be righteous. Not understanding the righteousness of God, which is given to us freely in Jesus Christ, they would stand before him on their own merits. But that can never be. When you and I were living together, you were under this delusion, and so was I. I contend against it unceasingly, and I have not yet entirely overcome it."

"Oh, my dear brother, learn to know Christ, and him crucified. Learn to sing a new song —to despair of your own work, and to cry unto him, Lord Jesus, thou art my righteousness, and I am thy sin. Thou hast taken on thee what was mine, and given to me what is thine; what thou wast not, thou becamest, that I might become what I was not. Beware, my dear George, of aspiring after such purity as that thou mayest not have to acknowledge thyself a sinner; for Christ dwells only with sinners. He came down from heaven, where he abode with the just, to dwell also with sinners. Meditate often on this love of Christ, and you will taste its unspeakable comfort. If our labours and afflictions could give peace to the conscience, why did Christ die upon the cross? You will find peace in him alone; despairing of yourself and of your works, and beholding with what love he spreads his arms to you; taking all your sins on himself, and bestowing on you all his righteousness."

Thus, the doctrine of power, which had already been the saving of the world in the days of the Apostles, and which was a second time to save it in the days of the Reformers, was set forth by Luther fearlessly and clearly. Reaching across many centuries of ignorance and superstition, he, in this, gave his hand to St. Paul.

Spenlein was not the only one whom he sought to instruct in this fundamental doctrine. The little of the truth he found on this subject in the writings of Erasmus distressed him. It was desirable to enlighten on this matter a man of such great authority and such admirable genius. But how to do this. His friend at the court, the chaplain of the Elector, was much respected by Erasmus; to him Luther addressed himself thus: "What displeases me in Erasmus, that man of rare erudition, is, that where the Apostle speaks of the righteousness of works and of the law he understands the fulfilment of the *ceremonial* law. The righteousness of the law consists not alone in ceremonies, but in all the works of the Ten Commandments. When these works are done without faith in Christ, they may, it is true, make a Fabricius, a Regulus, or a man of perfect integrity in man's sight. but they, in that case, are as little entitled to

the name of righteousness, as the fruit of the medlar tree is entitled to be called a fig. For we do not become righteous, as Aristotle asserts, by doing works of righteousness, but when we are righteous we do righteous works. It is necessary that the agent be changed, and then the works by consequence. Abel was first acceptable to God, and then his sacrifice was accepted." Luther continues: "I entreat you, fulfil the duty of a friend and of a Christian in pressing these things on Erasmus." This letter is dated "in great haste, from the corner of our convent, the 19th of October, 1516." It exhibits in its true light the relation between Luther and Erasmus. It shows the sincere interest he took in what he thought really for the good of that illustrious writer. Doubtless at a later period Erasmus's opposition to the truth obliged him to oppose him openly; but he did so only after having sought to set his adversary right.

The world, then, heard at length ideas at once clear and deep on the nature of that which is good. The principle was at last proclaimed, that what constitutes the real goodness of an action is not its outward character, but the spirit in which it is performed. This was aiming a death-blow at all the superstitious observances which had for centuries oppressed the Church, and prevented the Christian virtues from growing and prospering.

"I read Erasmus," writes Luther elsewhere, "but he every day loses weight with me. I love to see him rebuke, with so much learning and firmness, the grovelling ignorance of the priests and monks; but I fear he does no great service to the doctrine of Christ. What is of man, is nearer to his heart than what is of God. We live in critical times. To make a good and judicious Christian, it is not enough to understand Greek and Hebrew. St. Jerome, who knew five languages, is inferior to St. Augustine, who understood but one; though Erasmus thinks the contrary. I carefully conceal my opinion of Erasmus, lest I should give an advantage to his adversaries. It may be, that the Lord will give him understanding in his good time."

The inability of man,—the almighty power of God,—these were the two truths that Luther sought to re-establish. That is but a melancholy religion, and a poor philosophy, which directs man to his own natural strength. Past ages have made trial of that strength; and whilst, in earthly things, man has attained admirable excellence, he has never been able to dissipate the darkness which hides God from his soul, or to change a single inclination to evil. The highest attainment in wisdom of the most aspiring minds, or of the souls most eager after perfection, has been to despair of themselves. It is, therefore, a generous, consoling, and supremely true doctrine, which discovers to us our impotence, that it may declare a power—of God—by which we can do all things; and that is a noble Reformation which vindicates on earth the glory of heaven, and pleads before man the rights of the mighty God.

But no one knew better than Luther the intimate connection that unites the free salvation which cometh of God, with the free works of man. No one showed better than he, that it is only in receiving *all* from Christ, that man gives freely to his brethren. He ever presented, in the same picture, these two procedures,—that of God, and that of man. Thus, after having declared to Spenlein the righteousness which saves us, he added, "If thou firmly believest these things, as thou oughtest, (for cursed is he whosoever doth not believe them,) receive thine erring and ignorant brethren as Jesus Christ hath received thee. Bear with them patiently; make their sins your own; and if you have any good thing to communicate to them, do it. Receive you one another, said the Apostle, as Christ also hath received us, to the glory of God. It is a wretched righteousness which will not bear with others, because it deems them evil, and seeks the solitude of the desert, instead of doing good to such, by long-suffering, by prayer and example. If thou art the lily and the rose of Christ, know that thy dwelling-place is among thorns. Only take heed, lest, by impatience, rash judgments, and pride, thou thyself become a thorn. Christ reigns in the midst of his enemies. If he had desired to live only among the good, and die only for such as loved him, would he have died at all? and among whom would he have lived?"

It is affecting to see how Luther himself put in practice these precepts of charity. An Augustine of Erfurth, George Leiffer, was exposed to many trials. Luther heard of it, and a week after he wrote this letter, he went to him with expressions of compassion: "I hear," said he, "that you are driven about by many tempests, and that your soul is impelled hither and thither by the waves. The cross of Christ is divided over the earth, and each one has his share. Do not you refuse your portion; rather receive it as a holy relic not, indeed, into a gold or silver vase, but, what is much preferable, into a heart of gold—a heart imbued with meekness. If the wood of the cross was so sanctified by the blood and body of Christ, that we deem it the most venerable of relics, how much more should we count as holy relics, the wrongs, persecutions, sufferings, and hatred of men, since they were not only touched by Christ's flesh, but embraced, kissed, and made blessed by his boundless love."

The teaching of Luther bore fruit. Many of his disciples felt themselves impelled to a public profession of the truths which their master's lessons had revealed to them. Among his hearers was a young scholar, Bernard of Feldkirchen, professor of Aristotelian physics in the university, and, five years later, the first of the ecclesiastics who entered into the marriage state.

Luther desired Feldkirchen to maintain, under his presidence, *theses*, in which his principles were set forth. The doctrines professed by Luther acquired by this means additional publicity The disputation took place in 1516

This was Luther's first attack on the reign of the sophists and on the Papacy, as he says himself. Feeble as it was, it cost him many misgivings. "I consent to the printing of these propositions," said he, many years after, when publishing them in his works, "chiefly that the greatness of my cause, and the success with which God has crowned it, may not lift me up; for they manifest abundantly my shame; that is to say, the infirmity and ignorance, the fear and trembling, with which I began this contest. I was alone; I had thrown myself rashly into the affair. Not being able to draw back, I gave up to the Pope many important points; I even worshipped his authority."

The following were some of these propositions:—

"The old man is the vanity of vanities; he is the universal vanity, and he makes other creatures vain, whatever goodness may be in them.

"The old man is called 'the flesh,' not merely because he is led by the desires of the flesh, but also because, though he should even be chaste, virtuous, and just, he is not born again of God, by the Spirit.

"A man who is a stranger to the grace of God cannot keep the commandments of God, nor prepare himself, wholly or in part, to receive grace, but remains necessarily under sin.

"The will of man, without divine grace, is not free, but enslaved, and willing to be so.

"Jesus Christ, our strength, our righteousness, he who searches the heart and reins, is the only discerner and judge of our deserts.

"Since all things are possible through Christ to him that believeth, it is superstitious to seek for other help, either in man's will or in the saints."

This disputation made a great noise, and it has been considered as the commencement of the Reformation.

The moment drew nigh when that Reformation was to burst forth. God hastened the preparation of the instrument he designed to use. The Elector, having built a new church at Wittemberg, and given it the name of All Saints, despatched Staupitz to the Low Countries to collect relics to enrich the new temple. The Vicar-general commissioned Luther to take his place in his absence, and, in particular, to make a visitation to forty monasteries of Misnia and Thuringia.

Luther went first to Grimma, and thence to Dresden. Everywhere he endeavoured to establish the truths he had discovered, and to enlighten the members of his order. "Do not join yourself to Aristotle," said he to the monks, "or to the other teachers of a misleading philosophy, but apply yourselves to the reading of the word of God. Seek not your salvation in your own strength and good works, but in the merits of Christ, and in the grace of God."

An Augustine monk of Dresden had eloped from his convent, and was residing at Mentz, where the prior of the Augustines had received him. Luther wrote to the prior, desiring him to send back this stray sheep; and he added these words of truth and charity: "I know—I know that it cannot be but that offences must come. It is no wonder when man falls, but it is a miracle when he rises and continues standing. Peter fell that he might know that he was a man. Even at this day we see cedars of Lebanon falling. The angels, even, (difficult as it is to conceive it,) fell in heaven, and Adam in Paradise. Why, then, should we wonder when a reed is shaken by the whirlwind, or a flickering taper is extinguished."

From Dresden, Luther repaired to Erfurth, and reappeared, to exercise the functions of Vicar-general in that same convent, where, eleven years before, he had wound up the clock, opened the gates, and swept the floor of the church. He placed in the post of prior of the convent, his friend the bachelor, John Lange, a man of learning and piety, but austere in his disposition. Therefore it was he exhorted him to affability and patience. "Put on," said he, writing to him shortly after, "put on a spirit of meekness toward the prior of Nuremberg. It is proper that you should do so, since the prior has assumed a harsh and bitter tone. Bitterness is not expelled by bitterness,—that is to say, the devil is not cast out by the devil; but the sweet overcomes and expels the bitter,—in other words, the finger of God casts out devils." Perhaps we may regret that Luther himself, on some occasions, forgot to follow these excellent directions.

At Neustadt, on the Orla, there was nothing but disunion. Disturbances and dissensions reigned in the convent. The whole body of the monks were in open war with their prior. They beset Luther with their complaints. The prior, Michael Dressel,—or Tornator, as Luther calls him, translating his name into Latin,—enumerated to the Doctor all his grievances. "Oh, for peace!" said the prior. "You seek peace," said Luther, "but it is only the peace of the world, and not the peace that is of Christ. Do you not know that our God has set his peace in the midst of opposition? He whom nobody disturbs has not peace, but he who, harassed by all men, and by the things of this life, bears all tranquilly and joyfully; he it is that has the true peace. You cry, with Israel, *peace, peace*, when there is no peace. Say rather with Christ, *the cross, the cross*, and there will be no cross: for the cross ceases to be a cross when we can say with love: 'O blessed cross! there is no wood like thine!'" On his return to Wittemberg, Luther, desiring to put a stop to these dissensions, allowed the monks to elect another prior. Luther returned to Wittemberg after six weeks absence. What he had witnessed saddened him; but his journey gave him a better knowledge of the Church and of the world, and more confidence in his intercourse with mankind, besides offering many opportunities of pressing the fundamental truth that "Holy Scripture alone shows us the way to heaven."

and at the same time exhorting the brethren to live holily and at peace one with another. Doubtless a plenteous seed was sown in the different Augustine convents during that journey of the Reformer. The monastic orders, which had long been the support of Rome, did more, perhaps, for the Reformation than against it. This was especially true of the Augustines. Almost all the men of liberal and enlightened piety who were living in the cloisters, turned towards the Gospel. A new and generous blood seemed to circulate through these orders, which were as the arteries of the Catholic body in Germany. In public, little was as yet heard of the new ideas of the Augustine of Wittemberg; while they were already the chief subject of conversation in chapters and monasteries. More than one cloister was, in this way, the nursery of the Reformers. When the great struggle came, pious and brave men came forth from their retirement and exchanged the solitude of monkish life for the active service of ministers of God's word. Even as early as this visit of inspection in 1516, Luther aroused by his words many a drowsy spirit. Hence that year has been named "the Morning Star of the Reformation."

Luther now resumed his usual occupation. He was, at this period, overwhelmed with labour. Besides his duties as professor, preacher, and confessor, he was burdened with many temporal concerns of his order and convent. "I require almost continually," said he, "two secretaries; for I do scarce any thing else all day long than write letters. I am preacher to the convent, reader of prayers at table, pastor and parish minister, director of studies, vicar of the priory, (that is to say, prior ten times over,) inspector of the fish-ponds of Litzkau, counsel to the inns of Herzberg at Torgau, lecturer on St. Paul, and commentator on the Psalms. Seldom have I time to say my prayers, or to sing a hymn; not to mention my struggle with flesh and blood, the devil and the world. See what an idle man I am!"

About this time the plague showed itself at Wittemberg. A great number of the students and doctors quitted the town. Luther remained. "I do not very well know," wrote he to his friend at Erfurth, "whether the plague will suffer me to finish the Epistle to the Galatians. Quick and sudden in its attacks, it makes great havoc, especially among the young. You advise me to flee—but whither shall I flee? I hope the world will not go to pieces if brother Martin should fall. If the plague spreads, I will send the brethren away in all directions, but for my part I am placed here; obedience does not allow me to leave the spot until He who called me hither shall call me away. Not that I am above the fear of death, (for I am not the Apostle Paul, but only his commentator,) but I trust the Lord will deliver me from the fear of it." Such was the firm resolution of the Doctor of Wittemberg. He whom the plague could not force to retire a single step, would he draw back from fear of Rome? would he recede in the prospect of the scaffold?

The same courage that Luther evinced in presence of the most formidable evils, he manifested before the great ones of the world The Elector was well satisfied with the Vicar general. He had reaped a rich harvest of relics in the Low Countries. Luther gave an account of it to Spalatin. This affair of the relics is singular enough, occurring as it did at the moment when the Reformation was about to open. Assuredly the Reformers did not see clearly whither they were tending. The Elector deemed that nothing less than a bishopric was a reward commensurate with the services of the Vicar-general. Luther, to whom Spalatin wrote on the subject, highly disapproved the suggestion. "There are many things," answered he, "that are pleasing to your prince, which yet displease God. I do not deny that he is skilled in the concerns of the world, but in what relates to God and the salvation of souls, I consider him altogether blind, as well as his adviser Pfeffinger. I do not say that behind his back, like a calumniator; I do not conceal my opinion from them; for I am at all times ready myself to tell them both so to their faces. Why will you," continued he, "seek to surround that man (Staupitz) with all the heavings and tempests of episcopal cares?"

The Elector did not take amiss the frankness of Luther. "The prince," wrote Spalatin, "often speaks of you in honourable terms." Frederic sent the monk some stuff for a gown. It was of very fine cloth. "It would be too fine," said Luther, "if it were not a prince's gift. I am not worthy that any man should think of me, much less a prince, and so noble a prince. Those are most useful to me who think worst of me. Present my thanks to our Prince for his favour, but know that I desire neither the praise of myself nor of others; all of the praise of man is vain, the praise that cometh of God being alone true."

The worthy chaplain would not confine himself to his functions at the court. He wished to make himself useful to the people, but, like many others in all ages, he wished to do it without offence, without irritating any one, and so as to conciliate general favour. "Point out to me," said he, in a letter to Luther, "some writing to translate, but one that shall give general satisfaction, and at the same time be useful!" "Agreeable and useful," replied Luther, "that is beyond my skill. The better things are, the less they please. What is more salutary than Christ? and yet he is to most a savour of death. You will say that what you intend is to be useful to those who love Christ;—then cause them to hear his voice; you will thus be agreeable and useful—never doubt it—but to a small number, for the sheep are but rare in this dreary region of wolves."

Luther, however, recommended to his friend the sermons of Tauler the Dominican. "I never saw," said he, "either in Latin or in

our language, a theology more sound or more conformable to the Gospel. Taste them and see how gracious the Lord is, but not till you have first tasted and experienced how bitter is every thing in ourselves."

It was in the course of the year 1517 that Luther became connected with Duke George of Saxony. The house of Saxony had at that time two chiefs. Two princes, Ernest and Albert, carried off in their childhood from the castle of Altenburg, by Kunz of Kaufungen, had by the treaty of Leipsic been acknowledged as the founders of the two houses which still bear their names. The Elector Frederic, son of Ernest, was at the period we are recording, the head of the Ernestine branch, as his cousin Duke George was head of the Albertine branch. Dresden and Leipsic were situated in the states of this duke, and he himself resided in the former of these cities. His mother, Sidonia, was daughter of the King of Bohemia, George Podibrad. The long struggle which Bohemia had maintained with Rome, since the time of John Huss, had had some influence on the Prince of Saxony. He had often manifested a desire of a Reformation. "He sucked it with his mother's milk," said they; "he is, by his nature, an enemy to the clergy." He annoyed, in many ways, the bishops, abbots, canons, and monks; and his cousin, the Elector Frederic, often had to interpose in their behalf. It must have seemed that Duke George would be the warmest patron of a Reformation. The devout Frederic, on the contrary, who had in early life assumed, in the holy sepulchre, the spurs of Godfrey, and armed himself with the long and heavy sword of the conqueror of Jerusalem, making oath to fight for the Church, like that valiant knight, seemed marked out to be the most ardent champion of Rome. But in what pertains to the Gospel, all the calculations of human wisdom are often deceived. The very reverse ensued. The Duke would have taken pleasure in bringing down the Church and the clergy, in humbling the bishops, whose princely retinue much exceeded his own; but to receive into his heart the doctrine of the Gospel, which was to humble him,—to confess himself a guilty sinner, incapable of being saved except by grace,—was quite another thing. He would have willingly reformed others, but he had no idea of reforming himself. He would perhaps have put his hand to the work to oblige the Bishop of Mentz to limit himself to one bishopric, and to have only fourteen horses in his stables, as he said more than once; but when he saw one altogether unlike himself appear as the Reformer,—when he beheld a plain monk undertake this work, and the Reformation gaining ground among the people,—the proud grandson of the Hussite King became the most violent adversary of the reform to which he had shown himself favourable.

In the month of July, 1517, Duke George requested Staupitz to send him a learned and eloquent preacher. Staupitz sent Luther, recommending him as a man of great learning and irreproachable conduct. The prince invited him to preach at Dresden in the chapel of the castle on St. James the Elder's day.

The day came. The Duke and his court repaired to the chapel to hear the preacher from Wittemberg. Luther seized with joy the opportunity of giving his testimony to the truth before such an assembly. He chose as his text the gospel of the day: "Then the mother of Zebedee's children came to him with her sons," &c. (Mat. xx. 20.) He preached on the desires and unreasonable prayers of men, and then proceeded to speak with energy on the assurance of salvation. He rested it on this foundation;—that they who hear the word of God and believe it, are the true disciples of Christ, elect unto eternal life. Then he spoke of free election: he showed that his doctrine, viewed in connection with Christ's work, has power to dispel the terrors of conscience, so that men, instead of fleeing far from the Holy God, in the consciousness of their unworthiness, are brought by grace to seek refuge in Him. In conclusion, he related a story of three virgins, from which he deduced edifying instructions.

The word of truth made a profound impression on the hearers. Two of them, especially, seemed to pay particular attention to the sermon of the monk of Wittemberg. The first was a lady of respectable appearance, seated on the benches of the court, and on whose features might be traced a deep emotion. This was Madame de la Sale, lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess. The other was Jerome Emser, licentiate of canon law, and secretary and counsellor to the duke. Emser was gifted with talents and extensive acquirements. A courtier, a skilful politician, he would have wished at once to satisfy two opposite parties,—to pass at Rome as a defender of the Papacy, and at the same time shine among the learned men of Germany. But beneath this dexterous policy lay hid much violence of character. It was the chapel of the castle of Dresden that was the scene of the first meeting of Luther and Emser, who were destined afterwards to break more than one lance together.

The dinner hour sounded in the castle, and soon the ducal family and the different persons of the court were assembled round the table. The conversation naturally turned on the morning preacher. "How did you like the sermon?" said the Duke to Madame de la Sale. "If I could but hear one other such sermon," answered she, "I would die in peace." "And I," replied Duke George angrily, "would give something not to have heard it; for such sermons are good for nothing, and serve only to encourage men in sin."

The master having thus made known his opinion, the courtiers gave vent to their dissatisfaction. Each was ready with his remark. Some asserted that in Luther's story of the three virgins, he had in his eye three ladies of the court;—hereupon much talk and whispering ensued. The three ladies were

rallied on the circumstance of the monk of Wittemberg, having, as they said, publicly pointed them out. "He is an ignorant fellow," said some. "A proud monk!" said others. Each one criticised the sermon in his own manner, and made the preacher say what he pleased. The truth had fallen in the midst of a court little prepared to receive it. Every one mangled it at his will. But whilst the word of God was thus to some an occasion of falling, it was to the lady of the bed-chamber a corner-stone of edification. One month afterwards, she fell sick, embraced with confidence the grace of the Saviour, and died with joy.

As to the Duke, it was not perhaps in vain that he heard this testimony to the truth. Whatever had been his opposition to the Reformation during his life, he is known to have declared on his death-bed that he had no other hope than in the merits of Christ.

It was a matter of course that Emser should do the honours to Luther in the name of his master. He invited him to supper. Luther declined. But Emser pressed him until he assented. Luther expected to meet only a few friends, but he soon saw it was a trap laid for him. A master of arts of Leipsic and several Dominicans were with the Prince's secretary. The master of arts, full of confidence in himself, and of hatred against Luther, accosted him with a friendly and gentle air, but soon lost his temper, and talked loudly. The debate was opened. The discussion turned, says Luther, on the solemn trifling of Aristotle and St. Thomas. In conclusion, Luther challenged the master of arts to define, with all the learning of the Thomists, in what obedience to God's commandments consisted. The master of arts, though puzzled, put a good face upon it. "Pay me my fees first," said he, holding out his hand, "*Da pastum*," as though he were called on to give a formal lecture, treating the guests as his scholars. "At this ridiculous reply," adds the Reformer, "we all laughed outright, and hereupon we separated."

During this conversation, a Dominican had listened at the door. He wanted to enter that he might spit in Luther's face. He, however, restrained himself; but publicly boasted of it afterwards. Emser, delighted to see his guests contending with each other, while he himself appeared to maintain a guarded medium, took pains to excuse himself to Luther on the incident of the evening. The latter returned to Wittemberg.

He again applied himself laboriously to work. He was preparing six or seven young divines, who were about to undergo examination for license to teach. What most pleased him was, that their promotion would contribute to the downfal of Aristotle. "I would lose no time," said he, "in adding to the number of his opponents." And with this object, he, about that time, published some theses which deserve our attention.

The Freedom of the Will was his high subject. He had already slightly touched on it in the theses of Feldkirchen; he now went more fully into the question. Ever since the promulgation of Christianity, a controversy has been carried on, with more or less keenness, between the two doctrines of the liberty and the bondage of the human will. Certain scholastic writers, as Pelagius, and others, had taught that man possessed, from his own nature, a freedom of will, or the power of loving God and doing righteousness. Luther denied this doctrine; not in order to deprive man of liberty, but that he might lead him to obtain it. The point of dispute, then, is not, as has been commonly said, between liberty and slavery; it is between a liberty proceeding from man's nature, and a liberty that cometh of God. The one party, who call themselves the advocates of liberty, say to man: "Thou hast the power to do right, thou hast no need of more liberty!" the others, who have been styled the partisans of slavery, say to him the very reverse: "True liberty is what thou needest, and it is what God offers to thee in the Gospel." On the one side, they talk of liberty so as to perpetuate servitude; on the other, they proclaim to us our bondage that we may obtain liberty. Such has been the contest in St. Paul's time; in the days of St. Augustine; and, again, in those of Luther. The one party, congratulating man on his freedom, would, in effect, reconcile him to slavery; the other, showing how his fetters may be struck off, are the true advocates of liberty.

But we should be deceiving ourselves, if we are to sum up, in this question, the whole of the Reformation. It is one, and only one, of many doctrines that the professor of Wittemberg contended for. It would, especially, be a strange error to assert, that the Reformation was a fatalism,—an opposition to the notion of human liberty. It was a noble emancipation of the mind of man. Bursting the many cords with which the hierarchy had tied down the thoughts of men,—restoring the ideas of liberty, of right of free investigation,—it liberated its own age, ourselves, and the remotest posterity. And let none say: "True, the Reformation did liberate man from all human despotism; but at the same time, reduced him to slavery in other things, by proclaiming the sovereignty of grace."—Doubtless, its aim was to bring the human will into harmony with the divine will, to subject the former absolutely to the latter, and to blend them together. But where is the philosopher who does not know, that perfect conformity to the will of God is the sole, sovereign, and complete liberty; and that man will never be truly free, until perfect righteousness and unchanging truth reign unrivalled in his heart and mind?

The following are a few of the ninety-nine propositions which Luther put forth in the church, against the Pelagian rationalism of the scholastic theology:—

"It is true that man, who is become 'a bad tree,' can but will and do what is evil.

It is false that the will, left to itself, can do good as well as evil; for it is not free, but led captive.

"It is not in the power of man's will to purpose or not purpose all that is suggested to him.

"Man, by nature, cannot wish that God should be God. He would prefer that himself should be God, and that God should not be God.

"The excellent, infallible, and sole preparation for grace, is the election and the everlasting predestination of God.

"It is false to say, that man, if he does all in his power, dissipates the obstacles to divine grace.

"In one word, nature possesses neither a pure reason nor a good will.

"On man's part, there is nothing that goes before grace,—nothing but impotency and rebellion.

"There is no moral virtue without pride or sadness,—that is to say, without sin.

"From first to last, we are not the masters of our actions, but their slaves.

"We do not become righteous by doing that which is righteous; but having become righteous, we do that which is righteous.

"He who says a theologian unacquainted with logic is a heretic and empiric, makes an empirical and heretical assertion.

"There is no form of reasoning or syllogism suited to the things of God.

"If the syllogistic method were applicable to divine things, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity would be *known* and not *believed*.

"In a word, Aristotle is to theology as darkness to light.

"Man is more opposed to the *grace* of God than to the law itself.

"He who is destitute of the grace of God sins incessantly, though he should neither kill, nor steal, nor commit adultery.

"He sins, because he does not fulfil the law *spiritually*.

"It is the righteousness of hypocrites not to kill, and not to commit adultery in outward acts.

"The law of God and the will of man are two opposites, which, without the grace of God, cannot be made to meet.

"What the law prescribes the will never seeks, unless, from fear or interest, it effects to seek it.

"The law is a task-master of our will, which is not brought into obedience, save only by the young child born unto us. (Isa. ix. 6.)

"The law makes sin to abound, for it irritates and repels the will.

"But the grace of God makes righteousness to abound 'by Jesus Christ;' who leads us to love the law.

"All the works of the law seem fair without, but are sin within.

"The will, when it turns towards the law, without the grace of God, does so only for its own self-pleasing.

"They are still under the curse who do the works of the law

"Blessed are all they who do works of the grace of God.

"The law which is good, and in which we have life, is the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.

"Grace is not given, that works may be done oftener or easier; but because, without grace, no work of love can be done.

"To love God is to abhor ourselves, and to have nothing out of God."

Thus, Luther attributes to God all good that man can do. It is not enough to repair and patch up, if we may so speak, man's will; an entirely new will must be given him. God only could have said this; because God only could accomplish it. This is one of the greatest and most important truths that the human mind can receive.

But Luther, while proclaiming the impotence of man, did not fall into a contrary extreme to that he opposed. He says, in his 8th thesis: "It does not follow, from this statement, that the will is in its nature bad: that is, that its nature is that of evil itself, as the Manicheans have asserted." The nature of man was at first essentially good: it has turned aside from good,—that is, from God,—and inclined to evil. Still its holy and glorious origin remains, and it may, by the power of God, be restored and renewed. The office of Christianity is thus to restore it. It is true, the Gospel represents man in a condition of humiliation and impotence, but between two states of glory and of grandeur—a past glory, from which he has been hurled, and a future glory, to which he is called. That is the real truth: man knows it, and on the slightest consideration, he perceives that all that is said of his present purity, power, and glory, is nothing but a fiction designed to lull and soothe his pride.

Luther, in his theses, protested not only against the pretended goodness of man's will, but also against the asserted illumination of his understanding in regard to divine things. The schoolmen had exalted human reason as well as man's will. This theology, as it had been represented by some of its teachers, was at the bottom a kind of rationalism. The propositions that we have quoted, show this. We might suppose them directed against the rationalism of our day. In the theses which were the signal of the Reformation, Luther censured the Church and the popular superstitions which had overloaded the Gospel with indulgences, purgatory, and so many other abuses. In the theses we have now quoted, he attacked the schools and the rationalism which had retrenched from the Gospel the doctrine of God's sovereign grace. The Reformation turned against rationalism before it attacked superstition. It proclaimed the rights of God before it lopped off the excrescences of man. It was positive—before it was negative. This has not been sufficiently adverted to, and yet, if we do not keep it in mind, it is impossible to appreciate this religious revolution and its true nature.

However this may be, the truths that

Luther had just expressed with so much energy, were quite new to his hearers. To maintain these theses at Wittemberg would have been an easy thing. His influence prevailed there. It might have been said that he was choosing a field in which he knew no antagonist could oppose him. By offering battle in another university, he was giving them a wider publicity; and it was through publicity that the Reformation was to be effected. He chose Erfurth, whose divines had shown themselves so offended with him.

He therefore sent these theses to John Lange, prior of Erfurth, and wrote to him thus: "My anxiety to know your mind on these paradoxes is great, perhaps extreme. I strongly suspect that your theologians will consider as paradox, and even as *cacodox*, that which I must always consider very orthodox. Tell me, therefore, your opinion, as soon as you can. Pray inform the faculty of theology, and all others, that I am ready to come among you, and publicly maintain these propositions, either in the University or in the monastery." It does not appear that Luther's challenge was accepted. The monks of Erfurth contented themselves with letting him know that these theses had greatly displeased them.

But he determined to send them into another part of Germany. He turned his eyes, for that purpose, on one who played a remarkable part in the history of the Reformation, and whose character it is necessary we should understand.

John Meyer, a distinguished professor, was then teaching at the University of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria. He was a native of Eck, a village of Suabia, and was commonly called Doctor Eck. He was a friend of Luther, who highly esteemed his talents and information. He was full of intelligence, well read, and gifted with an extraordinary memory. To his learning he united eloquence. His action and voice expressed the liveliness of his genius. Eck was, as to talent, in southern Germany, what Luther was in the north. They were the two most distinguished theologians of that period, though differing widely in their tendency, as the sequel showed. Ingolstadt almost rivalled Wittemberg. The reputation of the two Doctors drew from all sides to their respective universities a crowd of students eager to listen to their lectures. Their personal qualities, not less than their learning, endeared them to their scholars. The character of Eck has been censured. An incident of his life will show, that, at this period at least, his heart was not closed against generous impulses.

Among the students, whom his reputation had attracted to Ingolstadt, was a young man named Urban Regius, born on the banks of one of the Swiss lakes. He had studied first at the University of Friburg in Brisgau. Arriving at Ingolstadt, whither the reputation of Eck had attracted him, Urban there attended courses of philosophy, and won the doctor's favour. Obliged to provide for his own necessities, he found himself compelled to take charge of the education of some young nobles. He was not only to overlook their conduct and studies, but himself to buy for them the books and clothes they needed. These youths were accustomed to dress well and live expensively. Regius, uneasy at this, requested the parents to remove their sons. "Take courage," answered they. His debts increased, his creditors became clamorous, he knew not what would become of him. The Emperor was then collecting an army against the Turks. Some recruiting parties arrived at Ingolstadt. In his desperation Urban enlisted. He appeared in the ranks in military garb, at a review preparatory to marching. Just then, Doctor Eck arrived in the square with some of his colleagues. To his great surprise, he recognised his student in the midst of the recruits. "Urban Regius!" said he, approaching him, and fixing on him a scrutinizing eye. "I am here!" said the conscript. "What, I pray you, is the cause of this change?" The young man told his story. "I will settle the affair," answered Eck. He then proceeded to take away his halberd, and bought his discharge from the recruiting officers. The parents, threatened by the Doctor with the displeasure of their prince, sent the necessary funds for their children's expenditure. Urban Regius was preserved, to become at a later period one of the supporters of the Reformation.

It was Doctor Eck that Luther pitched on to make known in the southern states his theses on Pelagianism and the Rationalism of the schools. He did not, however, send them direct to the Professor of Ingolstadt, but addressed them to their common friend, the worthy Christopher Scheurl, town-clerk of the city of Nuremberg, requesting him to forward them to Eck, at Ingolstadt, which was not far from Nuremberg. "I send you," said he, "my propositions, (merely paradoxical, or even *kakistodoxical* as they seem to many;) communicate them to our dear Eck, that learned and sagacious man, that I may know what he thinks of them." It was thus Luther then spoke of Doctor Eck; such was the friendship which united them. Luther was not the first to break off this good understanding.

But the combat was not to be fought on that field. These *theses* turned, it may be thought, on doctrines of higher importance than those which, two months after, set the whole Church in a flame. And yet, notwithstanding Luther's challenge, they passed unnoticed. They were read, at the most in the precincts of the school, and they made no sensation beyond its bounds. The reason of this was, that they contained only academic propositions, and theological doctrines; whilst the theses which followed had immediate reference to an evil which had grown up in the midst of the people, and overflowed Germany on all sides. So long as Luther confined himself to bringing forth long-forgotten doctrine, no response was heard. When he pointed to the abuses which offended all minds, every one gave ear.

Nevertheless, Luther, in both cases, did but design to raise one of those theological discussions then frequent in the University. His ideas did not range beyond that circle. He had no thought of becoming a Reformer. He had a low opinion of his own powers, and his humility even amounted to mistrust and anxiety, "I deserve,—such is my ignorance," —said he, "nothing better than to be hidden in a corner unknown to every one." But a powerful hand drew him forth from this corner, where he would have wished to remain unknown to the world. An occurrence, which did not depend on Luther's will, threw him on the field of battle, and the conflict began. It is this providential circumstance that the progress of events calls on us to narrate.

BOOK III.

THE INDULGENCES AND THE THESES.

1517—1518.

Tetzel—Confessions—The Sale—Penance—Letter of Indulgence—Relaxations—A Soul in Purgatory—The Shoemaker of Hagenau—Myconius—A Stratagem—Opinions of the People—The Miser of Schneeberg—Leo X.—Albert—Farming Indulgences—Franciscans and Dominicans—Confession—A Calumny Refuted—Luther's Sermon—The Dream—Theses—Letter to Albert—Efforts for Reform—The Bishops—Spread of the Theses—Reception of the Theses—Effects of the Theses—Myconius—Apprehension—Opposers at Wittemberg—Luther's Answer—Dejection of Luther—Motives—Tetzel's Attack—Luther's Answer—Luther's Boldness—Luther and Spalatin—Study of the Scriptures—Scheurl and Luther—Albert Durer—Tetzel's Reply—Disputation at Frankfort—Tetzel's Theses—Luther's Theses Burned—Outcry of the Monks—Luther's Composure—Tetzel's Theses Burned—The higher Clergy—Prierias—The Romish System—The Disciple of the Bible—The Doctrine of the Reformation—Luther's Reply to Prierias—Hochstraten—Doctor Eck—The "Obelisks"—The "Asterisks"—Scheurl Attempts Reconciliation—Luther's Tracts—"Who art in Heaven"—"Our Daily Bread"—"Remission of Sins"—Effects of Luther's Teaching—Luther's Journey—The Palatine Castle—The "Paradoxes"—The Disputation—Its Results—Bucer—Brentz—The Gospel of Heidelburg—Effect on Luther—The Old Professor—Return to Wittemberg.

A GREAT agitation reigned, at that time, among the people of Germany. The Church had opened a vast market on the earth. Judging from the crowd of buyers, and the noise and jests of the dealers, we might call it a fair; but a fair held by monks. The merchandise they extolled, offering it at a reduced price, was, said they, the salvation of souls!

The dealers passed through the country in a gay carriage, escorted by three horsemen, in great state, and spending freely. One might have thought it some dignitary on a royal progress, with his attendants and officers, and not a common dealer, or a begging monk. When the procession approached a town, a messenger waited on the magistrate: "The grace of God, and of the Holy Father, is at your gates:" said the envoy. Instantly every thing was in motion in the place. The clergy, the priests, the nuns, the council, the schoolmasters, the trades, with their flags,—men and women, young and old, went forth to meet the merchants, with lighted tapers in their hands, advancing to the sound of music, and of all the bells of the place; "so that," says an historian, "they could not have given a grander welcome to God himself." Salutations being exchanged, the whole procession moved toward the church. The pontiff's bull of grace was borne in front, on a velvet cushion, or on cloth of gold. The chief vendor of indulgences followed, supporting a large red wooden cross; and the whole procession moved in this manner, amidst singing, prayers, and the smoke of incense. The sound of organs, and a concert of instruments, received the monkish dealer and his attendants into the church. The cross he bore with him was erected in front of the altar: on it was hung the Pope's arms; and, as long as it remained there, the clergy of the place, the penitentiaries, and the sub-commissioners, with white wands in their hands, came every day after vespers, or before the salutation, to do homage to it. This great bustle excited a lively sensation in the quiet towns of Germany.

One person in particular drew the attention of the spectators in these sales. It was he who bore the great red cross and had the most prominent part assigned to him. He was clothed in the habit of the Dominicans, and his port was lofty. His voice was sonorous, and he seemed yet in the prime of his strength, though he was past his sixty-third year. This man, who was the son of a goldsmith of Leipsic, named Diez, bore the name of John Diezel or Tetzel. He had studied in his native town, had taken his bachelor's degree in 1487, and entered two years later into the order of the Dominicans. Numerous honours had been accumulated on him. Bachelor of Theology, Prior of the Dominicans, Apostolical Commissioner, Inquisitor, (*hereticæ pravitatis inquisitor*,) he had ever since the year 1502, filled the office of an agent for the sale of indulgences. The experience he had acquired

as a subordinate functionary had very early raised him to the station of chief commissioner. He had an allowance of 80 florins per month, all his expenses defrayed, and he was allowed a carriage and three horses; but we may readily imagine that his indirect emoluments far exceeded his allowances. In 1507, he gained in two days at Freyberg 2000 florins. If his occupation resembled that of a mountebank, he had also the morals of one. Convicted at Inspruck of adultery and abominable profligacy, he was near paying the forfeit of his life. The Emperor Maximilian had ordered that he should be put into a sack and thrown into the river. The Elector Frederic of Saxony had interceded for him, and obtained his pardon. But the lesson he had received had not taught him more decency. He carried about with him two of his children. Miltitz, the Pope's legate, cites the fact in one of his letters. It would have been hard to find in all the cloisters of Germany, a man more adapted to the traffic with which he was charged. To the theology of a monk, and the zeal and spirit of an inquisitor, he united the greatest effrontery. What most helped him in his office, was the facility he displayed in the invention of the strange stories with which the taste of the common people is generally pleased. No means came amiss to him to fill his coffers. Lifting up his voice and giving loose to a coarse volubility, he offered his indulgences to all comers, and excelled any salesman at a fair in recommending his merchandise.

As soon as the cross was elevated with the Pope's arms suspended upon it, Tetzel ascended the pulpit, and, with a bold tone, began, in the presence of the crowd whom the ceremony had drawn to the sacred spot, to exalt the efficacy of indulgences. The people listened and wondered at the admirable virtues ascribed to them. A Jesuit historian says himself, in speaking of the Dominican friars whom Tetzel had associated with him: —"Some of these preachers did not fail, as usual, to distort their subject, and so to exaggerate the value of the indulgences as to lead the people to believe that, as soon as they gave their money, they were certain of salvation and of the deliverance of souls from purgatory."

If such were the pupils, we may imagine what lengths the master went. Let us hear one of these harangues, pronounced after the erection of the cross.

"Indulgences," said he, "are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts.

"'This cross" (pointing to the red cross) "has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ.

"Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven you.

"I would not exchange my privileges for those of Saint Peter in heaven, for I have saved more sou.s with my indulgences than he with his sermons.

"There is no sin so great that the indulgence cannot remit it, and even if any one should (which is doubtless impossible) ravish the Holy Virgin Mother of God, let him pay, —let him only pay largely, and it shall be for given him.

"Even repentance is not indispensable.

"But more than all this: indulgences save not the living alone, they also save the dead.

"Ye priests, ye nobles, ye tradesmen, ye wives, ye maidens, and ye young men hearken to your departed parents and friends, who cry to you from the bottomless abyss: 'We are enduring horrible torment! a small alms would deliver us;—you can give it, and you will not!'"

A shudder ran through his hearers at these words, uttered by the formidable voice of the mountebank monk.

"The very moment," continued Tetzel, "that the money clinks against the bottom of the chest, the soul escapes from purgatory, and flies free to heaven.

"O, senseless people, and almost like to beasts, who do not comprehend the grace so richly offered! This day, heaven is on all sides open. Do you now refuse to enter? When then do you intend to come in? This day you may redeem many souls. Dull and heedless man, with ten groschen you can deliver your father from purgatory, and you are so ungrateful that you will not rescue him. In the day of judgment, my conscience will be clear; but you will be punished the more severely for neglecting so great a salvation. I protest that though you should have only one coat, you ought to strip it off and sell it, to purchase this grace. Our Lord God no longer deals with us as God. He has given all power to the Pope!"

Then, having recourse to other inducements, he added, "Do you know why our most Holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated Church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored, so as to be unparalleled in the whole earth. That church contains the bodies of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and a vast company of martyrs. Those sacred bodies, owing to the present condition of the edifice, are now, alas! continually trodden, flooded, polluted, dishonoured, and rotting in rain and hail. Ah! shall those holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire?"

This touch of description never failed to produce an impression on many hearers. There was an eager desire to aid poor Leo X., who had not the means of sheltering from the rain the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul!

The speaker next proceeded to declaim against the disputers who should question, and the traitors who should oppose his mission: "I declare them all excommunicated!"

Then turning to the docile souls among his hearers, and impiously perverting the Scripture, "Blessed," said he, "blessed are the eyes that see what you see; for I tell you that many prophets and many kings have desired to see the things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear, and have not heard them." And as a finish to his address, pointing to the strong box in which the money was received, he generally

concluded his moving discourse by thrice calling on the people, "Bring your money! bring money! bring money!" "He uttered this cry with such a dreadful bellowing," observed Luther, "that one might have thought some wild bull was rushing among the people and goring them with his horns." The moment he had made an end, he came down the steps of the pulpit, ran towards the strong box, and, in sight of all the people, threw in a piece of silver with a loud sound!

Such were the discourses that Germany heard with astonishment, in the days when God was preparing Luther.

The sermon ended, the indulgence was considered as having "established its throne in the place with due solemnity." Confessionals, surmounted with the Pope's arms, were prepared. The sub-commissioners and confessors chosen were held to represent the apostolic penitentiaries, or absolving priests of Rome, at the period of a great jubilee; and on each of their confessionals were inscribed their names and titles.

Then the people came in crowds to the confessors. They came, not with contrite hearts, but with money in their hands. Men, women, the young, the poor, and those who lived by alms,—every one then found money. The absolving priest, after again setting forth the indulgence, thus addressed the penitents:—"How much money can you, in your conscience, spare to obtain so perfect a remission?" "This question," said the Archbishop of Mentz, in his instructions to the commissioners, "must be put at the moment, in order that the penitents may be better disposed to contribute."

These conditions fulfilled were all that was necessary. In the Pope's bull, something was indeed said of the repentance of the heart and confession of the lips; but Tetzel and his companions cautiously abstained from all mention of these; otherwise their coffers might have remained empty. The archiepiscopal instructions forbade even to mention conversion or contrition. Three great benefits were proclaimed. It is sufficient to notice the first. "The first benefit we announce," said the commissioners, acting on their instructions, "is the complete pardon of all sins; and it is not possible to speak of any greater benefit than this, since man who lives in sin is deprived of the divine favour, and by this complete pardon he recovers the grace of God. Now, we affirm, that to obtain these great blessings, it is only necessary to purchase an indulgence. And as to those who desire to deliver souls from purgatory, and to procure for them the forgiveness of all their sins, let them put their money in the chest: but it is not needful that they should feel sorrow of heart, or make confession with the lips. Let them only hasten to bring their money, for they will thus do a work most profitable to departed souls, and to the building of the Church of St. Peter." Greater blessings could not be proposed, nor at a lower cost.

Confession being gone through, (and it was soon despatched,) the faithful hastened to the vendor. Only one was commissioned to sell He had his counter close to the cross. He turned a scrutinizing glance on those who came. He examined their manner, step, and attire, and demanded a sum in proportion to the apparent circumstances of the party presenting himself. Kings, queens, princes, archbishops, bishops, &c., were to pay, according to the regulation, for an ordinary indulgence, twenty-five ducats; abbots, counts, barons, &c., ten. The other nobles, superiors, and all who had an annual income of 500 florins, were to pay six. Those who had an income of 200 florins, one; the rest, half a florin. And, further, if this scale could not in every instance be observed, full power was given to the apostolic commissary, and the whole might be arranged according to the dictates of sound reason, and the generosity of the giver. For particular sins Tetzel had a private scale. Polygamy cost six ducats; sacrilege and perjury, nine ducats; murder, eight; witchcraft, two. Samson, who carried on in Switzerland the same traffic as Tetzel in Germany, had rather a different scale. He charged for infanticide, four livres tournois; for a parricide or fratricide, one ducat.

The apostolic commissaries sometimes encountered difficulties in their commerce. It often happened, as well in the towns as in the villages, that husbands were opposed to the traffic, and forbade their wives to carry any thing to the dealers. What were their superstitious partners to do? "Have you not your marriage portion, or some other property, at your disposal?" asked the vendors. "In that case you can dispose of it for this holy purpose, without your husband's consent."

The hand that delivered the indulgence could not receive the money: that was forbidden under the severest penalties;—there was good reason to fear that hand might not always be trustworthy. The penitent was himself to drop the price of his pardon into the chest. An angry look was cast on those who dared to close their purses.

If, among those who pressed into the confessionals, there came one whose crimes had been public, and yet untouched by the civil laws, such person was obliged, first of all, to do public penance. He was conducted to a chapel, or sacristy; there he was stripped of his clothes, his shoes taken off his feet, and he left in his shirt. They made him fold his arms upon his breast, placed a light in one hand, and a wax taper in the other. Then the penitent walked at the head of the procession, which passed to the red cross. He kneeled till the singing and the collect were concluded; then the commissary gave out the psalm, "*Miserere mei.*" The confessors immediately approached the penitent, and led him across the station towards the commissary, who, taking the rod, and striking him thrice gently on the back, said, "God take pity on thee, and pardon thy sin!" After this, he gave out the *Kyrie eleison*, &c. Then the penitent being led back, and placed before the cross, the con

fessor pronounced the apostolical absolution, and declared him reinstated in the company of the faithful. Wretched mummeries! concluded by a passage of Scripture, which, at such a time, was a profanation!

We will give one of these letters of absolution. It is worth while to know the contents of these diplomas, which gave occasion to the Reformation.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee, N. N., and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy sufferings! And I, in virtue of the apostolic power committed to me, absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments, and penalties that thou mayst have merited; and further, from all excesses, sins, and crimes that thou mayst have committed, however great and enormous they may be, and of whatever kind,—even though they should be reserved to our holy father the Pope, and to the Apostolic See. I efface all the stains of weakness, and all traces of the shame that thou mayst have drawn upon thyself by such actions. I remit the pains thou wouldst have had to endure in purgatory. I receive thee again to the sacraments of the Church. I hereby reincorporate thee in the communion of the saints, and restore thee to the innocence and purity of thy baptism; so that, at the moment of death, the gate of the place of torment shall be shut against thee, and the gate of the paradise of joy shall be opened unto thee. And if thou shouldst live long, this grace continueth unchangeable, till the time of thy end.

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

"The Brother, John Tetzel, commissary, hath signed this with his own hand."

In this document, we see with what art presumptuous and false doctrines were interspersed among sacred and Christian expressions.

All the faithful were to come and confess in the spot where the red cross was set up. None but the sick, old men, and women with child, were exempt. If, however, there was in the neighbourhood any noble in his castle, or wealthy man in his palace, his personal attendance was dispensed with. For he might not care to mingle with this mob of people, and his money was worth fetching from his residence.

If there was any convent whose superiors, disapproving Tetzel's traffic, forbade their monks to resort to the places where the indulgence was offered,—means were still found to remedy this. Confessors were sent to them, commissioned to absolve them contrary to the rules of their order and the will of their superiors. Not a vein of the mine was left unexplored.

Then came what was the object and end of the whole affair,—the reckoning of the money. To guard against all risks, the chest had three keys;—one was in the keeping of Tetzel, the other with the delegated treasurer of the house of Fugger of Augsburg, to whom, sometime before, this vast speculation had been farmed; and the third was lodged with the civil authority. When the appointed day arrived, the chest was opened in presence of a public notary, and the whole contents carefully counted, and entered in the books. Was it not fit that Christ should arise and drive out these buyers and sellers from the temple?

The mission being ended, the dealers relaxed in amusement, after their labours. The instruction of the commissary-general did, it is true, forbid their frequenting taverns and disreputable places. But they paid little regard to this interdict. Sin must have had few terrors for men who carried on so easy a traffic in it. "The mendicant friars led an irregular life," says a Roman Catholic historian; "they spent in taverns, gaming houses, and houses of ill-fame, what the people had scraped together from their poverty." It is even affirmed that, when they were in the taverns, they would sometimes stake on dice the salvation of souls.

But let us see to what scenes this sale of the pardon of sins gave rise in Germany. There are some incidents, which of themselves are a picture of the times. We like to let those whose history we write speak for themselves.

At Madgeburg, Tetzel refused to absolve a rich lady, unless she paid down one hundred florins. The lady consulted her usual confessor, who was a Franciscan. "God gives us remission of sins freely," answered he; "He does not sell it." Yet he entreated her not to mention what he had said. But the report of an opinion so adverse to his gains having reached the ears of Tetzel,—"Such an adviser," he exclaimed, "deserves to be expelled or burnt alive."

Tetzel found but few sufficiently enlightened, and still fewer bold enough to resist him. In general he could easily manage a superstitious crowd. He had erected the red cross of indulgences at Zwickau, and the good people of the place had hastened to pour in the money that was to liberate souls. He was about to leave with a full purse. The evening before his departure, the chaplains and their acolytes called upon him to give them a farewell repast. The request was reasonable; but what was to be done?—the money was already counted and sealed up. In the morning he had the large bell tolled. A crowd hurried to the church:—every one thought that some thing extraordinary had happened, since th period of the station had expired. "I had intended," said he, "to take my departure this morning, but last night I was awakened by groans. I listened: they proceeded from the cemetery. Alas! it was a poor soul that called me, and entreated to be delivered from the torment that consumed it. I therefore have tarried one day longer, that I might move Christian hearts to compassion for this unhappy soul. Myself will be the first to contribute;—but he who will not follow my example will be worthy of all condemnation." What heart would not answer to such an

appeal. Besides, who can tell what soul thus cries from the tomb? The gifts were many; and Tetzel, with the chaplains and acolytes, sat down to a merry feast paid for by offerings for the poor soul of Zwickau.

The dealers in indulgences had established themselves at Hagenau in 1517. The wife of a shoemaker, profiting by the permission given in the instruction of the Commissary-general, had procured, against her husband's will, a letter of indulgence, and had paid for it a gold florin. Shortly after she died; and the widower omitting to have mass said for the repose of her soul, the curate charged him with contempt of religion, and the judge of Hagenau summoned him to appear before him. The shoemaker put in his pocket his wife's indulgence, and repaired to the place of summons. "Is your wife dead?" asked the judge.—"Yes," answered the shoemaker. "What have you done with her?" "I buried her and commended her soul to God." "But have you had a mass said for the salvation of her soul?" "I have not:—it was not necessary:—she went to heaven in the moment of her death." "How do you know that?" "Here is the evidence of it." The widower drew from his pocket the indulgence, and the judge, in presence of the curate, read, in so many words, that in the moment of death, the woman who had received it would go, not into purgatory, but straight into heaven. "If the curate pretends that a mass is necessary after that," said the shoemaker, "my wife has been cheated by our Holy Father the Pope; but if she has not been cheated, then the curate is deceiving me." There was no reply to this defence, and the accused was acquitted. It was thus that the good sense of the people disposed of these impostures.

One day, when Tetzel was preaching at Leipsic, and had introduced into his preaching some of these stories of which we have given a specimen, two students indignantly left the church, exclaiming—"It is not possible to listen any longer to the ridiculous and childish tales of that monk." One of these students, it is affirmed, was young Camerarius, who was subsequently the friend of Melancthon, and wrote his life.

But, of all the young men of that period, Tetzel made the strongest impression on Myconius—subsequently celebrated as a Reformer and an historian of the Reformation. Myconius had received a religious education. "My son," said his father, who was a pious Franconian, "pray frequently; for all things are freely given to us by God alone. The blood of Christ," he added, "is the only ransom for the sins of the whole world. Oh, my son! if there were but three men to be saved by the blood of Christ, only BELIEVE: —and be sure that you shall be one of those three. It is an insult to the Saviour's blood to doubt its power to save." Then, proceeding to warn his son against the trade that was beginning in Germany,—"The Roman indulgences," said he, "are nets to fish for money, and delude the simple. Remission of sins and eternal life are not to be purchased by money."

At thirteen, Frederic was sent to the school of Annaberg, to finish his studies. Soon after, Tetzel arrived in this town, and remained there for two months. The people flocked in crowds to hear him preach. "There is," exclaimed Tetzel, with a voice of thunder, "no other means of obtaining eternal life save the satisfaction of good works. But this satisfaction is out of man's power. His only resource is to purchase it from the Roman Pontiff."

When Tetzel was on the point of leaving Annaberg his appeal became more urgent. "Soon," said he with a threatening accent, "I shall take down that cross, and close the gate of heaven, and put out that sun of grace which shines before your eyes." Then, resuming a tenderer strain of exhortation,—"This," said he, "is the day of salvation, this is the accepted time." And as a last effort, the pontifical Stentor, speaking to the inhabitants of a country rich in mines, exclaimed, "Inhabitants of Annaberg! bring hither your money; contribute liberally in aid of indulgences, and all your mines and mountains shall be filled with pure silver." Finally, at Easter, he proclaimed that he would distribute his letters to the poor gratuitously, and for the love of God.

The young Myconius happened to be among the hearers. He felt a wish to take advantage of this offer. "I am a poor sinner," said he, addressing in Latin the commissioners to whom he applied, "and I need a free pardon." "Those only," answered the dealers, "can share in the merits of Christ who stretch forth a helping hand to the Church—that is, give their money." "What mean, then," said Myconius, "those promises of free distribution posted up on the gates and walls of the churches?" "Give at least a *gros*," said Tetzel's people, after having vainly interceded for the young man with their master. "I cannot."—"Only six deniers." —"I have not even so much." The Dominicans then began to apprehend that he meant to entrap them. "Listen," said they, "we will give you six deniers."—On which the young man, raising his voice with indignation, replied: "I will have none of the indulgences that are bought and sold. If I desired to purchase them I should only have to sell one of my books. What I want is a free pardon,—and for the love of God. You will have to account to God for having, for the sake of six deniers, missed the salvation of a soul." "Ah! ah!" said they, "who sent you to tempt us?" "No one," replied the young man: "the desire of receiving the grace of God could alone induce me to appear before such great lords." He left them.

"I was grieved," says he, "at being thus sent away without pity. But I felt in myself a Comforter, who whispered that there is a God in heaven who forgives repentant souls without money and without price, for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ. As I left these

people, the Holy Spirit touched my heart. I burst into tears,—and with sighs and groans prayed to the Lord: O God, since these men have refused remission of sins because I had no money to pay, do thou, Lord, take pity on me, and forgive them in mere mercy. I retired to my chamber. I took my crucifix from my desk, placed it on my chair, and kneeled before it. I cannot here put down what I experienced. I asked of God to be my father, and to make me what he would have me. I felt my nature changed, converted, transformed. What had before delighted me was now distasteful. To live with God, and to please him, became my most ardent—my single desire."

Thus Tetzel himself was preparing the Reformation. By scandalous abuses he made way for a purer teaching; and the generous indignation which he excited in youthful minds was destined one day to break forth with power. We may judge of this by the following incident.

A Saxon gentleman had heard Tetzel at Leipsic, and was much shocked by his impostures. He went to the monk, and inquired if he was authorized to pardon sins in intention, or such as the applicant intended to commit? "Assuredly," answered Tetzel; "I have full power from the Pope to do so." "Well," returned the gentleman, "I want to take some slight revenge on one of my enemies, without attempting his life. I will pay you ten crowns, if you will give me a letter of indulgence that shall bear me harmless." Tetzel made some scruples; they struck their bargain for thirty crowns. Shortly after, the monk set out from Leipsic. The gentleman, attended by his servants, laid wait for him in a wood between Jüterboch and Treblin,—fell upon him, gave him a beating, and carried off the rich chest of indulgence-money the inquisitor had with him. Tetzel clamoured against this act of violence, and brought an action before the judges. But the gentleman showed the letter signed by Tetzel himself, which exempted him beforehand from all responsibility. Duke George who had at first been much irritated at this action, upon seeing this writing, ordered that the accused should be acquitted.

This traffic everywhere agitated the minds of the people, and was everywhere discussed. It was the subject of conversation in castles, academies, and private houses, as well as in inns, taverns, and all places of resort. Opinions were divided; some believed, some were indignant. But the sober part of the nation rejected with disgust the whole system of indulgences. This doctrine was so opposed to the scriptures and to sound sense, that all men who possessed any knowledge of the Bible, or any natural acuteness, had already condemned it in their hearts, and only waited for a signal to oppose it. On the other hand, mockers found abundant cause for ridicule. The people, who had been irritated for so many years by the ill conduct of the priests, and whom the fear of punishment had alone retained in any outward respect, gave loose to all their animosity; and on all sides were heard complaints and sarcasms upon the love of money that infected the clergy.

The people went still farther. They impugned the power of the keys and the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. "Why," said they, does not the Pope deliver at once all the souls from purgatory by a holy charity, and on account of the great misery of those souls, since he frees so great a number for the sake of perishable gain and the cathedral of St. Peter?"

"Why do we continue to observe the festivals and anniversaries for the dead? Why does not the Pope surrender, or why does he not permit people to resume the benefices and prebends founded in favor of the dead, since now it is useless, and even wrong, to pray for those whom indulgences have forever set free? What is this new kind of holiness of God and of the Pope, that for the sake of money they grant to a wicked man, and an enemy of God, the power of delivering from purgatory, a pious soul, beloved by the Lord, rather than themselves deliver it freely from love for it, and on account of its great misery?"

Accounts were circulated of the gross and immoral conduct of the traffickers in indulgences. "To pay," said they, "what they owe to drivers who carry them and their goods; to innkeepers at whose houses they lodge, or to any one who does them service, they give a letter of indulgence for four, five, or as many souls as they wish." Thus the brevets of salvation were circulated in the inns and markets, like bank notes or paper money. "*Bring hither your money*," said the common people, "is the beginning, the middle, and the end of their sermons."

A miner of Schneeberg meeting a seller of indulgences inquired: "Must we then believe what you have often said of the power of indulgences and of the authority of the Pope, and think that we can redeem a soul from purgatory by casting a penny into the chest?" The dealer in indulgences affirmed that it was so. "Ah!" replied the miner, "what a cruel man the Pope must be, thus to leave a poor soul to suffer so long in the flames for a wretched penny! If he has no ready money, let him collect a few hundred thousand crowns, and deliver all these souls by one act. Even we poor folks would willingly pay him the principal and interest."

The people of Germany were weary of the shameful traffic that was carrying on in the midst of them. They could no longer bear the impostures of these Romish tricksters, as Luther remarks. Yet no bishop or divine dared to lay a finger on their quackery and deceit The minds of men were in suspense. They asked each other, if God would not raise up some powerful instrument for the work that was required to be done. But such an one was no where visible.

The pope who then filled the pontifical throne was not a Borgia, but Leo X. of the il-

lustrious family of the Medici. He was a man of talent, open-hearted, kind, and indulgent. His manners were affable, his liberality unbounded, and his morals greatly superior to those of his court. Nevertheless the Cardinal Pallavicini confesses that they were not quite free from reproach. To these amiable qualities he added many of the accomplishments that form a great prince. He was, especially, a liberal patron of the arts and sciences. The earliest Italian comedies were represented in his presence, and most of the dramas of his time were honoured by his attendance. He was passionately fond of music,—his palace daily resounded with musical instruments, and he was often heard humming the airs that had been sung before him. Fond of magnificence he spared no expense in feastings, public games, theatrical entertainments, and gifts. No court surpassed in splendour or in pleasures that of the Sovereign pontiff. So that when news was brought that Julian Medici was about to choose Rome as a place of residence for himself, and his young bride, Cardinal Bibliena, the most influential of Leo's council, exclaimed, "God be praised! We wanted nothing here but a female circle." A "female circle" was felt requisite to complete the attractions of the Pope's court. But a feeling of religion was a thing of which Leo was entirely ignorant. "His manners," says Sarpi, "were so charming, that he would have been a perfect man, if he had some knowledge in religious matters, and a little more inclination for piety, concerning which he never troubled himself."

Leo was in great want of money. He had to provide for his vast expenses; to satisfy all demands on his liberality; to fill with gold the purse he every day threw to the people; to defray the costs of the licentious plays at the Vatican; to gratify the continued demands of his relations and courtiers who were addicted to voluptuousness; to portion his sister, who had married Prince Cibo, a natural son of Pope Innocent VIII.; and to bear all the expenses attending his taste for literature, arts, and pleasures. His cousin, Cardinal Pucci, who was as skilful in the art of amassing money as Leo was prodigal in spending, advised him to have recourse to indulgences. The Pope, therefore, published a bull, proclaiming a general indulgence, the product of which should be appropriated, he said, to the building of St. Peter's Church, that splendid monument of ecclesiastical magnificence. In a letter given at Rome, under the seal of the fisherman, in November, 1517, Leo required from his commissioner of indulgences 147 gold ducats, "to pay for a manuscript of the 33d book of Livy." Of all the uses he made of the money extorted from the Germans, this was undoubtedly the best. But it was strange to deliver souls from purgatory that he might purchase a manuscript of the wars of the Romans!

There was then in Germany a young prince who was in many respects a counterpart of Leo X.:—this was Albert, the younger brother of the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg. This young man, at the age of twenty-four, had been made Archbishop and Elector of Menta and of Madgeburg; two years after he was made Cardinal. Albert had neither the virtues nor the vices which have often characterized the dignitaries of the Church. Young, volatile, worldly-minded, but not devoid of generous sentiments, he plainly saw many of the abuses of Catholicism, and cared little for the fanatical monks that surrounded him. His equity inclined him to acknowledge, at least in part, the justice of what the friends of the Gospel required. In his heart he was not greatly opposed to Luther. Capito, one of the most distinguished Reformers, was for a long time his chaplain, counsellor, and intimate confidant. Albert regularly attended his preaching. "He did not despise the Gospel," says Capito; "on the contrary, he highly esteemed it, and for a long time prevented the monks from attacking Luther." But he would have had the latter abstain from compromising him, and beware, while pointing out the errors in doctrine and the vices of the inferior clergy, of bringing to light the faults of the bishops and princes. Above all, he feared to find his own name thrust forward in the contest. "See," said Capito to Luther, at a subsequent period, deluding himself as is usual in such cases, "see the example of Christ and of his Apostles: they reproved the Pharisees and the incestuous person in the church of Corinth, but did not do so *by name*. You do not know what is passing in the hearts of the bishops. There is, perhaps, more good in them than you think." But the frivolous and profane turn of Albert's character was likely to indispose him for the Reformation, even more than the susceptibilities and fears of his self-love. Affable in his manners, witty, graceful, of expensive and even dissipated habits, delighting in the pleasures of the table, and in rich equipages, houses, licentious pursuits, and literary society, this young Archbishop and Elector was in Germany what Leo was at Rome. His court was one of the most splendid of the Empire. He was ready to sacrifice to pleasure and grandeur all the foretastes of truth that might visit his soul. Yet there was in him, to the last, a sort of struggle with his better convictions; and he more than once manifested moderation and equity.

Like Leo, Albert was in want of money. Some rich merchants of Augsburg, named Fugger, had made him some advances. He was pressed for the means of liquidating his debts; nay, more; although he had obtained two archbishoprics and a bishopric, he had not enough to pay for his *pallium* at Rome. This ornament made of white wool, interspersed with black crosses, and blessed by the Pope, who was accustomed to send it to the archbishops as a sign of their jurisdiction, cost them 26,000, or, as some say, 30,000 florins.

It was quite natural that Albert should form the project of resorting to the same means as his superior to obtain money. He solicited from the Pope the contract for the "farming" of all the indulgences, or, as they expressed it at

Rome, "the contract for the sins of the Germans."

At times the Popes kept the speculation in their own hands. Sometimes they farmed it to others; as, in certain states, is still done with gaming-houses. Albert proposed to Leo to divide the profits. Leo, in accepting the bargain required immediate payment of the pallium. Albert, who was all the while depending on the indulgences for the means of discharging this claim, applied to the Fuggers, who, thinking it a safe investment, made, on certain conditions, the required advances; and were appointed cashiers in this great undertaking. They were at this period bankers to many princes, and were afterwards made counts for the services they had rendered.

The Pope and Archbishop having thus divided beforehand the spoils of the credulous souls of Germany, it was necessary to carry out the project, and to find some one to undertake the trouble of realizing it. The charge was first offered to the Franciscans, and their guardian was associated in it with Albert. But the Franciscans did not desire any part in this undertaking, which was already in ill repute among good people. The Augustine monks, who were more enlightened than the other religious orders, would have cared still less to join in it. Meanwhile, the Franciscans feared to offend the Pope, who had lately sent to their general, Forli, a cardinal's hat, which cost that poor mendicant order 30,000 florins. The guardian therefore judged it most prudent not to meet the offer by a direct refusal; but he raised all kinds of difficulties in the way of Albert; they never could agree, so that the Elector was glad to accept the proposal that he should take the whole charge of the concern. The Dominicans, on their part, coveted a share in the lucrative trade about to be opened. Tetzel, already notorious in such matters, hastened to Mentz, and tendered his services to the Elector. His proved usefulness in publishing the indulgences for the knights of the Teutonic Order of Prussia and Livonia was recollected, and he was accepted; and thus it was that all this traffic passed into the hands of his order.

The first time Luther heard speak of Tetzel was, as far as we are informed, in the year 1516, at Grimma, when he was commencing his visitation of the churches. Some one came and told Staupitz, who was still with Luther, that a seller of indulgences, named Tetzel, was making much noise at Würtzen. Some of his extravagant expressions being quoted, Luther was indignant, and exclaimed, "God willing, I will make a hole in his drum."

Tetzel in his return from Berlin, where he had met with a most friendly reception from the Elector Joachim, a brother of the farmer-general, took up his abode at Jüterboch. Staupitz, availing himself of the confidence the Elector Frederic reposed in him, had repeatedly called his attention to the abuse of the indulgences, and the disgraceful proceedings of the collectors The Princes of Saxony, indignant at the shameful traffic, had forbidden Tetzel to enter their provinces. He was therefore compelled to stop on the territory of his patron, the Archbishop of Magdeburg. But he drew as near as he could to Saxony. At Jüterboch he was only four miles distant from Wittemberg. "This great purse-drainer," said Luther, "went boldly to work, beating up the country all round, so that the money began to leap out of every man's purse, and fall into his chest." The people flocked in crowds from Wittemberg, to the indulgence market at Jüterboch.

Luther was still at this time full of respect for the Church and for the Pope. He says himself, "I was then a monk, a papist of the maddest,—so infatuated and even steeped in the Romish doctrines, that I would willingly have helped to kill any one who had the audacity to refuse the smallest act of obedience to the Pope. I was a true Saul, like many others still living." But, at the same time his heart was ready to take fire for what he thought the truth, and against what, in his judgment, was error. "I was a young doctor, fresh from the anvil, glowing and rejoicing in the glory of the Lord."

One day Luther was at confessional in Wittemberg. Several residents of that town successively presented themselves: they confessed themselves guilty of great irregularities, adultery, licentiousness, usury, unjust gains: such were the things men came to talk of with a minister of God's word, who must one day give an account of their souls. He reproved, rebuked, and instructed. But what was his astonishment, when these persons replied that they did not intend to abandon their sins! The pious monk, shocked at this, declared, that since they would not promise to change their habits of life, he could not absolve them. Then it was that these poor creatures appealed to their letters of indulgence; they showed them, and contended for their efficacy. But Luther replied, that he had nothing to do with their paper; and he added, "If you do not turn from the evil of your way, you will all perish." They exclaimed against this, and renewed their application; but the doctor was immoveable. "They must cease," he said, "to do evil, and learn to do well, or otherwise no absolution. Have a care," added he, "how you give ear to the indulgences: you have something better to do than to buy licences which they offer you for paltry pence."

Much alarmed, these inhabitants of Wittemberg quickly returned to Tetzel, and told him that an Augustine monk treated his letters with contempt. Tetzel, at this, bellowed with anger. He held forth in the pulpit, used insulting expressions and curses, and, to strike the people with more terror, he had a fire lighted several times in the grand square, and declared that he was ordered by the Pope to burn the heretics, who should dare to oppose his most holy indulgences.

Such was the incident that first gave occasion to the Reformation, though not the cause of it. A pastor sees his sheep going on in a

way that would lead them to their ruin;—he seeks to guide them out of it. He has as yet no thought of reforming the Church and the world. He has seen Rome and its corruption; but he does not erect himself against Rome. He discerns some of the abuses under which Christendom groans, but he has no thought of correcting those abuses. He does not desire to constitute himself a Reformer. He has no more plan in his mind for the reform of the Church, than he had previously had for that which had been wrought in his own soul. God himself designed a Reformation, and to make Luther the instrument of its accomplishment. The same remedy, of which the efficacy was proved by the removal of his own distress, it was God's purpose that he should apply to the distresses of Christendom. He remains quietly in the circle assigned to him. He goes simply where his master calls him. He is discharging at Wittemberg his duties as professor, preacher, pastor. He is seated in the temple, where the members of his church come to open their hearts to him. It is there, on that field, that Evil attacks, and Error seeks him out. Those about him would hinder him from discharging his duty. His conscience, bound to the word of God, is aroused. Is it not God who calls him? Resistance is a duty,—*therefore* it is also a right;—he *must* speak. Such was the course of the events occurring in the providence of that God, who had decreed to revive Christianity by the agency of a miner's son; and to refine in his furnace the corrupted teaching of the Church.

After what has been stated, it is needless to refute a lying charge invented by some enemies of Luther, and not till after his death. It has been said it was a jealousy on the part of the monks of his order,—the mortification of seeing the Dominicans, and not the Augustines, who had previously held it, intrusted with this shameful and disreputable commerce, that led the Doctor of Wittemberg to attack Tetzel, and his teaching. The well ascertained fact that this traffic had been at first offered to the Franciscans, who would not have it, suffices to refute this invention repeated by writers who do but copy one another. Cardinal Pallavicini himself declares that the Augustines had never held this office. Besides, we have seen the struggle of Luther's soul. His conduct needs no other explanation. He could not refrain from confessing aloud the doctrine to which he owed his happiness. In Christianity, when a man finds a treasure for himself, he hastens to impart it to others. In our day men have abandoned such puerile and unworthy attempts to account for the great revolution of the sixteenth century. It is recognised that there must be some more powerful lever to raise the whole world,—and that the reformation was not in Luther merely,—but that the age in which he lived must necessarily have given birth to it.

Luther, called on alike by obedience to the truth of God and by charity to man, ascended the pulpit. He warned his hearers as was his duty, as himself tells us. His Prince had obtained from the Pope some special indulgences for the church in the castle of Wittemberg. Some of the blows, which he is about to strike at the indulgences of the inquisitor, may easily fall on those of the Elector. It matters not; he will brave his disgrace. If he sought to please man, he would not be the servant of Christ.

"No one can show from the Scriptures that God's justice requires a penalty or satisfaction from the sinner," said the faithful minister of the word to the people of Wittemberg. "The only duty it imposes on him is a true repentance, a sincere change of heart, a resolution to bear the cross of Christ, and to strive to do good works. It is a great error to seek *ourselves* to satisfy God's justice for our sins, for God ever pardons them *freely* by an inestimable grace.

"The Christian Church, it is true, requires somewhat from the sinner, and what she requires she may remit. But that is all. And furthermore, these indulgences of the Church are only tolerated out of regard for slothful and imperfect Christians, who will not employ themselves zealously in good works; for they excite no one to sanctification, but leave every one in his lowness and imperfection."

Then, passing to the pretext on which the indulgences were proclaimed, he continued: "It would be much better to contribute to the building of St. Peter's from love to God, than to buy indulgences for such a purpose. But say you, shall we then not buy them? I have already said as much, and I repeat it:—my advice is that none should buy them. Leave them for drowsy Christians, but do you keep yourselves separate from such. Let the faithful be turned from indulgences, and exhorted to the works they neglect."

Then, glancing at his adversaries, Luther concluded in these words: "And if some cry that I am a heretic,—for the truth which I preach is prejudicial to their coffers—I pay little regard to their clamours; they are men of gloomy or sickly minds, who have never felt the truths of the Bible, never read the Christian doctrine, never understood their own teachers, and are perishing in the tattered rags of their vain opinions. However, God grant to them and to us a right understanding! Amen." This said, the Doctor came down from the pulpit, leaving his hearers much affected by this bold harangue.

This sermon was printed and made a deep impression on all who read it. Tetzel answered it, and Luther defended himself: but this was at a later period, in 1518.

The feast of All Saints was at hand. Some chroniclers relate at this time, a circumstance, which, however little important it may be to the history of this epoch, may still serve to characterize it. It is a dream of the Elector,—beyond reasonable doubt true in the essential parts, though some circumstances may have been added by those who related it. It is mentioned by Seckendorf. "The fear of giving occasion to his adversaries to say that

Luther's doctrine rested upon dreams, has perhaps prevented other historians from speaking of it," observes this respectable writer.

The Elector, Frederic of Saxony, these chroniclers tell us, was then at his castle of Schweinitz, six leagues from Wittemberg. The morning of the 31st of October, being with his brother, Duke John, (who was then co-regent, and who reigned alone after his death,) and with his Chancellor, the Elector said to the Duke:—

"Brother, I must tell you a dream that I had last night, and of which I should be very glad to know the meaning. It is so deeply engraved on my mind, that I should not forget it were I to live a thousand years, for I dreamt it thrice, and each time with some new circumstances."

Duke John.—"Is it a good dream or bad dream?"

The Elector.—"I know not: God knows."

Duke John.—"Do not make yourself uneasy about it: tell it me."

The Elector.—"Having gone to bed last night, tired and dispirited, I fell asleep soon after saying my prayers, and slept quietly about two hours and a half. I then woke; and continued engaged till midnight with a variety of thoughts. I considered how I should keep the festival of All Saints; I prayed for the poor souls in purgatory, and besought God to guide me, my counsellors and my people, into all truth. I fell asleep again: and then I dreamt that Almighty God sent a monk to me, who was the true son of the Apostle Paul. All the saints accompanied him, according to the command of God, in order to testify to me in his favour, and to declare that he was not come with any fraudulent design, but that all he did was agreeable to the will of God. They asked me, at the same time, graciously to allow him to write something on the church door of the castle of Wittemberg; which request I granted by the mouth of the Chancellor. Thereupon the monk went his way, and began to write, but in such large characters, that I could read from Schweinitz what he was writing. The pen that he used was so long that its extremity reached even to Rome, wounded the ears of a lion (*Leo*) that was couched there, and shook the triple crown on the Pope's head. All the cardinals and princes, running hastily towards him, endeavoured to support it. You and I, brother, among the rest, attempted to support it; I put out my arm: but, at that moment I woke, with my arm extended, in great alarm, and very angry with the monk who handled his pen so awkwardly. I recovered myself a little;—it was only a dream.

"But I was still half asleep, and I closed my eyes again. My dream continued. The lion, still disturbed by the pen, began to roar with all his might, so that the whole city of Rome and all the states of the holy Empire ran to inquire what was the matter. The Pope called upon us to restrain the monk, and addressed himself particularly to me, because he lived in my country. I woke again; I repeated a *Pater noster*. I besought God to preserve the holy Father, and I then fell asleep again.

"After this, I dreamt that all the Princes of the Empire, you and I amongst the rest, were flocking to Rome, trying one after the other to break this pen; but the more we exerted ourselves, the stiffer it became; it resisted as if it had been made of iron; at length we were tired. I then asked the monk, (for I seemed to be sometimes at Rome, and sometimes at Wittemberg,) where he had obtained that pen, and why it was so strong? 'The pen,' replied he, 'once belonged to the wing of a goose of Bohemia, a hundred years old.* I received it from one of my old schoolmasters; its strength is—that no one can take the pith out of it; and I am myself quite surprised at it.' —Suddenly I heard a loud cry: from the monk's long pen had issued a great number of other pens. I woke a third time: it was daylight."

Duke John.—"Master Chancellor, what do you think of it? Oh! that we had here a Joseph or a Daniel enlightened by God!"

The Chancellor.—"Your highnesses know the vulgar proverb, that the dreams of maidens, scholars, and nobles, have generally some hidden meaning: but we shall not know the meaning of this for some time, till the things to which it relates shall have taken place. Therefore, commend the accomplishment of it to God, and leave it in his hands."

Duke John.—"I agree with you, Master Chancellor: it is not right that we should puzzle our heads about the meaning of this: God will turn all to his glory."

The Elector.—"God in his mercy grant it! However, I shall never forget the dream. I have thought of one interpretation;—but I keep it to myself. Time will perhaps show if I have guessed right."

Such, according to the manuscript of Weimar, was the conversation that took place on the morning of the 31st of October at Schweinitz. Let us next see what happened in the evening of the same day at Wittemberg. We now return to the firmer ground of history.

The admonitions of Luther had produced but little effect: Tetzel, without disturbing himself, continued his traffic and his impious addresses to the people. Shall Luther submit to these grievous abuses? shall he keep silence? As a pastor, he has powerfully exhorted those who attended his ministry; and as a preacher, he has uttered a warning voice from the pulpit. He has yet to speak as a divine; he has yet to address himself, not merely to a few persons in the confessional, not merely to the assembly of the church of Wittemberg, but to all those who are, like himself, teachers of God's word. His resolution is formed.

It was not the Church that he thought of

* John Huss.—This is one of the particulars that may have been added at a subsequent period in allusion to the well known saying of Huss himself

attacking; it was not the Pope he was about to call to account; on the contrary, his respect for the Head of the Church would not allow him to be any longer silent in regard to assumptions, by which the Pope's credit was disparaged. He must take his part against those audacious men who dared to mix up his venerable name with their disgraceful traffic. Far from thinking of a revolution that should overthrow the primacy of Rome, Luther conceived that he had the Pope and Catholicism with him, against the effrontery of the monks.

The feast of All Saints was a very important day at Wittemberg, and especially at the church which the Elector had built and filled with relics. On this occasion those relics, encased in gold and silver, and adorned with precious stones, were set out to dazzle the eyes of the people with their magnificence. Whoever, on that day, visited the church, and there confessed himself, obtained a plenary indulgence. On that great day the pilgrims flocked in crowds to Wittemberg.

Luther, whose plan was already formed, went boldly on the evening of the 31st of October, 1517, to the church, towards which the superstitious crowds of pilgrims were flocking, and affixed to the door ninety-five theses or propositions, against the doctrine of indulgences. Neither the Elector, nor Staupitz, nor Spalatin, nor any of his friends, even those most intimate with him, had any previous intimation of his design.

Luther therein declared, in a kind of preamble, that he had written these theses in a spirit of sincere charity, and with the express desire of bringing the truth to light. He declared himself ready to defend them, next day, at the university itself, against all opposers

The attention excited by them was very great; and they were read and repeated on all sides. The pilgrims, the university, and the whole city were soon in confusion. The following are some of the propositions written by the pen of the monk, and posted on the door of the church of Wittemberg:

"1. When our Master and Lord Jesus Christ says, 'Repent,' he means that the whole life of his faithful servants upon earth should be a constant and continual repentance.

"2. This cannot be understood of the sacrament of penance, (that is to say of confession and satisfaction,) as administered by the priest.

"3. However, our Lord does not here speak only of inward repentance: inward repentance is invalid, if it does not produce outwardly every kind of mortification of the flesh.

"4. Repentance and grief—that is to say, true penitence, lasts as long as a man is displeased with himself,—that is to say, till he passes from this life to eternal life.

"5. The Pope has no power or intention to remit any other penalty than that which he has imposed, according to his good pleasure, or conformably to the canons, that is to say, to the Papal ordinances.

"6. The Pope cannot remit any condemnation, but can only declare and confirm the remission that God himself has given; except only in cases that belong to him. If he does otherwise, the condemnation continues the same.

"8. The laws of ecclesiastical penance can only be imposed on the living, and in nowise respect the dead.

"21. The commissioners of indulgences are in error in saying, that, through the indulgence of the Pope, man is delivered from all punishment, and saved.

"25. The same power, that the Pope has over purgatory in the Church at large, is possessed by every bishop in his diocese and every curate in his parish.

"27. Those persons preach human inventions who pretend that, at the very moment when the money sounds in the strong box, the soul escapes from purgatory.

"28. This is certain: that, as soon as the money sounds, avarice and love of gain come in, grow and multiply. But the assistance and prayers of the Church depend only on the will and good pleasure of God.

"32. Those who fancy themselves sure of their salvation by indulgences will go to the devil with those who teach them this doctrine.

"35. They teach antichristian doctrine who profess that, to deliver a soul from purgatory, or to purchase an indulgence, there is no need of sorrow or of repentance.

"36. Every Christian who feels true repentance for his sins has perfect remission from the punishment and from the sin, without the need of indulgences.

"37. Every true Christian, dead or living, is a partaker of all the riches of Christ, or of the Church, by the gift of God, and without any letter of indulgence.

"38. Yet we must not despise the Pope's distributive and pardoning power, for his pardon is a declaration of God's pardon.

"40. Repentance and real grief seek and love chastening; but the softness of the indulgence relaxes the fear of chastisement, and makes us averse from it.

"42. We must teach Christians, that the Pope neither expects nor wishes us to compare the act of preaching indulgences with any charitable work whatsoever.

"43. We must teach Christians, that he who gives to the poor, or lends to the needy, does better than he who buys an indulgence.

"44. For the work of charity makes charity to abound, and renders man more pious; whilst the indulgence makes him not better, but only more confident in himself, and more secure from punishment.

"45. We must teach Christians, that he who sees his neighbour in want, and, notwithstanding that, buys an indulgence, does not in reality acquire the Pope's indulgence, and draws down on himself the anger of God.

"46. We must teach Christians, that if they have no superfluity, they are bound to keep for their families wherewith to procure necessaries, and they ought not to waste their money on indulgences.

"47 We must teach Christians, that the purchase of an indulgence is not a matter of commandment, but a thing in which they are left at liberty.

"48. We must teach Christians, that the Pope, having more need of the prayer of faith than of money, desires prayer rather than money, when he distributes indulgences.

"49. We must teach Christians, that the Pope's indulgence is good, if we do not put our trust in it; but that nothing can be more hurtful, if it leads us to neglect piety.

"50. We must teach Christians, that if the Pope knew the exactions of the preachers of indulgences, he would rather that the metropolitan church of St. Peter were burnt to ashes, than see it built up with the skin, the flesh, and bones of his flock.

"51. We must teach Christians, that the Pope, as in duty bound, would willingly give his own money, though it should be necessary to sell the metropolitan church of St. Peter for the purpose, to the poor people, whom the preachers of indulgences now rob of their last penny.

"52. To hope to be saved by indulgences is to hope in lies and vanity; even although the commissioner of indulgences, nay, though even the Pope himself, should pledge his own soul in attestation of their efficacy.

"53. They are the enemies of the Pope and of Christ, who, to favour the preaching of indulgences, forbid the preaching of the word of God.

"55. The Pope can think no otherwise than this: "If the indulgence (which is the lesser) is celebrated with the sound of a bell, and pomp and ceremony, much more is it right to celebrate the preaching of the Gospel (which is the greater) with a hundred bells, and a hundred times more pomp and ceremony.

"62. The true and precious treasure of the Church is the holy Gospel of the glory and grace of God.

"65. The treasures of the Gospel are nets, in which it formerly happened that the souls of rich men, living at ease, were taken.

"66. But the treasures of the indulgence are nets, wherewith now they fish for rich men's wealth.

"67. It is the duty of bishops and pastors to receive with all respect the commissioners of the apostolical indulgences.

"68. But it is much more their duty to satisfy themselves, by their presence, that the said commissioners do not preach the dreams of their own fancy instead of the Pope's orders.

"71. Cursed be whosoever speaks against the Pope's indulgence.

"72. But blessed be he who opposes the foolish and reckless speeches of the preachers of indulgences.

"78. The Pope's indulgence cannot take away the least of our daily sins,—so far as the blame or offence of it is concerned.

"79. To say that the cross, hung with the Pope's arms, is as powerful as the cross of Christ, is blasphemy.

"80 The bishops, pastors, and divines, who allow these things to be taught to the people will have to give account for it.

"81. This shameless preaching,—these impudent praises of indulgences,—make it difficult for the learned to defend the dignity and honour of the Pope against the calumnies of preachers, and the subtle and artful questions of the common people.

"86. Why, say they, does not the Pope build the metropolitan church of St. Peter's with his own money, rather than with that of poor Christians, seeing that he is richer than the richest Crassus?

"92. May we therefore be rid of those preachers, who say to the Church of Christ 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace.

"94. We must exhort Christians to endeavour to follow Christ, their head, under the cross, through death and hell.

"95. For it is better, through much tribulation, to enter into the kingdom of heaven, than to gain a carnal security by the consolations of a false peace."

Here then was the beginning of the work. The germs of the Reformation were enclosed in these theses of Luther. They attacked the indulgences, and this drew notice;—but under this attack was found a principle, which, while it drew much less of the people's attention, was one day to overturn the edifice of the Papacy. The evangelic doctrine of a *free and gracious remission of sins* was for the first time publicly professed. The work must now go forward. In fact it was evident that whoever should receive that faith in the remission of sins proclaimed by the Doctor of Wittemberg,—whoever should possess that repentance, that conversion, and that sanctification, of which he urged the necessity,—would no longer regard human ordinances, would throw off the bandages and restraints of Rome, and acquire the liberty of God's children. All errors would fall before this truth. It was by this that the light had just entered the mind of Luther; it was likewise by it that the light was ordained to spread in the Church. A clear perception of this truth was what had been wanting to the earlier Reformers. Hence the unprofitableness of their efforts. Luther clearly saw, at a later period, that in proclaiming justification by faith, he had laid the axe to the root of the tree. "It is doctrine that we attack in the followers of the Papacy," said he. "Huss and Wicklif only attacked their life; but in attacking their doctrine, we seize the goose by the throat. Every thing depends on the word of God, which the Pope has taken from us and falsified. I have overcome the Pope, because my doctrine is according to God, and his is the doctrine of the devil."

We also, in our day, have lost sight of this cardinal doctrine of justification by faith, though not in the same way as our fathers. "In Luther's time," says one of our contemporaries, "the remission of sins cost some money at least; but in our days, every one takes it gratuitously to himself." There is much analogy between these two false notions. In our error there is perhaps more forgetfulness

of God than that which prevailed in the 16th century. The principle of justification by God's free grace, which delivered the Church from such deep darkness at the period of the Reformation, can alone renew this generation, terminate its doubts and waverings, destroy the egotism which consumes it, establish morality and uprightness among the nations,—in a word, bring back to God the world which has forsaken him.

But if these theses of Luther were strong in the strength of the truth they proclaimed, they were no less powerful in the faith of him who declared himself their champion. He had boldly drawn the sword of the word. He had done this in reliance on the power of truth. He had felt that, in dependence on the promises of God, something might be hazarded, as the world would express it. "Let him who resolves to begin a good work," (said he, speaking of this bold attack,) "undertake it, relying on the goodness of the thing itself, and in no degree on any help or comfort to be derived from men:—moreover, let him not fear men, nor the whole world. For that text shall never be falsified: 'It is good to trust in the Lord, and he that trusteth in him shall *certainly* never be confounded.' But as for him who will not, or cannot, venture something, trusting in God, let him carefully abstain from undertaking any thing." We cannot doubt that Luther, after having fixed his theses on the door of the church of All Saints, withdrew to his peaceful cell, filled with that peace and joy which flow from an action done in the name of the Lord, and for the cause of everlasting truth.

Whatever boldness may appear in these theses, we still discover in them the monk who would refuse to allow a single doubt as to the authority of the Roman See. But in attacking the doctrine of indulgences, Luther had unconsciously borne hard upon many errors, the discovery of which could not be agreeable to the Pope, since it must necessarily lead, sooner or later, to the discrediting his supremacy. Luther's views, at that time, did not extend so far; but he felt the boldness of the step he had just taken, and thought therefore that he ought to qualify it, as far as he could, consistently with the respect he owed to the truth. He consequently put forth these theses only as doubtful propositions, in respect to which he solicited information from the learned; and he added (in accordance, it is true, with an established custom,) a solemn protestation, by which he declared, that he did not mean to say or affirm anything that was not founded on the Holy Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the rights and decretals of the court of Rome.

Often did Luther, in after times, when he contemplated the vast and unexpected consequences of this courageous step, feel amazed at himself, and unable to comprehend how he had dared to take it. The truth was, an invisible and all-powerful hand held the guiding rein, and urged on the herald of truth in a road which he knew not, and from the difficulties of which he would perhaps have shrunk, had he been aware of them, and advanced alone and of his own will. "I entered on this controversy," said he, "without any settled purpose or inclination, and entirely unprepared . . . I call God to witness this who sees the heart."

Luther had learned what was the source of these abuses. A little book was brought him, adorned with the arms of the Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, containing rules to be followed in the sale of the indulgences. Thus it was this young prelate, this accomplished prince, who had prescribed, or at least sanctioned, this imposture. Luther saw in him only a superior, whom it was his duty to honour and respect. He resolved no longer to beat the air, but rather to apply to those who had the office of government in the church. He addressed to him a letter full of frankness and humility. Luther wrote to Albert the same day that he placarded his theses.

"Forgive me, most reverend Father in Christ, and most illustrious Prince, if I, who am the very meanest of men, have the boldness to write to your sublime grandeur. The Lord Jesus is my witness that, feeling how small and contemptible I am, I have long delayed to do so. Yet let your Highness look upon an atom of dust, and in your episcopal compassion graciously receive my request.

"Men are carrying throughout the country the papal indulgence, under your Grace's name. I will not so much accuse the clamours of the preachers, (for I have not heard them,) as the false opinions of simple and ignorant people, who, when they purchase these indulgences, think themselves sure of their salvation.

"Great God! the souls confided, my very excellent Father, to your care, are trained not for life, but for death. The strict reckoning that will one day be required of you, increases every day. I could no longer keep silence. No! man is not saved by the work or the office of his bishop. Scarcely even is the righteous saved, and the way that leadeth unto life is narrow. Why then do the preachers of indulgences, by empty fictions, lull the people in carnal security.

"The indulgence alone, if we can give ear to them, is to be proclaimed and exalted. What, is it not the chief and only duty of the bishops to teach the people the Gospel and the love of Christ? Christ himself has nowhere told us to preach indulgences, but he has enjoined us to preach the Gospel. How horrid and dangerous then it is for a bishop to allow the Gospel to be withheld, and the indulgences alone to be continually sounded in the ears of the people!

"Most worthy Father in God, in the Instruction of the Commissioners, which was published in your Grace's name, (certainly without your knowledge,) it is said, that the indulgence is the most precious treasure; that by it a man is reconciled to God, and that repentance is not needed by those who purchase it.

"What can I, what ought I to do, most worthy bishop and serene prince? Oh! I entreat your Highness, by the Lord Jesus Christ, to look into this matter with paternal vigilance, to suppress this book entirely, and to order the preachers to address to the people different instructions. If you neglect to do this, prepare yourself to hear some day a voice lifted, that shall refute these preachers, to the great disgrace of your most serene Highness."

Luther, at the same time, sent his theses to the Archbishop, and asked him in a postscript to read them, in order to convince himself of the little dependence that was to be placed on the doctrine of indulgences.

Thus, the only wish of Luther was, that the watchmen of the Church should arouse themselves, and endeavour to put a stop to the evils that were laying it waste. Nothing could be more noble or respectful than this letter of a monk to one of the greatest princes of the Church and of the Empire. Never did any one act more in the spirit of Christ's precept: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." This conduct bears no resemblance to that of the reckless revolutionist, who despises dominions and speaks evil of dignities. It is the conscientious appeal of a Christian and a priest, who renders honour to all, but, above all, has the fear of God in his heart. But all his entreaties and supplications were useless. Young Albert, wholly engrossed by pleasure and the pursuits of ambition, made no reply to this solemn address. The Bishop of Brandenburg, Luther's ordinary, a learned and pious man, to whom he also sent the theses, replied that he was attacking the power of the Church; that he would bring upon himself much trouble and grief; that the attempt would be found too much for his strength, and that he would do well to give up the affair altogether. The princes of the Church closed their ears to the voice of God, which was making itself heard in so affecting and energetic a manner through the instrumentality of Luther. They would not understand the signs of the times; they were struck with that blindness which has already accelerated the ruin of so many powers and dignities. "They both thought at that time," as Luther afterwards observed, "that the Pope would be too powerful for a poor mendicant monk like me."

But Luther could judge better than the bishops, of the fatal effect of indulgences on the lives and morals of the people; for he was intimately connected with them. He saw constantly and close at hand, what the bishops only knew from reports that could not be depended on. If he found no help from the bishops, God was not wanting to him. The head of the Church, who sits in the heavens, and to whom alone all power is given upon earth, had himself prepared the soil, and committed the seed to the hand of his servant; he gave wings to those seeds of truth, and scattered them in a moment over the whole field of the church.

No one appeared next day at the university to impugn the propositions of Luther. Tetzel's traffic was too generally decried and too disreputable for any other person than himself, or one of his followers, to dare to accept the challenge. But these theses were destined to find an echo beyond the vaulted roof of the academy. Hardly had they been nailed to the church door of the castle of Wittemberg, when the feeble sound of the hammer was succeeded by a thunderclap, which shook the very foundations of proud Rome; threatened with instant ruin the walls, gates, and pillars of the Papacy; stunned and terrified its champions; and at the same time awakened from the slumber of error many thousands of men.

These theses spread with the rapidity of lightning. Before a month had elapsed, they had found their way to Rome. "In the space of a fortnight," says a contemporary historian, "they had spread over Germany, and within a month they had run through all Christendom, as if angels themselves had been the bearers of them to all men. It is difficult to conceive the stir they occasioned." They were afterwards translated into Dutch, and into Spanish; and a traveller carried them for sale as far as Jerusalem. "Every one," said Luther, "was complaining of the indulgences, and, as all the bishops and doctors had kept silence, and no one was inclined to take the bull by the horns, poor Luther became a famous doctor; because, at last, said they, one doctor was found who dared grapple with him. But I did not like this glory, and I thought the song in too high a key for my voice."

Many of the pilgrims who had flocked from all sides to Wittemberg at the feast of All Saints, took back with them—not the indulgences—but the famous theses of the Augustine monk. Thus they helped to diffuse them. Every one read them, meditating and commenting on them. Men conversed about them in convents and in colleges. The devout monks who had entered the convents that they might save their souls, and all upright and well-intentioned men rejoiced at so simple and striking a confession of the truth, and heartily desired that Luther might continue the work he had begun. "I observe," says one very worthy of credit, and a great rival of the Reformer, (Erasmus,) speaking to a cardinal, "that the more irreproachable men's morals, and the more evangelical their piety, the less are they opposed to Luther. His life is commended even by those who cannot endure his opinions. The world was weary of a method of teaching in which so many puerile fictions and human inventions were mixed up, and thirsted for that living, pure, and hidden stream which flows from the veins of the apostles and evangelists. The genius of Luther was such as fitted him for these things, and his zeal would naturally take fire at so noble an enterprise."

To form an idea of the various but prodigious effect that these propositions produced in Germany, we should endeavour to follow

them wherever they penetrated,—into the study of the learned, the cell of the monk, and the palaces of the princes.

Reuchlin received a copy of them. He was tired of the rude conflict he had waged with the monks. The strength evinced by the new combatant in these theses cheered the depressed spirits of the old champion of letters, and gave fresh joy to his drooping heart. "Thanks be to God," exclaimed he, after having read them, "they have now found a man who will give them so much to do, that they will be very glad to leave my old age to pass away in peace."

The cautious Erasmus was in the Low Countries when the theses reached him. He inwardly rejoiced to see his secret desires for the reform of abuses so courageously expressed: he commended their author, only exhorting him to more moderation and prudence. And yet, when some one in his presence blamed Luther's violence, "God," said Erasmus, "has sent a physician who cuts into the flesh, because, without such an one, the disorder would become incurable." And when afterwards the Elector of Saxony asked his opinion of Luther's affair,—"I am not at all surprised," answered he, smiling, "that he has occasioned so much disturbance, for he has committed two unpardonable offences,—he has attacked the tiara of the Pope, and the bellies of the monks."

Doctor Flek, prior of the cloister of Steinlausitz, had for some time discontinued reading mass, but he told no one his true reason. One day he found the theses of Luther in the convent refectory: he took them up and read; and no sooner had he gone through some of them, than, unable to suppress his joy, he exclaimed, "Oh! now at last, one is come who has been long waited for, and will tell you all;—look there, monks!" Thence glancing into futurity, as Mathesius remarks, and playing on the word Wittemberg: "All the world," said he, "will come to seek wisdom on that mountain, and will find it." He wrote to the Doctor, urging him by all means to continue the glorious struggle with courage. Luther calls him "a man full of joy and consolation."

The ancient and famous episcopal see of Würzburg was then filled by a pious, kind, and prudent man, Laurence of Bibra. When a gentleman came to announce to him that he destined his daughter for the cloister, "Better give her a husband," said he. And he added, "If you want money to do so, I will lend you." The Emperor and all the princes had the highest esteem for him. He deplored the disorders of the Church, and especially of the convents. The theses reached him also in his episcopal palace; he read them with great joy, and publicly declared that he approved Luther's view. He afterwards wrote to the Elector Frederic, "Do not let the pious Doctor Martin Luther leave you, for the charges against him are unjust." The Elector rejoiced at this testimony, copied it with his own hand, and sent it to the Reformer.

The Emperor Maximilian, the predecessor of Charles V., himself read and admired the theses of the monk of Wittemberg. He perceived the wide grasp of his thoughts; he foresaw that this obscure Augustine might probably become a powerful ally in Germany, in her struggle with Rome. Accordingly, he sent this message to the Elector of Saxony: "Take care of the monk Luther, for a time may come when we may have need of him:" and shortly after, meeting Pfeffinger, the confidential adviser of the Elector, at the Diet,—"Well," said he, "what is your Augustine about? Truly his propositions are not to be despised. He will show wonders to the monks."

Even at Rome, and at the Vatican, the theses were not so ill received. Leo X. regarded them rather with the feelings of a friend of learning than a Pope. The amusement they gave him made him overlook the stern truths they contained; and when Silvester Prierias, the master of the sacred palace, besought him to treat Luther as a heretic, he answered, "That same brother, Martin Luther, is a man of talent, and all that is said against him is mere monkish jealousy."

There were few on whom the theses of Luther had more effect than on the student of Annaberg, whom Tetzel had so unmercifully repulsed. Myconius had entered into a convent. That very night he had dreamed that he saw a wide field covered with ripe grain. "Reap," said the voice of him who seemed to conduct him; and when he excused himself as unskilled, his guide showed him a reaper labouring at his work with inconceivable activity. "Follow him, and do as he does," said his guide. Myconius, panting, like Luther, for holiness, gave himself up in the convent to watchings, fastings, macerations, and all the works of man's invention. But in the end he abandoned all hope of attaining the object of his pursuit. He left off study and applied himself only to manual labours. Sometimes he bound books, sometimes he wrought as a turner, or at some other mechanical occupation. This activity of body was unavailing, however, to quiet his troubled conscience. God had spoken to him; he could not relapse into his former sleep. This distress of mind lasted several years. Men sometimes imagine that the paths of the Reformers were altogether pleasant, and that when once they had rejected the burdensome observances of the Church, nothing remained but ease and delight. Such persons do not know that they only arrived at the truth by internal struggles a thousand times more painful than the observances to which servile spirits readily submitted

At length the year 1517 arrived: the theses of Luther were published; they ran through all lands; they arrived at the convent in which the student of Annaberg was immured. He retired with another monk, John Voit, into a corner of the cloister, that he might read them undisturbed. There was indeed the truth he had learned from his father; his eyes were opened; he felt a voice within him responding to that which then resounded throughout Ger-

many; and a rich comfort filled his heart. "I see clearly," said he, "that Martin Luther is the reaper whom I beheld in my dream, and who taught me to gather in the ripe corn." Immediately he began to profess the doctrine which Luther had proclaimed. The monks listened to him with dismay, combated his new opinions, and exclaimed against Luther and his convent. "That convent," replied Myconius, "is as the Sepulchre of our Lord; some men attempt to hinder Christ's resurrection, but they cannot succeed in their attempt." At last his superiors, seeing that they were unable to convince him, forbade him for a year and a half all intercourse beyond the walls of his convent; prohibiting him from writing or receiving letters; and threatened him with perpetual imprisonment. However, the hour of deliverance came also to him. Appointed shortly after pastor at Zwickau, he was the first who openly declared against the Papacy in the churches of Thuringia. "Then it was that I was enabled," says he, "to labour with my venerable father Luther in the harvest of the gospel." Jonas has designated him a man capable of all he undertook.

Doubtless there were other souls besides these to whom the theses of Luther were the signal of life. They kindled a new light in many a cell, cabin, and even palace. Whilst those who sought, in monastic seclusion, a well-supplied board, a life of indolence, or the reverence of their fellow-men, observes Mathesius, heaped reproaches on the Reformer's name,—the monks who lived in prayer, fastings, and mortifications, thanked God when they heard the first cry of that eagle predicted by John Huss, a century before. Even the common people, who understood but little of the theological question, and only knew that this man protested against mendicant friars and indolent monks, hailed him with shouts of joy. An extraordinary sensation was produced in Germany by his bold propositions. But others of his contemporaries foresaw their serious consequences, and the many obstacles they would have to encounter. They loudly expressed their fears, and never rejoiced without trembling.

"I fear much," wrote Bernard Adelman, the excellent canon of Augsburg, to his friend Pirckheimer, "that the worthy man will be, after all, obliged to yield to the avarice and power of the partisans of indulgences. His remonstrances have had so little effect, that the Bishop of Augsburg, our primate and metropolitan, has just ordered, in the Pope's name, fresh indulgences for St. Peter's at Rome. Let him, without losing time, seek the support of the princes; let him beware of tempting God; for one must be void of common sense, not to see the imminent danger in which he stands." Adelman rejoiced greatly when a report was current that King Henry VIII. had invited Luther to England. "He will there," thought he, "be able to teach the truth without molestation." Many there were who thus imagined that the doctrine of the Gospel needed to be supported by the power of princes. They knew not that it advances without any such power, and that often the alliance of this power hinders and weakens it.

The celebrated historian, Albert Kranz, was lying on his death-bed at Hamburgh, when the theses of Luther were brought to him. "Thou hast truth on thy side, brother Martin!" exclaimed the dying man, "but thou wilt not succeed. Poor monk, get thee to thy cell, and cry, O God, have mercy on me!"

An old priest of Hexter in Westphalia, having received and read the theses in his presbytery, said, in low German, shaking his head, "Dear brother Martin, if you succeed in casting down that purgatory and those sellers of paper, truly you will be a great man." Erbenius, who lived a hundred years later, wrote these lines under the words we have quoted:

Quid verò, nunc si viveret,
Bonus iste clericus diceret?*

Not only did many of Luther's friends conceive fears from his proceeding; several expressed to him their disapproval.

The Bishop of Brandenburg, grieved at seeing so important a controversy originating in his own diocese, would have wished to stifle it. He resolved to set about it with mildness. "I find," said he to Luther, by the Abbot of Lenin, "nothing in the theses concerning the indulgences at variance with the Catholic faith. I even myself condemn those imprudent proclamations; but for the love of peace, and out of regard to your bishop, cease to write on this subject." Luther was embarrassed that so distinguished an abbot and so great a bishop should address him with such humility. Moved and carried away by the first impulse of his heart, he answered, "I consent; I prefer obedience even to the working of miracles, if that were possible to me."

The Elector saw with regret the commencement of a contest, legitimate doubtless, but one of which the result could not be foreseen. No prince more sincerely desired to maintain the public peace than Frederic. Yet now what a vast conflagration might not this little fire kindle! what great contentions, what rending asunder of the nations might this quarrel with the monks produce! The Elector sent Luther repeated intimations of his uneasiness on the subject.

In his own order, and even in his convent of Wittemberg, Luther met with disapprobation. The prior and the sub-prior were frightened at the outcry made by Tetzel and all his companions. They went to brother Martin's cell, alarmed and trembling: "Pray," said they, "do not bring disgrace upon your order! The other orders, and especially the Dominicans, are already transported with joy to think that they are not alone in their obloquy." Luther was affected by these words; but soon recovering himself, he answered, "Dear fathers! if the thing is not of God, it will come

* What would the worthy clerk now say
If he were living in our day?

to naught; if it is, let it go forward." The prior and the sub-prior were silent. "The thing is going forward *still*," adds Luther, after having related this circumstance, "and if it please God, it will go on better and better to the end. Amen."

Luther had many other attacks of a very different kind to endure. At Erfurth he was accused of violence and pride in the manner in which he condemned the opinions of others; a reproach to which those persons are generally exposed who have that strength of conviction which is produced by the word of God. He was reproached with haste, and with levity.

"They require modesty in me," replied Luther, "and they themselves trample it under foot in the judgment they pass on me!... We behold the mote in another's eye, and consider not the beam that is in our own eye.... The truth will gain no more by my modesty than it will lose by my rashness."—"I should like to know," continued he, addressing himself to Lange, "what errors you and your divines have found in my theses. Who does not know that we can seldom advance a new idea without an appearance of pride, and without being accused of seeking quarrels? If humility herself attempted any thing new, those of a different opinion would exclaim that she was proud. Why were Christ and all the martyrs put to death? Because they appeared proud despisers of the wisdom of the times in which they lived, and because they brought forward new truths without having first humbly consulted the oracles of the old opinions.

"Let not the wise men of the present day, therefore, expect from me so much humility, or rather hypocrisy, as to ask their judgment, before I publish that which my duty calls upon me to proclaim. What I am doing will not be effected by the prudence of man, but by the counsel of God. If the work is of God, who shall stop it? If it is not, who can forward it? Not my will, not theirs, nor ours, but Thy will, thine, holy Father, who art in heaven!"

What boldness, what noble enthusiasm, what trust in God! and especially what truth in these words, and what truth for all times!

However, the reproaches and accusations which were brought against Luther from all sides, did not fail to make some impression upon his mind. He was deceived in his expectations. He had expected to see the heads of the Church, the most distinguished philosophers of the nation, publicly join him; but it was quite otherwise. A word of encouragement hastily bestowed at the outset was all that the more favourably disposed afforded him; and many of those whom he had regarded with most veneration were loud in their condemnation of him. He felt himself alone in the Church; alone against Rome; alone at the foot of that ancient and formidable citadel, whose foundations reached to the bowels of the earth, and whose walls, ascending to the skies, appeared to deride the presumptuous stroke which his hand had aimed against them. He was disturbed and dejected at the thought. Doubts, which he thought he had overcome, returned to his mind with fresh force. He trembled to think that he had the whole authority of the Church against him. To withdraw himself from that authority, to resist that voice which nations and ages had humbly obeyed, to set himself in opposition to that Church which he had been accustomed from his infancy to revere as the mother of the faithful; he, a despicable monk,—it was an effort beyond human power. No one step cost him so much as this, and it was in fact this that decided the fate of the Reformation.

No one can describe better than himself the struggle he then suffered in his mind. "I began this affair," said he, "with great fear and trembling. What was I at that time? a poor, wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. Who was I, to oppose the Pope's majesty, before which not only the kings of the earth and the whole world trembled; but also, if I may so speak, heaven and hell were constrained to obey the slightest intimation of his will? No one can know what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection, I might say in what despair, I was often plunged. Those proud spirits who afterwards attacked the Pope with such boldness, can form no idea of my sufferings; though, with all their skill, they could have done him no injury, if Christ had not inflicted upon him, through me, His weak and unworthy instrument, a wound from which he will never recover. But whilst *they* were satisfied to look on and leave me to face the danger alone, I was not so happy, so calm, or so sure of success; for I did not then know many things which now, thanks be to God, I do know. There were, it is true, many pious Christians who were much pleased with my propositions and thought highly of them. But I was not able to recognise these, or look upon them as inspired by the Holy Ghost; I only looked to the Pope, the cardinals, the bishops, the theologians, the jurisconsults, the monks, the priests. It was from thence that I expected the Spirit to breathe However, after having triumphed, by means of the Scriptures, over all opposing arguments, I at last overcame, by the grace of Christ, with much anguish, labour, and great difficulty, the only argument that still stopped me, namely, 'that I must hear the church;' for, from my heart, I honoured the church of the Pope as the true church, and I did so with more sincerity and veneration than those disgraceful and infamous corrupters of the church, who, to oppose me, now so much extol it. If I had despised the Pope, as those persons do in their hearts, who praise him so much with their lips, I should have feared that the earth would open at that instant, and swallow me up alive, like Korah and his company."

How honourable are these struggles to Luther's character! what sincerity, what uprightness, do they evince! and how much more worthy of our respect is he rendered by these painful assaults from within and from

without, than he could have been by an intrepidity untried by conflict. This travail of his soul is good evidence of the truth and divine nature of his work. We see that the cause and principle of all his actions was from heaven. Who will dare to say, after all the characteristics we have pointed out, that the Reformation was a political affair? No, certainly, it was not the fruit of human policy, but of divine power. If Luther had only been actuated by human passions, he would have yielded to his fears; his disappointments and misgivings would have smothered the fire that had been kindled in his soul, and he would only have shed a transient light upon the Church, as had been done before by so many zealous and pious men, whose names have been handed down to posterity. But now God's time was come; the work was not to be arrested; the enfranchisement of the Church must be accomplished. Luther was destined at least to prepare the way for that complete deliverance and that mighty increase which are promised to the kingdom of Christ. Accordingly he experienced the truth of that glorious promise: "The youths shall faint, and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail: But they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings, as eagles." And the same divine power, which, animating the heart of the Doctor of Wittemberg, had led him to the combat, soon restored his former courage.

The reproaches, the timidity, or the silence of his friends had discouraged him; the attacks of his enemies reanimated him: this is usually the case. The adversaries of the truth, thinking by their violence to do their own work, did in fact the work of God. Tetzel took up the gauntlet, but with a feeble hand. The sermon of Luther, which had had the same effect upon the common people as the theses had had upon the learned, was the first thing he undertook to answer. He replied to this discourse, sentence by sentence, in his own manner; he then gave notice that he was preparing to confute his adversary more at length, in some theses which he would maintain at the famous university of Frankfort upon the Oder. "Then," said he, referring to the conclusion of Luther's sermon, "every one will be able to discover who is an heresiarch, a heretic, a schismatic,—who is in error, who is rash, who is a slanderer. Then it will be evident to the eyes of all, who has 'a gloomy brain,' who has 'never felt the Bible, read the doctrines of Christianity, and understood his own teachers;'—and in defence of the propositions that I bring forward I am ready to suffer any punishment whatsoever, imprisonment, bastinado, water, or fire."

One thing strikes us in this work of Tetzel's. It is the difference between his German and that of Luther. It seems as if there were a distance of several ages between them. A foreigner especially finds it difficult to understand Tetzel, whilst the language of Luther is almost entirely such as is used at the present day. It is sufficient to compare their writings, to see that Luther is the father of the German language. This is undoubtedly one of the least of his merits, but still it is a merit.

Luther replied to this attack without naming Tetzel;—Tetzel had not named him. But there was no one in Germany who could not have written in the front of their productions the names which the authors thought fit to conceal. Tetzel endeavoured to confound the repentance that God requires with the penitence that the Church imposes; in order to give higher value to his indulgences. Luther undertook to clear up this point.

"To avoid many words," said he, in his own picturesque language, "I give to the winds, (which have more leisure than I have,) his other remarks, which are but paper flowers and dry leaves, and I content myself with examining the foundations of his edifice of *burrs*."

"The penitence imposed by the holy Father cannot be the repentance required by Christ: for what the holy Father imposes he can dispense with: and if these two penitences are one and the same thing, it follows that the holy Father takes away what Christ imposes, and destroys the commandment of God... Let him only ill treat *me*," continues Luther, after having quoted other false interpretations of Tetzel, "let him call me a heretic; schismatical, slanderous, and whatever he pleases: I shall not be his enemy on that account;—nay, so far from it, I will, on that account, pray for him as for a friend. But it cannot be endured that he should treat the Holy Scripture, our consolation, as a sow treats a sack of oats."

We must accustom ourselves to find Luther sometimes using expressions too coarsely vituperative for modern taste: it was the custom of the time; and we generally find in those words which shock our notions of propriety in language, a suitableness and strength which redeem their harshness. He continues:

"He who purchases indulgences, (say our adversaries again,) does better than he who gives alms to a poor man, unless he be reduced to the greatest extremity. Now, if they tell us that the Turks are profaning our churches and crosses, we may hear it without shuddering, for we have amongst ourselves Turks a hundred times worse, who profane and annihilate the only true sanctuary, the word of God, which sanctifies all things.... Let him who wishes to follow this precept, take good care not to feed the hungry, or to clothe the naked, before they die of want, and consequently have no more need of assistance."

It is important to compare Luther's zeal for good works, with what he says about justification by faith. Indeed, no one who has any experience and knowledge of Christianity, wants this new proof of a truth of which he has felt the fullest evidence; namely, that the more firmly we hold the doctrine of justification by faith, the better we know the necessi

ty of works, and the more diligent we are in the practice of them; whilst on the other hand, any laxity of the doctrine of faith brings with it, of necessity, a neglect of good works. Luther, St. Paul before him, and Howard after him are proofs of the former assertion. All men without this faith,—and the world is full of such,—give proof of the latter.

Luther proceeds to refer to the insults of Tetzel, and returns them in this fashion: "It seems to me, at the sound of these invectives, that I hear a great ass braying at me. I rejoice at it, and should be very sorry that such people should call me a good Christian." . . . We must represent Luther such as he was, and with all his weaknesses. This inclination to humour, and even low humour, was one of them. He was a great man, a man of God; but he was a man, and not an angel, nor even a perfect man. Who has the right to require this in him?

"Furthermore," adds he, defying and challenging his adversaries to combat, "although for such things it is not the custom to burn heretics, here am I, at Wittemberg, I, Doctor Martin Luther! and if there is any inquisitor who wishes to chew iron, or blow up rocks, I give him notice that he may have a safe-conduct hither, open gates, a good table, and a lodging prepared for him, all through the gracious care of the worthy prince, Duke Frederic, Elector of Saxony, who will never be the protector of heretics."

We see that Luther was not wanting in courage. He trusted in the word of God, and that is a rock that never fails to shelter us in the storm. But God in his faithfulness also afforded him other assistance. To the bursts of joy with which the multitude received the theses of Luther, had succeeded a mournful silence. The learned had timidly withdrawn when they heard the calumnies and insults of Tetzel and of the Dominicans. The bishops, who had before loudly blamed the abuse of the indulgences, seeing them at last attacked, had not failed, as is always the case, to discover that the attack was unseasonable. The greater part of the Reformer's friends were alarmed. Every one shrunk back. But when the first alarm was over, a change took place in the minds of men. The monk of Wittemberg, who, for some time had been almost alone in the Church, soon saw himself again surrounded by a multitude of friends and admirers.

There was one, who, though timid still remained faithful to him at this crisis, and whose friendship was a consolation and support. This was Spalatin. Their correspondence had been kept up. "I return you thanks," he says to him, speaking of a special mark of friendship he had received from him, "but what do I not owe you?" It was on the 11th of November, 1517, eleven days after the publication of the theses, and consequently at the moment when the minds of the people were in the greatest ferment, that Luther thus poured forth his gratitude to his friend. It is interesting to see in this very letter to Spalatin, how this strong man who had just performed an action requiring so much courage, acknowledges whence his strength is derived. "We can do nothing of ourselves; we can do all things by the grace of God. Ignorance in any measure is altogether beyond our power to overcome. There is no ignorance so dark but the grace of God can dispel it. The more we labour by our own strength to attain wisdom, the more infatuated we become. And it is not true that this invincible ignorance excuses the sinner, for otherwise there is no such thing as sin in the world."

Luther had sent his propositions neither to the prince nor to any of his courtiers. It appears that the chaplain expressed some surprise at this. "I did not wish," answered Luther, "that my theses should reach the hands of our illustrious prince, or any of his circle, before those who think they are therein referred to had received them, lest they should suppose that I published them by the prince's direction, or to court his favour, and out of ill-will to the Bishop of Mentz. I am told there are several who fancy this;—but now I can safely affirm, that my theses were published without the privity of Duke Frederic."

If Spalatin comforted his friend, and supported him with all his influence, Luther, on his part endeavoured to answer all the inquiries addressed to him by the diffident chaplain. Among his questions was one which is often proposed in our days. "What," asked he, "is the best method of studying the Scriptures?"

"Hitherto," answered Luther, "worthy Spalatin, you have asked only things I was able to answer. But to guide you in the study of the Holy Scripture is beyond my strength. However, if you insist on knowing my method, I will not conceal it from you.

"It is most plain we cannot attain to the understanding of Scripture either by study or by strength of intellect. Therefore your first duty must be to begin with prayer. Entreat the Lord to deign to grant you, in his rich mercy, rightly to understand his word. There is no other interpreter of the word of God but the author of that word himself; even as He has said, 'They shall all be taught of God.' Hope nothing from your study, or the strength of your intellect; but simply put your trust in God, and in the guidance of his Spirit. Believe one who has made trial of this method." Here we see how Luther attained to the possession of the truth which he preached to others. It was not, as some have said, by following the guidance of his own presumptuous reason; nor was it, as others assert, by surrendering himself to the contentious passions. He drew from the purest and holiest spring, by humble, trusting, and prayerful inquiry of God himself. But then, there are few men of this age who follow his example; and hence it is that there are few who understand him. To a thoughtful mind these words of Luther are of themselves a justification of the Reformation.

Luther also found consolation in the friendship of respectable laymen. Christopher Scheurl, the worthy town-clerk of the imperial city of Nuremberg, at this time afforded him some affecting marks of his regard. How sweet to the heart of a man encompassed with adversaries is every intimation of interest felt in his success! The town-clerk of Nuremberg went further; he wished to bring over other friends to the man he himself befriended. He proposed to him that he should dedicate one of his writings to Jerome Ebner, a jurisconsult of Nuremberg, who was then in great repute. "You have a high notion of my labours," answered Luther modestly; "but I myself have a very poor opinion of them. It was my wish, however, to comply with your desire. I looked,—but amongst all my papers, which I never before thought so meanly of, I could find nothing but what seemed totally unworthy of being dedicated to so distinguished a person by so humble an individual as myself." Touching humility! The words are those of Luther,—and he is speaking of the comparatively unknown name of Doctor Ebner! Posterity has not ratified his estimate.

Luther, who made no attempt to circulate his theses, had not only abstained from sending them to the Elector and his court, but had not even sent them to Scheurl. The town-clerk of Nuremberg expressed some surprise at this. "My design," answered Luther, "was not to make them so public. I wished to discuss the various points comprised in them with some of our associates and neighbours. If they had condemned them, I would have destroyed them; if they had approved them, I would have published them. But now they have been printed again and again, and circulated so far beyond all my expectations, that I regret the production of them; not that I fear the truth being made known to the people, for that is my object; but they are not in the best form for general instruction. They contain some points, too, which are still questionable in my own judgment. And if I had thought they would have made such an impression, there are propositions that I would have left out, and others that I would have asserted with greater confidence." Luther afterwards thought differently. Far from fearing that he had said too much, he declared he ought to have spoken out much more fully. But the apprehensions that Luther evinced to Scheurl do honour to his sincerity. They show that he had no preconceived plan, or party purpose; that he was free from self-conceit, and was seeking the truth alone. When he had discovered it in its fulness, his language was changed. "You will find in my earlier writings," said he, many years afterwards, "that I very humbly conceded to the Pope many and important things which I now abhor and regard as abominable and blasphemous."

Scheurl was not the only layman of consideration who then manifested a friendly disposition towards Luther. The famous painter, Albert Durer, sent him a present, probably one of his productions, and the Doctor expressed his gratitude for the gift.

Thus Luther, at that time, experienced in his own person the truth of the divine word: "A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity." But he recalled the passage for comfort to others as well as to himself.

He pleaded for the entire nation. The Elector had just levied a tax, and it was affirmed that he was about to levy another, in accordance, probably, with the advice of Pfeffinger, his counsellor, whose conduct was often the subject of Luther's strictures. The Doctor boldly placed himself in the breach. "Let not your Highness," said he, "despise the prayer of a poor friar. I beseech you, in God's name, not to impose any further tax. I was heart-broken,—and so were many of those who are most devoted to you,—at seeing to what a degree the last had injured your Highness's fair name and popularity. It is true that God has endowed you with a lofty judgment, so that you see further into the consequences of these things than I or your subjects in general. But it may be the will of God that a meaner capacity shall minister instruction to a greater,—to the end that no one may trust in himself, but simply in the Lord our God. May he deign, for our good, to preserve your body in health, and your soul for everlasting blessedness. Amen." Thus the Gospel, while it honours kings, pleads the cause of the people. It instructs subjects in their duties, and it calls upon princes to be regardful of their subjects' rights. The voice of such a Christian man as Luther, speaking in the secret chamber of a sovereign, may often do more than can be effected by a whole assembly of legislators.

In this same letter, in which Luther inculcated a stern lesson to his prince, he was not afraid to ask a boon of him, or rather, to remind him of a promise,—the promise he had made him of a new gown. This freedom on Luther's part, at a moment when he might fear he had offended Frederic, is equally honourable to the Prince and the Reformer. "But if," said he, "Pfeffinger has the charge of these matters, let him give it me in reality, and not in protestations of friendship. For as to weaving fine words together, it is what he excels in; but no good cloth comes of that." Luther thought that by his faithful counsel he had fairly earned his court garment. However, two years after he had not received it and his solicitation was renewed. A fact which seems to show that Frederic was not so easily wrought upon by Luther as has been supposed.

The minds of men had gradually recovered from the alarm that had at first been communicated to them. Luther himself was inclined to declare that his words did not bear the construction that had been put upon them. New events might have diverted public attention; and the blow aimed against the Romish doctrine might have spent itself in the air, as had

often been the case before. But the partisans of Rome prevented the affair from ending thus. They fanned the flame instead of extinguishing it.

Tetzel and the Dominicans haughtily replied to the attack made upon them. Eager to crush the audacious monk who had disturbed their traffic, and to conciliate the favour of the Roman Pontiff, they raised a shout of indignation,—affirmed that to attack the indulgences established by the Pope, was to attack the Pope himself; and summoned to their assistance all the monks and divines of their school. It is evident, indeed, that Tetzel was conscious of his own inability to cope with such an adversary as Luther. Quite disconcerted by the Doctor's attack, and irritated in the highest degree, he quitted the neighbourhood of Wittemberg, and went to Frankfort on the Oder, where he arrived in November, 1517. Conrad Wimpina, a man of great eloquence, and one of the most distinguished divines of the time, was one of the professors in the university of that city. Wimpina regarded with a jealous eye both the Doctor of Wittemberg and the university to which he belonged. The reputation enjoyed by both gave him umbrage. Tetzel requested him to answer the theses of Luther, and Wimpina accordingly wrote two series of antitheses, the first in defence of the doctrine of indulgences, and the second of the Papal authority.

On the 20th January, 1518, took place that disputation which had been so long preparing, which had been announced so ostentatiously, and on which Tetzel built his hopes. Loudly had he beat to arms. Monks had been gathering together from all the neighbouring cloisters. More than three hundred were now assembled. Tetzel read to them his theses. In these he repeated all that he had advanced before, even the declaration that—"Whosoever shall say the soul does not take its flight from purgatory, immediately that the money is dropped into the chest is in error."

But, above all, he put forward propositions by which the Pope seemed actually "seated," as the apostle expresses it, "in the temple of God, showing himself to be God." This shameless dealer in counterfeit wares found it convenient to retreat with all his disorders and scandals under the cover of the Pope's mantle.

The following are positions which he declared himself ready to defend, in presence of the numerous assembly that surrounded him:

"3. Christians should be taught, that the Pope, in the plenitude of his power, is higher than the universal church, and superior to councils; and that entire submission is due to his decrees.

"4. Christians should be taught, that the Pope alone has the right to decide in questions of Christian doctrine;—that he alone, and no other, has power to explain, according to his judgment, the sense of Holy Scripture, and to approve or condemn the words and works of others.

"5 Christians should be taught, that the judgment of the Pope, in things pertaining to Christian doctrine, and necessary to the salvation of mankind, can in no case err.

"6. Christians should be taught, that they should place more dependence in matters of faith on the Pope's judgment, expressed in his decrees, than of the unanimous opinion of all the learned, resting merely upon their interpretation of Scripture.

"8. Christians should be taught, that they who conspire against the honour or dignity of the Pope incur the guilt of treason, and deserve to be accursed.

"17. Christians should be taught, that there are many things which the Church regards as certain articles of the Catholic faith, although they are not found either in the inspired Scriptures or in the early Fathers.

"44. Christians should be taught to regard as obstinate heretics all who, by speech, action, or writing, declare that they would not retract their heretical propositions, though excommunication after excommunication should be showered upon them like hail.

"48. Christians should be taught, that they who protect the errors of heretics, and who, by their authority, hinder them from being brought before the judge who has a right to hear them, are excommunicate;—and that if, within the space of one year, they cease not from doing so, they will be declared infamous, and severely visited with punishment, conformable to the provisions of the law, and for the warning of others.

"50. Christians should be taught, that they who scribble so many books and tracts,—who preach, or publicly, and with evil intention, dispute about the confession of the lips, the satisfaction of works, the rich and large indulgences of the Bishop of Rome and his power; they who side with those who preach or write such things, and take pleasure in their writings, and circulate them among the people and in society; and finally, all they, who, in secret, speak of these things with contempt or irreverence, must expect to fall under the penalties before recited, and to plunge themselves and others along with them, into eternal condemnation at the great day, and the deepest disgrace in this present world. For every beast that toucheth the mountain shall be stoned."

We perceive that Luther was not the only object of Tetzel's attack. In his 48th thesis he probably had an eye to the Elector of Saxony. In other respects these propositions savour strongly of the Dominican. To threaten all opposition with rigorous chastisements, was an inquisitor's argument, which there was no way of answering. The three hundred monks, whom Tetzel had assembled, were full of admiration of all that he had said. The divines of the university were too fearful of being classed among the promoters of heresy, and too much attached to the principles of Wimpina, openly to attack the astounding theses which had been read in their presence.

This affair, therefore, about which there had been so much noise, seemed likely to end like

a mock fight; but among the crowd of students present at the discussion was a young man, about twenty years of age, named John Knipstrow. He had read the theses of Luther, and found them agreeable to the Scriptures. Indignant at seeing the truth publicly trampled under foot, without any one offering himself in its defence, the young man raised his voice, to the great surprise of the whole assembly, and attacked the presumptuous Tetzel. The poor Dominican, who had not reckoned on any such opposition, was thrown into dismay. After some attempts at an answer, he abandoned the field of battle, and made room for Wimpina. The latter defended his cause with more vigour; but Knipstrow pressed him so hard that, to put an end to the untoward contest, Wimpina, in his capacity of president, declared the discussion terminated, and proceeded at once to the promoting of Tetzel to the rank of Doctor, as the recompense of this glorious dispute. After this, Wimpina, to get rid of his young antagonist, caused him to be sent to the convent of Pyritz, in Pomerania, with directions that he should be strictly watched. But this newly-risen luminary, removed from the banks of the Oder, was destined, at a later period, to diffuse the light over Pomerania. God, when he sees fit, employs the disciple to confound the master.

Tetzel, desirous to make up for the check he had met with, had recourse to the *ultima ratio* of Rome and its inquisitors,—the fire. He set up a pulpit and a scaffold in one of the suburbs of Frankfort. He went thither in solemn procession, arrayed in the insignia of an inquisitor of the faith. He inveighed, in his most furious manner, from the pulpit. He hurled his thunders with an unsparing hand, and loudly exclaimed, that "the heretic Luther ought to be burned alive." Then, placing the Doctor's propositions and sermon on the scaffold, he set fire to them. He showed greater dexterity in this operation than he had displayed in defending his theses. Here there was none to oppose him, and his victory was complete. The arrogant Dominican re-entered Frankfort in triumph. When parties accustomed to power have sustained defeat, they have recourse to certain shows and semblances, which must be allowed them as a consolation for their disgrace.

The second theses of Tetzel mark an important epoch in the Reformation. They changed the ground of the dispute, transferring it from the indulgence-market to the halls of the Vatican,—and diverted the attack from Tetzel, to direct it against the Pope. For the contemptible trafficker whom Luther had assailed and held powerless in his grasp, they substituted the sacred person of the Head of Church. Luther was all astonishment at this. A little later, probably, he would, of his own accord, have taken up this new position; but his enemies spared him the trouble. Thenceforward, the dispute had reference, not merely to a discredited traffic, but to Rome itself; and the blow, that a bold hand had aimed against Tetzel's stall, smote, and shook to its foundation, the throne of the pontificate king.

The theses of Tetzel served, moreover, only as a signal to the troop of Romish doctors. A shout was raised against Luther by the monks, enraged at the appearance of an adversary more formidable even than Erasmus or Reuchlin. The name of Luther resounded from all the Dominican pulpits. They stirred up the passions of the people; they called the intrepid Doctor, a madman, a seducer, a wretch possessed by the devil. His teaching was decried as the most horrible of heresies. "Only wait," said they, "a fortnight, or, at most, a month, and that notorious heretic will be burned alive." Had it depended on the Dominicans, indeed, the Saxon Doctor would soon have met the fate of Huss and of Jerome; but God was watching over him. His life was destined to accomplish what the martyrdom of Huss had begun. For each individual serves the purposes of God; one by his life, another by his death. Already many exclaimed that the whole university of Wittemberg was tainted with heresy, and they pronounced it infamous. "Let us drive out the wretch and all his partisans," said they. And in many cases these clamours did, in fact, excite the passions of the people. Those who shared in the opinions of the Reformer were pointed out to public observation, and wherever the monks had power in their hands, the friends of the Gospel felt the effects of their hatred. Thus the prophecy of our Saviour began to be fulfilled: "They shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." This recompense of the world is in no age withheld from the decided disciples of the Gospel.

When Luther heard of the theses of Tetzel and of the general attack of which they had given the signal, his courage rose. He saw that it was necessary to face such adversaries boldly; his intrepid spirit felt no difficulty in resolving to do so. But, at the same time, their weakness discovered to him his own strength, and inspired him with the consciousness of what in reality he was.

He did not, however, give way to those emotions of pride which are so congenial to man's heart. "I have more difficulty," wrote he to Spalatin, at this time, "to refrain from despising my adversaries, and so sinning against Christ, than I should have in vanquishing them. They are so ignorant, both of human and divine things, that it is humbling to have to dispute with them; and yet it is this very ignorance which gives them their inconceivable boldness and their brazen front." But what, above all, strengthened his heart, in the midst of this general hostility, was the deep conviction that his cause was the cause of truth. "Do not wonder," he wrote to Spalatin, in the beginning of 1518, "that they revile me so unsparingly. I hear their revilings with joy. If they did not curse me, we could not be so firmly assured that the cause I have undertaken is that of God himself. Christ was

set for a sign that should be spoken against." "I know," said he, another time, "that from the beginning the Word of God has been such as that whosoever would carry it into the world, must, like the apostles, leave every thing, and be delivered unto death. If it were not so, it would not be the word of Christ." This peace, in the midst of agitation, is a thing unknown to the heroes of the world. We see men at the head of a government,—of a political party,—sink under their labours and trials. The Christian generally gathers new strength in conflict. It is because he is acquainted with a hidden source of refreshment and courage, unknown to him whose eyes are closed against the Gospel.

One thing, however, at times disturbed Luther: It was the thought of the dissensions his courageous resistance might give rise to. He knew that a word might be enough to set the world in a flame. He at times foresaw prince opposing prince; nation, perhaps, set against nation. His love for his country took alarm; his Christian charity recoiled from the prospect. He would gladly have secured peace; yet it behoved him to speak. It was the Lord's will. "I tremble," said he,—"I shudder—at the thought that I may be an occasion of discord to such mighty princes."

He still kept silence in regard to Tetzel's propositions concerning the Pope; had he been carried away by passion, doubtless he would have fallen with impetuosity upon that astounding doctrine, under which his adversary sought shelter and concealment for himself. But he did nothing of the kind. There is in his delay, reserve, and silence, a something grave and solemn, which sufficiently reveals the spirit that animated him. He paused, yet not from weakness,—for the blow was but the heavier when at length it fell.

Tetzel, after his auto-da-fé at Frankfort on the Oder, had hastened to send his theses into Saxony. They will serve, thought he, as an antidote to those of Luther. A man was despatched by the inquisitor from Alle to distribute his propositions at Wittemberg. The students of that university, indignant that Tetzel should have burned the theses of their master, no sooner heard of the arrival of his messenger than they surrounded him in troops, inquiring in threatening tones how he had dared to bring such things thither. Some of them purchased a portion of the copies he had brought with him; others seized on the remainder; thus getting possession of his whole stock, which amounted to eight hundred copies; then, unknown to the Elector, the senate, the rector, Luther, and all the professors, the students of Wittemberg posted bills on the gates of the university, bearing these words: "Whosoever desires to be present at the burning and obsequies of the theses of Tetzel, let him repair at two o'clock to the market place."

They assembled in crowds at the hour appointed; and, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, committed the propositions of the Dominican to the flames. One copy was saved from the fire. Luther afterwards sent it to his friend Lange, of Erfurth. The young students acted on the precept of them of old time, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," and not on that of Christ. But when doctors and professors had set such an example at Frankfort, can we wonder that young students should follow it at Wittemberg? The report of this academic execution spread through Germany, and made much noise. Luther was deeply grieved at it.

"I am surprised," wrote he, to his old master, Jodocus, at Erfurth, "that you could think I had any thing to do with the burning of Tetzel's theses. Do you think I have utterly lost my senses? But what can I do? When the tale is told of me, any thing, and from every quarter, gains implicit belief. Can I tie up men's tongues? No matter! let them tell, and hear, and see, and report whatever they please. I will go on as long as the Lord shall give me strength; and, with God's help, I will fear nothing."—"What will come of it," said he to Lange, "I know not; this only I know, that the peril in which I stand is greatly enhanced by the act." This occurrence shows how the hearts of the young were already kindled in the cause of which Luther was the champion. It was a sign of high import; for a movement once begun among the young is necessarily soon communicated to the entire generation.

The theses of Tetzel and of Wimpina, though slightly esteemed, produced a certain effect. They opened out the questions in dispute; they enlarged the rent in the mantle of the church; they brought new questions of thrilling interest into the field of controversy. Consequently, the heads of the Church began to take a nearer view of the debate, and to declare themselves strongly against the Reformer. "I know not, truly, on whose protection Luther can rely," said the Bishop of Brandenburg, "that he ventures in this way to attack the authority of the bishops." Perceiving that this new conjuncture called for new precautions, the Bishop came himself to Wittemberg. But he found Luther animated by that inward joy which springs from a good conscience, and determined to give battle. The Bishop felt that the monk was obeying a power higher than his own, and returned in an angry mood to Brandenburg. One day, (before the close of the winter of 1518,) while seated at his fireside, he said, turning to those who surrounded him, "I will not lay my head down in peace until I have cast Martin into the fire like this fagot;" and as he spoke he cast the fagot on the blazing hearth. The revolution of the sixteenth century was to be no more indebted for support to the heads of the Church than that of the first century had been to the sanhedrim and the synagogue. The dignified priesthood was again, in the sixteenth century, opposed to Luther, the Reformation, and its ministers, as it had formerly been to Jesus Christ, the Gospel, and his Apostles, and as it too often is, in all periods, to the truth. "The Bishops," said Luther, speaking of the visit of the prelate of Brandenburg, "begin to

see that they should have done what I am doing, and they are ashamed. They call me arrogant and audacious; and I do not deny that I am so. But they are not the people to know either what God is, or what we are."

A more formidable resistance than that which Tetzel had offered had now sprung up against Luther. Rome had answered him. A reply had gone forth from the walls of the sacred palace. It was not Leo X., however, who condescended to meddle with theology. "A squabble among the monks!" said he: "the best way is to take no notice of it." And on another occasion he observed: "It is a drunken German that has written these theses: when he is sober he will talk very differently." A Dominican of Rome, Sylvester Prierias, master of the pontifical palace, filled the office of censor. In that capacity he was the first to take cognisance of the theses published by the Saxon monk.

A Roman censor, and the theses of Luther! how remarkable the encounter! Freedom of speech, freedom of inquiry, and freedom of religious belief, had now to maintain a conflict, within the very gates of Rome, against the power that claims to hold in its hands the monopoly of spiritual knowledge, and at its own will to suppress the voice of Christian truth or allow its utterance. The struggle between that Christian liberty which stamps men the children of God, and that pontifical despotism which makes them the slaves of Rome, is symbolized, as it were, in the very beginning of the Reformation, by the encounter of Luther and Prierias.

This Roman censor, this prior-general of the Dominicans, this dignitary, whose office empowered him to determine what doctrines Christian men should profess, and on what points they should be silent, was eager to reply. He published a writing which he dedicated to Leo X., and in which he spoke contemptuously of the German monk, and declared, with an assurance altogether Roman, that he should like to know whether that Martin had indeed an iron snout and a head of brass, which it was impossible to shatter. Then, under the form of a dialogue, he proceeded to attack Luther's theses, employing by turns ridicule, reviling, and threats.

The contest, between the Augustine of Wittemberg and the Dominican of Rome, was waged on the question which is in itself the principle of the Reformation; namely, what is the sole infallible authority for Christians? Take the system of the Church, as set forth by its most independent organs.

The letter of the written word is dead, without that spirit of interpretation, which alone reveals its hidden meaning. But this spirit is not given to every Christian, but to the Church, that is, to the priests. It is great presumption to affirm that He, who promised to the Church to be with her always even to the end of the world, could have abandoned her to the power of error. It will be said, perhaps, that the doctrine and constitution of the Church are not now such as we find them in the Holy Scriptures. Undoubtedly; but this change is only apparent, it extends only to the form and not to the substance. Nay, more,—this change is a progression. The life-giving power of the Divine Spirit has imparted reality to what, in Scripture, existed only in idea. To the outline of the word it has given a body, put a finishing touch to its rough draught, and completed the work of which the Bible had merely furnished the rudiments. Consequently, we must understand the meaning of Holy Scripture as it has been determined by the Church, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.—So far the Catholic doctors were agreed: at this point they were divided,—General Councils, said some, (and Gerson was of their number,) are the representatives of the Church. Others said, it is the Pope who is the depositary of the spirit of interpretation; and no one has the right to construe Scripture otherwise than in accordance with the decree of the Roman Pontiff. This was the tenet espoused by Prierias.

Such was the doctrine which the master of the palace opposed to the infancy of the Reformation. He advanced assertions, with respect to the power of the Church and of the Pope, to which the most shameless flatterers of the Court of Rome would have blushed to subscribe. The following is one of the principles laid down at the commencement of his writing: "Whosoever does not rely on the teaching of the Roman Church, and of the Roman Pontiff, as the infallible rule of faith, and as that from which Holy Scripture itself derives its obligation and authority, is a heretic."

Then follows a dialogue in which the speakers are Luther and Sylvester, and in which the latter labours to refute the Doctor's propositions. The sentiments of the Saxon monk were altogether new and strange to a Roman censor; hence Prierias showed that he understood neither the feelings of his heart, nor the principles that regulated his conduct He estimated the teacher of the truth by the petty standard of the retainers of the Papacy. "My good Luther," says he, "were it thy fortune to receive from our Lord the Pope a good bishopric and a plenary indulgence for the rebuilding of thy church, how would thy tone be altered, and how loudly wouldst thou extol the indulgence which it now delights thee to disparage!" With all his pretensions to refinement, this Italian has frequent recourse to the grossest scurrility of language. "If it is the nature of dogs to bite," says he to Luther, "I should fear thou hadst a dog for thy father." Toward the close of his work, the Dominican even marvels at his own condescension, in parleying thus with a mutinous monk; and in taking leave of his adversary, he shows him the cruel teeth of an inquisitor. "The Roman Church," says he, "the supremacy of whose power, spiritual and temporal, is vested in the Pope, can restrain, by the secular arm, those who, having first received the faith, afterwards depart from it. The

Church is under no obligation to employ argument to combat and overcome rebels."

Such words, proceeding from the pen of a dignitary of the Roman court, were deeply significant; yet they did not intimidate Luther; he believed, or affected to believe, that this dialogue was not written by Prierias, but by Ulric de Hütten, or some other contributor to the *Litteræ Obscurorum Virorum*. "One of that fraternity," said he, "from the mere love of satire, or to set Luther against Prierias, has collected together this mass of absurdity." However, after having for some time kept silence, his doubts, if he had any, were removed; he set to work, and in two days prepared his answer.

The Bible had decided Luther's destiny: it had moulded the Reformer and commenced the Reformation. Luther's belief depended not on the testimony of the Church. His faith had come from the Bible itself: from within, and not from without. He was so deeply convinced that the evangelic doctrine was immovably built upon the word of God that all external doctrine was to him superfluous. This experimental knowledge possessed by Luther opened to the Church a new futurity. The living spring, which had gushed forth for the refreshment of the monk of Wittemberg, was to become a mighty river that should slake the thirst of nations.

"To understand Scripture, it is necessary that the Spirit of God should open the understanding," said the Church, and thus far it said truly. But its error lay in considering the Holy Spirit as the exclusive privilege of a particular caste, and supposing that he could be pent up in assemblies and colleges, in a city, or a conclave. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," said the Son of God, when speaking of the Spirit of God,—and elsewhere: "They shall be *all* taught of God." The corruption of the Church, the ambition of the Pontiffs, the passions of Councils, the animosities of the clergy, the pomp of the prelates, had banished far from those priestly abodes that Holy Spirit—that Spirit of humility and of peace. The Spirit of God had departed from the assemblies of the proud, and the palaces of princes of the Church, and had tabernacled with simple Christians and humble priests. He had turned from a tyrannous hierarchy, whose bloody heel again and again had trampled on the poor,—from a proud and ignorant clergy, whose leaders were better skilled in the use of the sword than of the Bible,—and was present with despised sectaries, or with men of understanding and learning. The holy cloud, that had withdrawn itself from the stately temple and the proud cathedral, had descended on the secluded dwellings of the humble, or the tranquil chamber of the conscientious inquirer. The Church, debased by her love of power and lucre, dishonoured before the people by her venal perversion of the doctrine of life,—the Church, busy in selling salvation, that she might replenish a treasury exhausted by her pride and debaucheries,—had forfeited all respect; and men of sense no longer attached any value to her testimony. Despising an authority so degraded, they gladly turned toward the divine word and its infallible authority as the only refuge open to them in that universal confusion.

The age therefore was ripe. The bold movement by which Luther shifted the support of the highest hopes of man's heart,—loosening them with a strong hand from the walls of the Vatican to fix them on the rock of the word of God,—was hailed with enthusiasm. This was the object the Reformer had in view in his answer to Prierias.

Passing by the principles the Dominican had laid down at the opening of his work—"I," said he, "following your example, will also lay down certain principles."

The first is this passage of St. Paul: "If any one preach unto you another Gospel than that is preached, though he should be an angel from heaven, let him be accursed."

The second is the following, from St. Augustine writing to St. Jerome:—"I have learned to render to the inspired Scriptures alone the homage of a firm belief, that they have never erred; as to others, I do not believe in the things they teach, simply because it is they who teach them."

Here Luther, with a steady hand, establishes the fundamental principles of the Reformation. The word of God,—the whole word of God,—and nothing but the word of God. "If you rightly understand these principles," continues he, "you will also understand that your whole Dialogue is overturned by them; for you have done nothing but bring forward phrases and opinions of St. Thomas." Then, openly impugning the axioms of his adversary, he freely confesses that he thinks both Popes and Councils may err. He complains of the flatteries of the Roman courtiers, who ascribe this and that power to the Pope. He declares that the Church exists virtually in Christ alone, and representatively in a General Council. And then, alluding to the insinuation of Prierias: "undoubtedly you judge me by yourself," said he; "but if I aspired to be made a bishop, I certainly should not use the language which you find so offensive. Do you imagine I am ignorant of the manner in which bishoprics and priest's orders are obtained at Rome? Do not the very children sing, in every street of that city, these well known words:—

> "Of all foul spots the wide world round,
> The foulest here in Rome is found?"

(Such songs had been current in Rome before the election of one of the last Popes.) Yet Luther speaks of Leo with respect. "I know," says he, "that he may be compared to Daniel in Babylon: his innocence has often endangered his life." He concludes by replying very briefly to the threatening language used by Prierias. "Lastly, you say that the Pope is both pontiff and emperor, and that he can employ the secular arm to compel obedience. Do you thirst for blood then? I pro

test to you that these rhodomontades and menaces of yours give me not the slightest alarm. For what if I were to lose my life? Christ still lives; Christ my Lord, and the Lord of all, blessed forever. Amen."

Thus fearlessly did Luther, in opposition to the infidel altar of the Papacy, set up the altar of the holy and infallible word of God; an altar, before which he would have every knee to bow, and on which he declares himself ready to offer up his life.

A new adversary now presented himself in the lists,—a Dominican, like his predecessors. James Hochstraten, the inquisitor of Cologne, of whose outcries against Reuchlin, and the friends of literature, we have already spoken, could not restrain his rage when he heard of the first efforts of the hero of the Reformation. It was not to be wondered at, that monkish ignorance and fanaticism should assail the man who was to give them the death-blow. Monachism had arisen when the primitive truth had begun to disappear. From that period monachism and error had grown up side by side. The man who was to accelerate their fall had now appeared. But his sturdy antagonists would not abandon the field. The struggle lasted to the end of Luther's life, but we regard it as epitomised in this dispute of Hochstraten and Luther; the free and courageous Christian, and the irascible slave of monkish superstitions! Hochstraten lost his temper, he gave vent to his indignation, and loudly demanded the death of the heretic. He would have had recourse to the stake to secure the triumph of Rome. "It is high treason against the Church," exclaimed he, "to suffer so horrid a heretic to live an hour longer. Away with him at once to the scaffold!" This sanguinary counsel was but too well followed in many countries, and the voices of many martyrs, as in the earlier ages of the Church, gave testimony to the truth from the midst of the flames. But in vain were fire and sword invoked against Luther. The angel of the Lord encamped around him, and defended him.

Luther answered Hochstraten in few words, but with much vigour: "Out upon thee," said he, at the close of his reply, "thou senseless murderer, thirsting for the blood of thy brethren! I sincerely desire that *thou* shouldst not call me Christian and faithful; but that thou shouldst continue on the contrary to decry me as a heretic. Understand me, thou bloodthirsty man! enemy to the truth! and if thy rage prompt thee to attempt my life, take care to act circumspectly, and to choose thy time well; God knows what is my purpose if my life should be spared. . . . . My hope and expectation, God willing, shall not be disappointed." Hochstraten made no reply.

An attack more trying to his feelings, awaited the Reformer. Doctor Eck, the celebrated professor of Ingolstadt, the deliverer of Urban Regius, the friend of Luther, had received the famous theses. Eck was not a man to defend the abuses of the indulgences; but he was a doctor of the school, not of the Bible,—well versed in the scholastic divinity, but not in the word of God. If Prierias had represented Rome, and Hochstraten the monks, the new combatant represented the schools. The scholastic philosophy, which for almost five centuries held sway over Christendom, far from yielding to the earliest efforts of the Reformer, arose in its pride to crush the man who dared to treat it with contempt. Eck and Luther, Luther and the Schools, were often afterwards arrayed one against the other. But it was now the contest opened.

It could hardly happen but that Eck should consider many of Luther's assertions erroneous. We have no reason to doubt the sincerity of his convictions. He was enthusiastic in defence of the scholastic opinions, whilst Luther was an equally enthusiastic adherent of the word of God. We may even imagine that Eck felt some concern at the necessity of opposing his old friend: and yet it appears, from the manner in which he assailed him, that passion and jealousy had some share in his motives.

It was under the title of *Obelisks* that he wrote his remarks on the theses of Luther. Desiring at first to keep up appearances, he did not publish his work, but contented himself with communicating it in confidence to his ordinary, the Bishop of Eichstadt. But the Obelisks were soon widely dispersed, either through the indiscretion of the Bishop, or by the Doctor's own act. One copy fell into the hands of Link, a preacher at Nuremberg, and a friend of Luther; by him it was communicated to Luther himself. Eck was a very different adversary from either Tetzel, Prierias, or Hochstraten: the more his work excelled theirs in learning and subtlety, the more injurious was likely to be its effects. He spoke of "his feeble adversary" in a tone of compassion, well knowing that pity is more disparaging than anger. He insinuated that Luther's propositions were spreading the Bohemian poison, that they savoured of Bohemia, and by these malignant references, drew upon Luther the odium attaching in Germany to the name of Huss and the Bohemian schismatics.

The malice that was discernible in this writing, roused Luther's indignation. But he was still more grieved at the thought that the blow came from an old friend. "It was then," thought he, "at the cost of the affection of his friends that truth must be defended." Luther unbosomed the sadness of his heart, in a letter to Egranus, pastor at Zwickau. "In these Obelisks," said he, "I am called a 'pestilent man,' 'a Bohemian,' 'a heretic,' and reproached as 'seditious,' 'insolent,' and 'rash.' I overlook minor reproaches, such as 'dull,' 'stupid,' 'ignorant,' 'despiser of the sovereign pontiff,' &c. Throughout there are nothing but insults, and yet he who has written them is a distinguished man, in whom genius and learning are blended; moreover, one who was united to me by a great intimacy, recently contracted. His name is John Eck, doctor of divinity, chan

cellor of Ingolstadt, &c. a man well known and highly esteemed for his writings. If I did not know the design of Satan, I should wonder at the rage which has prompted Eck to violate a friendship so delightful, and so recent besides, and that without giving me one word of notice."

But if Luther's heart was wounded, his courage was not abated. On the contrary, he caught fresh fire for the dispute. "Rejoice, brother," he said to Egranus, who had likewise been attacked by a violent adversary, "rejoice, and let not these paper missiles terrify you! The more furious my adversaries, the more I advance. I leave the things that are behind, for them to bark at, and I stretch forward to those that are before, that they may bark at those also in their turn."

Eck felt how disgraceful his conduct had been, and endeavoured to justify himself in a letter to Carlstadt. In it he termed Luther "their common friend." He threw all the blame on the Bishop of Eichstadt, at whose solicitation he declared he had written his work. He had not intended to publish the *Obelisks*, he said; if it had been otherwise he would have manifested more regard for the ties of friendship, by which he was united to Luther. Finally, he intimated a wish that, instead of engaging in a public controversy with him, Luther should turn his arms against the divines of Frankfort. The professor of Ingolstadt, who had not feared to strike the first blow, began to quail when he considered the strength of the adversary he had had the imprudence to attack. He would willingly have avoided the contest. But it was now too late.

All these fine speeches did not satisfy Luther; however, he wished to remain silent. "I will swallow patiently," he said, "this morsel, worthy of Cerberus." But his friends were of a different opinion. They importuned him and obliged him to comply. He therefore answered Eck's *Obelisks* by his *Asterisks*, or Stars; "opposing," as he said, "the light and dazzling brightness of the stars of heaven, to the rust and livid hue of the Obelisks of the doctor of Ingolstadt." In this work he treated his new adversary with less harshness than he had used towards his former opponents; but his suppressed indignation at times broke forth in his words.

He proved that in all that chaos of Obelisks there was nothing of the *Scriptures*, nothing of the Fathers of the Church, nothing of the ecclesiastical canons: but throughout, nothing but glosses of the schools; opinions, mere opinions, and dreams; in a word, all those very things that Luther had attacked. The *Asterisks* are full of life and energy. The author is indignant at the errors in his friend's book, but he pities the man. He again asserts the fundamental principle that he had maintained in his answer to Prierias; "The sovereign pontiff is a man, and may be led into error; but God is truth itself, and cannot err." And afterwards, using an argument "*ad hominem*," against the scholastic doctor; "It is certainly an act of audacity," says he, "for any one to teach as the philosophy of Aristotle, what he cannot prove on Aristotle's authority.—You allow this.—Well, with much greater reason is it the height of audacity, to affirm in the Church, and amongst Christians, what Christ himself has not taught. Now where do we find in the Bible, that the treasure of Christ's merits is confided to the Pope?"

Lastly, he adds: "As to the malicious reproach of Bohemian heresy, I bear this accusation patiently, for Christ's sake. I live in a celebrated university, a city of note, a considerable bishopric, a powerful duchy, where all are orthodox, and where, undoubtedly, they would not tolerate so wicked a heretic."

Luther did not publish the *Asterisks*, he only communicated them to his friends; it was not till afterwards that they were given to the public.

This rupture between the doctor of Ingolstadt and the doctor of Wittemberg caused a great sensation in Germany. They had common friends. Scheurl, especially, took alarm. It was through him that the two doctors had become acquainted. He was one of those who wished to see a Reformation take place in the universal Germanic church, and by the agency of its most distinguished members. But if, at the outset, the most eminent theologians were to fall to quarrelling; if, whilst Luther was advancing new opinions, Eck stood up as the representative of the old, what confusion was to be apprehended! Would not numerous adherents flock around each chief, and form two hostile camps in the bosom of the empire?

On these accounts Scheurl endeavoured to reconcile Eck and Luther. The latter declared himself ready to forget every thing; that he loved Eck's talents; that he admired his learning; and that he felt more grief than anger at his old friend's conduct. "I am prepared," said he to Scheurl, "either for peace or war; but I prefer peace. Help us, then, by your good offices; grieve with us that the devil has kindled this beginning of discord among us; and afterwards rejoice that Christ in his mercy has extinguished it." He wrote affectionately to Eck, but the latter returned no answer. He did not even send him any message. The time for a reconciliation was past. The breach grew wider and wider. The pride of Eck and his implacable spirit, soon broke the last ties of their declining friendship.

Such were the struggles which the champion of God's word had to maintain in the beginning of his career. But, in the estimation of a Christian, those combats are of small account, that are to be waged in the high places of this world, or in the arena of the schools. Human teachers imagine that they have obtained a splendid triumph if some literary circles are filled with the fame of their systems. As their desire is rather to gratify their self-love, or to please a party, than to benefit mankind, this brilliant worldly suc-

cess suffices them. Thus, their labours may be compared to smoke, which, after blinding the eyes, passes away without leaving any vestige behind. Neglecting to deposit their principles in the masses, they do little more than skim the surface of society.

Not so the Christian; his aim is neither a name in society, nor academical honours; but the salvation of souls. He willingly foregoes the intellectual rivalry in which he might engage at his ease with the disputers of this world,—and prefers the secret labours which carry light and life into the sequestered dwellings of the poor. This did Luther; or rather, following his Master's precept, "He did this, and left no other things undone." While combating inquisitors, chancellors of universities, and masters of the palace, he laboured to diffuse sound religious knowledge among the multitude. With this view, he about the same time published several popular tracts, such as his sermons on the Ten Commandments, preached two years previously in the church of Wittemberg, and which have already been mentioned, and also his explanation of the Lord's Prayer, for the simple and unlearned laity. Who would not desire to know what the Reformer then addressed to the people? We will cite, therefore, some of the words which he put forth to "run through the land," as he says in the preface to the last mentioned work.

Prayer, that interior act of the heart, will undoubtedly be ever one of the points with which a true and vital reformation will commence; Luther's thought was turned to this solemn subject. It is not possible to transfuse his energetic style and the vigour of his language, which was in course of formation, so to speak, under his pen, as he composed. We will however make some attempt.

"When thou prayest," said he, "let thy words be few, but thy thoughts and feelings many and deep. The less thou speakest, the better thy prayers. Few words and much thought is a Christian frame. Many words and little thought is heathenish."

"The prayer that is external and of the body is that mumbling of the lips, that outward babble, gone through without attention, and heard and seen of men; but prayer in spirit and in truth is the inward desire, the motions and sighs that proceed from the depth of the heart. The former is the prayer of hypocrites, and of those who trust in themselves. The latter is the prayer of God's children who walk in his fear."

Passing on to the opening words of the Lord's Prayer, he thus expresses himself:—*Our Father.* "Of all names there is not one which more inclines us towards God than the name of Father. We should feel less love, and derive less consolation, from addressing him as Lord, or God, or Judge. By that word *Father*, his bowels of compassion are moved; for there is no sound more sweet or prevailing with a father than the voice of his child."

He continues, and on the words, "*who art in heaven,*" he says: "Whosoever professes that he has a father *in heaven*, acknowledges himself to be a stranger upon earth:—hence, there is in his heart an ardent longing, like that of a child that is living among strangers in want and grief, afar from its fatherland. It is as if he said, Alas! my father, thou art *in heaven*, and I, thy suffering child, am *on earth*, far from thee, encompassed with dangers, wants, and mourning.

"*Hallowed be thy name.*'—"He who is passionate, abusive, envious, and slanderous, dishonours the name of God in which he has been baptized. Profaning to impious uses a vessel that God has consecrated to himself, he is like a priest who should take the holy cup and give drink to swine, or gather dung into it."

"*Thy kingdom come.*"—"Those who amass property and build magnificent mansions, who strive after what the world can give, and utter this prayer with their lips, resemble those huge organ pipes which incessantly sing with all their power in the churches, without speech, feeling, or reason."

Further on, Luther attacks the error of *pilgrimages*, which was then so prevalent: "One goes to Rome, another to St. James, a third builds a chapel, and a fourth endows religious houses, in order to attain to the kingdom of God; but all neglect the one thing needful, which is, to become *themselves* his kingdom. Why seek the kingdom of God beyond the seas? It is in thy heart it should arise."

"It is an awful thing," he continues, "to hear us offer this petition, 'Thy will be done.' Where in the church do we see this 'will of God?' One bishop rises against another bishop; one church against another church. Priests, monks, and nuns quarrel, and thwart, and wage war with each other, and everywhere discord prevails. And yet each party declares that there is good will and upright intention; and so, to the honour and glory of God, they altogether do the devil's work..."

"Why do we use the words, 'our bread?'" he continues, expounding these words, "*Give us this day our daily bread.*" "Because we do not pray for the common bread that heathens partake, and which God gives to all men,—but for '*our*' bread, the bread of those who are 'children' of the heavenly Father."

"And what then is this bread of God? It is Jesus Christ our Lord. 'I am the bread of life which came down from heaven, and giveth life to the world.' Therefore let no one be deluded: whatever sermons and instructions do not exhibit and make known Jesus Christ, cannot be the daily bread and nourishment of souls."

"Of what use is it that such bread has been provided, if it is not served up, and so we are unable to partake of it? It is as if a noble feast were prepared, and none were ready to distribute the bread, to place the meat on table, or fill the cups, and so the guests should be reduced to feed on the mere sight and smell. Therefore we must preach Christ alone.

"But, say you, what is it to know Christ? and what good will come of it? I answer

to learn and know Christ is to understand what the Apostle declares, namely: that 'Christ is made unto us of God, wisdom righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' Now you understand *that*, if you acknowledge all *your* wisdom mere blameworthy foolishness, *your* righteousness a criminal iniquity, *your* holiness a guilty pollution, *your* redemption a miserable sentence of condemnation; if you feel that you are truly, before God, and before all creatures, a fool, a sinner, an impure and condemned man: if you manifest, not by word alone, but from the bottom of your heart, and by your works,—that there is neither salvation nor comfort for you, save only in Christ. To believe is nothing else than *feeding on this bread from heaven.*"

Thus Luther faithfully adhered to his resolution to open the eyes of a blinded people, whom the priests were leading at their pleasure. His writings rapidly dispersed throughout Germany, called up a new light, and shed abundantly the seed of truth on a soil well prepared for it. But, while attending to those who were at a distance, he did not forget those who were nigh at hand.

The Dominicans, from their pulpit, anathematized the infamous heretic. Luther,—the man of the people, and who, if he had desired it, could, by a few words, have called up the popular fury against them,—disdained such triumphs, and thought only of instructing his hearers.

And he did so. His reputation, which spread more and more widely, and the boldness with which he lifted the banner of Christ in the midst of an enslaved Church, increased the eager attendance on his preaching at Wittemberg. The crowd of hearers was more considerable than ever. Luther went straight to his mark. One day, having ascended the pulpit, he undertook to prove the doctrine of repentance, and on this occasion, he pronounced a discourse which became afterwards very celebrated, and in which he laid down some of the grounds of the evangelical doctrine.

He first contrasted man's pardon with God's pardon. "There are," said he, "two kinds of remission: the remission of the penalty, and the remission of the sin. The first reconciles outwardly the offender with the Church. The second, which is the heavenly grace, reconciles the offender with God. If a man does not find in himself that peace of conscience, that joy of heart which springs from God's remission of sin, there is no indulgence that can help him, though he should buy all that had ever been offered upon earth."

He continues: "They wish to do good works before their sins are forgiven them,—whilst it is indispensable that our sins be pardoned before good works can be done. It is not works which banish sin; but drive out sin and you will have works. For good works must be done with a joyful heart, and a good conscience toward God, that is, with *remission of sins.*"

He then comes to the chief object of this sermon, which was also the great end of the whole Reformation. The Church had put itself in the place of God and his word; he rejects her assumption, and shows every thing to depend on faith in God's word.

"The remission of the sin is out of the power of pope, bishop, priest, or any man living; and rests solely on the word of Christ, and on thine own faith. For Christ did not design that our comfort, our hope, and our salvation, should be built on a word or work of man, but solely on himself, on his work, and on his word. . . . Thy repentance and thy works may deceive thee; but Christ, thy God, will not deceive thee, nor will he falter, and the devil shall not overthrow his words."

"A pope or a bishop has no more power to remit sin than the humblest priest And even, without any priest, every Christian, even though a woman or a child, can do the same. For if a simple believer say to thee, 'God pardon thy sin in the name of Jesus Christ,'—and thou receive that word with firm faith, and as though God himself spake it to thee—thou art absolved."

"If thou dost not believe that thy sins are forgiven thee, thou makest thy God a liar, and showest thyself to hold more to thy vain thoughts than to God and his word."

"Under the Old Testament, neither priest, nor king, nor prophet, had authority to declare remission of sins. But under the New, every believer has this power. The Church is full of remission of sins. If a devoted Christian should comfort thy conscience by the word of the cross, whether that Christian be a man or woman, young or old, receive that comfort with such faith as to endure death a hundred times, rather than doubt that God has ratified it. Repent; do all the works thou canst; but let *faith* in pardon through Christ hold the first rank, and command the whole field of your warfare."

Thus spake Luther to his surprised and delighted hearers. All the superstructures which presumptuous priests had raised for their own gain between God and the soul of man were thrown down, and man brought face to face with his God. The word of forgiveness now descended pure from on high without passing through a thousand corrupting channels. That the witness of God should be received, it was no longer necessary that men should attach to it their delusive seal. The monopoly of the priestly caste was abolished; the Church was delivered from her thraldom.

Meanwhile it was become needful that the flame that had been lighted up in Wittemberg should be kindled elsewhere. Luther, not satisfied with proclaiming the truth of the Gospel in the place of his own abode, as well to the students as to the people, was desirous to scatter in other places the seeds of sound doctrine. In the spring of 1518 the order of the Augustines held its chapter general at Heidelberg. Luther was summoned thither as one of the most distinguished men of his order. His friends made every effort to dissuade him from undertaking this journey. In

truth, the monks had laboured to make the name of Luther hated in all the places he would have to pass through. To insult they added threats. A little matter would suffice to raise a tumult on his journey, in which he might fall a victim. "Or else," said his friends, "what they dare not do by violence, they will accomplish by treachery and fraud." But Luther never allowed himself to be stopped short in the performance of a duty by fear of danger, however imminent. Accordingly, ne was deaf to the timid suggestions of his friends: he plainly showed in whom he put his trust, and under whose protection he was resolved to undertake this dreaded journey. Then the festival of Easter being terminated, he quietly set out on foot, the 13th April, 1518.

He took with him a guide named Urban, who carried his little baggage, and was to accompany him as far as Wurtzburg. What thoughts must have crowded the heart of this servant of the Lord during his journey! At Weissenfels, the pastor, who had no previous knowledge of him, recognised him immediately as the Doctor of Wittemberg, and received him cordially. At Erfurth, two other brethren of the order of the Augustines joined company with him. At Judenbach, the three travellers met Degenhard Pfeffinger, the confidential adviser of the Elector, and were entertained by him at the inn. "I had the pleasure," writes Luther to Spalatin, "of making the rich lord poorer by some *groschen*; you know how I love on all occasions to levy contributions on the rich for the advantage of the poor; especially when the rich are friends of mine" He reached Coburg, overcome with fatigue. "All goes well, by God's favour," wrote he, "unless it be that I must acknowledge myself to have sinned in undertaking this journey on foot. But for that sin I think I have no need of any *indulgence*, for my contrition is perfect, and the satisfaction plenary. I am exhausted with fatigue, and all the conveyances are full. Is not this enough, and more than enough, of penance, contrition, and satisfaction?"

The Reformer of Germany, not finding room in the public conveyances, nor any one willing to give up his place to him, was obliged, on the following morning, notwithstanding his weariness, to set out again from Coburg, on foot. He arrived at Wurtzburg the second Sunday after Easter, towards evening. From thence he sent back his guide.

It was in this town that the Bishop of Bibra resided, who had received his theses with so much approbation. Luther was the bearer of a letter to him from the Elector of Saxony. The Bishop, delighted with the opportunity thus offered of becoming personally acquainted with this courageous champion of the truth, immediately invited him to the episcopal palace. He himself went to meet him, addressed him very affectionately, and offered to procure him a guide as far as Heidelberg. But Luther had met at Wurtzburg his two friends, the Vicar-general Staupitz, and Lange, the Prior of Erfurth, and had been offered a seat in their carriage. He therefore thanked Bibra for his proffered kindness, and the next day the three friends set out from Wurtzburg. They travelled in this manner for three days, conversing together. On the 21st of April they reached Heidelberg. Luther alighted at the convent of the Augustines.

The Elector of Saxony had given him a letter for the Count Palatine Wolfgang, Duke of Bavaria. Luther repaired to his magnificent castle, the delightful situation of which is even at this day the admiration of strangers. The monk, a native of the plains of Saxony, had a heart capable of admiring the picturesque situation of Heidelberg, commanding the two beautiful valleys of the Rhine and the Necker. He delivered his letter of recommendation to John Simler, the steward of the household. The latter, on reading it, observed: "Truly, you have a valuable letter of credit here." The Count Palatine received Luther very graciously. He invited him repeatedly to his table, together with Lange and Staupitz. It was a great comfort to Luther to meet with so friendly a reception. "We were very happy together," says he, "and amused each other with agreeable and pleasant conversation, taking our repasts, examining the beauties of the Palatine palace, admiring the ornaments, the armoury, cuirasses, and every thing remarkable that this celebrated and truly royal castle contains."

But Luther had another task to perform. He must work while it was yet day. Called for a time to a university which exercised an extensive influence over the west and south of Germany, he was there to strike a blow which should put in movement the churches of those countries. He began therefore to write some theses, which he proposed to maintain in a public disputation. Such disputations were not unusual; but Luther felt that, to make this useful, it must be of a striking character. His natural disposition, moreover, prompted him to present truth in a paradoxical form. The professors of the university would not suffer the disputation to take place in their great hall. A room was, therefore, engaged in the convent of the Augustines, and the 26th of April was fixed for the discussion.

Heidelberg at a later period received the evangelical doctrine. One who was present at the conference in the convent of the Augustines might have then foreseen, that that conference would one day bear fruit.

The reputation of Luther attracted a numerous auditory,—professors, courtiers, burghers, students came in crowds. The following are some of the Doctor's "paradoxes,"—for by that name he designated his theses. Even in our day, perhaps, some might give them no better name; yet it would be easy to render them in propositions obvious to common sense.

"1. The law of God is a salutary rule of life; and yet it cannot help man in the obtaining of righteousness; but on the contrary impedes him."

"3. Works of men, let them be as fair and

good as they may, are yet evidently nothing but mortal sins."

"4. Works that are of God, however unsightly and evil in appearance, have yet an endless efficacy."

"7. The works of the righteous themselves would be mortal sins,—if from a holy reverence of the Lord, they did not fear that their works might indeed be mortal sins."

"9. To say that works done out of Christ are truly dead works,—but not mortal sins,—is a dangerous forgetfulness of the fear of God."

"13. Free will, since the fall of man, is but an empty word; and if man does all he can, he still sins mortally."

"16. A man who dreams he can attain to grace by doing all that is in his power, adds sin to sin,—and is doubly guilty."

"18. It is certain that man must altogether despair of his own ability, if he would be made capable of receiving the grace of Christ."

"21. A theologian of this world calls good —evil, and evil—good; but a teacher of the cross is a teacher of the truth."

"22. The wisdom which applies itself to learn the invisible perfections of God from his works, puffs up, blinds, and hardens men."

"23. The law calls forth God's anger: slays, accurses, judges, and condemns, whatsoever is not *in Christ*."

"24. Yet this wisdom (§ 22,) is not an evil; and the law (§ 23,) is not to be rejected; but he who learns not the wisdom of God under the Cross, turns to evil whatever is good."

"25. That man is not justified who does many works; but he who, without having yet done works, has much faith in Christ."

"26. The law says, 'Do this,' and what it enjoins is never done; Grace says, 'Believe in him,' and immediately all is perfected."

"28. The love of God finds nothing in man, but creates in him what He loves. Man's love is the gift of his well beloved."

Five doctors of divinity attacked these theses. They had read them with the surprise that their novelty excited. Such theology seemed to them extravagant. They, however, entered on the discussion, as Luther tells us, with a courtesy which inspired him with much esteem for them; yet with great earnestness and discernment. Luther, on his part, manifested unusual mildness in his mode of reply, unrivalled patience in listening to the objections of his opponents, and all the quickness of St. Paul in solving the difficulties opposed to him. His answers short but full of the word of God,—astonished his hearers. "He is exactly like Erasmus," said many, "except that he surpasses him in one thing;—that is, he openly professes what Erasmus was satisfied with insinuating."

The disputation was drawing near to its close. The adversaries of Luther had, at least, retreated with honour from the field; the youngest of them, Doctor George Niger, alone continued the contest with the powerful disputant; alarmed at the bold propositions of the Augustine monk, and not knowing what argument to have recourse to, he exclaimed, with an accent of fear, "If our peasantry heard such things, they would stone you to death." At these words a general laugh went round the assembly.

Yet never did an auditory listen with more attention to a theological discussion. The first words of the Reformer had aroused men's minds. Questions, which but a little while before, would have met only with indifference, were, at that hour, teeming with interest. An observer might have read in the countenances of those present the new ideas which the bold assertions of the Saxon Doctor awakened in their minds.

Three youths, especially, were much affected. One of them, by name Martin Bucer, was a Dominican, of twenty-seven years of age, who, in spite of the prejudices of his order, seemed unwilling to lose a word of the Doctor's remarks. A native of a small town in Alsace, he had, in his sixteenth year, entered a convent. He soon showed such capacity, that the more enlightened of the monks formed high expectations of him. "He will, one day," said they, "be an honour to our order." His superiors accordingly sent him to Heidelberg, that he might apply himself to the study of philosophy, theology, Greek, and Hebrew. At that period, Erasmus published several of his writings. Martin Bucer read them with avidity.

Shortly after this, the first published writings of Luther appeared. The student of Alsace hastened to compare the doctrines of the Reformer with the Holy Scriptures. Some misgivings as to the truth of Popery were then awakened in his mind. It was in this way that light was spread in those days. The Elector Palatine took notice of the young man. His powerful and sonorous voice and agreeable manners, his eloquence, and the freedom with which he attacked the prevailing vices, made his preaching remarkable. Appointed chaplain to the Elector, he was fulfilling the functions of his office, when he heard of Luther's visit to Heidelberg. How great was his joy! He was among the first to repair to the hall of the convent of the Augustines. He had with him paper, pens, and ink, intending to take notes. But whilst his hand rapidly traced the words of Luther, the hand of God wrote in imperishable characters on his heart the great truths he heard. The first gleams of the doctrine of grace diffused themselves in his soul in the course of that memorable hour. The Dominican was won to Christ.

Not far from Bucer sate John Brentz, or Brentius, then nineteen years of age. Brentz, son of a magistrate of a town in Suabia, had been entered student at Heidelberg in his thirteenth year. His application was unequalled. He rose at midnight for study. This custom had become so confirmed, that in after life he could never sleep after that hour. But at a later period, he devoted the stillness of these seasons to meditation on the Scriptures

Brentz was one of the first to discern the new light then appearing in Germany. He hailed it with a soul overflowing with love. He eagerly perused the writings of Luther. But how was he rejoiced at the opportunity of hearing him at Heidelberg! One of the Doctor's propositions especially struck young Brentz. It was this: "That man is not justified in the sight of God who does many works; but he who, without having yet done works, has much faith in Christ."

A pious woman of Heilbronn, on the Necker, the wife of one of the council of that town, named Snepf, following the example of Hannah, had dedicated her first-born son to the Lord, in the fervent desire to see him devote himself to the study of divinity. This young man, born in 1495, made rapid progress in learning; but either from liking, or from ambition, or else in compliance with his father's desire, he took to the study of jurisprudence. The pious mother grieved to see her son Ehrhard pursuing a course different from that to which she had consecrated him. She admonished him, expostulated, and again and again reminded him of her vow made at his birth. At length, overcome by his mother's perseverance, Ehrhard Snepf complied, and he soon had such a relish for his new studies, that nothing could have diverted him from them.

He was very intimate with Bucer and Brentz, and this friendship continued as long as they lived; "for," says one of their historians, "friendships founded on the love of literature and of virtue are always lasting." He was present with his two friends at the disputation at Heidelberg. The paradoxes and courageous efforts of the Doctor of Wittemberg, gave a new impulse to his mind. Rejecting the vain opinion of human merit, he embraced the doctrine of the free justification of the sinner.

The next day, Bucer went to Luther. "I had," says he, "a familiar private conversation with him, a most exquisite repast—of no ordinary viands, but of the truths which he set before me. To every objection that I made, the Doctor had a ready reply; and he explained every thing with the greatest clearness. Oh! would to God I had time to write you more about it." Luther was himself affected with Bucer's deep emotion. "He is the only brother of his order," he wrote to Spalatin, "who is sincere; he is a young man of great promise. He received me with simplicity, and conversed very earnestly. He deserves our love and confidence."

Brentz, Snepf, and many others, moved by the new truths which were beginning to enlighten their minds, also visited Luther; they talked and conferred with him; they requested an explanation of what they had not understood. The Reformer, leaning on the word of God, answered them. Every word that he spoke imparted fresh light to their minds. A new world seemed to open before them.

After the departure of Luther, these noble-minded men began to teach at Heidelberg. It was fit that they should carry on what the man of God had begun, and not leave the torch that he had kindled to expire. The disciple will speak when the teacher is silent. Brentz, young as he was, undertook to expound St. Matthew's Gospel,—at first in his own room—afterwards, when that apartment was found too small, in the hall of Philosophy. The theologians, envious at the concourse of hearers that this young man drew together, betrayed their irritation. Brentz then took orders, and transferred his lectures to the college of the canons of the Holy Ghost. Thus the fire, already kindled in Saxony, was communicated to Heidelberg. The light spread rapidly. This period has been called the seed-time of the Palatinate.

But it was not the Palatinate alone that reaped the fruits of that memorable disputation at Heidelberg. These courageous friends of the truth soon became shining lights in the Church. All of them attained to eminent stations, and took a conspicuous part in the transactions to which the Reformation gave birth. Strasburg, and afterwards England, were indebted to the labours of Bucer for a purer knowledge of the truth. Snepf first declared it at Marburg, then at Stuttgard, at Tubingen, and at Jena. And Brentz, after having laboured at Heidelberg, taught for a long time at Halle in Suabia, and at Tubingen. We shall meet with them again, as we trace the course of the Reformation.

This disputation carried forward Luther himself. He increased from day to day in the knowledge of the truth. "I am one of those," said he, "who have myself made progress by writing for and instructing others,—not one of those who, without any such training, have suddenly become great and learned doctors."

He was delighted to see the eagerness with which the young students received the growing truth. This it was that comforted him when he found the old doctors so deeply-rooted in their opinions. "I have the glorious hope," said he," "that even as Christ, when rejected by the Jews, turned towards the Gentiles, so we shall see the rising generation receive the true theology, which these old men, wedded to their vain and fantastical opinions, now obstinately reject."

The chapter being ended, Luther proposed returning to Wittemberg. The Count Palatine gave him a letter for the Elector, dated the 1st of May, in which he said that "the skill which Luther had shown in the disputation did great honour to the university of Wittemberg." He was not allowed to return on foot. The Augustines of Nuremberg conducted him as far as Wurtzburg. From thence he went to Erfurth with the brethren of that city. Immediately on his arrival, he paid a visit to his former master, Jocodus. The old professor, much grieved and scandalized at the course his pupil had taken, was accustomed to prefix to all Luther's propositions a *theta*, the letter which the Greeks made use of to denote condemnation. On several occa-

sions he had written to the young doctor in a style of reproach. The latter wished to answer these letters by word of mouth. Not being admitted, he wrote to his master: "All the university, with the exception of one licentiate, think as I do. Nay, more: the Prince, he Bishop, several other prelates, and all the most enlightened of our citizens, declare unanimously that till now they never knew or understood Christ and his Gospel. I am willing to receive your reproofs. And even should they be harsh, they will appear gentle to me. Open your heart, therefore, without fear; express your displeasure: I will not and cannot be angry with you. God and my own conscience are my witnesses."

The old doctor was affected by these expressions of his former pupil. He wished to try whether there were no means of removing the condemnatory *theta*. They talked over the subject, but to no purpose. "I made him understand, however," says Luther, "that all their dogmas were like that creature which is said to devour itself. But it is useless to talk to a deaf man. These doctors cling to their petty distinctions, though they confess that they have nothing to confirm them but what they call the light of natural reason,—a gloomy chaos to us who proclaim the one true and only light, Christ Jesus."

Luther quitted Erfurth in the carriage belonging to the convent, which took him to Eisleben. From thence the Augustines of the place, proud of the doctor who had done such honour to their order and their town, which was his native place, furnished him with horses to proceed to Wittemberg at their expense. Every one wished to show some mark of affection and esteem to this extraordinary man, whose fame was daily increasing.

He arrived on the Saturday after Ascension day. The journey had done him good, and his friends thought him looking stronger and in better health than before he set out. They rejoiced at all that he related. Luther rested for a while after the fatigue of his journey and his dispute at Heidelberg; but this rest was only a preparation for severer labours

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BOOK IV.

LUTHER BEFORE THE LEGATE.

May to December, 1518.

The Pope—Leo X.—Luther to his Bishop—Luther to the Pope—Luther to the Vicar-General The Cardinal to the Elector—Sermon on Excommunication—Luther's Influence—Diet at Augsburg—The Emperor and the Elector—Letters to the Pope—Citation of Luther to Rome—Intercession of the University—The Legate De Vio—The Pope's Brief—Luther's Indignation—The Pope to the Elector—George Schwarzerd—Melancthon—Luther and Melancthon—Staupitz to Spalatin—Luther's Resolution—He sets out—At Nuremberg—Luther at Nuremberg—De Vio—Serra Longa and Luther—Return of Serra Longa—Prior of the Carmelites—Serra Longa—Luther and Serra Longa—The Safe Conduct—Appearance before the Legate—First Interview—De Vio's Proofs—Luther's Replies—A Proposal—Luther and De Vio—Luther's Declaration—The Legate's Answer—Luther's Request—Third Conference—Luther's Declaration—The Legate's Answer—Luther's Reply—The Cardinal Foiled—Rumours—De Vio and Staupitz—Luther to Carlstadt—The Communion—Departure of Staupitz—Letter to the Legate—Luther and the Legate—Luther's Letter to the Legate—His Appeal—Luther's Flight—Nuremberg—The Legate to the Elector—Luther to the Elector—Graefenthal—Luther to Spalatin—Luther's Intended Departure—A Critical Hour—Deliverance—Dissatisfaction at Rome—The Pope's Bull—Luther's Appeals to a Council.

At length Truth had raised its head in the midst of the nations of Christendom. Having triumphed over the inferior instruments of the papal power, it was now to enter upon a struggle with its head himself. We are about to contemplate Luther in close conflict with Rome.

It was after his return from Heidelberg that Luther advanced to the attack. His first Theses on the indulgences had been imperfectly understood. He resolved to set forth their meaning more plainly. He had found, by the clamours proceeding from the blindness and hatred of his enemies, how important it was to gain over to the side of the truth the more enlightened portion of the nation:—he decided therefore to appeal to its judgment, by presenting to it the grounds on which his new convictions rested. It was quite necessary to invite the decision of Rome; he did not hesitate to send thither his explanations; while with one hand he held them forth to all his impartial and enlightened fellow-countrymen, he, with the other, laid them before the footstool of the Sovereign Pontiff.

These explanations of his theses, which he called *solutions*, were written with great moderation. Luther tried to soften the passages that had occasioned irritation, and evinced a genuine modesty. But, at the same time, he manifested an immovable conviction, and courageously defended every proposition that truth obliged him to maintain. He repeated, once more, that every Christian who truly repented had remission of sins without any indulgence; that the Pope had no more power than the lowest priest to do anything beyond simply declaring the forgiveness that God had already

granted; that the treasury of the merits of saints, administered by the Pope was a pure fiction. and that holy Scripture was the sole rule of faith. But let us listen to his own statement of some of these things.

He begins by laying down the nature of true repentance, and contrasts that act of God, by which man is regenerated, with the mummeries of the Romish Church. "The Greek word μετανοεῖτε," said he, "signifies, put on a new spirit, a new mind,—take to you a new nature, so that, ceasing to be earthly, you may become heavenly: Christ is a teacher of the spirit, and not of the letter, and his words are spirit and life." Thus he teaches a repentance in spirit and in truth, and not those outward penances which the haughtiest sinner may perform without any real humiliation, —he requires a repentance, which may be wrought in every situation of life,—under the purple robe of kings, under the priest's cassock, the prince's hat,—in the midst of the splendours of Babylon, where Daniel dwelt, —as well as under the monk's frock, or the mendicant's rags.*

Further on we read these bold words: "I care little what pleases or displeases the Pope. He is a man like other men. There have been many popes who have not only taken up with errors and vices, but things yet more extraordinary. I listen to the Pope as pope, that is, when he speaks in the canons, agreeably to the canons, or regulates any matter conjointly with a council,—but not when he speaks of his own mind. If I acted on any other rule, might I not be required to say, with those who know not Jesus Christ, that the horrible massacres of Christians, by which Julius II. was stained, were the good deeds of a kind shepherd of the Lord's sheep?" †

"I must needs wonder," he continues, "at the simplicity of those who have said that the two swords in the Gospel represent the one the spiritual, the other the temporal power. True it is, that the Pope holds a sword of Iron, and thus offers himself to the view of Christians not as a tender father, but as an awful tyrant. Alas! God, in his anger, hath given us the sword we preferred, and withdrawn that which we despised. Nowhere, in all the earth, have there been more cruel wars than among Christians. Why did not the same ingenious critic who supplied this fine commentary, interpret the narrative of the two keys delivered to St. Peter in the same subtle manner, and establish, as a dogma of the Church, that the one serves to unlock the treasury of heaven, and the other the treasures of this world?" ‡

"It is impossible," says he, "for a man to be a Christian without having Christ; and, if he has Christ, he has, at the same time, all that is in Christ. What gives peace to the conscience is that, by faith, our sins are no more ours, but Christ's, upon whom God hath laid them all; and that, on the other hand, all Christ's righteousness is ours, to whom God hath given it. Christ lays his hand upon us, and we are healed. He casts his mantle upon us, and we are clothed; for he is the glorious Saviour, blessed forever."*

With such view of the riches of salvation by Christ, there could no longer be any need of indulgences.

At the same time that Luther thus attacked the papal rule, he spoke honourably of Leo X. "The times we live in," said he, "are so evil, that even persons of the highest station have no power to help the Church. We have at this time a very good Pope in Leo X. His sincerity and learning are a matter of joy to us. But what can he do alon , amiable and gracious as he is? He deserved, assuredly, to be elected Pope in better times. In these days we deserve none but such as Julian II. or Alexander VI."

He then came to this point.—"I will speak out, in a few words and boldly.—The Church requires to be reformed. And it is a work neither for one man, as the Pope,—nor for several, as the cardinals and fathers in council assembled,—but for the whole world; or rather it is a work which appertains to God alone. As to the time when such Reformation shall commence, he only knows it who has appointed all time. The barriers are thrown down, and it is no longer in our power to restrain the overflowing billows."

These are a few of the declarations and thoughts which Luther addressed to the more enlightened of his countrymen. Whitsuntide was drawing near; and thus it was at the same season in which the apostles rendered to their risen Saviour the first testimony of their faith, that Luther, the new apostle, published this animated testimony, in which he breathed forth his ardent desires for the resurrection of the Church. On Whitsun-eve, 22d May, 1518, he despatched this writing to the Bishop of Brandenburg, his ordinary, accompanied with these words:

"Most worthy Father in God!

"It is now some time since a new and unheard-of doctrine, concerning the apostolic indulgences, began to be preached in these parts: the learned and the unlearned were troubled by it; and many persons known, or personally unknown to me, requested me to declare from the pulpit, or by writing, my opinion of the novelty—I will not say the impudence—of the doctrine I refer to. At first I kept myself silent and neutral. But, at last, things came to such a pass, that the Pope's holiness was compromised.

"What could I do? I thought it my part neither to approve nor condemn these doctrines, but to open a discussion on this important subject, till such time as the holy Church should pronounce upon it.

"No one presenting himself, or accepting the challenge to a discussion to which I had invited all the world; and my theses being considered not as matters for debate, but as

* On the first Thesis. † Thesis 26. ‡ Thesis 90.

* Thesis 37.

propositions dogmatically asserted; —I find myself obliged to put forth an explanation of them. Deign, therefore, to accept these offerings that I present to you, most clement Bishop. And that all may see that I am not acting presumptuously, I entreat your reverence to take pen and ink and blot out, or even throw into the fire whatever may displease you. I know that Christ needs none of my labour or services, and that he can easily, without my instrumentality, make known the good tidings in his church. Not that the denunciations and threats of my enemies alarm me. Quite the contrary. If they were not so wanting in prudence, and lost to shame, no one should hear or know any thing about me. I would immure myself in a corner, and there study alone for my own profit. If this matter is not of God, it will certainly not be to my honour, nor to the honour of any man, but will come to naught. May glory and honour be to Him to whom alone they belong!"

Luther was, up to this time, under the influence of respect for the head of the Church; he gave credit to Leo for justice and a love of truth. Accordingly, he resolved to write to him also. A week after, on Trinity Sunday, 30th May, 1518, he addressed to him a letter, of which the following are some fragments.

"To the most blessed Father, Pope Leo X., Supreme Bishop,—brother Martin Luther, an Augustine, wishes eternal salvation!

"I hear, most holy Father, that evil reports circulate concerning me, and that my name is in bad odour with your Holiness. I am called a heretic, an apostate, a traitor, and a thousand other reproachful names. What I see surprises me, and what I hear alarms me. But the sole foundation of my tranquillity remains unmoved, being a pure and quiet conscience. O, holy Father! deign to hearken to me, who am but a child, and need instruction."

Luther then relates the affair from its beginning, and thus proceeds:

"Nothing was heard in all the taverns but complaints of the avarice of the priests, attacks on the power of the keys, and of the supreme bishop. I call all Germany to witness. When I heard these things, my zeal was aroused for the glory of Christ,—if I understand my own heart; or, if another construction is to be put on my conduct,—my young and warm blood was inflamed.

"I represented the matter to certain princes of the Church, but some laughed at me, and others turned a deaf ear. The awe of your name seemed to have made all motionless. Thereupon I published this dispute.

"This, then, holy Father, this is the action which has been said to have set the whole world in a flame!

"And now what am I to do? I cannot retract what I have said, and I see that this publication draws down on me, from all sides, an inexpressible hatred. I have no wish to appear in the great world, for I am unlearned, of small wit, and far too inconsiderable for such great matters, more especially in this illustrious age, when Cicero himself, if he were living, would be constrained to hide himself in some dark corner.

"But in order to appease my enemies and satisfy the desires of many friends, I here publish my thoughts. I publish them, holy Father, that I may dwell the more safely under your protection. All those who desire it may here see with what simplicity of heart I have petitioned the supreme authority of the Church to instruct me, and what respect I have manifested for the power of the keys. If I had not acted with propriety, it would have been impossible that the serene Lord Frederic, Duke and Elector of Saxony, who shines foremost among the friends of the apostolic and Christian truth, should have endured that one, so dangerous as I am asserted to be, should continue in his university of Wittemberg.

"Therefore, most holy Father, I throw myself at the feet of your holiness, and submit myself to you, with all that I have and all that I am. Destroy my cause, or espouse it: pronounce either for or against me; take my life, or restore it, as you please; I will receive your voice as that of Christ himself, who presides and speaks through you. If I have deserved death, I refuse not to die; the earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is. May He be praised forever and ever. May He maintain you to all eternity. Amen.

"Signed the day of the Holy Trinity, in the year 1518. Brother Martin Luther, Augustine."

What humility and truth in this fear, or rather this admission of Luther, that his young and warm blood had perhaps taken fire too hastily! We see here the man of sincerity, who, instead of presuming on himself, dreads the influence of his passions, even in such actions as are most conformable to the commandment of God. This is not the language of a proud fanatic. We behold Luther's earnest desire to gain over Leo to the cause of truth, to avoid all schism, and to cause the Reformation (the necessity of which he proclaimed) to proceed from the highest authority in the Church. Certainly, it is not he who can be accused of having broken up that unity of the Western Church, which so many of all sects have since regretted. On the contrary, he gave up every thing but truth that he might maintain it. It was his adversaries who, refusing to allow the fulness and sufficiency of the salvation wrought by Jesus Christ, tore to shreds the Lord's vesture at the foot of the cross.

After writing this letter, Luther, on the same day, wrote to his friend Staupitz, Vicar-general of his order. It was through him that he resolved to forward to Leo both his "Solutions" and his letter.

"I beg of you," said he, "to receive with favour the poor productions that I send you,* and to forward them to the excellent Pope Leo X. Not that I mean by this to draw you into the peril in which I stand; I am resolved myself to incur the whole danger. Christ will

* The Solutions.

look to it, and make it appear whether what I have said comes from him or myself,—Christ, without whom the Pope's tongue cannot move, nor the hearts of kings decree.

"As for those who threaten me, I have no answer for them but the saying of Reuchlin: 'The poor man has nothing to fear, for he has nothing to lose.' I have neither money nor estate, and I desire none. If I have sometimes tasted of honour and good report, may He who has begun to strip me of them finish his work. All that is left me is this wretched body, enfeebled by many trials:—let them kill it by violence or fraud, so it be to the glory of God; by so doing they will but shorten the term of my life by a few hours. It is sufficient for me that I have a precious Redeemer, a powerful High Priest, my Lord Jesus Christ. I will praise him as long as I have breath. If another will not join me in praising him, what is that to me?"

In these words we read the innermost heart of Luther.

Whilst he was thus placing confidence in Rome, Rome had thoughts of vengeance against him. As early as the 3d of April, Cardinal Raphael de Rovera had written to the Elector Frederic in the Pope's name, to intimate that some suspicion was entertained of his fidelity, and to desire him to avoid protecting Luther. "The Cardinal Raphael," observed the latter, "would have been well pleased to see me burned alive by Duke Frederic." Thus Rome was beginning to turn arms against Luther; her first blow was directed to the depriving him of his protector's favour. If she succeeded in destroying this shelter of the monk of Wittemberg, he would fall an easy prey to her agents.

The German sovereigns were very tenacious of their reputation as Christian princes. The slightest suspicion of heresy filled them with fears. The Roman Court had skilfully taken advantage of this disposition of mind. Frederic had always been attached to the religion of his fathers. Hence the Cardinal Raphael's letter produced a very considerable impression upon his mind. But, on the other hand, the Elector made it a rule never to be hasty in any thing. He knew that truth was not always on the side of the strongest. The disputes of the Empire with Rome had taught him to discern the interested views of that court. He had arrived at the conviction that, to be a Christian prince, it was not necessary to be a slave to the Pope.

"He was not one of those profane persons," says Melancthon, "who would stifle all changes in their very birth. Frederic submitted himself to the will of God. He carefully read the writings that were put forth, and would not allow any to destroy what he thought true." He possessed this power. Besides being absolute sovereign of his own dominions, he enjoyed at least as much respect throughout the Empire as was paid to the Emperor himself.

It is probable that Luther received some intimation of this letter of Cardinal Raphael's, which reached the Elector on the 7th of July. Perhaps it was in the prospect of excommunication, which this Roman missive seemed to forebode, that he ascended the pulpit of Wittemberg on the 15th of the same month, and preached a discourse on that topic, which made a deep impression on his hearers. He explained the distinction between *inward* and *outward* excommunications, the former excluding from communion with God, and the latter from the rites and ceremonies of the Church. "No one," said he, "can reconcile the fallen soul to God but the Lord. No one can separate a man from communion with God but that man himself, by his own sins. Blessed is that man who dies under an unjust sentence of excommunication! Whilst, for righteousness' sake, he suffers a cruel judgment from men, he receives from God the crown of everlasting happiness!"

Some loudly commended this bold language; others were yet more enraged by it.

But Luther did not now stand alone; and though his faith needed no other support than that of God himself, he had called up on all sides a power that protected him from his enemies. The voice of this man had been heard by the whole German nation. From his sermons and writings issued beams of light which awakened and illuminated his contemporaries. The energy of his faith rushed like a stream of fire upon the frozen hearts of men. The life which God had given to this extraordinary mind was imparted to the dead body of the Church. Christendom, which had remained motionless for so many years, was now alive with religious enthusiasm. The popular attachment to the superstitions of Romanism was daily lessening; those who came with money in hand to purchase pardon were every day fewer; and the reputation of Luther was every day extended. Men's thoughts were directed toward him, and he was hailed with affection and respect, as the intrepid defender of truth and freedom. Doubtless all did not penetrate the depth of the doctrines he proclaimed. It was enough for the greater number to know that the new doctor stood up against the Pope; and that, at his powerful word, the dominion of the priests and monks was tottering to its fall. The attack of Luther was to them like a beacon-fire on a mountain top, which announces to a whole people the moment for bursting their bonds. Luther was not aware of the influence he had obtained, till all the generous spirits among his countrymen had by acclamation acknowledged him their leader. But to many the appearance of Luther was much more than this. The word of God, which he handled with so much power, penetrated to the souls of men like a two-edged sword. In many hearts an ardent desire was kindled to obtain the assurance of pardon and everlasting life. Since the first ages of the Church, there had not been witnessed such hungering and thirsting after righteousness. If the preaching of Peter the Hermit and of Bernard had induced multitudes, during the middle ages, to assume

outwardly the symbol of the cross, the preaching of Luther influenced the hearts of men to take up the true cross,—the truth that saves the soul. The superstructure, which then encumbered the Church, had smothered true piety: the form had extinguished the spirit. The word of power given to Luther was as a breath of life to Christendom. At first sight the writings of Luther carried with them the sympathy both of the faithful and of the unbeliever;—of the latter, because the positive doctrines, afterwards to be established, were not yet fully opened; of the former, because those doctrines were in principle comprised in that living faith, which his writings set forth with so much power. Hence the influence of those writings was unbounded. They spread instantaneously throughout Germany, and the whole world. Everywhere a persuasion existed that what men now beheld was not merely the rise of a new sect, but a new birth of the Church and of society. Those who were then born again by the breath of God's Spirit rallied round him who had been instrumental in imparting to them spiritual life. Christendom was divided into two opposing parties; the one contending for the spirit against form; and the other for form against the spirit. On the side of form there was, it is true, every appearance of strength and magnificence; on the side of the spirit there was weakness and littleness. But form, void of the spirit, is as an empty body which the first breath may overthrow. Its resemblance of strength serves only to exasperate the hostility and hasten its downfall. Thus the simple word of truth had called forth a whole host in favour of Luther.

It could not be otherwise, for the nobles were beginning to bestir themselves, and the empire and the Church were already uniting their forces to rid themselves of the troublesome monk. The Emperor Maximilian was then holding an imperial diet at Augsburg. Six Electors had repaired thither in person at his summons. All the Germanic states had their representatives in this assembly. The kings of France, of Hungary, and of Poland, had sent ambassadors. All these princes and envoys displayed great magnificence. The war against the Turks was one of the causes for which the diet was held. The Sultan Selim, after having poisoned his father, and put his brothers and their children to death, had carried his victorious arms into Armenia, Egypt, and Syria. Serious apprehensions were entertained that he might push forward his armies into Italy and Hungary. It was not long, however, before death closed his career. But Leo X. did not, on that account, abandon the project of a new crusade. His legate earnestly exhorted the Germanic states to prepare for war. "Let the clergy," said he, "pay a tenth, the laity a fiftieth part of their property; let each family furnish the pay of one soldier; let the rich give annual contributions, and all will go well." The states, bearing in mind the bad use that had been made of former contributions, and influenced by the prudent advice of the Elector Frederic, contented themselves with answering that they would consider the matter, and at the same time brought forward new grievances against Rome. A Latin discourse, published whilst the Diet was sitting, boldly pointed out to the German princes the real danger. "You wish," said the author, "to expel the Turk. Your intention is good, but I fear you are mistaken as to his person. You must look for him in Italy, and not in Asia. Each of our princes has power sufficient to defend his country against the Turk of Asia; but as to the Turk of *Rome*, the whole of Christendom is not sufficient to conquer him. The former has not yet done us any harm; the latter walketh about everywhere thirsting for the blood of the poor."

Another affair no less important was to engage the attention of the Diet. Maximilian wished to have his grandson Charles, who was already King of Spain and Naples, proclaimed King of the Romans, and his successor in the Imperial dignity. The Pope understood his own interest too well to wish to see the throne of the Empire filled by a prince whose power in Italy might make him so formidable to himself. The Emperor imagined that he had gained over to his side the majority of the Electors and of the states; but he met with a decided opposition from Frederic. It was in vain that he solicited him; in vain did the ministers and best friends of the Elector join their entreaties to the solicitations of the Emperor; the Prince was inexorable, and showed, as has been observed, that he had firmness of mind not to depart from a resolution of which he had seen the propriety. The Emperor's design failed.

From that time Maximilian sought to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Pope, in order to win his assent to his favourite plan. Wishing to give him a particular proof of his attachment, he wrote to him (on the 5th of August) the following letter: "Most holy Father, we were informed some days since, that a brother of the Augustine order, named Martin Luther, had taken himself to maintain certain propositions relative to the sale of indulgences. What gives us the more concern is, that the aforesaid brother meets with many protectors, amongst whom are some of exalted rank. If your Holiness and the most reverend Fathers of the Church (the Cardinals) do not promptly exert your authority to put an end to these scandalous proceedings, these mischievous teachers will not only seduce the common people, but will involve great princes in their destruction. We will be careful to enforce throughout our Empire, whatever your Holiness shall decree on this subject, to the glory of Almighty God."

This letter must have been written in consequence of some rather warm discussion that Maximilian had had with Frederic. The same day the Elector wrote to Raphael de Rovera. He was doubtless apprized that the Emperor was addressing the Roman Pontiff, and, in

order to parry the blow, he himself opened a communication with Rome.

"It will ever be my desire," said he, "to prove my submission to the universal Church.

"Therefore have I never defended the writings and discourses of Doctor Martin Luther. I hear, however, that he has uniformly expressed his willingness to appear, under a safe-conduct, before learned, Christian, and impartial judges, to defend his doctrine, and to submit to their decision, if they should be able by the Scriptures to convince him of error."

Leo X., who, until this hour, had allowed the matter to take its course, roused at length by the outcry of the theologians and monks, now appointed an ecclesiastical court in Rome, for the purpose of judging Luther, and in which the Reformer's great enemy, Sylvester Prierias, was at once accuser and judge. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and the court summoned Luther to appear before it in person within sixty days.

Luther was at Wittemberg, quietly awaiting the good effects which he imagined his submissive letter to the Pope was calculated to produce, when, on the 7th August, two days only after the letters from Frederic and Maximilian had been despatched to Rome, he received the summons from the papal tribunal. "At the moment that I looked for benediction," said he, "I saw the thunderbolt descend upon me. I was like the lamb that troubled the stream at which the wolf was drinking. Tetzel escaped, and I was devoured."

This summons threw all Wittemberg into consternation, for, whatever course Luther might take, he could not escape danger. If he went to Rome, he would become the victim of his enemies. If he refused to appear, he would, as usual, be condemned for contumacy, and would not escape, for it was known that the Legate had received from the Pope an order to strain every nerve to excite the Emperor and the German princes against Luther. His friends were alarmed. Shall the preacher of the truth go and risk his life "in that great city, drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus?" Shall every man who ventures to lift his head in the midst of the enslaved nations of Christendom be, on that account, struck down? Shall this man be trampled under foot, who seemed formed to resist a power which nothing had previously been able to withstand? Luther himself could see no one but the Elector able to save him; but he preferred death to endangering his prince's safety. His friends at last agreed on an expedient which would not compromise Frederic. Let him refuse Luther a safe-conduct: the latter would then have a fair excuse for not appearing at Rome.

On the 8th of August, Luther wrote to Spalatin to ask him to use his influence with the Elector, to have his cause heard in Germany. "See," said he writing to Staupitz, "what snares they lay for me, and how I am surrounded by thorns. But Christ lives and reigns, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. My conscience tells me that I have taught the truth, though truth appears still more odious because I teach it. The Church is the womb of Rebecca. The children must struggle together, even to the endangering of the mother's life. As to the rest, pray to the Lord that I may not take too much joy in the trial. May God not lay this sin to their charge!"

The friends of Luther did not confine themselves to consultations and complaints. Spalatin wrote, on the part of the Elector, to Renner, the Emperor's secretary: "Doctor Martin will willingly submit himself to the judgment of any of the universities of Germany, except Erfurth, Leipzic, and Frankfort on the Oder, which have forfeited their claim to be regarded as impartial. It is out of his power to appear at Rome in person."

The members of the university of Wittemberg addressed an intercessory letter to the Pope himself. "His weak health," they said, speaking of Luther, "and the dangers of the journey, make it difficult, and even impossible, that he should obey the order of your Holiness. His distress and his entreaties incline us to compassionate him. We beseech you then, most Holy Father, as obedient children, to look upon him in the light of one who has never been tainted by any doctrines opposed to the tenets of the Romish Church."

The university, in its solicitude, addressed another letter the same day to Charles von Miltitz, a Saxon gentleman, who was chamberlain to the Pope, and was much esteemed by him. In this letter they gave a more decided testimony in favour of Luther than they had dared to do in the former. "The reverend father, Martin Luther, the Augustine," said they, "is the noblest and most distinguished member of our university. For several years, we have been witnesses of his talent, his learning, his intimate acquaintance with arts and literature, his irreproachable morals, and his truly Christian deportment." This strong sympathy of those about him is one of the greatest proofs of Luther's worth.

Whilst the result of this application was anxiously awaited, it was settled with less difficulty than might have been expected. The Legate de Vio, mortified at his failure in the commission he had received to excite a general war against the Turks, wished to give importance to his embassy into Germany by some other distinguished service. He thought that if he were to extirpate heresy he should return to Rome with honour. He therefore petitioned the Pope to put this affair into his hands. Leo, on his part, was well disposed towards Frederic, for having so firmly resisted the election of Charles. He felt that he might again have need of his assistance. Without further reference to the former summons, he commissioned his Legate, by a brief, dated the 23d of August, to investigate the affair in Germany. The Pope conceded nothing by consenting to this mode of proceeding, and in case Luther should be prevailed on to retract, the publicity and scandal that must have attended his appearance at Rome would be avoided.

"We charge you," said the Pope, "to compel the aforesaid Luther to appear before you in person; to prosecute and reduce him to submission without delay, as soon as you shall have received this our order; he having already been declared a heretic by our dear brother Jerome, bishop of Asculan."

"For this purpose," said he, "invoke the power and assistance of our very dear son in Christ, Maximilian, and the other princes of Germany, and of all the communities, universities, and potentates, whether ecclesiastical or secular. And when you have secured his person, cause him to be detained in safe custody, that he may be brought before us."

We see that this indulgent concession of the Pope was little else than an expedient for dragging Luther to Rome. Then follows the milder alternative.

"If he should return to a sense of his duty, and ask pardon for so great an offence, freely and of his own accord, we give you power to receive him into the unity of holy mother Church."

The Pope soon returns to his maledictions.

"If he should persist in his stubbornness, and you fail to get possession of his person, we give you power to proscribe him in all places in Germany; to put away, curse, and excommunicate all those who are attached to him, and to enjoin all Christians to shun their society."

Even this is not enough.

"And to the end," he continues, "that this pestilence may the more easily be rooted out, you will excommunicate all the prelates, religious orders, universities, communities, counts, dukes, and potentates, the Emperor Maximilian excepted, who shall neglect to seize the said Martin Luther, and his adherents, and send them to you under proper and safe custody. And if (which God forbid) the aforesaid princes, communities, universities, and potentates, or any who belong to them, shelter the said Martin and his adherents, or give them publicly or secretly, directly or indirectly, assistance and advice, we lay an interdict on these princes, communities, universities, and potentates, with their towns, boroughs, countries, and villages; as well as on the towns, boroughs, countries, and villages, where the said Martin shall take refuge, as long as he shall remain there, and three days after he shall have quitted the same."

This audacious power, which affects to be the earthly representative of him who said: "God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved," continues its anathemas: and, after having pronounced penalties against ecclesiastics offending, thus proceeds:

"As to the laity, if they do not obey your orders, without any delay or demur, we declare them reprobate, (excepting always his Imperial Majesty,) unable to perform any lawful act, disentitled to Christian burial, and deprived of all fiefs which they may hold either from the apostolic see or from any lord whatever."

Such was the treatment that awaited Luther. The Roman despot had prepared every thing to crush him. He had set every engine at work; even the quiet of the grave must be invaded. His ruin seemed inevitable. How could he escape this powerful combination? But Rome had miscalculated; the movement excited by the Spirit of God could not be quelled by the decrees of its chancery.

Even the semblance of a just and impartial inquiry had been disregarded; and Luther had already been declared a heretic, not only before he had been heard, but even long before the expiration of the time allowed for his personally appearing. The passions (and never are they more strongly excited than in religious discussions) break through all forms of justice. Not only in the Roman church, but in those Protestant churches which have departed from the Gospel, and in every place where truth has been forsaken, do we find it treated in this way. All means seem good against the Gospel. We frequently see men, who, in any other case, would shrink from committing the least injustice, not hesitating to trample under foot all rule and equity, when Christianity, or her witnesses, are concerned.

When Luther eventually came to the knowledge of this brief, he gave free expression to his indignation. "The most remarkable part of the transaction is this," said he; "the brief was issued the 23d of August; I was summoned the 7th of August; so that between the summons and the brief, sixteen days had elapsed. Now, make the calculation, and you will find that my Lord Jerome, bishop of Asculan, proceeded against me, pronounced judgment, condemned me, and declared me a heretic, before the summons reached me, or, at the most, within sixteen days after it had been forwarded to me. Now, I ask what becomes of the sixty days that are granted me in the summons itself? They began the 7th of August—they would expire the 7th of October. . . . . Is this the style and manner of the Roman Court, that in the same day she summons, exhorts, accuses, judges, condemns, and declares guilty, and this, too, in the case of one who is at such a distance from Rome, and who can have no knowledge of what is going on? What answer can they make to all this? They certainly forgot to clear their brains with hellebore, before they had recourse to such clumsy artifice."

But at the same time that Rome was arming the legate with her thunders, she was endeavouring, by soft and flattering speeches, to detach from Luther's interest the prince whose power she most dreaded. The same day, (the 23d of August, 1518,) the Pope wrote to the Elector of Saxony. He had recourse to the same practised policy which we have before noticed, and sought to flatter the Prince's vanity.

"Dear Son," said the Roman Pontiff, "when we think of your noble and worthy family; of you, who are its ornament and head; when we remember how you and your ancestors have always wished to uphold the

Christian faith and the honour and dignity of the Holy See, we cannot believe that a man who abandons the faith can rely on your Highness's favour, and recklessly give the rein to his wickedness. And yet reports have reached us from all quarters, that a certain brother Martin Luther, a monk of the order of St. Augustine, acting the part of a child of iniquity and a despiser of God, has forgotten his habit and his order, which require humility and obedience, and boasts that he fears neither the authority nor the chastisement of any man, assured, as he declares himself, of your favour and protection.

"But, as we are sure that he is, in this, deceiving himself, we have thought it good to write to your Highness, and to exhort you, according to the will of God, to be jealous of your honour as a Christian prince, the ornament, the glory, and the sweet savour of your noble family,—to defend yourself from these calumnies,—and to clear yourself, not only from the commission of so great a crime as that which is imputed to you, but also from the very suspicion which the rash presumption of this monk tends to bring upon you."

Leo, at the same time, intimated to Frederic that he had commissioned the Cardinal of St. Sixtus to examine into the affair; and he desired him to deliver up Luther into the hands of the legate, "lest," said he, recurring to his favourite argument, "pious people of this or after times should one day lament and say, The most dangerous heresy that ever afflicted the Church of God, arose through the assistance and under the protection of that noble and worthy family."

Thus Rome had taken her measures. To one party she offered the intoxicating incense of flattery; for the other she reserved her vengeance and her terrors.

All earthly powers—emperor, pope, princes, and legates—were put in motion against the humble friar of Erfurth, whose inward conflicts we have already traced. "The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers took counsel against the Lord, and against his anointed."

Before this letter and brief had yet reached Germany, and while Luther was still fearing that he should be obliged to appear at Rome, a fortunate circumstance occurred to comfort his heart. He needed a friend into whose bosom he could pour out his sorrows, and whose faithful love should comfort him in his hours of dejection. God sent him such a friend in Melancthon.

George Schwarzerd was a skilful master-armourer of Bretten, a small town in the Palatinate. On the 14th of February, 1497, a son was born to him, whom he named Philip, and who, afterwards, became celebrated under the name of Melancthon. George, who enjoyed the esteem of the princes of the Palatinate, of Bavaria, and of Saxony, was remarkable for the perfect uprightness of his dealings. Often did he refuse to take from purchasers the price they offered; and, if he knew that they were poor, he obliged them to take back their money. He regularly rose at midnight, and offered a prayer upon his knees. If he ever happened to omit this service, he was dissatisfied with himself all day. Schwarzerd's wife, whose name was Barbara, was the daughter of a respectable magistrate, John Reuter. She was of an affectionate disposition, somewhat inclined to superstition, but very discreet and prudent. Some old and well-known German rhymes are ascribed to her pen. We give their sense as well as we are able.

Gifts to the poor impoverish none;
To church to pray will hinder none;
To grease the wheel delayeth none,
Ill-gotten wealth enricheth none;
God's holy book deludeth none.

Also the following:

He who is a freer spender
Than his plough or toil can render,
Sure of ruin, slow or fast,
May perhaps be hanged at last.

Philip was not eleven years old when his father died. Two days before his death, George summoned his son to his bedside, and exhorted him to "set the Lord always before him." "I foresee," said the dying man, "that stormy times are at hand. I have witnessed great things; but there are greater still in preparation. God preserve and guide you, my son!" After receiving his father's blessing, Philip was sent to Spire, that he might not be present at his father's death. He wept bitterly on taking his departure.

Reuter, the worthy bailiff, Philip's grandfather, who had a young son of his own, performed a father's part towards the orphan. He took both Philip and his brother George into his own house, and, shortly after, engaged John Hungarus as tutor to the three boys. Hungarus was an excellent man, and afterwards preached the gospel with great effect, continuing his labours to an advanced age. He never overlooked any fault in the young man, but punished it with discretion: "I was thus," said Melancthon, in 1554, "that he made me a grammarian. He loved me as if I had been his son; I loved him as a father; and I trust that we shall meet in heaven."

Philip was remarkable for the excellence of his understanding, his quickness in acquiring, and his talent for communicating knowledge. He could never be idle, but was always seeking for some one with whom he might discuss the things he had heard. It often happened that learned foreigners passed through Bretten, and visited Reuter. On such occasions, the bailiff's grandson immediately accosted them, engaged them in conversation, and pressed them so closely on the subjects discussed, that bystanders were astonished.

To a powerful genius he united great sweetness of disposition, and thus gained the favour of all who knew him. He had an impediment in his speech; but, following the example of the illustrious Grecian orator, he laboured with so much perseverance to overcome this defect, that in after life no traces of it were perceptible.

On the death of his grandfather young Phi-

lip was sent with his brother and his uncle John to the school of Pforzheim. The young boys lodged with one of their female relations, who was sister to the celebrated Reuchlin. Thirsting for knowledge, Philip, under the tuition of George Simler, made rapid progress in learning, and especially in the Greek language, to which he was passionately devoted. Reuchlin often visited Pforzheim. At his sister's house he became acquainted with her young inmates, and was very much struck with Philip's answers. He presented him with a Greek grammar and a Bible. These two books were destined to be the study of his whole life.

When Reuchlin returned from his second journey into Italy, his young relation, who was then twelve years old, celebrated the day of his arrival by acting in his presence, with some friends, a Latin comedy of his own composing. Reuchlin, delighted with the young man's talent, tenderly embraced him, called him his beloved son, and, smiling, placed upon his head the red hat he had received when he was made doctor. It was at this time that Reuchlin changed his name of Schwarzerd for that of Melancthon. Both words signify *black earth*, the one in the German, the other in Greek. Most of the learned men of those times translated their names into Greek or Latin.

At twelve years of age Melancthon went to the university of Heidelberg. It was there he began to slake his thirst for knowledge. At fourteen he was made bachelor. In 1512, Reuchlin invited him to Tubingen, where many eminent scholars were assembled. He attended the lectures of the theologians, the physicians, and the jurisconsults. There was no kind of knowledge that he deemed unworthy of pursuit. He sought not for fame, but for the possession and advantage of learning.

Holy Scripture especially engaged his attention. Those who frequented the church of Tubingen had remarked that he had frequently a book in his hand, which he read between the services. The mysterious volume seemed larger than the ordinary mass-books; and a report was circulated that Philip on such occasions read some profane author. But it turned out that the suspected book was a copy of the Holy Scriptures, recently printed at Bâle by John Frobenius. He continued to use this book all his life, with the most diligent attention. He always carried about him this precious volume, taking it with him to the various public assemblies which he was called on to attend. Rejecting the vain systems of the schoolmen, he adhered to the plain word of God. Erasmus, writing at that time to Œcolampadius, thus expresses himself. "I have the highest opinion and the most brilliant expectations of Melancthon. May our Lord so order events, that he may long survive us! He will altogether eclipse Erasmus."

Nevertheless, Melancthon then partook of the errors of his time, "I shudder," said he, at an advanced period of his life, "when I think of the superstitious respect I paid to images, while I was yet a Papist."

In 1514, he was made Doctor of Philosophy, and began to lecture publicly. He was then seventeen. The grace and charm which he communicated to his instructions formed a striking contrast to the tasteless method then followed by the doctors, and especially by the monks. He took an active part in the contest in which Reuchlin was engaged with the ignoramuses of his time. Agreeable in conversation, gentle and graceful in manners, and beloved by all who knew him, he soon acquired great authority and established reputation among the learned.

It was at this time that the Elector Frederic formed the design of inviting some man of distinguished learning to become professor of the ancient languages in his university in Wittemberg. He applied to Reuchlin, who recommended Melancthon. Frederic foresaw the celebrity that the young Grecian would confer on an institution so dear to him—and Reuchlin, overjoyed at so favourable an opening for his young friend, wrote to him in the words of the Lord to Abraham; "Get thee out from thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, and I will make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing." "Yes," continued the old man, "I trust it will be thus with thee, my dear Philip, my disciple and my joy." Melancthon acknowledged the voice of God in this summons. All the university grieved at his departure: yet were there some who envied and hated him. He bade farewell to his native place, exclaiming, "The will of the Lord be done!" He was then one-and-twenty.

Melancthon performed the journey on horseback in company with some Saxon merchants, as in the desert the traveller joins a caravan: for, as Reuchlin says, "he knew neither the roads nor the towns they had to pass through." At Augsburg he waited on the Elector, who was stopping there. At Nuremberg he made acquaintance with the excellent Pirckheimer, and at Leipzig with the learned Grecian, Mosellanus. The university of this latter city gave a feast in his honour. The repast was truly academical. A variety of dishes were introduced in succession, and as each was put upon the table, one of the professors rose and addressed a studied Latin speech to Melancthon. The latter answered *impromptu*. At last, tired of so much eloquence, he said: "My learned friends, suffer me to answer once for all to your orations; for, being entirely unprepared, I am unable to infuse into my replies so much variety as you have introduced in your addresses." After this the dishes were brought in without the accompanying orations.

Melancthon arrived at Wittemberg on the 25th of August, 1518, two days after Leo X. had signed the brief addressed to Cajetan, and the letter to the Elector.

The professors of Wittemberg did not receive Melancthon so graciously as those of Leipzig had done. Their first impression of

him did not answer the expectation they had formed. They beheld a young man, who looked even younger than he really was, of small stature, and of a shy and timid demeanour. Is this the famous Doctor, thought they, that the great men of our day, such as Erasmus and Reuchlin, so highly extol? . . . . Neither Luther, to whom he first introduced himself, nor Luther's colleagues, conceived any great hopes of him, when they remarked his youth, his diffidence, and his retiring manners.

On the 29th of August, being four days after his arrival, he delivered his inaugural discourse. The whole university was convened on the occasion. The lad, as Luther calls him, spoke such elegant Latin, and manifested so much learning, so cultivated an understanding, and such sound judgment, that all his auditors were astonished.

When he had concluded his speech, all crowded around him to offer their congratulations; but no one felt more delighted than Luther. He hastened to communicate to his friends the sentiments of his heart. "Melancthon," said he, writing to Spalatin on the 31st of August, "delivered, only four days after his arrival, so beautiful and learned an oration that it was heard by all with approbation and astonishment. We soon got over the prejudices we had conceived from his personal appearance; we now extol and admire his eloquence. We thank the prince and yourself for the service you have done us. I can wish for no better Greek master. But I fear that our poor fare will not suit his delicate frame, and that we shall not keep him long with us, on account of the smallness of his allowance. I hear that the people of Leipzig are already bragging that they will be able to carry him off from us. Beware, my dear Spalatin, of despising this youth. The young man is worthy of the highest honour.

Melancthon began at once to expound Homer and St. Paul's Epistle to Titus. He was full of ardour. "I will use every endeavour," he wrote to Spalatin, "to win the favour of those at Wittemberg, who love learning and virtue." Four days after his inauguration, Luther again wrote to Spalatin:

"I commend to your special regard that most learned and very amiable Grecian, Philip. His lecture-room is always crowded. All the theologians, especially, attend his lectures. He puts them all, whether they be in the upper, the lower, or the middle classes, upon learning Greek."

Melancthon, on his part, felt he could return Luther's affection. He soon discerned in him a kindness of disposition, a strength of mind, a courage, and a wisdom, which till then he had never found in any man. He revered and loved him. "If there be any one," said he, "that I love and embrace with my whole heart, it is Martin Luther."

With such feelings did Luther and Melancthon meet; and their friendship continued till death. We cannot sufficiently admire the goodness and wisdom of God, in bringing together two men so different, and yet so necessary to each other. Melancthon was as remarkable for calmness, prudence, and gentleness, as Luther was for wisdom, impetuosity and energy. Luther communicated vigour to Melancthon:—Melancthon moderated Luther They were like positive and negative agents in electricity, by whose reciprocal action an equilibrium is maintained. If Melancthon had not been at Luther's side, the torrent might have overflowed its banks:—when Luther was not by, Melancthon faltered, and gave way even where he ought not. Luther did much by *power*:—Melancthon did no less, perhaps, by following a slower and gentler method. Both were upright, open-hearted, and generous; both, full of love for the word of eternal life, proclaimed it with a fidelity and devotion which governed their whole lives.

Melancthon's appearance wrought a revolution, not merely in Wittemberg, but throughout Germany and the learned world. The study he had applied to the Greek and Latin classics and to philosophy had given an order, clearness, and precision to his ideas which diffused on the subjects he handled a new light and an indescribable beauty. The sweet spirit of the Gospel fertilized and animated all his reflections; and in his lectures the driest sciences appeared clothed with a grace that charmed all hearers. The sterility that the scholastic philosophy had spread over instruction was gone, a new method of teaching and of study was introduced by Melancthon. "Thanks to him," says a distinguished historian of Germany, Plank, "Wittemberg became the school of the nation."

The impulse that Melancthon gave to Luther in his work of translating the Bible, is one of the most memorable circumstances of the friendship between these great men. As early as 1517, Luther had made some attempts towards that translation. He got together as many Greek and Latin books as he could collect. With the aid of his dear Philip, his labour now proceeded with fresh energy. Luther obliged Melancthon to take part in his researches, consulted him in difficult passages; and the work, which was destined to be one of the grandest works of the Reformer, advanced more securely and rapidly to its completion.

Doubtless, the arrival of Melancthon at so critical a moment brought with it a sweet relaxation to the mind of Luther. Doubtless, in the delightful expansion of a new friendship, and in the midst of the Biblical studies to which he applied himself with fresh zeal, he sometimes altogether forgot Rome, Prierias, Leo, and that ecclesiastical court before which he was to appear. Yet these were brief moments that soon passed away. His thoughts were ever reverting to the awful tribunal before which he was cited by the influence of his implacable enemies. With what terror would not the thought have filled a soul desiring aught but the triumph of truth! But Luther did not tremble in the prospect of it: full of trust in the faithfulness and power of God, he remained firm; and was ready to ex-

pose himself alone to the wrath of enemies more terrible than those who had brought Huss to the stake.

A few days after the arrival of Melancthon, and before the decision of the Pope, which removed the citation of Luther from Rome to Augsburg, could be known, Luther wrote thus to Spalatin:—"I do not ask our sovereign to do the least thing in defence of my theses,—I am willing to be delivered up, and cast alone into the hands of all my adversaries. Let him suffer the storm to exhaust all its rage on me. What I have undertaken to defend, I hope I shall, by Christ's help, be enabled to maintain. As to *force*, we must needs yield to that, but without forsaking the truth."

Luther's courage communicated itself to others. The gentlest and most timid, beholding the danger that threatened the witness of the truth, found language full of energy and indignation. The prudent and pacific Staupitz wrote to Spalatin on the 7th September: "Do not cease to exhort the Prince, our master not to be dismayed by the roaring of the lions. Let the Prince make a stand for the truth, without regarding Luther or Staupitz, or the order. Let there be at least one place where we may speak freely and fearlessly. I know that the plague of Babylon (I had almost said, of Rome) is let loose against all who attack the corruptions of those who betray Christ for gain. I, myself, have seen a preacher of the truth pulled out of his pulpit, and, though on a saint's day, bound and dragged to prison. Others have witnessed still greater atrocities. Therefore, my dearly beloved, persuade his Highness to continue in his present sentiments."

The order for his appearance at Augsburg, before the cardinal legate, at length arrived. It was now with one of the princes of the Roman Church that Luther had to do. All his friends besought him not to set out. They feared that a snare might be laid for him on his journey, or a design formed against his life. Some set about finding a place of concealment for him. Staupitz himself, the timid Staupitz, was moved at the thought of the danger which threatened that brother Martin whom he had drawn forth from the obscurity of the cloister, and launched upon the agitated sea where his life was now in peril. Ah! would it not have been better for that poor brother to have remained all his life unknown? It is too late now. Yet he will do all in his power to save him. Accordingly he wrote to him from his convent at Salsburg, on the 15th September, imploring him to flee and take refuge with him. "It seems to me," said he, "that the whole world is up in arms, and combined against the truth. Even so was the crucified Jesus hated! I see not that you have any thing else to expect than persecution. Ere long no one without the Pope's permission will be allowed to search the Scriptures, and to learn Christ from them, which yet is Christ's injunction. Your friends are few in number. God grant to those few friends courage to declare themselves in opposition to your formidable enemies! Your most prudent course is to leave Wittemberg for a time, and come and reside with me. Then—let us live and die together. This is also the Prince's opinion," adds Staupitz.

From different quarters Luther received alarming information. Count Albert of Mansfeldt sent him a message to abstain from setting out, because some great nobles had bound themselves by an oath, to seize and strangle, or drown him. But nothing could shake his resolution. He would not listen to the Vicar-general's offer.—He will not go and hide in the convent of Salzburg:—he will continue faithfully on that stormy stage where the hand of God has placed him. It is by perseverance in the midst of opposers, by loudly proclaiming the truth in the midst of the world, that the kingdom of the truth is advanced. Why then should he flee? He is not of those who draw back unto perdition, but of those who believe to the saving of their souls. That word of the Master, whom he is resolved to serve and love continually, resounds in his heart: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my father which is in heaven." Everywhere, in the history of Luther, and of the Reformation, do we find ourselves in presence of that intrepid spirit, that elevated morality, that boundless charity, which the first establishment of Christianity had exhibited to the world. "I am like Jeremiah," said Luther, at the moment we are speaking of,—"'a man of strife and contention;' but the more they increase their threatenings, the more they multiply my joy. My wife and children are well provided for. My lands and houses and all my goods are safe. They have already torn to pieces my honour and my good name. All I have left is my wretched body;—let them have it;—they will then shorten my life by a few hours. But as to my soul,—they shall not have that. He, who resolves to bear the word of Christ to the world, must expect death at every hour —for our spouse is a bloody husband unto us"

The Elector was then at Augsburg. Shortly before he left that city and the Diet, he pledged himself to the Legate, that Luther should appear before him. Spalatin wrote to his friend, by direction of the Prince, that the Pope had named a commission to hear him in Germany;—that the Elector would not suffer him to be carried to Rome;—and desired him to prepare to set out for Augsburg. Luther resolved to obey. The information he had received from Count Mansfeldt induced him to ask Frederic for a safe-conduct. The latter replied, that it was not needed, and sent him only letters of recommendation to several of the most distinguished counsellors of Augsburg. He, at the same time, forwarded some money for his journey, and the Reformer, poor and unprotected, set forth on foot, to place himself in the power of his adversaries.

With what feelings must he have quitted Wittemberg, and directed his steps towards Augsburg, where the Pope's legate awaited him! The object of his journey was not like

that to Heidelberg,—a friendly meeting;—he was about to appear without any safe-conduct, before the delegate of Rome; perhaps he was going to meet death. But his faith was not in word, it was in truth. Therefore it was that it gave him *peace;* and he advanced without fear, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, to bear his testimony to the Gospel.

He reached Weimar on the 28th of September, and took up his lodging in the convent of the Cordeliers. One of the monks could not take his eyes off him. This was Myconius. It was the first time he had seen Luther. He wished to approach him, and whisper that he owed to him the peace of his soul, and that all his desire was to labour with him. But Myconius was closely watched by his superiors, and was not permitted to speak to Luther.

The Elector of Saxony then held his court at Weimar, and it is probable that, on that account, the Cordeliers received the Doctor. The day after his arrival was the festival of St. Michael:—Luther said mass, and was even invited to preach in the Castle Chapel. It was a mark of favour that his Prince took pleasure in conferring upon him. He preached from an overflowing heart, in the presence of the court, on the text of the day, which is in Matthew's Gospel, ch. xviii. verses 1 to 11. He spoke strongly against hypocrites, and such as boast of their own righteousness. But he said not a word of the angels, though it was the invariable custom to do so on St. Michael's day.

The courage of the Doctor, who was repairing quietly on foot to attend a summons, which, for so many before him, had been a summons to die, astonished those who beheld him. Interest, wonder, and compassion successively took possession of their hearts. John Kestner, provisor of the Cordeliers, struck with apprehension at the thought of the dangers that awaited his guest, said: "My brother, you have to meet Italians at Augsburg. They are shrewd people, subtle antagonists, and will give you enough to do. I fear you will not be able to defend your cause against them. They will cast you into the fire, and the flames will consume you." Luther answered gravely: "My dear friend, pray to our Lord God, who is in heaven, and put up a paster noster for me and for his dear child Jesus, whose cause is mine,—that he may be favourable to *him*. If He maintains his cause, mine is safe; but if He will not maintain it, certainly it is not in me to maintain it; and it is He who will bear the dishonour."

Luther continued his journey on foot, and arrived at Nuremberg. Being about to present himself before a prince of the church, he wished to make a suitable appearance. The dress he wore was old, and much the worse for his journey. He therefore borrowed a monk's frock of his faithful friend Wenceslas Link, the preacher at Nuremberg.

Doubtless Luther did not call on Link alone, but visited his other friends at Nuremberg, and among them Scheurl, the town-clerk, Albert Durer, the celebrated painter, (to whose memory that town is at this time erecting a statue,) and others. He was confirmed in his resolution by his intercourse with these excellent ones of the earth, whilst many monks as well as laity caught the alarm at his journey, and besought him to turn back. The letters he wrote from this town breathe the spirit which then animated him: "I find," said he, "men of cowardly spirit, who wish to persuade me not to go to Augsburg; but I am determined to go on. May the Lord's will be done! Even at Augsburg, and in the midst of his enemies, Christ reigns. Let Christ be exalted, and the death of Luther or any other sinner is of little moment. As it is written: 'May the God of my salvation be exalted!' Farewell! persevere, stand fast, for we must be rejected either by men or by God: but God is true, and man is a liar."

Link and Leonard, an Augustine monk, could not bear to let Luther encounter alone the dangers that threatened him. They knew his disposition, and that, overflowing as he was with self-devotion and courage, he would probably be wanting in prudence They therefore accompanied him. When they were within five leagues of Augsburg, Luther, who was no doubt suffering from the fatigue of his journey, and the agitation of his mind, was seized with violent pains in the stomach. He thought he should die. His two friends, much alarmed, engaged a wagon. They arrived at Augsburg in the evening of Friday, the 7th of October, and alighted at the convent of the Augustines. Luther was much exhausted; but he rapidly recovered; and doubtless his faith and the vivacity of his mind greatly conduced to his restoration to health.

Immediately on his arrival, and before he had seen any one, Luther, desiring to show every mark of respect to the Legate, begged Wenceslas Link to go to his house, to announce that he was in Augsburg. Link did so, and respectfully intimated to the Cardinal, on behalf of the Doctor of Wittemberg, that the latter was ready to appear before him whenever he should require his attendance. De Vio was rejoiced at this intelligence. At length, then, he had the hot-headed heretic in his power; he inwardly resolved that he should not leave Augsburg as he had entered it. At the same time that Link waited upon the Legate, the monk Leonard went to announce to Staupitz Luther's arrival at Augsburg. The Vicar-general had previously written to the Doctor, to say he would certainly visit him as soon as he arrived. Luther lost no time in informing him of his presence.

The Diet was over. The Emperor and the Electors had already left the place. The Emperor, it is true, had not finally taken his departure, but was hunting in the environs The representative of Rome alone remained at Augsburg. Had Luther arrived whilst the Diet was sitting, he would have met

powerful friends; but every thing now seemed likely to yield before the papal authority.

The judge before whom Luther was to appear was not of a character to calm his apprehensions. Thomas de Vio, who was surnamed Cajetan from the town of Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples, where he was born, (1469,) was one of whom great expectations had been entertained from his youth. At sixteen he had entered into the order of the Dominicans, contrary to the express wish of his parents. He had afterwards become general of his order, and cardinal of the church of Rome. But what boded ill to Luther, the learned Doctor was one of the most zealous advocates of that scholastic theology which the Reformer had so severely handled. His learning, the austerity of his disposition, and the purity of his morals, insured to him an influence and authority in Germany, which other Roman courtiers would not easily have acquired. It was to his reputation for sanctity, no doubt, that he owed his appointment. Rome had calculated that this would admirably serve her purposes. Thus even the good qualities of Cajetan made him still more formidable. Besides, the affair intrusted to him was by no means a complicated one. Luther was already declared a heretic. If he would not retract, the Legate's duty must be to send him to prison; and, if he escaped, to visit with excommunication such as should dare to receive him. This was the course which the dignitary before whom Luther was cited was authorized to take on behalf of Rome.

The Reformer had recruited his strength by a night's rest. On the morning of Saturday, the 8th of October, he began to reflect on his strange situation. He was resigned, and was patiently waiting till God's will should be manifested by the progress of events; he did not wait long. A person, unknown to him, sent him word, as if entirely devoted to his service, that he was coming to visit him, advising him to avoid appearing before the Legate till he had seen him. The message came from an Italian courtier, named Urban de Serra Longa, who had often visited Germany as envoy from the Margrave of Montferrat. He had known the Elector of Saxony, at whose court he had been accredited, and after the Margrave's death, had attached himself to the Cardinal de Vio.

The art and address of this courtier presented the most striking contrast to the noble frankness and generous integrity of Luther. The Italian soon arrived at the monastery of the Augustines. The Cardinal had sent him to sound the Reformer, and to prepare him for the recantation expected from him. Serra Longa imagined that his long residence in Germany gave him an advantage over the other courtiers of the Legate's train; he expected to make short work with this German monk. He arrived, attended by two servants, and professed to have come of his own accord, from friendship for a favourite of the Elector of Saxony, and out of love to the Church. After having saluted Luther with many professions, the diplomatist added, in a tone of affection:

"I am come to offer you prudent and good advice. Make your peace with the church. Submit unreservedly to the Cardinal. Retract your calumnies. Recollect the abbot Joachim of Florence: he, as you know, had put forth heresies, and yet he was afterwards declared no heretic, because he retracted his errors."

Luther intimated his intention of standing upon his defence.

Serra Longa.—"Beware of that. Would you presume to enter the lists with the Legate of his Holiness?"

Luther.—"If they can prove to me that I have taught any thing contrary to the Romish Church, I will be my own judge, and immediately retract. But the main point is, to ascertain whether the Legate relies more on the authority of St. Thomas than the faith will sanction. If he does, I shall certainly not submit to him."

Serra Longa.—"Oh, oh! you intend, then, to offer him battle!"

Upon this the Italian began to use language which Luther designates as horrible. He asserted that one might maintain false propositions, if they only brought in money and filled the strong box; that all discussion in the universities concerning the Pope's authority was to be avoided; but that, on the contrary, it was sound doctrine that the Pontiff might, by a nod, alter or suppress articles of faith; —with much more in the same strain. But the crafty Italian soon perceived that he was forgetting himself; he resumed his former gentleness, and endeavoured to persuade Luther to submit to the Legate in every thing, and to retract his doctrine, his theses, and the oaths he had taken.

The Doctor, who at first had given some credit to the fair professions of the orator Urban, (as he calls him in his narrative,) began to suspect that they were very hollow, and that he was much more in the interest of the Legate than in his. He therefore spoke with rather more reserve, and contented himself with saying that he was quite ready to be humble and obedient, and to give satisfaction in any point in which he might be shown to be in error. At these words Serra Longa exclaimed, exultingly: "I will go directly to the Legate, and you will follow me presently. Every thing will go well, and it will be soon settled."

He took his leave, and the Saxon monk, who had more discernment than the Roman courtier, thought within himself: "This crafty Sinon has been poorly trained by his Greeks." Luther was divided between hope and fear. Yet hope prevailed. The visit of Serra Longa, whom he afterwards calls a foolish meddler, and his strange assertions, aroused his courage.

The different counsellors, and other respectable inhabitants of Augsburg, to whom the Elector recommended Luther, were all eager to visit a man whose name already resounded through all Germany. Peutinger, the Impe

rial counsellor, one of the most distinguished patricians in the city, and who often invited Luther to his table, the counsellor Langemantel, Doctor Auerbach of Leipzig, and the two brothers Adelmann, both canons, with several others repaired to the convent of the Augustines. With cordial friendship they accosted this extraordinary man who had taken a long journey to deliver himself up to the agents of Rome. "Have you a safe-conduct?" asked they. "No," replied the intrepid monk. "What boldness!" they exclaimed. "This," said Luther, "was a civil phrase to express my fool-hardiness." All joined in entreating him not to go to the Legate without first obtaining a safe-conduct from the Emperor himself. It is probable that something had already transpired concerning the papal brief of which the Legate was the bearer.

"But I came to Augsburg without a safe-conduct," replied Luther, "and I met with no harm."

"The Elector," resumed Langemantel, with affectionate earnestness, "commended you to *our* care; you ought therefore to follow our directions."

Doctor Auerbach added his entreaties to those of Langemantel. "We know," said he, "that the Cardinal is, in his heart, enraged against you to the greatest degree. We must not trust these Italians."

The canon Adelmann spoke to the same effect: "They have sent you without protection," said he, "and they have neglected to provide you with the very thing which you most need."

His friends took upon themselves to obtain the necessary safe-conduct from the Emperor. They then proceeded to tell Luther how many persons of consequence were favourably disposed toward him. "The French minister himself, who left Augsburg a few days ago, spoke of you most honourably." This remark struck Luther, and he remembered it afterwards. Thus some of the most remarkable citizens of one of the first cities in the empire were already gained over to the Reformation.

Their conversation had reached this point, when Serra Longa returned:—"Come," said he to Luther, "the Cardinal is waiting for you. I will myself conduct you to him. But first let me tell you how you must appear in his presence. When you enter the room where he is sitting, you must prostrate yourself with your face to the ground; when he tells you to rise, you must kneel before him, and you must not stand erect till he orders you to do so. Remember that it is before a prince of the church you are about to appear. As to the rest, fear nothing; all will soon be settled without any difficulty."

Luther, who had before promised to accompany Serra Longa whenever he should summon him, was embarrassed.

However, he did not fail to repeat the advice of his Augsburg friends, and said something of a safe-conduct.

"Beware of asking anything of the sort," replied Serra Longa quickly, "you have no need of it whatever. The Legate is well disposed towards you, and quite ready to end the affair amicably. If you ask for a safe-conduct, you will spoil all."

"My gracious lord, the Elector of Saxony," replied Luther, "recommended me to several honourable men in this town. They advise me not to venture without a safe-conduct: I ought to follow their advice. Were I to neglect it, and any thing should befall me, they would write to the Elector, my master, that I would not hearken to them."

Luther persisted in his resolution; and Serra Longa was obliged to return to his employer, and report to him the failure of his mission, at the very moment when he fancied it would be crowned with success.

Thus ended that day's conference with the orator of Montferrat.

Luther received another invitation, proceeding from very different motives. John Frosch, prior of the Carmelites, was an old friend. Two years before, he had maintained some theses, as a licentiate in theology, under the superintendence of Luther. He called on him, and pressed him to come and stay with him. He laid claim to the honour of having the Doctor of all Germany as his guest. Already men did not fear to render him homage in the face of Rome; already the weak was become the stronger. Luther accepted the invitation, and accordingly removed from the convent of the Augustines to that of the Carmelites.

The day did not close without his seriously reflecting on his position. The visit of Serra Longa, and the apprehensions of the counsellors, concurred to convince him of the difficult circumstances in which he stood. Nevertheless, he had God in heaven for his protector, and in His keeping he could sleep in peace.

The next day was Sunday; he obtained a little more rest. However, he was obliged to bear another kind of fatigue. Nothing was talked of in the city but Dr. Luther, and all desired to see (as he wrote to Melancthon) "the new Erostratus who had kindled so vast a conflagration." They crowded about him; and the good Doctor, doubtless, smiled at this strange excitement.

But he had also to support another sort of importunity. If there was a general wish to see him, there was a still greater desire to hear him. He was asked on all sides to preach. Luther had no greater joy than to proclaim the Gospel. He would have rejoiced to preach Christ in this great city, and in the solemn circumstances in which he was placed. But on this, as on many occasions, he manifested a most proper feeling of decorum, and much respect for his superiors. He declined to preach, in the fear that the Legate might think he did so to vex and to brave him. This moderation and prudence were assuredly as valuable instructions as a sermon.

However, the Cardinal's agents did not let him rest, but returned to the charge. "The Cardinal," said they, "sends you assurances of his grace and favour: why are you afraid?" And they endeavoured by every possible argu-

ment to persuade him to wait upon the Legate. "He is so gracious, that he is like a father," said one of these emissaries. But another, going close up to him, whispered, "Do not believe what they say. There is no dependence to be placed upon his words." Luther persisted in his resolution.

On the morning of Monday, the 10th of October, Serra Longa again renewed his persuasions. The courtier had made it a point of honour to succeed in his negotiations. The moment he entered,

"Why," he asked in Latin, "why do you not go to the Cardinal? He is expecting you in the most indulgent frame of mind. With him the whole question is summed up in six letters,—Revoca,—*retract*. Come, then, with me; you have nothing to fear."

Luther thought within himself that those were six very important letters; but, without further discussion, he replied,

"As soon as I have received the safe-conduct, I will appear."

Serra Longa lost his temper at these words. He persisted—he brought forward additional reasons for compliance. But Luther was immovable. The Italian courtier, still irritated, exclaimed,

"You imagine, no doubt, that the Elector will take up arms in your favour, and risk, for your sake, the loss of the dominions he inherits from his ancestors."

Luther.—"God forbid!"

Serra Longa.—"When all forsake you, where will you take refuge?"

Luther, *smiling and looking upwards with the eye of faith*—"Under heaven!"

For an instant Serra Longa was struck dumb by this sublime and unexpected reply;—he then continued:

"How would you act, if you had the Legate, the Pope, and all the Cardinals in your power, as they have you, at this moment, in theirs?"

Luther.—"I would pay them all respect and honour. But the word of God is, with me, above all."

Serra Longa, *laughing, and moving one of his fingers backward and forward, in a manner peculiar to the Italians*.—"Ha, ha! all proper honour! I do not believe a word of it."

He then left the house, leaped into his saddle, and disappeared.

Serra Longa went no more to Luther; but he long remembered the resistance he had met with from the Reformer, and that which his master was doomed soon after to experience in person. We shall find him again, at a later period, loudly demanding the blood of Luther.

Shortly after Serra Longa had left Luther, the latter received the safe-conduct. His friends had procured it from the Imperial counsellors. It is probable that they had consulted the Emperor on the subject, as he was not far from Augsburg. It would even seem, from what the Cardinal afterwards said, that, from a wish to avoid offending him, they had asked his consent to their application; perhaps that may have been the reason why De Vio sounded Luther through Serra Longa; for to oppose openly the giving him a safe-conduct would have discovered intentions that it was wished to conceal. It seemed a safer policy to persuade Luther himself to desist from the demand. But it soon became evident that the Saxon monk was not likely to yield.

Luther was about to appear before the Legate. In requiring a safe-conduct, he did not lean upon an arm of flesh, for he well remembered that the Emperor's safe-conduct had not preserved John Huss from the flames. He only desired to do his duty, by following the advice of his master's friends. The Lord would decide his cause. If God required his life, he was ready joyfully to lay it down. At this solemn moment, he felt the need of once more communicating with his friends, and especially with Melancthon, already so endeared to him; and he availed himself of an interval of leisure to write to him.

"Show yourself a man," said he, "as you are ready to do. Instruct the youth of our beloved country in what is right and agreeable to the will of God. As for me, I am going to offer up myself for you and for them, if it be the Lord's will. I prefer death, yea, even what to me would be the greatest misfortune, the loss of your valued society, to retracting what it was my duty to teach, and perhaps ruining by my failure the noble cause to which we are devoted.

"Italy is involved, as Egypt was formerly, in thick darkness, even darkness which may be felt. The whole nation knows nothing of Christ, nor of what pertains to him. And yet they are our lords and masters in the faith and in morals. Thus the wrath of God is fulfilled amongst us; as the prophet says, 'I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them.' Do your duty to God, my dear Philip, and avert his wrath by fervent and holy prayer."

The Legate, apprized that Luther would appear the next day before him, called together those in whom he had confidence, both Italians and Germans, that he might concert with them how he ought to treat the German monk. Opinions were divided. One said, "We must compel him to retract. Another, "We must arrest him and throw him into prison." A third was of opinion that it would be better to put him out of the way. A fourth, that it would be expedient rather to win him over by gentleness and mildness. The Cardinal seems to have resolved, in the first instance, to make trial of this last method.

At length the day of conference arrived. The Legate, knowing that Luther had declared himself willing to retract whatever should be proved contrary to the truth, was sanguine as to the result: he did not doubt that one of his rank and learning would, without much difficulty, reclaim the monk to obedience to the Church.

Luther repaired to the house of the Legate, accompanied by the prior of the Carmelites, his friend and host, by two friars of the convent, by Doctor Link, and by an Augustine,

probably the same that had accompanied him from Nuremberg. Scarcely had he entered the Legate's palace, when all the Italians, who composed the train of this Prince of the Church, flocked round him, desiring to see the famous Doctor, and pressed him so closely, that he could hardly proceed. On entering the room where the Cardinal was waiting for him, Luther found him accompanied by the apostolical nuncio and Serra Longa. His reception was cool, but civil: and, according to Roman etiquette, Luther, following the instructions of Serra Longa, prostrated himself before the Cardinal; when the latter told him to rise, he knelt; and when the command was repeated, he stood erect. Several of the most distinguished Italians of the Legate's household entered the room, in order to be present at the interview, impatient to see the German monk humble himself before the Pope's representative.

The Legate was silent. He expected, says a contemporary, that Luther would begin his recantation. But Luther waited reverently for the Roman Prince to address him. Finding, however, that he did not open his lips, he understood his silence as an invitation to open the business, and spoke as follows:—

"Most worthy father, upon the summons of his Holiness the Pope, and at the desire of my gracious Lord, the Elector of Saxony, I appear before you, as a humble and obedient son of the Holy Christian Church; and I acknowledge that it was I who published the propositions and theses that are the subject of inquiry. I am ready to listen with all submission to the charges brought against me, and, if I am in error, to be instructed in the truth."

The Cardinal, who had determined to assume the tone of a kind and compassionate father towards an erring child, answered in the most friendly manner, commended Luther's humility, and expressed the joy he felt on beholding it, saying:—"My dear son, you have filled all Germany with commotion by your dispute concerning indulgences. I hear that you are a doctor well skilled in the Scriptures, and that you have many followers. If, therefore, you wish to be a member of the Church, and to have in the Pope a most gracious lord, listen to me."

After this exordium, the Legate did not hesitate to tell him all that he expected of him, so confident was he of his submission: "Here," said he, "are three articles which, acting under the direction of our most holy Father, Pope Leo the Tenth, I am to propose to you:—

"First, you must return to your duty; you must acknowledge your faults, and retract your errors, your propositions, and sermons. Secondly, you must promise to abstain for the future from propagating your opinions. And, thirdly, you must engage to be more discreet, and avoid every thing that may grieve or disturb the church."

Luther.—"Most worthy father, I request to be permitted to see the Pope's brief, by virtue of which you have received full power to negociate this affair."

Serra Longa and the rest of the Italians of the Cardinal's train were struck with astonishment at such a demand, and although the German monk had already appeared to them a strange phenomenon, they were completely disconcerted at so bold a speech. Christians familiar with the principles of justice desire to see them adhered to in proceedings against others or themselves; but those who are accustomed to act according to their own will are much surprised when required to proceed regularly and agreeably to form and law.

De Vio.—"Your demand, my son, cannot be complied with. You have to acknowledge your errors; to be careful for the future what you teach; not to return to your vomit; so that you may rest without care and anxiety; and then, acting by the command and on the authority of our most holy father the Pope, I will adjust the whole affair."

Luther.—"Deign, then, to inform me wherein I have erred."

At this request, the Italian courtiers, who had expected to see the poor German fall upon his knees and implore mercy, were still more astonished than before. Not one of them would have condescended to answer so impertinent a question. But De Vio, who thought it scarcely generous to crush this feeble monk by the weight of all his authority, and trusted, moreover, to his own learning for obtaining an easy victory, consented to tell Luther what he was accused of, and even to enter into discussion with him. We must do justice to the general of the Dominicans. It must be acknowledged, that he showed more equity, a greater sense of propriety, and less irritation, than have subsequently been exhibited in a majority of similar cases. He assumed a tone of condescension, and said:

"My beloved son! there are two propositions put forward by you, which you must, before all, retract:—1st. 'The treasure of indulgences does not consist of the merits and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ;—2dly. 'The man who receives the holy sacrament must have faith in the grace offered to him.'"

Both these propositions did indeed strike a death-blow at the commerce of Rome. If the Pope had not power to dispose at will of the Saviour's merits,—if, on receiving the paper in which the brokers of the Church traded, men did not acquire a portion of that infinite righteousness,—this paper currency lost its value, and men would count it no better than a mere rag. And thus also with the sacraments. The indulgences were, in some sense an extraordinary branch of commerce with Rome; the sacraments made part of her ordinary traffic. The revenue they yielded was by no means small. But to assert that faith was necessary to make them productive of any real benefit to the soul of the Christian, was to rob them of their attraction in the sight of the people. For faith is not in the Pope's gift; it is beyond his power, and can come

from God alone. To declare its necessity was, therefore, to snatch from the hands of Rome both the speculation and the profits attached to it. In assailing these two doctrines, Luther had followed the example of Christ himself. In the very beginning of his ministry, he had overturned the tables of the money-changers, and driven the dealers out of the temple. "Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

Cajetan continued: "I will not bring forward the authority of St. Thomas, and the other scholastic doctors, to confute these errors; I will rest entirely on the holy Scriptures, and speak to you in perfect friendship."

Nevertheless, when De Vio proceeded to bring forward his proofs, he departed from the rule he had laid down. He combated Luther's first proposition by an *Extravagance* or *Constitution** of Pope Clement; and the second, by all sorts of opinions from the scholastic divines. The discussion turned at its outset upon this constitution of the Pope in favour of indulgences. Luther, indignant at hearing what authority the Legate attributed to a decree of Rome, exclaimed:

"I cannot receive such constitutions as sufficient proofs on subjects so important. For they wrest the holy Scriptures, and never quote them to the purpose."

De Vio.—"The Pope has authority and power over all things."

Luther, (*warmly.*)—"Save the Scriptures."

De Vio, (*in derision.*)—"Save the Scriptures! . . . Do not you know that the Pope is higher than the Councils, for he has recently condemned and punished the council of Bâle."

Luther.—"But the university of Paris has appealed against his decision."

De Vio.—"Those gentlemen of Paris will receive their desert."

The Cardinal and Luther then proceeded to discuss the second article, namely the *faith* that Luther declared to be necessary to render the sacraments efficacious. Luther pursuing his usual method, quoted, in favour of the opinion that he maintained, several passages of Scripture. But the Legate received them with derision. "It is of faith in general that you are speaking now," said he. "Not so," replied Luther. One of the Italians, the Legate's master of the ceremonies, provoked at Luther's resistance and answers, was burning with desire to speak. He often attempted to interrupt the conversation; but the Legate commanded silence. At last he was obliged to reprove him in so authoritative a tone, that the master of ceremonies left the room in confusion.

"As to indulgences," said Luther to the Legate, "if you can prove to me that I am mistaken, I am ready to receive instruction. We may leave that subject open, without compromising our faith as Christians. But as to that other article concerning *faith*, if I yielded any thing there, I should be denying Christ. I cannot, therefore, and I will not yield that point, and by God's help I will hold it to the end."

De Vio, (*beginning to lose temper.*)—"Whether you will or will not, you *must* this very day retract that article, or else for that article alone, I will proceed to reject and condemn all your doctrine."

Luther.—"I have no will but the Lord's. He will do with me what seemeth good in his sight. But had I a hundred heads, I would rather lose them all than retract the testimony I have borne to the holy Christian faith."

De Vio.—"I am not come here to argue with you. Retract or prepare to endure the punishment you have deserved."

Luther clearly perceived that it was impossible to end the affair by a conference. His adversary was seated before him as though he himself were Pope, and required an humble submission to all that he said to him, whilst he received Luther's answers, even when grounded on the holy Scriptures, with shrugs, and every kind of irony and contempt. He thought the most prudent plan would be to answer the Cardinal in writing. This means, thought he, offered at least one consolation to the oppressed. Others might then give their judgment of the affair; and the unjust adversary, who, by clamour, remained master of the field, might be overawed by the public voice.

Having, therefore, shown a disposition to withdraw: "Do you wish," said the Legate to him, "that I should give you a safe-conduct to repair to Rome?"

Nothing would have pleased Catejan better than the acceptance of this offer. He would thus have got rid of an affair of which he began to perceive the difficulties, and Luther and his heresy would have fallen into the hands of those who would have known how to deal with them. But the Reformer, who was sensible of the dangers that surrounded him even at Augsburg, took care to refuse an offer that would have delivered him up, bound hand and foot, to the vengeance of his enemies. He rejected the proposal as often as De Vio chose to repeat it: which he did several times. The Legate concealed the chagrin he felt at Luther's refusal; he assumed an air of dignity, and dismissed the monk with a compassionate smile, under which he endeavoured to hide his disappointment, and, at the same time, with the politeness of one who hopes to have better success another time.

Hardly had Luther reached the court-yard of the palace, when the loquacious Italian, the master of the ceremonies, whom the Cardinal's reprimands had obliged to leave the hall of audience, delighted at being able to speak to him out of the hearing of Cajetan, and eager to confound the abominable heretic by his overpowering arguments, ran after him, and, before he came up with him, began to deal out his sophisms. But Luther, disgusted with the man's folly, answered him with one of

* This name is given to certain Constitutions of the Popes, collected and appended to the Canon Law.

those sarcastic rebukes which he always had at command, and the master of the ceremonies, quite confounded, turned back and slunk abashed to the Cardinal's palace.

Luther had not been impressed with a very high opinion of his dignified adversary. He had heard from him, as he afterwards wrote to Spalatin, assertions which were quite contrary to sound theology, and which, in the mouth of another, would have been considered arch-heresies. And yet De Vio was looked upon as the most learned of the Dominicans. Next to him stood Prierias. "We may judge from this," said Luther, "what those must be who fill the tenth or the hundreth rank."

On the other hand, the noble firmness of the Doctor of Wittemberg had greatly surprised the Cardinal and all his courtiers. Instead of a poor monk, sueing abjectly for pardon, they beheld a man of independent spirit, an undaunted Christian, an enlightened Doctor, who required them to bring proofs to support their unjust accusations, and courageously defended his own doctrine. The inmates of Cajetan's palace exclaimed with one voice against the pride, obstinacy, and effrontery of the heretic. Luther and De Vio had learned to know one another, and both were preparing themselves for a second interview.

A joyful surprise awaited Luther on his return to the convent of the Carmelites. The Vicar-general of the order of the Augustines, his friend, his father, Staupitz, had arrived there. Not having been able to prevent Luther from going to Augsburg, Staupitz gave his friend a new and affecting proof of his attachment, by joining him in that city, with the hope of rendering him some service. This excellent man foresaw that the conference with the Legate would have momentous results. His fears and his friendship for Luther combined to disturb him. It was a balm to the Reformer's heart, after that trying conference, to embrace so precious a friend. He related to him how he had found it impossible to obtain a satisfactory answer, and how he had been required to recant without even an attempt to convict him of error. "You must absolutely," said Staupitz, "answer the Legate in writing."

After what he had heard of this first interview, Staupitz expected no good result from any succeeding one. He therefore determined upon a step which he thought the present circumstances made necessary; he decided to release Luther from the obligation of obedience to his order. Staupitz proposed by this means to attain two objects; if, as he could not but forbode, Luther should fail in his undertaking, this proceeding would prevent the disgrace of his condemnation from being reflected on his whole order; and if the Cardinal should enjoin him to oblige Luther to silence or to a recantation, he would have an excuse for non-compliance. This ceremony was gone through in the usual forms. Luther clearly perceived all that it foreboded. His mind was deeply affected by the breaking of ties that he had formed in the enthusiasm of youth. The order he had chosen now rejected him. His natural protectors forsook him. Already he was become a stranger to his brethren. But though his heart was oppressed with sorrow at the thought, he recovered his serenity by looking to the promises of a faithful God, who has said: "I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee."

The Imperial counsellors, having intimated to the Legate through the Bishop of Trent, that Luther was provided with the Emperor's safe-conduct, at the same time cautioning him against taking any steps against the Reformer's person, De Vio in a violent passion abruptly answered in the true Romish style, "Be it so; but I shall do what the Pope enjoins me." We know what the Pope's injunctions were.

The next day* both parties prepared for a second interview, which seemed likely to be decisive. Luther's friends, intending to accompany him to the Legate's palace, repaired to the convent of the Carmelites. The Dean of Trent and Peutinger, both Imperial counsellors, and Staupitz, arrived one after the other. Besides these, Luther soon had the pleasure of welcoming the knight Philip von Feilitzsch, and Doctor Ruhel, counsellors of the Elector, who had received orders from their master to be present at the conferences, and to watch over Luther's personal safety. They had arrived at Augsburg on the previous evening. They were commissioned to keep close to him, says Mathesius, as the knight Chlum stood by John Huss, at Constance. The Doctor also took a notary with him, and, accompanied by all his friends, repaired to the Legate's palace.

As they set out, Staupitz drew close to Luther; he felt all that his friend would have to endure; he knew that if his eye were not directed towards the Lord, who is the deliverer of his people, he must sink under his trial: "My dear brother," said he, solemnly, "ever bear in mind that you entered on these struggles in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was thus that God encompassed his humble servant with consolations and encouragement.

Luther, on arriving at the Cardinal's, found there a new opponent: this was the prior of the Dominicans of Augsburg, who was seated beside his superior. Luther, in conformity with his resolution, had put his answer in writing. The customary salutations being gone through, he read, with a firm voice, the following declaration:

"I declare that I honour the holy Roman Church, and, moreover, that I will continue to do so. I have sought after truth in my public disputations, and what I have taught, I, to this hour, regard as right, true, and Christian. Nevertheless I am but a man, and I may be mistaken. I am therefore willing to be instructed and corrected wherever I may have erred. I declare myself ready to answer by word of mouth or in writing, all objections and all charges that the illustrious Legate may bring against me. I declare myself wil-

* Wednesday, 12th Oct.

ing to submit my theses to the decision of the four universities of Bâle, Fribourg in Brisgau, Louvain, and Paris, and to retract whatever they shall declare to be erroneous. In a word, I am ready to do all that can be required of a Christian man. But I solemnly protest against the method that has been pursued in this affair, and against that strange assumption which would oblige me to retract, without having convicted me of error."

Undoubtedly nothing could be more consonant with reason than these proposals of Luther, and they must have greatly embarrassed a judge who had been previously instructed what judgment he was to pronounce. The Legate, who was quite unprepared for this protest, endeavoured to hide his confusion, by affecting a laugh, and putting on the semblance of mildness.

"This protest," he said to Luther with a smile, "is quite unnecessary; I will not dispute with you in public or in private, but my wish is to settle the whole affair with paternal tenderness."

It was the policy of the Cardinal to lay aside the strict forms of justice, which afford protection to the accused, and to treat the matter as an affair of administration between a superior and his inferior;—a convenient method, as it leaves the fullest scope to the exercise of arbitrary power.

Continuing in the most affectionate tone: —"My dear friend," said De Vio, "I beseech you to abandon this useless design; but rather return to a sense of duty, acknowledge the truth, and behold me ready to reconcile you to the Church, and to the supreme bishop. . . . Retract, my friend, retract; such is the Pope's will. Whether it be your will or not, matters little; you would find it hard to kick against the pricks. . . ."

Luther, who saw himself already treated as a rebellious child, rejected by the Church, exclaimed: "I cannot retract! but I offer to answer, and in writing. We had enough of contention—yesterday."

De Vio was provoked at this expression, which reminded him that he had not acted with sufficient discretion; but he recovered himself, and said, smiling:

"Contention! my dear son; I did not contend with you. I am as little inclined as yourself to contention; but to gratify his Highness the Elector Frederic, I am ready to hear you and exhort you as a friend and a father."

Luther did not understand why the Legate should have taken umbrage at the phrase he had made use of; for, thought he to himself, if I had not wished to be courteous, I should not have said "contend," but "dispute" and "quarrel," for that was what we really did yesterday.

However, De Vio, who felt that, before the respectable witnesses present at the conference, he must at least appear to convince Luther, and endeavour to crush him by argument, reverted to the two propositions which he had pointed out as fundamental errors, fully resolved to allow the Reformer the fewest possible opportunities of reply Relying on Italian volubility, he overwhelmed him with objections, without waiting for an answer Sometimes he sneered, sometimes he chided; he declaimed with passionate energy: he jumbled together the most incongruous things; quoted St. Thomas and Aristotle; exclaimed and raved against all who differed from them; and broke out in invective against Luther. Again and again the latter attempted to reply; but the Legate instantly interrupted him and overwhelmed him with threats. "Recant! recant!" was the burden of his harangue; he stormed, enacted the dictator, and put down all effort to reply Staupitz undertook to stop the Legate. "Deign to allow Doctor Martin time to answer," said he. But the Legate resumed his harangue: he quoted the *extravagances* and the opinions of St. Thomas: he had resolved to have all the talk to himself. Unable to convince, and fearing to strike, he would at least stun by his violence.

Luther and Staupitz clearly perceived that they must not only forego all hope of enlightening De Vio by discussion, but also of making any useful confession of the faith. Luther, therefore, renewed the request he had made at the beginning of the interview, and which the Cardinal had then eluded. And not being permitted to speak, he requested that he might be allowed at least to put his answer in writing and send it to the Legate. Staupitz seconded his request; several of the company present joined in his solicitations: and Cajetan, in spite of his dislike to written documents,—for he remembered that such documents are lasting,—at length consented. They separated. The hope which had been conceived that the affair might be terminated at this interview was thus adjourned, and it was necessary to await the result of the ensuing conference.

The permission granted to Luther by the general of the Dominicans to take time for reflection, and to write his answer to the two distinct allegations brought against him relating to the indulgences—and to faith,—was undoubtedly no more than strict justice; and yet we must give De Vio credit for it, as a mark of moderation and impartiality.

Luther left the Cardinal's palace rejoicing that his just request had been granted. In his way to and from the palace, he was the object of general attention. Enlightened men were interested in his cause, as if they themselves were about to stand upon their trial. It was felt that it was the cause of the gospel, of justice, and of liberty, which was then to be pleaded at Augsburg. The lower orders alone sided with Cajetan, and they, doubtless, gave the Reformer significant proofs of their disposition, for he took notice of it.

It daily become more evident that the Legate would hear nothing from him save the words, "I retract;" and those words Luther was determined not to utter. What issue could be looked for in so unequal a struggle? How could it for a moment be thought that the whole power of Rome, arrayed against

one man, could fail in the end to crush him? Luther saw all this: he felt the pressure of that heavy hand under which he had dared to place himself; he despaired of ever returning to Wittemberg, of seeing his dear Philip again, and once more finding himself encircled by those noble youths in whose hearts he so delighted to sow the seeds of everlasting life. He saw the sentence of excommunication suspended over his head, and did not doubt that it would shortly fall upon him. These forebodings distressed him, but did not cast him down. His trust in God was not shaken. God may, indeed, destroy the instrument he has hitherto made use of; but he will maintain the truth. Whatever may happen, Luther must defend it to the last. With these feelings, therefore, he began to prepare the protest he intended to present to the Legate. It seems he devoted to that purpose a part of the 13th of October.

On the following day, Luther returned to the Cardinal's palace, attended by the counsellors of the Elector. The Italians crowded round him as usual, and a number of them were present at the conference. Luther stepped forward and presented his protest to the Legate. The Cardinal's attendants gazed intently on his writing, in their eyes so daring and presumptuous. The following is the declaration which the Doctor of Wittemberg handed to their master:—

"You charge me upon two points. And first you bring against me the constitution of Pope Clement VI., in which it is asserted that the treasure of indulgences is the merit of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the saints; an assertion which I deny in my theses.

"Panormitanus," continues he, (applying that designation to Ives, Bishop of Chartres, toward the close of the eleventh century, and author of the famous collection of ecclesiastical law called Panormia)—"Panormitanus in his first book declares, that, in what pertains to our holy faith, not only a General Council, but even a private Christian, is above the Pope, if he can adduce clearer testimony from the Scriptures, and better reasons. The voice of our Lord Jesus Christ is far above the voice of all men, by whatever names they may be called.

"What most disturbs me and excites my most painful reflections is, that this constitution contains in it many things altogether contrary to the truth. First, it asserts that the *merits* of the saints form a treasury;—whilst the whole volume of Scriptures testifies that God rewards us far more richly than we have deserved. The prophet exclaims: 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.' 'Wo to man,' says St. Augustine, 'however honourable and praiseworthy his life may be, if God were to pronounce a judgment upon him from which mercy should be excluded.'

"Thus, then, the saints are not saved by their merits, but solely by the mercy of God, as I have declared I maintain this, and I take my stand upon it. The words of holy Scripture, which teach us that the saints have not *merit* enough, ought to be more regarded than those words of men, which affirm that they have merits in superabundance. For the Pope is not above, but under the authority of the word of God."

Luther did not stop there: he showed that if the indulgences could not consist in the merits of the saints, neither could they consist in the merits of Christ. He proved that the indulgences were barren and unprofitable, since they had no other effect than to excuse men from good works, such as prayer, alms, &c. "No," he exclaimed, "the righteousness of Christ Jesus is not a treasure of indulgences, excusing us from good works, but a treasure of grace *quickening us to perform them.* The righteousness of Christ is applied to the faithful, not by indulgences, not by the keys, but by the Holy Ghost alone, and not by the Pope. If any one holds an opinion resting on better foundations than mine," added he, in concluding what referred to this first point, "let him make it known, and then will I retract."

"I have affirmed," said he, adverting to the second charge, "that no man can be justified before God except by Faith; so that it is necessary that a man should believe with a perfect confidence that he has received pardon. To doubt of this grace is to reject it. The *faith* of the just is his righteousness and his life."

Luther supported his proposition by many texts from Scripture.

"Deign, then, to intercede in my behalf with our most holy lord the Pope Leo X., that he may not treat me with so much severity. My soul seeks the light of truth. I am not so proud, not so set upon vainglory, that I should be ashamed to retract, if I had taught what is not agreeable to the truth. My greatest joy will be to see the triumph of that doctrine which is according to the mind of God. Only let me not be forced to do any thing that is against my conscience."

The Legate took the declaration which Luther presented, and, after looking it over, said coolly: "You have wasted many words, and written what is little to the purpose: you have replied very foolishly to the two charges brought against you, and you have covered your paper with numerous passages from the holy Scriptures that have no reference whatever to the subject." De Vio then with a contemptuous gesture threw down Luther' protest, as if unworthy of his regard; and, resuming the tone which had in some degree been successful in the last interview, he renewed the cry that Luther must retract. The latter was inflexible. "Brother! brother!" cried De Vio in Italian, "when you were last here you were very docile, but to-day you are altogether intractable." Then the Cardinal began a long speech, borrowed from the writings of St. Thomas; he again extolled with all his might the constitution of Clement VI.; he persisted in maintaining that, in virtue of that constitution, the very merits of Chris

are distributed to the faithful by means of the indulgences: he thought he had silenced Luther. The latter at times attempted to speak; but De Vio scolded and thundered on without intermission, and, as on the previous occasion, claimed the sole right to be heard.

This manner of proceeding had on the first occasion been in some measure successful;—but Luther was not a man to bear with it a second time. His indignation at length broke forth, and it was now his turn to astonish the bystanders, who thought him already conquered by the prelate's volubility. He raised his sonorous voice: he took up the Cardinal's favourite objection, and made him pay dearly for his temerity in entering the lists against him. "Retract! retract!" repeated De Vio, showing him the constitution of the Pope. "Well!" said Luther, "only prove to me, by this constitution, that the treasure of indulgences is the *very merit* of Christ, and I consent to retract, according to the will and pleasure of your eminence. . ."

The Italians, who had not expected this, exulted at his words, and could not repress their joy at seeing the adversary at length taken in the toils. As to the Cardinal, he was like one beside himself; he laughed aloud—but it was an indignant and angry laugh; he stepped forward, took up the volume containing the famous constitution, turned over the leaves, found the passage, and elated, with the advantage he thought he had secured, read it aloud with breathless eagerness. The Italians were now triumphant; the counsellors of the Elector were anxious and embarrassed; Luther waited the right moment. At last, when the Cardinal came to these words, "The Lord Jesus Christ acquired this treasure by his sufferings," Luther interrupted him; "Most worthy father," said he, "deign to consider this passage well, and to meditate upon it carefully: 'He has acquired.' Christ has acquired a treasure by *his merits*; the merits then are not the treasure; for, to speak with philosophic precision, the cause is a different thing from that which flows from it. The merits of Christ have acquired for the Pope the power of giving such indulgences to the people; but they are not the very merits of the Lord which the Pope distributes. Thus, then, my conclusion is *true*, and this constitution, which you so loudly appeal to, testifies with me to the truth which I declare."

De Vio still held the book in his hand; his eyes still rested on the fatal passage: the inference was unanswerable. Behold him taken in the very net he had spread for another; and Luther, with a strong hand, held him fast, to the utter astonishment of the Italian courtiers who surrounded him. The Legate would have eluded the difficulty; but all retreat was closed. From an early stage of the discussion he had given up the testimony of the Scriptures, and that of the Fathers; and had sheltered himself under this *extravagance* of Clement VI., and now he was taken in his stronghold. Still he was too artful to betray his embarrassment. In order to conceal his confusion, the Cardinal abruptly changed the subject, and vehemently attacked Luther on other points of difference Luther, who detected this skilful manœuvre, drew tighter on every side the net in which he had taken his opponent, making it impossible for him to escape: "Most reverend father," said he, in a tone of irony, veiled under the semblance of respect, "your Eminence must not suppose that we Germans are altogether ignorant of grammar: to be a treasure, and to purchase a treasure, are two very different things."

"Retract!" exclaimed De Vio, "retract! or I will send you to Rome, there to appear before the judges commissioned to take cognisance of your cause. I will excommunicate you, and all your partisans, and all who shall at any time countenance you; and will cast them out of the Church. Full power has been given to me for this purpose by the holy apostolic see. Think you, that your protectors will stop me? Do you imagine that the Pope can fear Germany? The Pope's little finger is stronger than all the princes of Germany put together."

"Condescend," replied Luther, "to forward the written answer I have given you to Pope Leo X., with my most humble prayers."

The Legate, at these words, glad to have a momentary respite, again assumed an air of dignity, and turning to Luther, said, in a haughty and angry tone:

"Retract, or return no more!"

The expression struck Luther. He must now answer in another manner than by words. He made an obeisance and withdrew. The counsellors of the Elector followed, and the Cardinal and his Italians, left alone, looked at each other, utterly confounded at such a result of the discussion.

Luther and De Vio never met again: but the Reformer had made a powerful impression on the Legate, which was never entirely effaced. What Luther had said concerning faith, what De Vio read in the subsequent writings of the Doctor of Wittemberg, considerably changed the Cardinal's sentiments. The theologians of Rome saw with surprise and dissatisfaction the opinions touching justification which he brought forward in his commentary upon the Epistle to the Romans. The Reformation did not recede, nor did the Reformer retract; but his judge, who had so repeatedly commanded him to retract, changed his views,—and himself, indirectly, retracted his errors. Thus the unshaken fidelity of the Reformer was crowned with reward.

Luther returned to the monastery where he had been a guest. He had stood firm: he had borne witness to the truth; he had done what it was his duty to do; God would do the rest. His heart overflowed with joy and peace.

However, the tidings that were brought him were not encouraging; a rumour prevailed throughout the city that, if he did not retract, he was to be seized and thrown into a dungeon. The Vicar-general of the order, Staupitz himself, it was asserted, had given his consent to this. Luther could not believe

th t his friend would act in this manner. No! Staupitz could not betray him! As to the designs of the Cardinal, his own words had thrown sufficient light upon them. Yet Luther would not flee from the danger; his life, as well as the truth itself, was in powerful keeping, and, in spite of all these threatenings, he determined not to leave Augsburg.

The Legate soon repented of his violence; he felt that he had forgotten the part it was his policy to play, and wished to resume it. Hardly had Staupitz dined, (for the interview had taken place in the morning,—and dinner was served at noon,) when he received a message from the Cardinal, inviting him to his house. Staupitz repaired thither, accompanied by Wenceslaus Link. The Vicar-general found the Legate alone with Serra Longa. De Vio immediately advanced towards Staupitz, and addressed him in the gentlest manner:—"Try now," said he, "to prevail upon your monk and induce him to retract. Really, I am pleased with him on the whole, and he has no better friend than myself."

Staupitz.—"I have already done my endeavours, and I will now again advise him humbly to submit to the church."

De Vio.—"You must give him proper answers to the arguments that he adduces from the Scriptures."

Staupitz.—"I must confess, my lord, that *that* is beyond my power; for Doctor Martin is more than a match for me, both in acuteness and in knowledge of the Scriptures."

The Cardinal smiled, we may imagine, at the Vicar-general's frank confession. His own experience, moreover, had taught him the difficulty of convicting Luther of error. He continued, addressing himself to Link as well as to Staupitz:

"Are you aware that, as favourers of heretical doctrine, you are yourselves exposed to the penalties of the church?"

Staupitz.—"Deign to resume the conference with Luther, and open a public disputation on the controverted points."

De Vio, alarmed at the thought of such a measure, exclaimed,—"I will argue no more with the beast. Those eyes of his are too deeply set in his head, and his looks have too much meaning in them."

Staupitz finally obtained the Cardinal's promise that he would state in writing what he required Luther to retract.

The Vicar-general then returned to Luther. In some degree shaken by the representations of the Cardinal, he endeavoured to lead him to some concession. "Refute then," said Luther, "the Scriptures I have brought forward." —"That is beyond my power," said Staupitz. —"Very well," replied Luther, "my conscience will not allow me to retract until those passages of Scripture can be shown to have another meaning. And so," continued he, "the Cardinal professes his willingness to settle the affair in this way, without subjecting me to disgrace or detriment. Ah! these are fine Italian words, but, in plain German, they mean nothing less than my everlasting shame and ruin. What better can he look for who from fear of man and against his own conscience, denies the truth?"

Staupitz desisted; he merely informed Luther that the Cardinal had consented to send him in writing the points on which he required his recantation. He then, doubtless, acquainted him with his intention of leaving Augsburg, where he had now nothing more to do. Luther communicated to him a purpose he had formed for comforting and strengthening their souls. Staupitz promised to return, and they separated for a short time.

Left alone in his cell, Luther's thoughts turned towards the friends most dear to his heart. His thoughts wandered to Weimar and to Wittemberg. He wished to tell the Elector what was passing, and thinking there might be impropriety in addressing the Prince in person, he wrote to Spalatin, and begged the chaplain to let his master know the state of his affairs. He related to him all that had passed, even to the promise the Legate had just made to send a statement of the controverted points in writing. He concluded by saying: "Thus the matter stands; but I have neither hope nor confidence in the Legate. I am resolved not to retract a single syllable. I shall publish the answer that I have put into his hands, in order that, if he proceed to violence, he may be covered with shame in the sight of all Christendom."

The Doctor next availed himself of the few moments that were still remaining, to send tidings of himself to his friends at Wittemberg.

"Peace and happiness!" he wrote to Doctor Carlstadt. "Accept these few words in place of a long letter: for time and events are pressing. Another time I hope to write to you and others more fully. For three days my affair has been in hand, and things are at such a point that I have no longer a hope of seeing you again, and have nothing to expect but excommunication. The Legate will not allow me to defend myself, either publicly or in private. His wish, he tells me, is to act the part of a father, not of a judge; and yet he will hear nothing from me but the words: 'I retract, and acknowledge that I have been in error.' And those are words I will not utter! The peril in which my cause is placed is so much the greater, because it is judged not only by implacable enemies, but even by men incapable of understanding its merits. However, the Lord God lives and reigns: to His keeping I commend myself; and I doubt not that in answer to the prayers of pious souls, He will send me deliverance: *I seem to feel that prayer is being made for me!*

"Either I shall return to you unhurt; or else, under a sentence of excommunication, I must seek shelter elsewhere.

"Whatever may happen to me, quit yourself manfully; stand fast, and glorify Christ joyfully and without fear. . . .

"The Cardinal always styles me 'his dear son.' I know how little that means. Still I am persuaded I should be to him one of the

dearest and most acceptable of men, if I would but pronounce the single word: '*Revoco.*' But I will not become a heretic, by renouncing the faith that has made me a Christian. Better far would it be—to be cast out and accursed, and perish at the stake.

"Farewell, my dear Doctor! show this letter to our theologians,—to Amsdorff, to Philip, to Otten, and to others, in order that you may pray for me, and also for yourselves; for it is your cause also that is now trying. It is the cause of the faith of Jesus Christ, and of the grace of God."

Sweet thought! which ever fills with consolation and peace the hearts of those who have borne witness to Jesus Christ, to his divinity and grace, when the world rains upon them from all sides its censures, its interdicts, and its scorn! "Our cause is the cause of faith in the Lord." And what sweetness also in the conviction expressed by the Reformer: "*I seem to feel that I am prayed for.*" The Reformation was a work of prayer and of piety toward God. The struggle between Luther and De Vio was, in truth, one of a religious principle, then reappearing in full vigour, with the expiring strength of the disputatious dialectics of the middle age.

Thus did Luther converse with his absent friends. Staupitz soon returned; Doctor Ruhel and the knight Feilitzsch, both of them sent by the Elector, also visited him after taking leave of the Cardinal. Some other friends of the Gospel joined them; and Luther, seeing thus assembled together these noble-minded men, who were soon to be parted from each other, and from whom he himself was about, perhaps, to be forever separated, proposed that they should join in celebrating the Lord's Supper. The proposal was agreed to; and this little assembly of the faithful partook of the body and blood of Christ. What must have been the feelings of the Reformer's friends at the moment when, as they celebrated with him the Lord's Supper, they reflected that this was perhaps the last time that this privilege would be allowed him. What joy and love must have filled the heart of Luther in the consciousness of being so graciously accepted by his Master at the very moment when men were rejecting him. How solemn must have been that supper! How sacred that evening!

The next day, (Sunday, 15th October,) Luther expected to receive the instructions which the Legate was to send to him.

But, not receiving any message from him, he requested his friend Doctor Wenceslaus Link to wait upon the Cardinal. De Vio received Link most affably, and assured him that he wished to take the most friendly course. "I no longer consider Doctor Martin Luther a heretic," added he; "I will not, at this time, excommunicate him, unless I receive further instructions from Rome: for I have sent his answer to the Pope by an express." Then, to give a proof of his good intentions towards him, he added: "If Doctor Luther would only retract on the subject of indulgences, the business would soon be concluded; for as to faith in the sacraments, that is an article that every one may interpret and understand in his own way." Spalatin, who relates this, adds this sarcastic but just observation: "Whence it is evident, that Rome attaches more importance to money than to our holy faith and the salvation of souls."

Link returned to Luther. He found Staupitz there, and gave an account of his visit. When he mentioned the unexpected concession of the Legate: "It would have been well," said Staupitz, "if Doctor Wenceslaus had had a notary and witnesses with him, to have taken down that speech in writing; for, if such a proposal were made public, it would do no small prejudice to the cause of these Romans."

However, the more the Roman prelate softened his tone, the more confirmed the honest Germans were in their distrust of him. Several of those trustworthy persons to whom Luther had been recommended held a council together. "The Legate," said they, "is preparing some mischief, through this courier he speaks of, and it is much to be feared that you will all be seized and cast into prison."

Staupitz and Wenceslaus, therefore, determined to leave the town; they embraced Luther, who persisted in remaining at Augsburg, and directed their course by two different roads to Nuremberg, not without many misgivings as to the fate of the magnanimous witness whom they were leaving behind them.

Sunday passed very quietly. Luther waited in vain for a message from the Legate: the latter sent none. He then determined to write to him. Staupitz and Link, before they set out, had begged him to treat the Cardinal with all possible respect. Luther had not yet made trial of Rome and her envoys; it was his first experience. If his humble deference did not succeed, he would know what to expect in future. But now, at least, he must make trial of it. As to his own share in the matter, not a day passed in which he did not condemn himself, and mourn over his proneness to use expressions stronger than the occasion required; why should he not confess to the Cardinal what he every day confessed to God? Besides, Luther's heart was easily affected by kindness, and he suspected no evil. He therefore took up his pen, and, with a feeling of respectful good will, wrote to the Cardinal as follows:*

"My very worthy father in God, I approach you once more, not personally, but by letter, entreating thy fatherly kindness graciously to listen to me.

"The reverend Doctor Staupitz, my very dear father in Christ, has advised me to humble myself, to mistrust my own judgment, and to submit my opinion to the judgment of pious and impartial men. He also commended your fatherly kindness, and has fully convinced me of your friendly disposition towards me. This intelligence has filled me with joy.

* This letter bears date the 17th October.

"Now, therefore, most worthy father, I confess, as I have already done before, that as I have not shown (as they tell me) sufficient diffidence, gentleness, and respect for the name of the sovereign pontiff; and though my opponents have given me great provocation, I now see that it would have been better to have conducted my cause more meekly, courteously, and reverently, and not to have answered a fool according to his folly, lest I should be like unto him.

"This grieves me very much, and I ask pardon. I will publicly acknowledge it from the pulpit, as indeed I have often done before. I will endeavour, by the grace of God, to speak differently. I will do more: I am ready to promise, of my own accord, not again to say a single word on the subject of indulgences, if this business is arranged. But, then, let those also who led me to begin it be compelled, on their part, to moderate their discourses, or to be silent.

"So far as the truth of what I have taught is concerned, the authority of St. Thomas and of the other doctors cannot satisfy me. I must hear (if I am worthy to do so) the voice of the spouse, which is *the Church*. For it is certain she hears the voice of the bridegroom, Christ.

"I, therefore, in all humility and submission, entreat you to refer this matter, hitherto so unsettled, to our most holy lord, Leo X., in order that the Church may decide, pronounce, and ordain, and that those who shall be called on to retract, may do so with a good conscience, or believe in all sincerity."

In reading this letter, another reflection occurs to us. We see that Luther did not act upon a preconceived plan, but solely in obedience to convictions successively impressed upon his mind and heart. Far removed from any settled scheme or preconcerted opposition, he was sometimes, without suspecting it, in contradiction with himself; earlier convictions were still standing in his mind, although their opposites had already found a place there. And yet it is in these characters of truth and sincerity that some have sought for objections to the Reformation; it is because it followed that necessary law of progression, imposed in every thing on the human mind, that some have written the history of its *variations;* it is in those very features that mark its sincerity, and make it honourable, that one of eminent genius has seen the most powerful objections against it. . Strange perverseness of the mind of man!

Luther received no answer to his letter. Cajetan, and all his courtiers, after being so violently agitated, had suddenly become motionless. What could be the reason of this? Might it not be that calm which precedes a storm? Some viewed the delay in the light in which Pallavicini has represented it. "The Cardinal was waiting," says he, "till the proud monk, like an inflated bellows, should gradually lose the wind which filled him, and become humble." Those who thought they better understood the ways of Rome, felt sure that the Legate intended to arrest Luther, but that, not daring to proceed to such extremities on his own authority, on account of the Imperial safe-conduct, he was awaiting an answer from Rome to his message. Others could not believe that the Cardinal would wait so long. "The Emperor Maximilian," they said, (and in this they might speak the truth,) "will no more scruple to give up Luther for trial by the Church, notwithstanding his safe-conduct, than Sigismund did to surrender Huss to the council of Constance. The Legate is perhaps now in communication with the Emperor. The sanction of Maximilian may every hour be expected. The more opposed he was before to the Pope, the more does he seem to seek to please him; and so it will be till the crown of the empire encircles his grandson's brows."

Not a moment was to be lost. "Draw up an appeal to the Pope," said the kind-hearted men who surrounded Luther;—"draw up an appeal to the Pope, and leave Augsburg without delay."

Luther, whose presence in that city had for the last four days been utterly useless, and who had sufficiently proved, by remaining after the departure of the Saxon counsellors sent by the Elector to watch over his safety that he feared nothing, and was ready to answer for himself, yielded at last to the wishes of his friends. But first he resolved to inform De Vio of his intention: he wrote to him on the Tuesday, the eve of his departure. This letter was in a bolder strain than the former. Seeing his advances were unavailing, Luther seems to erect himself in the consciousness of his right, and of the injustice of his enemies.

"Most worthy father in God," he wrote to De Vio, "your paternal kindness has witnessed, yea, witnessed and sufficiently acknowledged my obedience. I have undertaken a long journey, in the midst of dangers, in great weakness of body, and notwithstanding my extreme poverty, at the command of our most holy lord, Leo X.; I have personally appeared before your eminence; and, lastly, I have thrown myself at the feet of his Holiness, and now wait his good pleasure, ready to submit to his judgment, whether he condemn or acquit me. I therefore feel that I have left nothing undone that becomes an obedient son of the Church.

"It is my intention, therefore, not uselessly to prolong my stay here; it is indeed impossible I should do so, as I want the means; and you have positively forbidden my again appearing before you unless I would retract.

"Thus I again set out in the name of the Lord, desiring, if possible, to find some place where I may live in peace. Several persons of more importance than myself have persuaded me to appeal from your paternal kindness, and even from our most holy lord, Leo X., ill-informed, to himself when he shall be better informed on the matter. Though I know that such an appeal will be more agreeable to his highness the Elector than a recantation, yet, if it had been my duty only to consult my own feelings, I would not have made it. . . . I have

committed no crime;—I ought therefore to have nothing to fear."

Luther, having written this letter, (which was not delivered to the Legate until after his departure,) prepared to leave Augsburg. God had preserved him hitherto, and with all his heart he praised the Lord for his protection. But it was his duty not to tempt God. He embraced his friends, Peutinger, Langemantel, the Adelmanns, Auerbach, and the Prior of the Carmelites, who had afforded him such Christian hospitality. On Wednesday, before daybreak, he was up and ready to set out. His friends had advised him to take every possible precaution, fearing, that if his departure were known, it might be opposed. He followed their advice as well as he could. A horse, that Staupitz had left at his disposal, was brought to the door of the convent. Once more he bids adieu to his brethren: he then mounts and sets out, without a bridle for his horse, without boots or spurs, and unarmed. The magistrate of the city had sent him as a guide a horseman, who was well acquainted with the roads. This man conducts him in the dark through the silent streets of Augsburg. They directed their course to a little gate in the wall of the city. One of the counsellors, Langemantel, had ordered that it should be opened to him. He is still in the Legate's power. The hand of Rome is still over him; doubtless, if the Italians knew that their prey was escaping, the cry of pursuit would be raised:—who knows whether the intrepid adversary of Rome may not still be seized and thrown into prison? . . . . At last Luther and his guide arrive at the little gate:—they pass through. They are out of Augsburg; and putting their horses into a gallop, they soon leave the city far behind them.

Luther, on leaving, had deposited his appeal to the Pope in the hands of the Prior of Pomesaw. His friends advised him not to send it to the Legate. The Prior was commissioned to have it posted, two or three days after the Doctor's departure, on the door of a cathedral, in the presence of a notary and of witnesses. This was done.

In this writing Luther declared that he appealed from the most holy Father the Pope, ill-informed in this business, to the most holy Lord and Father in Christ, Leo X. by name, by the grace of God, when *better informed*, &c. &c. The appeal had been drawn up in the regular form, by the assistance of the Imperial notary, Gall de Herbrachtigen, in the presence of two Augustine monks, Bartholomew Utzmair and Wengel Steinbies. It was dated the 16th of October.

When the Cardinal heard of Luther's departure, he was struck with surprise, and, as he affirmed in a letter to the Elector, even with alarm and apprehension. He had, indeed, some reason to be vexed. This departure, which so abruptly terminated his negotiations, disconcerted all the hopes which his pride had so long cherished. He had been ambitious of the honour of healing the wounds of the Church, and re-establishing the declining influence of the Pope in Germany and not only had the heretic escaped with impunity, but without his having so much as humbled him. The conference had served only to exhibit in a strong light, on the one hand, the simplicity, uprightness, and firmness of Luther, and, on the other, the imperious and unreasonable procedure of the Pope and his representative. Inasmuch as Rome had gained nothing, she had lost;—and her authority, not having been reinforced, had in reality sustained a fresh check. What will be said of all this at the Vatican? what will be the next despatches received from Rome? The difficulties of the Legate's situation will be forgotten, the untoward issue of the affair will be ascribed to his want of skill. Serra Longa and the rest of the Italians were furious on seeing themselves, dexterous as they were, outwitted by a German monk. De Vio could hardly conceal his vexation. Such an insult appeared to call for vengeance, and we shall soon see him give utterance to his anger in a letter to the Elector.

Meanwhile Luther, accompanied by the horseman, continued his journey from Augsburg. He urged his horse and kept the poor animal at full speed. He called to mind the real or supposed flight of John Huss, the manner in which he was overtaken, and the assertion of his adversaries, who affirmed that Huss having, by his flight, annulled the Emperor's safe-conduct, they had a right to condemn him to the flames. However, these uneasy feelings did not long occupy Luther's mind. Having got clear from the city where he had spent ten days under that terrible hand of Rome which had already crushed so many thousand witnesses for the truth, and shed so much blood,—at large, breathing the open air, traversing the villages and plains, and wonderfully delivered by the arm of the Lord, his whole soul overflowed with praise. He might well say: "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are delivered. Our help is in the name of God, who made heaven and earth." Thus was the heart of Luther filled with joy. But his thoughts again reverted to De Vio: "The Cardinal," thought he, "would have been well pleased to get me into his power and send me to Rome. He is, no doubt, mortified that I have escaped from him. He thought he had me in his clutches at Augsburg. He thought he held me fast; but he was holding an eel by the tail. Shame that these people should set so high a price upon me! They would give many crowns to have me in their power, whilst our Saviour Christ was sold for thirty pieces of silver."

Luther travelled fourteen leagues the first day. In the evening, when he arrived at the inn where he was to spend the night, he was so fatigued—(his horse, says one of his biographers, had a very rough trot)—that, on alighting, he was unable to stand, and dropped motionless upon the straw. He, however, enjoyed some rest. The next day he continued his journey. At Nuremberg he found

Staupitz, who was engaged in visiting the convents of his order. It was in this city that he first saw the brief that the Pope had sent to Cajetan concerning him. He was indignant at it, and had he read it before he left Wittemberg, it is very probable he would never have appeared before the Cardinal. "It is impossible to believe," said he, "that any thing so monstrous can have emanated from a Sovereign Pontiff."

Everywhere on his journey Luther was an object of general interest. He was returning without having given up any thing. Such a victory gained by a mendicant friar over the representatives of Rome, filled every heart with astonishment. It seemed as if Germany had now its revenge for the Italian contempt of Ultramontanes. God's word had obtained more honour than the word of the Pope. That power, which for ages had borne rule, had just received a formidable check. The journey of Luther was a triumph. Men rejoiced at the obstinacy of Rome, because it was likely to hasten her ruin. If she had not insisted on retaining her shameful gains,—if she had been prudent enough not to despise the Germans,—if she had reformed flagrant abuses,—perhaps, according to human calculations, things would have returned to the death-like state from which Luther had awakened. But the Papacy would not yield; and the Doctor was to be constrained to bring many other errors to light, and to advance in the knowledge and manifestation of the truth. On the 26th of October, Luther arrived at Graefenthal, at the extremity of the woods of Thuringia. He there met Count Albert of Mansfeldt, the same person who had so strongly dissuaded him from going to Augsburg. The Count laughed heartily at his strange equipment. He compelled him to stop, and obliged him to become his guest: Luther soon afterwards continued his journey.

He hastened on, desiring to be at Wittemberg on the 31st of October, in the expectation that the Elector would be there at the feast of All Saints, and that he might have an interview with him. The brief which he had read at Nuremberg had revealed to him all the danger of his situation. In fact, being already condemned at Rome, he could not hope either to continue at Wittemberg, or to find an asylum in a convent, or to dwell anywhere in peace and safety. The protection of the Elector might, perhaps, avail him; but he was far from being sure of it. He had nothing more to hope from the true friends he had hitherto possessed at this prince's court. Staupitz, having lost the favour he had long enjoyed, was then leaving Saxony. Spalatin, though beloved by Frederic, had not much influence over him. The Elector himself was not sufficiently instructed in the doctrine of the Gospel to expose himself for the sake of it to manifest dangers. However, Luther thought he could not do better than return to Wittemberg, and there wait to see what the eternal and merciful God would do with him. If, as some expected, he were unmolested, he resolved to devote himself entirely to the study and to the instruction of youth.

Luther got back to Wittemberg on the 30th of October. His haste had been in vain. Neither the Elector nor Spalatin had come to the feast. His friends were delighted to see him again amongst them. He hastened to inform Spalatin of his arrival. "I have arrived to-day at Wittemberg, safe and sound, through God's mercy," said he; "but how long I shall stay here I know not. . . . I am filled with joy and peace; and find it hard to conceive how the trial I am enduring can appear so grievous to so many distinguished men."

De Vio had not waited long, after the departure of Luther, to pour forth all his indignation to the Elector. His letter breathed vengeance.

He gave Frederick an account of the conference, with an air of self-satisfaction:—"Since brother Martin," said he in conclusion, "cannot be brought by paternal measures to acknowledge his error and to continue faithful to the Catholic Church, I request your Highness to send him to Rome, or to banish him from your territories. Be assured that this complicated, evil-intentioned, and mischievous affair cannot be long protracted; for as soon as I shall have informed our most holy lord of all this artifice and malice, he will bring it to a speedy end." In a postscript, written with his own hand, the Cardinal entreated the Elector not to tarnish with shame his own honour and that of his illustrious ancestors, for he cause of a contemptible monk.

Never was the soul of Luther roused to higher indignation than when he read the copy of this letter which the Elector sent him. The sense of the sufferings he was destined to endure, the value of the truth for which he contended, contempt for the conduct of the Roman Legate, together swelled his heart. His answer, written at the moment when his whole soul was thus agitated, is distinguished by that courage, elevation, and faith, which he ever displayed in the most trying circumstances of his life. He gave, in his turn, an account of the conference at Augsburg. He described the deportment of the Cardinal: and thus proceeded:

"I would like to answer the Legate, putting myself in the place of the Elector.

"'Prove to me that you understand what you talk about,' I would say to him; 'let the whole discussion be carried on in writing. I will then send brother Martin to Rome, or else I will apprehend him and have him put to death. I will take care of my own conscience and honour, and I will not allow my glory to be sullied. But as long as your absolute knowledge shuns the light, and only discovers itself by clamour, I cannot put faith in darkness.'

"This, most excellent Prince, is the answer I would make him.

"Let the reverend Legate, or the Pope himself, specify my errors in writing: let them bring forward their reasons; let them instruct me, who desire to be instructed, who ask to

be so, who intend what I say, and long for instruction, so that even a Turk would not refuse to satisfy me. If I do not retract and condemn myself, when they have proved to me that the passages of Scripture that I have quoted ought to be understood in a different sense from that in which I have understood them,—then, O most excellent Elector! let your Highness be the first to prosecute and expel me, let the university reject me and overwhelm me with indignation. I will go further, and I call heaven and earth to witness, let the Lord Christ Jesus himself reject and condemn me! These are not words of vain presumption, but of firm conviction. Let the Lord deprive me of his grace, and every creature of God refuse to countenance me, if, when I have been shown a better doctrine, I do not embrace it.

"But if, on account of my low estate, and because I am but a poor mendicant brother, they despise me, and so refuse to instruct me in the way of truth, let your Highness beg the Legate to inform you in writing wherein I have erred; and if they refuse this favour to your Highness yourself, let them write their own views, either to his Imperial Majesty, or to some German Archbishop. What ought I to do—what can I do—more?

"Let your Highness listen to the voice of your conscience and of your honour, and not send me to Rome. No man has the right to require this of you; for it is impossible that I should be safe in Rome. The Pope himself is not safe there. It would be enjoining you to betray Christian blood. They have there paper, pens, and ink; they have also numberless notaries. It is easy for them to write wherein and wherefore I have erred. It will cost them less trouble to instruct me at a distance by writing, than, having me among them, to put me to death by stratagem.

"I resign myself to banishment. My adversaries lay snares for me on all sides; so that I can nowhere live in safety. That no harm may happen to you on my account, I leave your territories, in God's name. I will go wherever the eternal and merciful God will have me. Let him do with me what seemeth him good.

"Thus, then, most serene Elector, I reverently bid you farewell. I commend you to Almighty God, and I give you endless thanks for all your kindness to me. Whatever be the people among whom I may hereafter live, wherever my future lot may be cast, I shall ever remember you, and shall gratefully pray, without ceasing, for the happiness of you and yours.

"I am still, thanks to God, full of joy, and praise him that Christ, the Son of God, counts me worthy to suffer in so holy a cause. May He forever preserve your illustrious Highness. Amen."

This letter, so overflowing with the accents of truth and justice, made a deep impression on the Elector. "He was shaken by a very eloquent letter," says Maimbourg. Never could he have had the thought of giving up an innocent man to the power of Rome. Perhaps he might have persuaded Luther to conceal himself for some time. But he resolved not even in appearance to yield in any way to the Legate's threats. He wrote to his counsellor, Pfeffinger, who was then at the court of the Emperor, to represent to his Majesty the real state of affairs, and to beg him to write to Rome, so that the matter might be brought to a conclusion, or at least be determined in Germany by impartial judges.

Some days after, the Elector wrote to the Legate in reply: "Since Doctor Martin has appeared before you at Augsburg, you ought to be satisfied. We did not expect that, without convincing him of error, you would claim to oblige him to retract. Not one of the learned men in our states has intimated to us an opinion that Martin's doctrine is impious, anti-christian, or heretical." The Prince, in the latter part of his letter, declined sending Luther to Rome, or expelling him from his territories.

This letter, which was communicated to Luther, rejoiced his heart. "Gracious God!" he wrote to Spalatin, "with what joy I read and re-read it; for I know what confidence I may repose in these words, at once so forcible and so discreet. I fear the Italians will not understand their full import. But they will at least comprehend that what they believed already finished is scarcely yet begun. Be pleased to present my grateful acknowledgments to the Prince. It is strange that he (De Vio) who, a little while ago, was a mendicant friar like myself, is not afraid to address the most powerful princes with disrespect, to call them to account, to threaten and command them, and treat them with such preposterous haughtiness. Let him learn that the temporal power is ordained of God, and that none are permitted to trample its glory under foot."

One thing that had undoubtedly encouraged Frederic to answer the Legate in a tone which the latter did not expect, was a letter addressed to him by the university of Wittemberg. It was not without reason that they declared themselves in the Doctor's favour. The university was increasing in reputation, and surpassed all the other schools. A crowd of students flocked thither from all parts of Germany, to listen to this extraordinary man, whose instructions seemed to open a new era to religion and learning. These young men, who arrived from the different provinces, would often stop when they discovered in the distance the steeples of Wittemberg; and, raising their hands toward heaven, bless God for having caused the light of truth to shine forth from Wittemberg, as in former ages from Mount Sion, that it might penetrate to the most distant lands. A life and activity, hitherto unknown, was infused into the university studies. "Our young men are as diligent here as ants upon an ant-hill," wrote Luther.

Thinking that he might soon be driven out of Germany, Luther busied himself in publishing a report of the conference at Augsburg. He resolved that it should be preserved as a memorial of the struggle between Rome and

himself. He saw the storm ready to burst, but he did not fear it. He was in daily expectation of the maledictions of Rome. He arranged and regulated every thing, that he might be ready when they arrived. "Having tucked up my gown and girded my loins," said he, "I am ready to depart, like Abraham, not knowing whither I go; or, rather, well knowing whither, since God is everywhere." He intended to leave behind him a farewell letter. "Take courage, then," he wrote to Spalatin, "to read the letter of a man accursed and excommunicated."

His friends were full of fears and anxiety on his account. They entreated him to deliver himself up as a prisoner into the Elector's hands, that that prince might keep him somewhere in safety.

His enemies could not comprehend the grounds of his confidence. One day, at the court of the Bishop of Brandenburg, the conversation turned on the Reformer, and it was asked on what support he could be depending. Some said, "It is on Erasmus and Capito and other learned men that he reckons for protection." "No, no," replied the Bishop; "the Pope would care very little for those gentry. It is to the University of Wittemberg and the Duke of Saxony that he looks for support."... Thus both parties were ignorant of that strong tower in which the Reformer had sought refuge.

Thoughts of taking his departure were passing through Luther's mind. It was not the fear of danger that gave rise to them, but the presentiment of the incessantly renewed opposition he should find in Germany to the open profession of the truth. "If I stay here," said he, "I shall be denied the liberty of speaking and writing many things. If I depart, I will pour forth freely the thoughts of my heart, and devote my life to Christ."

France was the country where Luther hoped he might without hinderance proclaim the truth. The liberty enjoyed by the doctors of the university of Paris appeared to him worthy of envy. Besides, he, on many points, agreed in the opinions that prevailed there. What might have ensued, if Luther had been removed from Wittemberg to France? Would the Reformation have established itself there as it did in Germany? Would the power of Rome have been dethroned there; and France, which was destined to endure a long struggle between the hierarchical principles of Rome and the ruinous principles of an irreligious philosophy, have become the great dispenser of evangelical light? It is useless to indulge in vain conjectures. But, certainly, Luther at Paris would have made a great difference in the fortunes of the Church and of France.

The soul of Luther was deeply moved. He often preached in the church of the city, supplying the place of Simon Heyns Pontanus, the pastor of Wittemberg, who was frequently indisposed. He thought it right, at all hazards, to take leave of the congregation to whom he had so often preached the doctrine of salvation "I am a very unstable preacher," said he one day in the pulpit, "and very uncertain in my position. How often have I left you suddenly without taking leave of you! If this should happen again, and I should never return, receive my last farewell!" Then, having added a few words, he concluded by saying, with moderation and gentleness, "Finally, I warn you not to be terrified, if the Papal censures should be discharged against me in all their fury. Do not blame the Pope, nor bear any ill-will to him, or to any man living, but leave the whole matter to God."

At length, the moment of his departure seemed at hand. The Prince gave him to understand that he wished him to leave Wittemberg. The wishes of the Elector were too sacred with Luther for him not to hasten to comply with them. The Reformer prepared to depart, without knowing well to what quarter to direct his steps. Resolving, however, once more to see his friends about him, he invited them to a farewell repast. Seated with them at table, he once more enjoyed their conversation and their affectionate and anxious friendship. A letter was brought to him. It came from the court. He opened and read it. His heart sank within him. It enclosed an order for his departure. The Prince inquired, "Why he delayed so long?" His soul was overwhelmed with dejection. However, he resumed courage; and, raising his head, said, firmly and joyfully, turning to those about him, "Father and mother forsake me, but the Lord will take me up." Depart then he must. His friends were much affected. What would become of him? If Luther's protector rejects him, who will receive him? And this Gospel, this word of truth, and this admirable work he had taken in hand, will, doubtless, perish with the faithful witness. The fate of the Reformation seemed suspended by a single thread; and would not the moment in which Luther left the walls of Wittemberg break that thread? Luther and his friends said little. Sympathizing in his feelings, they gave vent to their tears. However, but a short time had elapsed, when a second messenger arrived. Luther opened this letter, expecting to find a reiterated order for his departure. But, lo! the mighty power of the Lord! for the present he is saved. Every thing is changed. "As the Pope's new envoy," said the letter, "hopes that every thing may be settled by a conference, remain for the present." How important was this hour! and what might have happened if Luther, ever anxious to obey the Prince's pleasure, had left Wittemberg immediately on the receipt of the first letter! Never had Luther and the cause of the Reformation been brought lower than at this moment. It might have been thought that their fate was decided: in an instant it was changed. Having reached the lowest step in his career, the Reformer rapidly arose, and from that time his influence continued to ascend. "At the word of the Lord," in the language of the prophet, "his servants go down to the depths, and mount up again to heaven."

Spalatin, by Frederic's orders, sent for Lu

ther to Lichtemberg, to have an interview with him. They had a long conversation on the state of affairs. "If the Pope's sentence of condemnation come, I certainly cannot remain at Wittemberg," said Luther. "Beware," replied Spalatin, 'of being in too great a hurry to go to France." He left him, telling him to wait further tidings from him. "Only commend my soul to Christ," said Luther to his friends. "I see that my adversaries are more and more determined on my destruction. But Christ is meanwhile strengthening me in my determination not to give way."

Luther at that time published his report of the conference at Augsburg. Spalatin had written to him from the Elector to abstain from doing so; but it was too late. When the publication had taken place, the Prince gave his sanction. "Great God!" said Luther in his preface, "what a new, what an amazing crime, to seek after light and truth, and above all in the Church, that is to say, in the kingdom of truth!" "I send you this document," said he, writing to Link: "it cuts too deep, no doubt, to please the Legate; but my pen is ready to give out much greater things. I myself know not whence these thoughts come to me. As far as I can see, the work is not yet begun; so little reason is there for the great men of Rome hoping to see an end of it. I shall send you what I have written, in order that you may judge if I am right in believing that the Antichrist of whom St. Paul speaks, now reigns in the court of Rome. I think I can prove that now-a-days the power that presides there is worse than the Turks themselves."

On all sides, sinister reports reached Luther. One of his friends wrote him word that the new envoy from Rome had received orders to apprehend him and deliver him to the Pope. Another reported that, as he was travelling, he had met with a courtier, and that, the conversation having turned upon the affairs which were then the general topic in Germany, the latter confided to him that he had undertaken to seize and deliver Luther into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. "But the more their fury and violence increase," wrote Luther, "the less do I fear them."

Cajetan's ill success had occasioned much dissatisfaction at Rome. The vexation felt at the failure of the affair, fell in the first instance upon him. All the Roman courtiers thought they had cause to reproach him for having been deficient in the prudence and address which, in their account, were the most indispensable qualifications in a legate, and for not having relaxed the strictness of his scholastic theology on so important an occasion. "The failure is entirely owing to him," said they. "His awkward pedantry has spoiled all. Why did he provoke Luther by insults and threats, instead of alluring him by the promise of a bishopric, or even, if necessary, a cardinal's hat?" These mercenaries judged of the Reformer by themselves. The failure, however, must be retrieved. On the one hand, it was requisite that Rome should declare herself; on the other, she must not offend the Elector, who might be very serviceable to her in the anticipated event of the election of an Emperor. As it was impossible for Roman ecclesiastics to form a notion of the true source whence Luther derived his strength and courage, they imagined that the Elector was much more deeply implicated in the matter than he really was. The Pope resolved, therefore, to pursue a different line of policy. He caused to be published in Germany, by his Legate, a bull, wherein he confirmed the doctrine of indulgences precisely in those points which had been questioned, but making no mention either of the Elector or of Luther. As the Reformer had always declared, that he would submit to the decision of the Romish Church, he must now, as the Pope thought, either keep his word, or openly show himself to be a disturber of the peace of the Church, and a despiser of the apostolic see. In either case, the Pope, it was thought, must be a gainer. But nothing is ever gained by so obstinate a resistance against the truth. In vain had the Pope threatened with excommunication whosoever should teach otherwise than he ordained; the light is not arrested by such orders. It would have been wiser to moderate, by certain restrictions, the pretensions of the sellers of indulgences. Apparently, this decree of Rome was a further act of impolicy. By legalizing the most flagrant abuses, it irritated all sensible men, and rendered impossible the return of Luther to his allegiance to the Church. "It was commonly thought," says a Catholic historian, and a great enemy to the Reformation, (Maimbourg,) "that this bull had been framed only for the gain of the Pope and of the mendicant friars, who began to find that no one would give any thing for their indulgences."

The Cardinal De Vio published this decree at Lintz, in Austria, on the 13th of December, 1518; but Luther had already taken his stand in a position of security. On the 28th of November he had appealed, in the chapel of Corpus Christi at Wittemberg, from the Pope to a General Council of the Church. He foresaw the storm that was about to burst upon him, and he knew that God only could avert it. But there was something he himself was called to do;—and he did it. He must, no doubt, leave Wittemberg, if it were only for the sake of the Elector, as soon as the maledictions of Rome should arrive there; yet he resolved not to quit Saxony and Germany without a public protest. He, therefore, drew up his appeal; "and that it might be ready to be distributed as soon as the furies of Rome should overtake him," as he says, he had it printed, under the express condition that the bookseller should deposit with him all the copies. But this man, from desire of gain, sold almost the whole impression, whilst Luther was quietly expecting to receive them. He was much annoyed, but the thing was done. This bold appeal was dispersed far and wide. In it Luther again protested that he had no intention of saying any thing against

the holy Church, or the authority of the apostolic see, and the Pope *duly informed*. "But," continued he, "seeing that the Pope, who is God's vicar upon earth, may, like any other man, fall into error, commit sin, and utter falsehood, and that the appeal to a General Council is the only safeguard against acts of injustice which it is impossible to resist,—on these grounds I find myself obliged to have recourse to it."

Behold, then, the Reformation launched upon a new career. It is no longer to depend upon the Pope and his decrees, but upon a General Council. Luther speaks to the Church at large, and the voice which proceeds from the chapel of Corpus Christi is to make itself heard in all the gatherings of the Lord's flock. It is not in courage that the Reformer is wanting. Behold him giving new proof of it. Will God be wanting to him? The answer will be read in the different phases of the Reformation which are still to pass before us.

BOOK V.

THE LEIPSIC DISCUSSION.

1519.

The Pope's Chamberlain—Luther in Danger—Favourable Circumstances—Tetzel's Fears—Miltitz's Caresses—Retractation—Luther proposes Silence—The Legate's Kiss—Tetzel rebuked—Luther's Letter—Opposed to Separation—De Vio and Miltitz at Treves—The Reformed Opinions spread—Luther's Writings—Contest seems to flag—Eck—The Pope's Authority—Luther Answers—Alarm of Luther's Friends—Truth secure of Victory—The Bishop's Remonstrance—Mosellanus—Arrival of Eck—An ill Omen—Eck and Luther—The Pleissenburg—Judges proposed—The Procession—Luther—Carlstadt—Eck—Carlstadt's Books—Merit of Congruity—Scholastic Distinction—Grace gives Liberty—Melancthon—Eck claims Victory—Luther preaches—Quarrel of Students and Doctors—Eck and Luther—The Roman Primacy—Equality of Bishops—Christ the Foundation—Insinuation—The Hussites—Commotion in the Audience—Monkish Horror—The Indulgences—Attention of the Laity—Eck's Report—George of Anhalt—The Students of Leipsic—Results of the Disputation—More Liberty—Activity of Eck—Melancthon's Defence—Firmness of Luther—Staupitz's Coolness—Christ given for us—Infatuation of the Adversaries—The Lord's Supper—Is Faith necessary—God's Word a Sword—Luther's Calmness.

The clouds were gathering over Luther and the Reformation. The appeal to a General Council was a new attack on Papal authority. A bull of Pius II. had pronounced the greater excommunication against any one, even though he should be the Emperor himself, who should be guilty of such a rejection of the Holy Father's authority. Frederic of Saxony, scarcely yet well established in the evangelic doctrine, was on the point of banishing Luther from his states. A second message from Leo X. would, in that case, have thrown the Reformer among strangers, who might fear to compromise their own security by harbouring a monk whom Rome had anathematized. And even if one of the German nobles had taken up arms in his defence, such poor knights, looked down upon with contempt by the powerful sovereigns of Germany, must ere long have sunk in their hazardous enterprise.

But at the moment when all his courtiers were urging Leo to rigorous measures, when another blow would have laid his enemy at his feet, that Pope suddenly changed his course, and made overtures of conciliation. Doubtless it may be said, he mistook the disposition of the Elector, and thought him much more favourable to Luther than he really was. We may allow that public opinion, and the spirit of the age—powers then comparatively new—might seem to Leo to surround the Reformer with an insurmountable rampart of defence. We may suppose, as one historian* has done, that Leo did but follow the impulse of his judgment and his heart, which inclined him to gentleness and moderation. But this method, so unlike Rome, at such a juncture, is so strange, that it is impossible not to acknowledge in it a more powerful intervention.

A noble Saxon, chamberlain to the Pope, and canon of Mentz, of Treves, and of Meissen, was then at the court of Rome. He had worked his way into favour. He boasted of his connection, by family relationships, with the princes of Saxony—so that the Roman courtiers sometimes called him Duke of Saxony. In Italy he paraded his German nobility. In Germany he affected awkwardly the manners and refinement of Italy. He was addicted to wine, and this vice had gained strength from his residence at Rome. Nevertheless the Roman courtiers built great hopes on him. His German origin, his insinuating manner, and his skill in negotiation, altogether persuaded them that Charles Miltitz would, by his prudence, succeed in arresting the revolution that threatened the world.

It was important to hide the real object of the Roman chamberlain's mission—this was not difficult. Four years before, the pious Elector had petitioned the Pope for the *golden rose*. This rose was deemed to represent the body of

* Roscoe, vol. iv. p. 2.

Jesus Christ. It was consecrated every year by the sovereign Pontiff, and presented to one of the leading princes of Europe. It was decided to present it this year to the Elector. Miltitz set out, with instructions to inquire into the state of affairs, and to gain over Spalatin and Pfeffinger, the Elector's counsellors. He was intrusted with private letters for them. By thus conciliating the co-operation of those who surrounded the Elector, Rome expected quickly to become the mistress of her now formidable adversary.

The new Legate arrived in Germany, in December, 1518, and endeavoured in the course of his journey to sound the general opinion. To his extreme astonishment, he noticed, wherever he stopped, that the majority of the inhabitants were favourable to the Reformation. Men spoke of Luther with enthusiasm. For one who declared himself on the Pope's side, he found three against him. Luther has preserved an incident that occurred. "What is your opinion of the See (*sedia*) of Rome?" often inquired the Legate, of the mistresses and domestics of the inns. One day, one of these poor women answered with naïveté: "What can we know of the sort of chairs (*sedia*) you have at Rome, whether of stone or wood?"

The mere report of the arrival of the new Legate spread suspicion and distrust in the Elector's court, the university, the city of Wittemberg, and throughout Saxony. "Thank God, Martin is still alive!" wrote Melancthon in alarm. It was whispered that the Roman chamberlain had orders to get Luther into his power by stratagem or violence. On all sides the Doctor was advised to be on his guard against the snares of Miltitz. "He is sent," said they, "to seize and deliver you to the Pope. Persons deserving of credit have seen the brief with which he is furnished."—"I await the will of God," replied Luther.

Miltitz had indeed arrived, bearing letters addressed to the Elector, his counsellors, the bishops, and the burgomaster of Wittemberg. He brought with him seventy apostolic briefs. If the flattery and favours of Rome were successful, and Frederic should deliver up Luther, these briefs were to be used as passports. It was his plan to post up one of them in each of the towns on his route, and in this way to convey his prisoner to Rome, without opposition.

The Pope seemed to have taken all his measures. In the Elector's court they scarce knew what course to pursue. Violence they might have resisted, but what to oppose to the head of Christendom, uttering the language of mildness and reason? would it not be well-timed if Luther could lie concealed till the storm should have passed by? An unforeseen event came to the deliverance of Luther, the Elector and the Reformation from this perplexing position. The aspect of the world was suddenly changed.

On the 12th of January, 1519, died Maximilian, the Emperor of Germany. Frederic of Saxony, agreeably to the Germanic Constitution, became administrator of the Empire. From that moment the Elector was relieved from the fear of nuncios and their projects. New interests were set to work in the Roman Court, which compelled it to temporize in its negotiations with Frederic, and arrested the blow which it cannot be doubted Miltitz and De Vio had meditated.

The Pope had an earnest desire to exclude from the imperial throne Charles of Austria, then the reigning king of Naples—a neighbour on a throne was in his judgment more to be feared than a monk of Germany. Desiring to secure the co-operation of the Elector—who in this matter might be of so great service, he resolved to afford some respite to the monk that he might the better counterwork the king. In spite of this policy, both made progress. It formed, however, the motive for the change in Leo X.'s proceedings.

Another circumstance contributed to avert the storm that impended over the Reformation. Political troubles broke out immediately after the Emperor's demise. In the south the Suabian Confederation sought to avenge itself on Ulric of Würtemberg, who had broken his allegiance. In the north the Bishop of Hildesheim invaded, with an armed force, the Bishopric of Minden and the states of the Duke of Brunswick. Amidst these confusions, how could the great ones of the age attach importance to a dispute concerning the remission of sins! But God made above all conducive to the progress of the Reformation the reputation of the Elector, now Vicar of the Empire, for prudence, and the protection he afforded to the new teachers.—"The tempest was hushed," says Luther, "the Papal excommunication began to be thought light of." Under shelter of the Elector, the Gospel spread itself abroad, and hence no small damage to the cause of the Papacy.

We may add that during an interregnum the severest prohibitions naturally lost much of their authority. Communication became more open and easy. The ray of liberty that beamed upon those first beginnings of the Reformation, helped materially to develope the yet tender plant; and a thoughtful observer might even then have discerned how favourable political liberty would one day be to the progress of evangelic Christianity.

Miltitz, who had reached Saxony before the death of Maximilian, had lost no time in visiting his former friend Spalatin; but scarcely did he begin to open his charges against Luther—before the chaplain broke out in complaint against Tetzel. He acquainted the Nuncio with the falsehoods and blasphemies of the vender of indulgences, and declared that all Germany ascribed to the Dominican's proceedings the dissensions that distracted the Church.

Miltitz was astonished. Instead of accuser, he found himself in the place of one accused. His wrath was instantly turned against Tetzel, and he summoned him to appear before him at Altenburg, and account for his conduct.

The Dominican, as cowardly as he was boastful, dreading the people whose indignation had been roused by his impostures, had discontinued his progresses through the towns and provinces, and was then living in retirement in the college of St. Paul. He turned pale on the receipt of Miltitz's letter. Rome herself seemed to abandon him—to condemn him—and to tempt him to quit the only asylum in which he reckoned himself safe—as if to expose him to the anger of his enemies. Tetzel refused to obey the Nuncio's summons. He wrote to Miltitz on the 31st December, 1518—"Certainly I would not shrink from the fatigue of the journey if I could leave Leipsic without risking my life; but Martin Luther has so roused and excited powerful chiefs against me, that I am nowhere safe. A great number of his partisans have bound themselves by oath to put me to death; therefore I cannot come to you." A striking contrast between the two men then dwelling, one in the college of St. Paul at Leipsic, and the other in the cloister of St. Augustine at Wittemberg. The servant of God manifested an intrepid courage in the face of danger;—the servant of men betrayed a contemptible cowardice.

Miltitz had been directed in the first instance to try the effect of persuasion; and it was only on the failure of this, that he was to produce his seventy briefs, and play off the favours of Rome so as to induce the Elector to restrain Luther. He therefore expressed a wish for an interview with the Reformer. Spalatin, their common friend, offered his house for the purpose, and Luther left Wittemberg for Altenburg on the 2d or 3d of January.

In this interview Miltitz exhausted all the stratagems of a diplomatist and Roman courtier. At the instant of Luther's arrival, the Nuncio approached him with great show of friendship—"Oh," thought Luther, "how is his former violence changed to gentleness. The second Saul came to Germany the bearer of seventy briefs, authorizing him to drag me in chains to that homicide Rome, but the Lord has thrown him to the earth in the way" "Dear Martin," said the Pope's chamberlain, in a persuasive tone, "I thought you were an old theologian, who, quietly seated at his fireside, had certain theological crotchets, but I see you are yet young and in the prime of life".

"Do you know," continued he, assuming a graver tone, "that you have drawn away all the world from the Pope?" Miltitz well knew that it is by flattering the pride of men that they are most readily deluded; but he did not know the man he had to deal with.

"Even if I were backed by an army of twenty-five thousand men," continued he, "I truly would not undertake to kidnap and carry you to Rome." Thus, notwithstanding her power, Rome felt weak when opposed to a poor monk, and the monk was conscious of strength in his opposition to Rome. "God arrests the billows on the shore," said Luther, "and he does so with the sand!"

The Nuncio, thinking he had by these flatteries prepared the mind of Luther, thus continued: "Be persuaded, and yourself stanch the wound you have inflicted on the Church, and which none but yourself can heal. Beware, I beseech you," he added, "of raising a storm in which the best interests of mankind would be wrecked." And then he gradually proceeded to hint that a *retractation* was the only way of remedying the evil, but instantly softened the objectionable word by expressions of high esteem for Luther and indignation against Tetzel. The net was spread by a skilful hand,—what hope of escape from its meshes?

"If the Archbishop of Mentz had acted thus with me from the first," said Luther, at a later period, "this matter had not made the noise it has done."

Luther spoke out: enumerated, with calmness, yet with earnestness and energy, the just complaints of the Church; he gave free expression to his indignation against the Archbishop of Mentz, and boldly complained of the unworthy manner in which the Roman Court had treated him, notwithstanding the purity of his intentions.

Miltitz, who had not expected so decided a tone, nevertheless suppressed his anger. "I offer," said Luther, "from this time forth to keep silence on these things, and to let the matter die away, provided my enemies are reduced to silence; but if they continue their attacks, we shall very soon see a partial dispute give rise to a serious struggle. My weapons are ready prepared." After a moment's pause, he continued, "I will even go a step further. I will write to his Holiness, acknowledging that I have been a little too violent; and declare that it is as a faithful son of the Church that I have opposed a style of preaching which drew upon it the mockeries and insults of the people. I even consent to put forth a writing, wherein I will desire all who shall read my works, not to see in them any attack on the Church of Rome, and to continue in submission to its authority. Yes, I am willing to do every thing and bear every thing: but as to a retractation, don't expect it from me."

Miltitz saw by Luther's resolute manner that the wisest course was to seem satisfied with what the Reformer was willing to promise. He merely proposed that they should name an Archbishop as arbitrator on some of the points they would have to discuss. "Be it so," said Luther—"but I much fear that the Pope will not accept of any judge; if so, I will not abide by the Pope's decision, and then the dispute will begin again. The Pope will give us the text, and I will make my own commentary on it."

Thus ended the first interview of Luther with Miltitz. They met once again, and at this meeting the truce, or rather the peace, was signed. Luther immediately gave information to the Elector of all that had passed.

"Most serene Prince and gracious Lord," wrote he, "I hasten humbly to inform your

Electoral Highness that Charles Miltitz and myself are at last agreed, and have terminated our differences by the following articles :—

"1. Both sides are forbidden to write or act, henceforward, in the question that has been raised.

"Miltitz will, without delay, communicate to his Holiness the state of affairs. His Holiness will commission an enlightened bishop to inquire into the affair, and to point out the erroneous articles which I am to retract. If proof is afforded me that I am in error, I will gladly retract, and never more do any thing that can lessen the honour or authority of the holy Roman Church."

The agreement thus effected, Miltitz's joy broke forth. "For a century," said he, "no question has caused more anxiety to the Cardinals and court of Rome. They would have given ten thousand ducats rather than see it prolonged."

The Pope's chamberlain spared no marks of attention to the monk of Wittemberg; one moment he expressed his satisfaction, the next he shed tears. These demonstrations of sensibility but little moved the Reformer, yet he avoided betraying what he thought of them. "I feigned not to understand the meaning of those crocodile tears," said he.—The crocodile is said to weep when it is unable to seize on its prey.

Miltitz invited Luther to supper. The doctor accepted the invitation. His host laid aside the dignity of his function, and Luther gave free vent to the cheerfulness of his natural temper. The repast was joyous; and the moment of adieu arriving, the Legate opened his arms to the heretic doctor, and saluted him. "A Judas kiss," thought Luther. "I affected not to understand these Italian manners," wrote he to Staupitz.

Would that salute indeed make reconciliation between Rome and the dawning Reformation? Miltitz hoped it might, and rejoiced in the hope; for he had a nearer view than the Roman Court could take of the terrible effect the Reformation was likely to produce on the Papacy. If Luther and his opponents are silenced, said he to himself, the dispute will be terminated; and Rome, by skilfully calling up new circumstances, will regain her former influence. To all appearance, therefore, the struggle was nearly passed—Rome had opened her arms and the Reformer had cast himself into them. But this work was not of man, but of God. It was the mistake of Rome to see only a controversy with a monk, in what was in reality a revival of the Church. The kisses of a papal chamberlain could not arrest the renewal of Christianity.

Miltitz, acting on the agreement that he had just concluded, repaired from Altenburg to Leipsic, where Tetzel was then residing. There was no need to enjoin silence on the Dominican, for he would gladly have sought, if possible, to hide himself in the bowels of the earth; but the Nuncio resolved to vent his wrath upon him. On arriving at Leipsic, he cited him before him. He overwhelmed him with reproaches, accused him of being the cause of all the evil, and threatened him with the Pope's anger. He went further: the agent of the house of Fugger, who was then at Leipsic, was confronted with him. Miltitz exhibited to the Dominican the accounts of that house, papers that bore his own signature! and demonstrated that he had squandered or appropriated to his own use considerable sums. The unhappy man, whom, in the day of his triumph, nothing could abash, was struck motionless by these well-founded charges. He shrunk despairingly—his health gave way—and he knew not where to hide his shame. Luther received intelligence of the miserable fate of his former adversary, and seems to have been the only person concerned for him. "I pity Tetzel," wrote he to Spalatin He did not stop there. It was not the man, but his actions, that he had hated. At the very time when Rome was pouring wrath upon him, Luther wrote to him a letter of consolation. But all was in vain! Tetzel, haunted by the remorse of conscience, alarmed by the reproaches of his dearest friends, and dreading the anger of the Pope, died miserably, shortly afterwards. It was commonly believed that grief had hastened his end.

Luther, in fulfilment of the promises that he had made to Miltitz, wrote to the Pope, on the 3d of March as follows :—"Most holy Father,—May your Holiness condescend to incline your paternal ear, which is that of Christ himself, toward your poor sheep, and listen with kindness to his bleating. What shall I do, most holy Father! I cannot stand against the torrent of your anger, and I know no way of escape. They require of me that I should retract. I would be prompt to do so, if that could lead to the result they desire. But the persecutions of my enemies have spread my writings far and wide, and they are too deeply engraven on the hearts of men to be by possibility erased. A retractation would only still more dishonour the Church of Rome, and call forth from all a cry of accusation against her. Most holy Father, I declare it in the presence of God, and of all the world, I never have sought, nor will I ever seek, to weaken by force or artifice, the power of the Roman Church or of your Holiness. I confess that there is nothing in heaven or earth that should be preferred above that Church, save only Jesus Christ the Lord of all."

These words might appear strange, and even reprehensible in Luther, if we failed to bear in mind that the light broke in upon him not suddenly, but by slow and progressive degrees. They are evidence of the important truth, that the Reformation was not a mere opposition to the Papacy. It was not a war waged against a certain form or condition of things, neither was it the result of any *negative* tendency. Opposition to the Pope was its secondary sign. A new life, a positive doctrine, was its generating principle—"Jesus Christ the Lord of all, and who should be preferred before all," and above Rome herself, as Lu

ther intimates in the latter words of his letter. Such was essentially the cause of the Revolution of the sixteenth century.

It is probable that a short time previous to the period we are recording, the Pope would not have passed over unnoticed a letter in which the monk of Wittemberg flatly refused any retractation. But Maximilian was no more;—it was a question who was to succeed him, and Luther's letter was disregarded in the midst of the political intrigues which then agitated the city of the pontiffs.

The Reformer turned his time to better account than his potent enemy. Whilst Leo the Tenth, absorbed in his interests as a temporal prince, was straining every nerve to exclude a formidable neighbour from the throne, Luther daily grew in knowledge and in faith. He studied the *decretals* of the Popes, and the discoveries he had made materially modified his ideas. He wrote to Spalatin—"I am reading the *decretals* of the Pontiffs, and, let me whisper it in your ear, I know not whether the Pope is Antichrist himself, or whether he is his apostle; so misrepresented, and even crucified, does Christ appear in them."

Yet he still esteemed the ancient Church of Rome, and entertained no thought of separation from it. "That the Roman Church," said he, "is more honoured by God than all others is not to be doubted. St. Peter, St. Paul, forty-six popes, some hundreds of thousands of martyrs, have laid down their lives in its communion, having overcome hell and the world, so that the eyes of God rest on the Roman Church with special favour. Though now-a-days every thing there is in a wretched state, it is no ground for separating from it. On the contrary, the worse things are going, the more should we hold close to it; for it is not by separation from it that we can make it better. We must not separate from God on account of any work of the devil, nor cease to have fellowship with the children of God, who are still abiding in the pale of Rome, on account of the multitude of the ungodly. There is no sin, no amount of evil, which should be permitted to dissolve the bond of charity or break the unity of the body. For love can do all things, and nothing is difficult to those who are united."

It was not Luther who separated himself from Rome, but Rome that separated herself from Luther; and in so doing put from her the ancient faith of that Catholic Church which she then represented. It was not Luther who took from Rome her power, and obliged her bishop to descend from a throne that had been usurped: the doctrines he proclaimed, the word of the apostles, which God again made known in the Church with power and clearness, were alone effectual to dethrone the tyranny that had for centuries enslaved the Church.

These declarations of Luther, published towards the end of February, were not such as were altogether satisfactory to Miltitz and De Vio. These two vultures had both seen their prey escape them, and had retired within the walls of ancient Treves. There, under favour of the Archbishop, they nourished the hope of accomplishing by their union the purpose each had separately failed to effect. The two Nuncios saw plainly that nothing was to be expected from Frederic, now invested with supreme power. They saw that Luther persisted in his refusal to retract. The only chance of success consisted in depriving the heretical monk of the Elector's countenance, and then inveigling him within their reach. Once at Treves, in a state subject to a Prince of the Church, and no cunning will deliver him till he shall have fully satisfied the requirements of the Pontiff. They went to work without delay. "Luther," said Miltitz to the Elector Archbishop of Treves, "has accepted the arbitration of your Grace: we request you, therefore, to summon him before you." The Elector of Treves accordingly wrote on the 3d of May to the Elector of Saxony, requesting him to send Luther to him. De Vio, and, shortly after, Miltitz himself, repaired to Frederic, to announce to him that the Golden Rose had arrived at Augsburg, consigned to the care of the Fuggers. The moment, they thought, had arrived for striking a decisive blow.

But affairs were changed: neither Frederic nor Luther was moved from his confidence. The Elector comprehended his new position, and no longer feared the Pope, much less his agents. The Reformer, seeing Miltitz and De Vio united, foresaw the fate that awaited him, if he complied with their summons. "On all sides," said he, "my life is waylaid." Besides, he had appealed to the Pope, and the Pope, busy in intrigues with crowned heads, had not answered his appeal. Luther wrote to Miltitz, "How can I set out without an order from Rome in these troublous times? How can I expose myself to so many dangers, and such heavy expense, poor as I am?"

The Elector of Treves, a prudent and moderate man, and connected by relations of friendship with Frederic, resolved to consult the interests of the latter. He had no wish to interfere, unless positively required to do so. He, therefore, came to an agreement with the Elector of Saxony, to adjourn the examination to the ensuing Diet,—and it was not until two years after that the Diet assembled.

Whilst the dangers that threatened Luther were thus warded off by a providential hand, he himself was boldly advancing to a result he did not discern. His reputation was increased, the cause of truth gained strength, the number of students at Wittemberg increased, and among them were found the most distinguished youth of Germany. "Our city," wrote Luther, "can scarce hold the numbers who are arriving;" and on another occasion he observes, "The students increase upon us like an overflowing tide."

But already the Reformer's voice was heard beyond the confines of Germany. Passing the frontiers of the Empire, it had begun to shake the foundations of the Roman power among the several nations of Christendom

Frobenius, the celebrated printer of Basle, had put forth a collection of Luther's writings. They circulated rapidly. At Basle, the bishop himself commended Luther. The Cardinal of Sion, after reading his works, exclaimed, with an ironical play on his name, "O Luther, thou art a true Luther!" (a purifier, *lauterer*.)

Erasmus was at Louvain when the writings of Luther were received in the Low Countries. The Prior of the Augustines at Antwerp, who had studied at Wittemberg, and acquired, according to the testimony of Erasmus, a knowledge of primitive Christianity, read them with eagerness, as did other Belgians. But those who were intent only on their own selfish interest, remarks Erasmus, men who fed the people with old wives' tales, broke out in angry fanaticism. "I cannot tell you," wrote Erasmus to Luther, "the emotion and truly tragic agitation your writings have occasioned."

Frobenius sent 600 copies of these writings to France and Spain. They were publicly sold in Paris: the Sorbonne doctors read them with approbation, as it would appear. It was high time, said some of them, that those who devoted themselves to biblical studies should speak out freely. In England these books were received with still greater eagerness. Some Spanish merchants translated them into Spanish, and forwarded them from Antwerp to their own country. "Assuredly," says Pallavicini, "these merchants must have been of Moorish blood."

Calvi, a learned bookseller of Pavia, took a large quantity of copies to Italy, and distributed them in the transalpine cities. It was no desire of gain that inspired this man of letters, but a wish to contribute to the revival of the love of God. The power with which Luther maintained the cause of Christ, filled him with joy. "All the learned men of Italy," wrote he, "will unite with me, and will send you tributary verses from our most distinguished writers."

Frobenius, in transmitting to Luther a copy of his publication, related these joyful tidings, and thus continued:—"I have sold all the impressions except ten copies, and no speculation ever answered my purpose so well as this." Other letters informed Luther of the joy his writings diffused. "I am delighted," said he, "that the truth is found so pleasing, although she speaks with little learning and in stammering accents."

Such was the commencement of the awakening in the several countries of Europe. If we except Switzerland, where the preaching of the Gospel had been already heard, the arrival of the Doctor of Wittemberg's writings everywhere forms the first page in the history of the Reformation. A printer of Basle scattered the first germs of truth. At the moment when the Roman pontiff thought to stifle the work in Germany, it began to manifest itself in France, the Low Countries, Italy, Spain, England, and Switzerland. Even though the power of Rome should fell the parent stem ... the seeds are henceforth spread abroad in all lands.

Whilst the conflict was beginning beyond the limits of the Empire, it seemed to be suspended within. The most turbulent allies of Rome, the Franciscan monks of Juterbok, who had imprudently attacked Luther, had retired in silence after a vigorous reply from the Reformer. The Pope's partisans were no longer heard—Tetzel was incapable of any movement. The friends of Luther entreated him to give over further contest, and he had promised to do so. The theses were beginning to be forgotten. This hollow peace struck powerless the eloquence of the Reformer. The Reformation appeared arrested in its progress. "But," observed Luther, speaking subsequently of this period, "men were forming vain schemes, for the Lord had arisen to judge among the nations." Elsewhere we find him exclaiming, "God does not conduct, but drives me, and carries me forward. I am not master of my own actions. I would gladly live in peace, but I am cast into the midst of tumult and changes.'

The scholastic Eck, author of the Obelisks, and Luther's early friend, was the first to recommence the combat. He was sincerely attached to the Papacy; but he appears to have been a stranger to the religion of the heart, and to have been of that class, too numerous in every age, who look upon science, and even upon theology and religion, as means of advancement in the world. Vainglory dwells under the cassock of the pastor as well as under the armour of the warrior. Eck had applied himself to the logic of the schools, and was acknowledged an adept in this kind of controversy. Whilst the knights of the middle ages, and the warriors of the age of the Reformation, sought glory in tournaments, the scholastic pedants contended for distinction in those syllogistic discussions for which the academies often afforded a stage. Eck, full of confidence in himself, and proud of the popularity of his cause, and of the prizes he had won in eight universities of Hungary, Lombardy, and Germany, ardently desired an opportunity of displaying his ability and address. The "obscure monk," who had so suddenly grown into a giant—this Luther, whom no one had hitherto humbled—offended his pride and aroused his jealousy. It may have occurred to him, that in seeking his own glory he might ruin the cause of Rome. . . . But scholastic pride was not to be checked by such a thought. Divines, as well as princes, have at times sacrificed the general weal to their own personal glory. We shall see what particular circumstance afforded the Doctor of Ingolstadt the desired opportunity of entering the lists with his rival.

The zealous but too ardent Carlstadt was still in communication with Luther; they were also specially united by their attachment to the doctrine of grace, and by their admiration for St. Augustine. Of enthusiastic character and small discretion, Carlstadt was not a man to be restrained by the skill and policy of a Miltitz. He had published against Eck's *obelisks* some theses, wherein he espoused the

opinions of Luther and their common faith. Eck had put forth a reply, and Carlstadt had not left him the advantage of the last word. The discussion grew warm. Eck desiring to profit by the opportunity, had thrown down the gauntlet, and the impetuous Carlstadt had taken it up. God used the passions of these two men to bring about his purposes. Luther had taken no part in these discussions, and yet he was destined to be the hero of the struggle. There are some men who by the necessity of the case are continually brought forward on the stage. It was settled that Leipsic should be the scene of the discussion. This was the origin of the Leipsic dispute, afterwards so famous.

Eck thought it a small thing to contest the question with Carlstadt. It was his object to humble Luther. He therefore sought by every means to tempt him into the field, and for this end put forth thirteen theses, which he so framed as to bear directly on the principal doctrines of the Reformer. The thirteenth was in these words,—"We deny that the authority of the Roman Church did not rise above that of other churches before the time of Pope Sylvester: and we acknowledge in every age as successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Jesus Christ him who was seated in the chair and held the faith of St. Peter." Sylvester lived in the time of Constantine the Great; Eck, therefore, in this thesis, denied that the primacy possessed by Rome was given to it by that emperor.

Luther, who had consented, not without reluctance, to remain silent, was deeply moved as he read these propositions. He saw that they were directed against him, and felt that he could not decline the challenge without disgrace. "That man," said he, "declares Carlstadt to be his antagonist, and at the same moment attacks me. But God reigns. He knows what it is that He will bring out of this tragedy. It matters little how it affects Doctor Eck or me. The purpose of God must be fulfilled. Thanks to Eck, this, which has hitherto been but a trifle, will in the end become a serious matter, and strike a fatal blow against the tyranny of Rome and her Pontiff."

The truce had been broken by Rome herself. Nay, more, in again giving the signal of battle, the contest had been transferred to a quarter which Luther had not yet directly attacked. Eck had called the attention of his adversaries to the *primacy* of Rome. He thus followed the dangerous example of Tetzel. Rome invited the stroke;—and if in the result she left on the arena proofs of her defeat, it is certain that she herself had provoked the formidable blow.

The Pontiff's supremacy once overturned, all the superstructure of Rome must needs crumble into dust. Hence the Papacy was in danger, and yet neither Miltitz nor Cajetan took any step to prevent this new contest. Could they imagine the Reformation subdued —or were they smitten with the blindness which deludes the powerful to their ruin?

Luther, who had set a rare example of moderation in keeping silence so long, boldly accepted the challenge of his new antagonist. He put forth fresh theses in reply to those of Eck. The concluding one was thus expressed—"It is by contemptible decretals of Roman Pontiffs, composed hardly four centuries ago, that it is attempted to prove the primacy of the Roman Church;—but arrayed against this claim are eleven centuries of credible history, the express declarations of Scripture, and the conclusions of the Council of Nice, the most venerable of all the councils."

"God knows," wrote Luther, at the same time, to the Elector, "that it was my fixed purpose to keep silence, and that I was rejoiced to see the struggle brought to a close. I was so scrupulous in my adherence to the treaty concluded with the Pope's commissary, that I did not answer Sylvester Prierias, notwithstanding the taunts of my adversaries, and the advice of my friends. But now Dr. Eck attacks me; and not me only, but the whole university of Wittemberg. I cannot allow truth to be thus loaded with opprobrium."

Luther wrote at the same time to Carlstadt: "Worthy Andrew, I am not willing that you should enter on this dispute, since the attack is in reality directed against me. I gladly lay aside my serious studies to turn my strength against these parasites of the Pontiff." Then turning to his adversary, and disdainfully calling from Wittemberg to Ingolstadt, he exclaims, "Now then, dear Eck, take courage, —gird on thy sword. If I could not please thee when thou camest as a *go-between*, perhaps I may better satisfy thee as an antagonist. Not that I, of course, can expect to overcome thee,—but that after all thy triumphs in Hungary, Lombardy, Bavaria, (if we are to believe thy own report,) I shall be giving thee the opportunity of earning the name of conqueror of Saxony and Misnia!—so that thou shalt ever after be hailed with the glorious epithet of *August*."

All Luther's friends did not share in his courage,—for no one had hitherto been able to resist the sophisms of Eck. But their great cause of alarm was the subject-matter of the dispute.... the Pope's primacy! How can the poor monk of Wittemberg dare to stand up against the giant who for ages has crushed all his enemies? The courtiers of the Elector were alarmed. Spalatin, the prince's confidant, and the intimate friend of Luther, was filled with apprehensions. Frederic himself was not at ease. Even the sword of the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, with which he had been invested at Jerusalem, would not avail him in this struggle. Luther alone was unmoved. "The Lord," thought he, "will deliver him into my hand." His own faith furnished him with encouragement for his friends. "I beseech you, my dear Spalatin," said he, "do not give way to fear. You well know that if Christ had not been on our side, what I have already done must have been my ruin. Even lately did not news come from Rome to the Duke of

Pomerania's chancellor, that I had destroyed all respect for Rome, and that no way appeared of quieting the general feeling; so that it was intended to deal with me, not judicially, but by Roman stratagem; such were the words used—I suppose meaning poison, ambush, or assassination!

"I restrain myself, and out of regard to the Elector and the University, I keep back many things which I would employ against Babylon, if I were elsewhere. O, my dear Spalatin, it is not possible to speak truth concerning Scripture and the Church, without rousing the beast. Don't expect to see me at peace unless I renounce the study of divine things. If this matter be of God, it will not end till all my friends have forsaken me, as all the disciples of Christ forsook him. Truth will stand unaided, and will prevail by his right hand, not mine or yours, or by any other man's. If I perish, the world will not perish with me. But wretch that I am, I fear I am not worthy to die in such a cause." "Rome," wrote he again about this time, "Rome eagerly longs for my destruction, and I grow weary of defying her. I am credibly informed that a paper effigy of Martin Luther has been publicly burnt in the Campus Floralis at Rome, after being loaded with execrations. I await their onset." "The whole world," he continued, "is in motion and shaking. What will be the consequence, God alone knows. For my part I foresee wars and calamities. God have mercy on us."

Luther wrote letter after letter to Duke George, to ask permission of that prince, in whose states Leipsic was situated, to repair thither, and take part in the discussion: still he received no answer The grandson of the Bohemian king Podiebrad, alarmed by Luther's proposition touching the Pope's authority, and fearing, lest Saxony should become the theatre of struggles similar to those which had long ravaged Bohemia, resolved not to consent to Luther's request. The latter hereupon decided to publish some explanations of his thirteenth thesis. But this tract, so far from persuading Duke George, strengthened him in his resolution; and he decidedly refused the Reformer his permission to take part in the discussion, allowing him only to be present as a spectator. Luther was greatly mortified; nevertheless it was his desire simply to follow God's leadings, and he resolved to repair thither, to witness what took place, and wait any opening that might offer.

At the same time, the prince promoted by all his influence the discussion between Eck and Carlstadt. George was devotedly attached to the established doctrine—but he was upright, sincere, a friend to free inquiry, and far from deeming all exercise of individual judgment in such things justly open to the charge of heresy, merely because it might give offence to Rome. Add to this, the Elector united his influence with his cousin, and George, emboldened by the language of Frederic, ordered that the dispute should take place.

Bishop Adolphus of Merseburg, in whose diocess Leipsic was situate, saw more clearly than Miltitz and Cajetan, the danger of subjecting questions of such high importance to the uncertain issue of a single combat. Rome could not well expose to such hazard the acquisition of several centuries. All the divines of Leipsic, sharing in the alarm, entreated their bishop to interfere and prevent the discussion. Adolphus, therefore earnestly dissuaded Duke George, but the latter answered with much good sense: "I am surprised to find a bishop holding in abhorrence the ancient and laudable custom of our fathers, to inquire into doubtful questions in matters of faith. If your theologians object to defend their doctrines, the money given them would be better bestowed in maintaining old women and children, who, at least, might sew and sing."

This letter produced little effect on the bishop and his divines. Error has a hidden conscience which makes its supporters fear discussion, even while they talk most largely of free inquiry. Advancing without circumspection, it draws back with cowardice. Truth provokes not, but holds firm. Error provokes inquiry and then retires. The prosperity of the university of Wittemberg was an object of jealousy at Leipsic. The monks and the priests from their pulpits besought the people to avoid the new heretics. They reviled Luther, depicting him and his friends in the darkest colours, to rouse the fanaticism of the lowest classes against the doctors of the Reformation. Tetzel himself, who was still living, exclaimed from his retreat, "It is the devil himself who is urging on this contest."

Still not all the Leipsic professors were of this opinion. Some belonged to the class of indifferent spectators, ever ready to find amusement in the faults of both sides. Of this number was Peter Mosellanus. He cared little for John Eck, or Carlstadt, or Martin Luther, but he promised himself much amusement from their contest. "John Eck, the most illustrious of gladiators of the pen and rhodomontadists," said he, writing to his friend Erasmus, "John Eck, who, like the Socrates of Aristophanes, looks down upon the gods themselves, is about to come to blows with Andrew Carlstadt. The battle will end in smoke. There will be matter for mirth for ten Democrituses."

On the other hand, the timid Erasmus was alarmed at the idea of a dispute; and his prudence tried to prevent the discussion. "If you would trust Erasmus," wrote he to Melancthon, "you would apply yourself rather to the cultivation of literature, than to disputes with its enemies. In that way I think we should get on better. Above all, let us remember in the contest that we must not conquer by force of words only, but also by modesty and gentleness." Neither the fears of the priests, nor the prudence of pacificators, could now prevent the contest. Each party prepared himself.

Eck was the first to arrive at the place of

endezvous. On the 21st of June he entered Leipsic, accompanied by Poliander, a young man whom he had brought from Ingolstadt to take notes of the discussion. He was received with great honours. Attired in priestly garments, at the head of a numerous procession, he passed through the streets of the city on *Corpus Christi* day. All crowded to see him. "The whole population was in my favour," said he, in speaking of it; "nevertheless," he continues, "a rumour was spread abroad in the city that I should be defeated in the encounter."

The day after the festival, Friday, the 24th of June, and St. John's day, the party from Wittemberg arrived in Leipsic. Carlstadt, who was to conduct the controversy against Eck, was alone in his travelling car, in advance of the rest. Duke Barnim of Pomerania, who was at that time studying at Wittemberg, and had been chosen Rector of the University, followed in an open carriage. Seated beside him were the two celebrated divines—the fathers of the Reformation—Melancthon and Luther. Melancthon had refused to be separated from his friend. "Martin, that soldier of Jesus Christ," were his words to Spalatin, "has stirred up all this filthy hog. My soul is moved with indignation when I think of the shameful conduct of the Pope's doctors. Stand firm and constant with us." Luther himself had requested his Achates, as he has been termed, to bear him company.

John Lange, vicar of the Augustines, several doctors of law, a few masters of arts, two licentiates in theology, and other ecclesiastics, among whom was noticed Nicholas Amsdorff, closed the procession. Amsdorff, descended from a noble family of Saxony, far from being fascinated by the brilliant career to which his birth seemed to call him, had devoted himself to theology. The theses on indulgences had led him to the knowledge of the truth. Instantly he had made a courageous profession of faith. Of energetic mind and vehement character, Amsdorff was accustomed to urge on Luther, already by nature prompt, to actions of questionable prudence. Born to elevated station, he was not awed by rank, and in addressing the great he spoke at times with a freedom bordering upon rudeness. "The gospel of Jesus Christ," said he in presence of a noble assembly, "belongs to the poor and afflicted, and not to princes, lords, and courtiers, such as you, who live in a round of pleasures and enjoyments."

But this was not all the array of Wittemberg. A large body of students accompanied their teachers. Eck affirms that there were as many as two hundred. Armed with pikes and halberds, they attended the doctors in their route, resolved to defend them, and proud of their cause.

In this order the procession of the Reformers arrived at Leipsic. Just as it had passed the Grimma gate, and had reached the cemetery of St. Paul, a wheel of Carlstadt's travelling car broke down. The archdeacon, whose vanity was pleasing itself with so solemn an entry, was precipitated into the mud. He was not hurt, but was compelled to proceed on foot to the place assigned for his abode. Luther's chariot, which was following that of Carlstadt, got before him, and bore the Reformer safe and sound to his destination. The people of Leipsic, who had assembled to witness the entry of the champions of Wittemberg, interpreted this accident as an ill omen for Carlstadt; and it was soon a prevalent impression that he would break down in the conflict, but that Luther would remain master of the field.

Adolphus of Merseburg was not idle. As soon as he learned the approach of Luther and Carlstadt, and even before they had alighted, he caused to be affixed on the doors of the churches a notice prohibiting the opening of the discussion under pain of excommunication. Duke George, astounded at this audacity, directed the city council to tear down the bishop's placard, and committed to prison the daring meddler who had ventured to be the agent of his orders. George had himself arrived at Leipsic. He was accompanied by all his court; among the rest by Jerome Emser, with whom Luther had spent a memorable evening at Dresden. George made the customary presents to the two disputants. "The Duke," said Eck boastfully, "presented me with a fine stag, and to Carlstadt he gave only a roebuck."

The moment Eck heard that Luther had arrived, he repaired to the doctor's lodging: —"What is this?" said he, "I am told you object to dispute with me."—LUTHER. "How can I dispute, since the Duke forbids me to do so."—ECK. "If I am not allowed to dispute with you, I shall take very little interest in discussing with Carlstadt. It is on your account I am here." Then, after a moment's silence, he continued, "If I obtain the Duke's permission, will you take the field?"—LUTHER, (overjoyed.) "Only obtain permission, and we will meet."

Eck instantly waited on the Duke; he laboured to dissipate his fears; he assured him that he was certain of victory, and that the Pope's authority, far from suffering by the dispute, would come out of it the more glorious. "It was fit," he said, "that the argument should bear against the principal party.—If Luther be unhumbled, every thing is still to be done; if he is overcome, all is at an end." George granted the desired permission.

The Duke had had a large apartment prepared in his palace, named Pleissenburg. Two elevated pulpits had been erected opposite each other,—tables had been placed for the notaries engaged to take notes of the discussion, and benches were ranged around for the audience. The pulpits and benches were hung with rich tapestry. In front of that intended for the doctor of Wittemberg, was suspended the portrait of St. Martin;—on that of Eck was the figure of St. George.—"We shall see," said the haughty Eck, as he contemplated this emblem—"if I do not trample my

antagonists under my feet." Every thing announced the high importance attached to the dispute.

On the 25th of June, a meeting was held in the Castle to settle the order that should be followed. Eck, who placed even more dependence on his declamation and action than on his arguments, exclaimed, "We will dispute freely and extempore, and the notaries need not take down our words."

CARLSTADT.—"It was understood that the discussion should be written, printed, and submitted to the judgment of the public."

ECK.—"Writing down all that is said wearies the minds of the disputants, and protracts the contest. There is an end at once of the spirit necessary to give animation to the discussion. Do not delay the flow of eloquence."

The friends of Eck supported his proposal;—but Carlstadt persisted in his objections, and the champion of Rome was obliged to give way.

ECK.—"Well, be it so; let it be in writing: but at least the discussion taken down by the notaries must not be made public before it has been submitted to the inspection of chosen judges."

LUTHER.—"Then does the truth that Doctor Eck and his followers hold dread the light?"

ECK.—"There must be judges."

LUTHER.—"What judges?"

ECK.—"When the discussion is closed, we will settle who they shall be."

The object of the Romanists was apparent. If the Wittemberg divines accepted judges they were lost: for their adversaries were previously secure of the favour of those who would be applied to. If they refused to abide their decision, their enemies would cover them with shame, by circulating the report that they feared to submit themselves to impartial award.

The Reformers demanded for judges—not this and that individual, whose opinion had been previously formed, but the general body of Christians. It was to this universal suffrage they appealed. Besides, sentence of condemnation given against them would, in their judgment, matter little, if, in defending their cause before the Christian world, they should lead souls to the discovery of the light. "Luther," says a Roman historian, "required the whole body of believers for his judges,—in other words, a tribunal so extensive that no urn would be found to receive the suffrages."

The parties separated.—"Observe their artifices," remarked Luther and his friends to each other.—"They do no doubt mean to require that the Pope or the Universities should be the judges of the result."

In fact, on the following morning the Romish party sent one of their number to Luther, with instructions to propose to him . . . . the Pope . . . . as judge—the Pope! "The Pope!" said Luther, "how can I accede to such a proposal?"

"Beware," said all his friends, "of accepting such unjust conditions."—Eck and his advisers held another council. They gave up the Pope, and proposed certain Universities. "Do not retract the liberty you have before conceded to us," said Luther.—"We cannot yield this point," replied they.—"Then," exclaimed Luther, "I will take no part in the discussion."

Again the parties separated, and throughout the city the affair was a subject of conversation.—"Luther will not accept the challenge," said the Romanists . . . . "He will not acknowledge any judge!" His words are commented on and misconstrued, and endeavours are made to represent them in the most unfavourable colours.—"What, is it true that he declines the discussion?" said the warmest friends of the Reformer. They flock around him and give expression to their misgivings:—"You decline the discussion!" said they, "your refusal will bring lasting shame on your University, and on the cause you have taken in hand."

It was assailing him on his weak side. "Well then," said he, indignantly, "I accept the conditions proposed;—but I reserve to myself the right to appeal, and decline the jurisdiction of Rome."

The 27th of June was the day fixed for th opening of the discussion. Early in the morning a meeting took place in the great college of the University, and from thence the train walked in procession to the church of St. Thomas, where a solemn mass was performed, by order and at the expense of the Duke. After the service the parties present repaired in procession to the ducal castle. In front, walked Duke George and the Duke of Pomerania; then came counts, barons, knights, and other persons of rank, and lastly, the doctors, of both sides. A guard consisting of seventy-three citizens, armed with halberds, accompanied their march, with banners flying, and martial music, halting at the castle-gates.

The procession having reached the palace, each took his seat in the hall, where the discussion was to take place. Duke George, the hereditary Prince John, Prince George of Anhalt, then twelve years of age, and the Duke of Pomerania, occupied the seats assigned them.

Mosellanus ascended the pulpit, to remind the theologians, by the Duke's order, in what manner they were to dispute. "If you fall to quarrelling," said the speaker, "what difference will remain between a theologian in discussion and a shameless duellist? In this question, what is victory but the recovery of a brother from error? It seems as if each of you should be more desirous to be so conquered than to conquer!"

This address terminated, sacred music resounded in the halls of Pleissenburg; the whole assembly fell upon their knees, and the ancient hymn of invocation to the Holy Spirit, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, was chanted. Solemn moments in the history of the Reformation! Thrice was the invocation repeated, and whilst this impressive voice was heard around the

defenders of the ancient doctrine, and the champions of this new teaching, the churchmen of the middle ages, and those who sought to restore the church of the apostles, humbly bowed their foreheads to the earth. The time-honoured bond of one communion still bound together all these different minds; the same prayer still proceeded from all these lips, as if *one heart* pronounced it.

These were the last moments of outward and lifeless unity: a new Oneness of the spirit and of life was commencing. The Holy Spirit was invoked upon the church, and was preparing to answer in the revival of Christianity.

The chanting and prayer being concluded, all rose from their knees. The discussion was about to commence, but it being twelve o'clock, it was postponed till two in the afternoon.

The Duke assembled at his table the principal persons who intended to be present at the discussion. After the repast, they returned to the castle. The hall was filled with spectators. Discussions of this kind were the public meetings of that age. It was in such meetings that the men who represented the generation in which they lived agitated the questions which occupied the general mind. Soon the speakers took their places. That their appearance may be better conceived, we will give their portraits as traced by one of the most impartial witnesses of the encounter.

"Martin Luther is of middle size, and so thin, by reason of his continual studies, that one can almost count his bones. He is in the prime of life, and his voice is clear and sonorous. His knowledge and understanding of the Holy Scriptures are incomparable: the whole word of God is at his fingers' ends.

"Added to this, he has vast resources of argument and ideas. One might perhaps desire somewhat more judgment to arrange every thing in its right order. In conversation he is agreeable and obliging; in no respect stoical or proud; he accommodates himself to every one; his manner of speaking is pleasing, and full of jovialty; he evinces much firmness, and has ever a contented expression of countenance, whatever may be the threats of his adversaries. So that one is constrained to believe that it is not without divine assistance that he does such great things. He is blamed, however, for being more severe in his reproofs than is becoming a divine, especially when advancing novelties in religion."

"Carlstadt is smaller in stature; he has a dark and sunburnt complexion; his voice is harsh; his memory less tenacious than that of Luther, and he is yet more warm in temper. Yet he possesses, though in a lower degree, the same qualities for which his friend is remarkable."

"Eck is tall and broad shouldered; his voice is strong and truly German. He has good lungs, so that he would be well heard in a theatre, and would even make a capital town-crier. His articulation is rather thick than clear. He has none of the grace so much commended by Fabius and Cicero. His mouth, eyes, and whole countenance give you the idea rather of a soldier, or a butcher, than of a divine. His memory is wonderful, and if his understanding were equal to it, he would be a truly perfect man. But his comprehension is slow, and he wants that judgment without which all other gifts are useless Hence, in disputing, he produces a mass of passages from the Bible, citations from the Fathers, and different kinds of proof, without careful selection or discernment. Add to this, his effrontery is almost inconceivable. If he is embarrassed he breaks off from the subject in hand, plunges into another, sometimes even takes up the opinion of his antagonists under a different form of expression, and with wonderful address attributes to his opponent the very absurdity he himself was defending."

Such is the description given by Mosellanus of the men who then engaged the attention of the multitude who thronged the great hall of the Pleissenburg.

The discussion was opened by Eck and Carlstadt.

Eck's eyes rested for an instant on some articles that lay on the desk of his adversary's pulpit, and which seemed to offend his eye. These were the Bible and the Fathers. "I object to entering upon the discussion," exclaimed he on a sudden, "if you are permitted to bring your books with you." Strange that a theologian should have recourse to books in order to dispute. Eck's surprise ought to have been yet more surprising. "All this is but a fig-leaf by which this Adam seeks to hide his shame," said Luther. "Did not Augustine consult books when he contended against the Manicheans?" It mattered not! the partisans of Eck were loud in their clamours. Mutual imputations were thrown out. "The man has no memory," said Eck. Finally, it was arranged, according to the wish of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, that each party should be restricted to the use of his memory and of his tongue. "Thus, then," said many, "in this disputation the point at issue will not be the inquiry after truth, but what praise is to be assigned to the speech and memory of the disputants."

It being impossible to relate, at length, the course of a discussion which lasted seventeen days, we must, to borrow the expression of an historian, imitate painters, who, in representing a battle, give prominence to the more memorable actions, leaving the rest in the back ground.

The subject in dispute, between Eck and Carlstadt, was an important one. "Man's will, previous to his conversion," said Carlstadt, "can do no good work. Every good work, proceeds entirely and exclusively from God, who gives to man first the will and afterwards the power to perform it." This truth has been proclaimed by Holy Scripture, in the words *–It is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure*, and by Saint Augustine, who, in disputing with the Pelagians, had expressed it almost in the

same words. Every action which is wanting in love to God, and obedience to Him, is in His sight destitute of that which can alone render it good; even though in other respects flowing from the noblest of human motives. But there is in man a natural opposition to the will of God. He has not in himself the strength to overcome this. He has neither the power nor the will to do so. This then must be the work of divine power.

This is the doctrine so cried down by the world, and which is yet so simple; the doctrine of Free-will. But the scholastic divines had expounded it so as scarcely to be recognised. Doubtless, said they, the will of man in a state of nature can do nothing truly acceptable to God; but it can do much to render him more capable of receiving the grace of God, and more meet to obtain it. They called these preparations a merit of congruity; "because it was congruous," says Thomas Aquinas, "that God should treat with special favour the man who makes a right use of his own will." And as to the conversion which must be wrought in man, doubtless it was the grace of God, which, as the scholastic divines taught, must effect it; but without excluding natural powers. These powers, said they, have not been destroyed by sin:—sin but interposes an obstacle to their development; but when this impediment is removed, and that, said they, it is the office of the Spirit of God to accomplish, the action of these powers is restored. To make use of their favourite illustration, the bird that has been long confined, has, in this condition, neither lost its strength nor forgotten how to fly; but a friendly hand is needed to loose its fetters before it can again rise on the wing. Such, said they, is the condition of man.

This was the subject of dispute between Eck and Carlstadt. Eck had at first seemed entirely opposed to Carlstadt's propositions on this subject; but finding it difficult to maintain the position he had chosen, he said, "I grant that our will has not power to do a good act, and that it receives power from God." "Do you then acknowledge," asked Carlstadt, overjoyed at having won such a concession, "that a good work comes entirely of God." "The *whole* good work comes truly from God," replied the subtle Eck, "but not *entirely*." "That is a discovery most worthy of theological learning," cried Melancthon. "An entire apple," pursued Eck, "is produced by the sun, but not by one effect, and without the co-operation of the plant." Doubtless no one ever maintained that an apple was altogether the product of the sun.

Well, then, said the opposing parties, going deeper into this question, at once so delicate and so important in philosophy and religion, let us then inquire how God acts on man, and how man concurs with this action. "I acknowledge," said Eck, "that the first thought leading to the conversion of a man comes from God, and that man's will is in this entirely passive." So far the two antagonists were agreed. "I acknowledge," said Carlstadt, "on my side, that after this first act, which proceeds from God, something is requisite on the part of man, which St. Paul calls *will*, and which the Fathers term *consent*." Here again both agreed; but from this point they diverged. "This consent on the part of man," said Eck, "comes partly from our natural will, partly from God's grace to us." "No," said Carlstadt, "it is requisite that God should entirely create this will in man." Hereupon Eck began to manifest surprise and anger at words so well adapted to make man sensible of his own nothingness. "Your doctrine," said he, "regards man as a stone, a log, incapable of reciprocal action." "What!" answered the Reformers, "does not the capacity for receiving the strength that God produces in him,—a capacity which, according to us, man possesses,—sufficiently distinguish him from a stone, or a log of wood?" "But," replied their antagonist, "you take a position that directly contradicts experience, when you refuse to acknowledge any natural ability in man." "We do not deny," replied the others, "that man possesses certain powers and ability to reflect, meditate, and choose; only we count such powers as mere instruments which can do no good thing until the hand of God has moved them; they are like to a saw that a man holds in his hands."

The great question of Free-will was here discussed; and it was easy to demonstrate that the doctrine of the Reformers did not take away from a man the liberty of a moral agent, and reduce him to a passive machine. The liberty of a moral agent consists in the power of acting conformably to his choice. Every action performed without external constraint, and in pursuance of the determination of the soul itself, is a free action. The soul is determined by motives; but we constantly see the same motives acting diversely on different minds. Many do not act conformably to the motives of which they yet acknowledge all the force. This failure of the motive proceeds from obstacles opposed by the corruption of the heart and understanding. But God, in giving "a new heart and a new spirit," takes away these obstacles; and in removing them, far from depriving men of liberty, he removes that which hindered him from acting freely, and from following the light of his conscience; and thus, as the Gospel expresses it, makes him free. (John viii. 36.)

A trivial incident interrupted the discussion. Carlstadt, as Eck relates, had prepared certain arguments, and, like many preachers of our own day, he was reading what he had written. Eck saw in this mere college tactics; he objected to it. Carlstadt, embarrassed, and fearing he should not get on well without his paper, persisted. "Ah!" exclaimed the doctor of the schools, proud of the advantage he thought he had obtained, "he has not quite so good a memory as I have." The point was referred to arbitrators, who permitted the reading of passages of the Fathers, but came to the resolution that, with that exception the discussion should be extempore.

This first stage of the dispute was often in-

terrupted by the spectators. Much agitation and even audible expressions of feeling broke forth. Any proposition that did not find favour with the majority excited instant clamours, and then it was necessary to enjoin silence. The disputants themselves were sometimes carried away by the eagerness of the dispute.

Close to Luther stood Melancthon, who was almost in an equal degree an object of curiosity. He was of small stature, and would have passed as not above eighteen years of age. Luther, who was a head taller, seemed connected with him in the closest friendship; tney came in and went out together. "To look at Melancthon," said a Swiss divine* who studied at Wittemberg, "one would say he was but a youth; but in understanding, learning, and talent, he is a giant; and one wonders how such heights of wisdom and genius can be contained within so slight a frame." Between the sittings, Melancthon conversed with Carlstadt and Luther. He aided them in their preparation for the discussion, and suggested the arguments that his vast learning enabled him to contribute; but while the discussion was going on, he remained quietly seated among the spectators, listening with attention to the words of the speakers. At times, however, he came to the assistance of Carlstadt. Whenever the latter was near giving way under the declamation of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, the young professor would whisper a word, or hand him a slip of paper whereon he had noted down a reply. Eck having on one occasion perceived this, and indignant that the grammarian, as he termed him, should dare to meddle in the discussion, turned round and said insolently, "Be silent, Philip! mind your studies, and do not stand in my way." Eck may perhaps have even then foreseen how formidable an opponent he would one day find in this youth. Luther was roused by this rude insult directed against his friend. "The judgment of Philip," said he, "has greater weight with me than a thousand Dr. Ecks."

The calm Melancthon easily detected the weak points of the discussion. "One cannot help feeling astonished," said he, with that prudence and gracious spirit which we recognise in all his words, "when we think on the violence with which these subjects were treated. How could any expect to derive instruction from it? The Spirit of God loves retirement and silence; it is there he penetrates into our hearts. The bride of Christ does not take her stand in the streets and cross-ways, but she leads her spouse into the house of her mother."

Each party claimed the victory. Eck resorted to every artifice to appear victorious. As the lines of divergence ran closely together, it often happened that he exclaimed that he had reduced his adversary to his opinion; or else, like another Proteus, said Luther, he turned suddenly round, put forth Carlstadt's opinion differently expressed, and triumphantly demanded if he could refuse to acknowledge it. And the uninitiated, who had not watched the manœuvre of the sophist, began to applaud and exult with him. Nevertheless, Eck, without perceiving it, in reality gave up in the course of the discussion much more than he had intended. His partisans laughed immoderately at his successive devices; "but," said Luther, "I am much inclined to think that their laughter was affected, and that they were actually on thorns, when they saw their chief, who had commenced the battle with bravados, abandon his standard, leave his own ranks, and act the part of a shameless deserter."

Three or four days after the opening of the conference, it had been interrupted on account of the festival of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul.

The Duke of Pomerania requested Luther to preach on the occasion in his chapel. Luther gladly consented. But the chapel was early thronged, and the crowds of hearers increasing, the assembly adjourned to the great hall of the castle, where the conference had been carried on. Luther took his text from the gospel of the day, and preached on the grace of God and the authority of St. Peter. What he was accustomed to maintain before a learned auditory, he then declared to the people;—Christianity brings the light of truth to the humblest as well as the most intelligent minds. It is this which distinguishes it from all other religions, and all systems of philosophy. The Leipsic divines, who had heard Luther's sermon, hastened to report to Eck the offensive expressions with which they had been scandalized. "You must answer him," cried they; "these specious errors must be publicly refuted. Eck desired nothing better. All the churches were at his service, and on four successive occasions he ascended the pulpit and inveighed against Luther and his sermon. Luther's friends were indignant. They demanded that the theologian of Wittemberg should in his turn be heard. But their demand was disregarded. The pulpits were open to the enemies of the gospel, and shut to those who proclaimed it. "I was silent," said Luther, "and was obliged to suffer myself to be attacked, insulted, and calumniated, without even the power to excuse or defend myself."

It was not only the clergy who opposed the teachers of the evangelical doctrine; the burghers of Leipsic were in that of one mind with the clergy. A blind fanaticism rendered them the ready dupes of the falsehood and prejudice which were circulated abroad. The principal inhabitants abstained from visiting Luther or Carlstadt; and if they accidentally met in the street, they passed them without salutation. They misrepresented them to the Duke. On the other hand, they were in daily communication and interchange of visits with the Doctor of Ingolstadt. To Luther they offered the disputant's customary present of wine. Beyond this, any who were favourably disposed toward him concealed their pre

* John Kessler, afterwards Reformer at St. Gall.

dilection from others: several, following the example of Nicodemus, came to him in the night or by stealth. Two individuals alone stood forward to their own honour, and publicly declared themselves his friends:—Doctor Auerbach, whom we have already seen at Augsburg, and Doctor Pistor the younger.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the city. The two parties resembled two hostile camps, and sometimes came to blows. Frequent quarrels took place in the inns between the Leipsic students and those of Wittemberg. It was currently asserted, even in the meetings of the clergy, that Luther carried about with him a devil enclosed in a small box. "I know not," said Eck spitefully, "whether the devil is in the box or under his frock—but sure I am he is in one or the other."

Several doctors of the opposing parties were lodged, during the progress of the disputation, in the house of the printer Herbipolis. Their contentions ran so high, that their host was obliged to place a police sergeant, armed with a halberd, at the head of the table, with instructions to preserve the peace. One day Baumgarten, a vender of indulgences, came to blows with a gentleman attached to Luther, and in the violence of his fit of passion, burst a blood-vessel and expired. "I myself," says Fröschel, who relates the fact, "was one of those who carried him to the grave." In such results the general ferment in men's minds manifested itself. Then, as in our days, the speeches in the assemblies found an echo in the dinner-room and public streets.

Duke George, though strongly biassed in favour of Eck, did not evince so much zeal in his cause as his subjects. He invited all three, Eck, Luther, and Carlstadt to dinner. He even requested Luther to visit him in private; but soon manifested the prejudices that had been artfully inculcated. "Your tract on the Lord's Prayer," said the Duke, "has misled the consciences of many. There are some who complain that for four days together they have not been able to say one *pater*."

It was on the 4th of July that the contest commenced between Eck and Luther. Every thing announced that it would be more violent and decisive than that which had just terminated. The two disputants were advancing to the arena, firmly resolved not to lay down their arms till victory should have declared in favour of one or the other. General attention was alive, for the subject of dispute was the Pope's primacy. Two prominent hinderances obstruct the progress of the Gospel, the hierarchy and rationalism, as applied to the doctrine of man's moral powers, had been the object of attack in the early part of the discussion. The hierarchy, viewed in what was at once its basis as well as climax—the doctrine of the Pope's authority—was now to be impugned. On the one side appeared Eck, the defender of the established teaching, and, like some boastful soldier, strong in confidence derived from previous triumphs. On the other side came Luther, to whom the contest seemed to promise nothing but persecutions and ignominy, but who presented himself with a clear conscience, a firm determination to sacrifice every thing to the cause of truth, and a hope full of faith in God's power to deliver him.

At seven in the morning the two disputants had taken their places, encompassed by an attentive and numerous auditory.

Luther stood up, and adopting a necessary precaution, said, with humility:

"In the name of the Lord—Amen. I declare that the respect I have for the Sovereign Pontiff would have prevented my sustaining the part I am taking in this discussion, had not the worthy Doctor Eck persuaded me thereto."

Eck.—"In thy name, blessed Jesus! Before I enter on this discussion, I protest in your presence, noble chiefs, that all I shall say is subject to the judgment of the first of all episcopal chairs, and to the master who fills it."

After a moment's silence, Eck continued:

"There is in God's Church a *primacy* derived from Christ himself. The Church militant has been set up in the likeness of the Church triumphant. But this latter is a monarchy, wherein every thing ascends hierarchically to its sole head—God himself. Therefore it is that Christ has established a similar order upon earth. How monstrous would the Church be without a head."

Luther, turning to the assembly,

"When the doctor declares that it is most needful that the Church universal have a Head, he says well. If there be any one among us who affirms the contrary, let him stand forth. I hold no such thing."

Eck.—"If the Church militant has never been without its one Head, I would beg to ask who he can be, but the Roman Pontiff?"

Luther, raising his eyes to heaven,

"The Head of the Church militant Christ himself, and not a mortal man. I believe this, on the authority of God's testimony, whose word says, He must reign until his enemies be put under his feet. Let us then no longer give ear to those who put away Christ to the Church triumphant in heaven. His kingdom is a kingdom of faith. We *see not* our Head, and yet we are joined to him."

Eck, not discomfited, and turning to other arguments, resumed:

"It is from Rome as St. Cyprian tells us, that sacerdotal unity proceeded.'

Luther.—"As regards the Western Church, agreed. But is not this Roman Church herself derived from that of Jerusalem? And to speak correctly, the church of Jerusalem was mother and nurse of all the churches."

Eck.—"St. Jerome affirms, that if authority above that of all other churches is not lodged with the Pope, there will be in the Church as many schisms as there are bishops".

Luther.—"I admit it, that is to say, that if all the faithful were consenting, this authority might, agreeably to the principles of

human legislation, be rightfully ascribed to the chief Pontiff. Neither would I deny that if the whole body of believers should consent to acknowledge as first and chief bishop—the bishop of Rome, or of Paris, or of Magdeburg, it would be our duty to acknowledge him as such,—from respect to this general consent of the whole church: but that is what the world has never seen nor ever will see. Even in our own day, does not the Greek church withhold her consent to Rome?"

Luther was at this time quite prepared to acknowledge the Pope as chief magistrate of the Church,—freely chosen by it; but he denied his divine right. It was not until a later period that he denied that any submission was due to him. That was an advance to which the Leipsic controversy mainly contributed. But Eck was on ground which Luther knew better than he. As Eck appealed to the authority of the Fathers, Luther resolved to defeat him by the Fathers themselves.

"That my construction of the words," said he, "is truly what St. Jerome intended, I will prove by his own epistle to Evagrius. Every bishop, says he, whether of Rome or of Eugubium, whether of Constance or of Regium, whether of Alexandria or of Thanis, has the same honour and the same priestly rank. The influence of wealth, or the humility of poverty alone makes their difference of standing."

From the Fathers, Luther passed to the decrees of the Councils, which recognise in the bishop of Rome only the first among his peers. "We read," said he, "in the decree of the Council of Africa, 'Let not the bishop of the chief see, be called Prince of the Pontiffs, or Sovereign Pontiff, or any other name of that sort, but simply bishop of the first see.' If the monarchy of the bishop of Rome were of divine right," continued Luther, "would not this decision be heretical?"

Eck met this by one of the subtle distinctions to which he was so accustomed to have recourse.

"The bishop of Rome, if you please, is not universal bishop, but bishop of the church universal."

Luther.—"I will not say one word on that answer. Let our hearers themselves judge concerning it."

"Certainly," he afterwards observed, "that was a gloss worthy of a theologian, and just of a kind to content a disputant eager for triumph. I have not remained at Leipsic, at considerable cost to no purpose, since I have learned that the Pope of a truth is not universal bishop, but bishop of the church universal!"

Eck.—"Well, to come to the point. The venerable doctor requires from me a proof that the primacy of the church of Rome is of divine right; I find that proof in the words of Christ—'*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.*' St. Augustine, in one of his epistles, has thus explained the meaning of the passage—'Thou art Peter, and on this rock, that is to say, on Peter, I will build my church.' It is true, that Augustine has elsewhere said, that by this rock we must understand Christ himself, but he has not retracted his first explanation."

Luther.—"If the reverend doctor brings against me these words of St. Augustine, let him himself first reconcile such opposite assertions. For certain it is, that St. Augustine has repeatedly said, that the rock was Christ, and hardly once that it was Peter himself. But even though St. Augustine and *all* the Fathers should say that the Apostle is the rock of which Christ spake, I would, if I should stand alone, deny the assertion—supported by the authority of the Holy Scripture—in other words by divine right—for it is written, '*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Christ Jesus.*' Peter himself calls Christ *the chief corner-stone, and living rock, on which we are built up, a spiritual house.*"

Eck.—"I am astonished at the humility and diffidence with which the reverend doctor undertakes to stand alone against so many illustrious Fathers, thus affirming that he knows more of these things than the Sovereign Pontiff, the Councils, divines, and universities! . . . It would no doubt be very wonderful if God had hidden the truth from so many saints and martyrs till the advent of the reverend father."

Luther.—"The Fathers are not opposed to me.—St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and the most eminent divines say as I do. *On that confession of faith the church is built*, says St. Ambrose, explaining what is to be understood by the stone on which the church rests. Let my antagonist then restrain his speech. Such expressions as he has just used, do but stir up animosity, instead of helping in learned discussion."

Eck had not expected so much learning in his adversary, and managed to extricate himself from the labyrinth in which he had endeavoured to entangle him. "The reverend father," said he, "has entered on this discussion after well preparing his subject. Your excellencies will excuse me if I should not produce so much exact research. I came hither to discuss, and not to make a book" Eck was in some sort taken by surprise, but not defeated. Having no other argument at hand, he had recourse to an odious and contemptible artifice, which if it did not bear down, must at least greatly embarrass his adversary. If the suspicion of being a Bohemian, a heretic, a Hussite, do but hang over Luther, he is vanquished; for the Bohemians were detested in the church. The doctor of Ingolstadt adopted this stratagem. "From primitive times," said he, "it has been ever acknowledged, that the Church of Rome derives her primacy from Christ himself, and not from human law. I must admit, however, that the Bohemians in their obstinate defence of their errors have attacked this doctrine. I ask the reverend father's pardon if I am opposed to the Bohemians on account of their opposition to the Church; and if the present discussion has recalled those heretics

.o my recollection; for .... according to my humble judgment .... the inferences the doctor has drawn are entirely favourable to their errors; and, it is said, they boast of this."

Eck had rightly calculated the effect. All his partisans loudly applauded the artful insinuation, and an exultation was manifest in the auditory. "These insults," said the Reformer at a subsequent period, "pleased their fancy much more than the progress of the discussion."

LUTHER.—"I neither love, nor ever shall love, a schism. Since on their own authority the Bohemians have separated from unity with us, they are in the wrong: even though divine right should be in favour of the doctrine: for the highest divine right is love and the unity of the Spirit."

It was on the fifth of July, in the morning sitting, that Luther uttered these words. The meeting shortly after broke up, the dinner hour having arrived. It is likely that some one of the friends, or perhaps of the enemies of the doctor, drew his thoughts to the fact that he had gone very far in thus condemning the Christians of Bohemia. Had they not in reality stood for those doctrines that Luther was then maintaining? Hence it was, when the assembly were again together at two in the afternoon, Luther broke silence, and said courageously:—"Among the articles of John Huss and the Bohemians, there are some that are most agreeable to Christ. This is certain; and of this sort is that article: 'There is only One church universal;' and again: 'That it is not necessary to salvation that we should believe the Roman church superior to others.'—It matters little to me whether Wiclif or Huss said it. It is Truth."

This declaration of Luther produced an immense sensation on the auditory. *Huss, Wiclif*, names held in abhorrence, pronounced with respect by a monk, in the midst of a Catholic assembly! .... An almost general murmur ran round the hall. Duke George himself was alarmed. He foresaw for Saxony the unfurling of the standard of that civil discord which had ravaged the states of his maternal ancestors. Not able to suppress his feelings, he broke forth in a loud exclamation, in the hearing of all the assembly: "He is mad." Then, shaking his head, he rested his hands on his sides. The whole assembly was in high excitement. Those who were seated rose from their seats, conversing in groups. The drowsy were aroused: the enemies of Luther exulted; and his friends were greatly perplexed. Several who till then had listened to him with satisfaction, began to doubt his orthodoxy. The effect of this speech was never effaced from the mind of Duke George: from that hour he looked with an evil eye on the Reformer and became his enemy.

As to Luther, he did not give way to this burst of murmurs. "Gregory Nazianzen," continued he, with noble calmness, "Basil the Great, Epiphanius, Chrysostom, and a great many other Greek bishops, are saved; and yet they never believed that the Church of Rome was superior to other churches. It does not belong to the Roman pontiffs to add new articles of faith. There is no authority for the believing Christian but the Holy Scripture. It, alone, is of divine right. I beg the worthy Doctor Eck to grant me that the Roman pontiffs have been men, and not to speak of them as if they were Gods."

Eck here resorted to one of those pleasantries which give an easy advantage, in appearance, to him who uses them.

"The reverend father, who is not skilful in his cookery," said he, "has just made a very bad hash of heretics and Greek saints, so that the odour of sanctity of the one hides the taste of poison in the others."

LUTHER, interrupting Eck with spirit—"The worthy doctor speaks with effrontery. In my judgment, Christ can have no concord with Belial."

Such were the discussions which gave employment to the two doctors. The assembly were attentive. The interest at times flagged, however, and the hearers were not displeased when any incident occurred to enliven them by some distraction. It often happens, that events of the greatest importance are in this way broken in upon by comic accidents. Something of this sort took place at Leipsic.

Duke George, following the custom of the age, kept a court fool. Some wags said to him, "Luther is contending that a court fool may get married: Eck maintains the contrary opinion." Hereupon the fool conceived great aversion for Eck; and every time he came to the hall in the Duke's suite, he eyed the theologian with threatening looks. One day, the Chancellor of Ingolstadt, descending to buffoonery, shut one eye, (the fool was blind of one eye,) and with the other looked askance at the dwarf. The latter, no longer able to control himself, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the learned doctor. The whole assembly, says Peifer, gave way to laughter, and this incident lessened in some degree the extreme tension of their minds.

During this time the city was the scene of events which showed the horror with which the bold assertions of Luther inspired the partisans of Rome. The loudest clamours proceeded from the convents in the Pope's interest. One Sunday the doctor of Wittemberg entered the church of the Dominicans just before high mass. There were present only a few monks, who were going through the earlier masses at the lower altars. As soon as it was known in the cloister that the heretic Luther was in the church, the monks ran together in haste, caught up the *remonstrance*, and, taking it to its receptacle, carefully shut it up, lest the holy sacrament should be profaned by the impure eyes of the Augustine of Wittemberg. While this was doing, they who were reading mass collected together the sacred furniture, quitted the altar, crossed the church, and sought refuge in the sacristy, as if, says a historian, the devil himself had been behind them.

Everywhere the discussions furnished subject of conversation. In the lodging-houses, at the university, at the court, each one gave his opinion. Duke George, with all his irritation, did not pertinaciously refuse to allow himself to be convinced. One day, when Eck and Luther were dining with him, he interrupted their conversation by the remark, "Whether the Pope be by divine right or human right, it is at any rate a fact that he is Pope." Luther was quite pleased with these words. "The prince," said he, "would never have given utterance to them, if my arguments had not impressed him."

The dispute on the Pope's primacy had lasted five days. On the 8th of July they came to the subject of Purgatory. The discussion lasted rather more than two days. Luther at this time admitted the existence of purgatory; but he denied that this doctrine was taught in Scripture and by the Fathers, in the way the scholastic divines and his adversary asserted. "Our Doctor Eck," said he, alluding to the superficial character of his opponent, "has to-day run over Scripture almost without touching it, as a spider runs upon the water."

On the 11th of July the disputants arrived at the Indulgences. "It was no better than play—a mere joke," said Luther. "The indulgences fell with scarce the shadow of defence. Eck agreed with me in almost every thing." Eck himself observed, "If I had not met Doctor Martin on the question of the Pope's primacy, I could almost come to agreement with him."

The discussion afterwards turned on Repentance, the Priest's absolution, and Satisfactions. Eck, as his practice was, quoted the scholastic divines, the Dominicans, and the Pope's canons. Luther closed the discussion by these words:—

"The reverend doctor avoids the Holy Scriptures, as the devil flees from before the cross. For my part, saving the respect due to the Fathers, I prefer the authority of the word of God; and it is *that* which I would press upon our judges."

Thus ended the dispute between Eck and Luther. Carlstadt and the doctor of Ingolstadt continued for two days to discuss the merits of man in good works. On the 16th of July the affair was terminated, after having lasted twenty days, by a sermon from the Superior of Leipsic. As soon as this was over, a band of music was heard, and the solemnity was closed by the *Te Deum*.

But, during this solemn chant, men's minds were no longer as they were when the hymn *Veni Spiritus* had been sung. Already the presentiments of some appeared realized. The arguments of the two opposing champions had inflicted an open wound on the Papacy.

These theological discussions, which in our days would excite little attention, had been followed and listened to with interest for twenty days, by laymen, knights, and princes. Duke Barnim of Pomerania and Duke George were constant in attendance. "But, on the other hand," says an eye-witness, "some Leipsic divines, friends of Eck, slept soundly much of the time; and it was even necessary to wake them at the close of the discussion, lest they should lose their dinner."

Luther was the first who quitted Leipsic. Carlstadt set out soon after. Eck remained a few days after their departure.

No decision was made known on the matters discussed. Each one commented on them as he pleased. "There has been at Leipsic," said Luther, "loss of time, not search after truth. For these two years past that we have been examining the doctrines of the adversaries, we have counted all their bones. Eck, on the contrary, has hardly grazed the surface, yet he has made more outcry in one hour than we have in two long years."

Eck, in private letters to his friends, acknowledged his having been defeated on many points; but he was at no loss for reasons to account for it. "The Wittemberg divines," said he, in a letter to Hochstraten, dated the 24th July, "have had the best of the argument on certain points; first, because they brought with them their books; secondly, because their friends took notes of the discussion, which they could examine at home at leisure; thirdly, because they were several in number:—two doctors (Carlstadt and Luther,) Lange, vicar of the Augustines, two licentiates, Amsdorff, and a most arrogant nephew of Reuchlin, (Melancthon,) three doctors of law, and several masters of arts, all were assisting in the discussion, either publicly or in secret. As for myself, I came forward alone, having only right on my side."—Eck forgot Emser, the bishop, and all the doctors of Leipsic.

If such admissions were made by Eck in his confidential correspondence, it was quite otherwise in public. The doctor of Ingolstadt and the theologians of Leipsic, loudly boasted of "their victory." They spread everywhere false reports. The mouth-pieces of their party repeated their self-gratulations. "Eck," wrote Luther, "boasts in all companies of his victory." But the laurels were an object of contention in the camp of Rome. "If *we* had not come in aid of Eck," said his Leipsic allies, "the illustrious doctor would have been overthrown." "The divines of Leipsic are well-meaning people," said the doctor of Ingolstadt, "but I had formed too high expectations from them—I did all myself." "You see,' said Luther to Spalatin, "that they are singing another Iliad and Æneid. They are so kind as to make me play the part of Hector or Turnus, whilst Eck is their Achilles or Æneas. Their only doubt is, whether the victory was gained by the forces of Eck or of Leipsic. All I can say, to throw light on the question, is, that doctor Eck clamoured continually, and the men of Leipsic keep continual silence."

"Eck has obtained the victory, in the opinion of those who do not understand the question, and who have grown gray in scholastic studies," observed the elegant, witty, and judicious Mosellanus; "but Luther and Carl-

stadt remain masters of the field, in the judgment of those who have learning, intelligence, and modesty."

The dispute was, however, destined not to vanish in mere smoke. Every work done in faith bears fruit. The words of Luther had found their way, with irresistible power, to the minds of his hearers. Several, who had regularly attended in the hall of the castle, were brought under the truth. It was especially in the very midst of its most active enemies, that its conquests were achieved. Poliander, secretary to Eck, and his intimate friend and disciple, was gained to the cause of the Reformation; and as early as the year 1522, he preached the gospel publicly at Leipsic. John Cellarius, professor of Hebrew, one of the warmest opponents of the Reformation, struck by the words of the mighty doctor, began to search the Scriptures more deeply. Shortly after, he gave up his place; and, full of humility, came to Wittemberg, to study at the feet of Luther. He was subsequently pastor at Frankfort and at Dresden.

Among those who sat on the benches reserved for the court, and who surrounded Duke George, was George of Anhalt, a young prince of twelve years, descended from a family celebrated for their bravery against the Saracens. He was then prosecuting his studies under a private tutor. This illustrious youth was early distinguished for his eager desire of knowledge and love of truth. Often he was heard to repeat the proverb of Solomon, "Lying lips do not become a prince." The discussion at Leipsic awakened in this child serious reflections, and a decided partiality for Luther. Shortly after he was offered a bishopric. His brothers and all his relations urged him to accept it; desiring to see him rise to the higher dignities of the church. He was immovable in his refusal. On the death of his pious mother, he found himself in possession of all the Reformer's writings. He put up constant and fervent prayers to God, beseeching him to bring his heart under the power of the truth; and often in the privacy of his cabinet, he exclaimed with tears, "Deal with thy servant according to thy mercy and teach me thy statutes." His prayers were answered. Under strong conviction, and constrained to action on it, he fearlessly ranged himself on the side of the gospel. In vain his tutors, and foremost among them Duke George, besieged him with entreaties and remonstrances. He continued inflexible; and George, half brought over by the answers of his pupil, exclaimed, "I am not able to answer him: but I will, nevertheless, continue in my church, for it is not possible to break an old dog." We shall again meet with this amiable prince; who was, indeed, one of the noble characters of the Reformation; who himself preached the word of life to his subjects: and to whom has been applied the saying of Dion Cassius on the emperor Marcus Antoninus, "In his whole life, he was consistent with himself; a good man without any guile."

It was especially among the students that the words of Luther were received with enthusiasm. They felt the difference between the spirit and power of the Wittemberg doctor, and the sophistical distinctions and vain speculations of the chancellor of Ingolstadt. They saw Luther relying on the word of God. They saw doctor Eck taking his stand only on the traditions of men. The effect was instantaneous. The lecturing halls of the university of Leipsic were almost deserted after the disputation. A circumstance of the time contributed to this: the plague showed itself. But there were several other universities, as Erfurth or Ingolstadt, to which the students might have retired. The force of truth attracted them to Wittemberg. There the number of students was doubled.

Among those who removed from the one university to the other, there was a young man of sixteen, of melancholy character, silent, and often lost in abstraction in the very midst of the conversation and amusements of his fellow-students. His parents had thought him of weak intellect, but ere long they found him so quick in his learning, and so continually occupied in his studies, that they conceived great expectations of him. His uprightness, candour, diffidence, and piety, made him an object of general affection, and Mosellanus pointed to him as a pattern to the whole university. His name was Gaspard Cruciger, and he was a native of Leipsic. The young student of Wittemberg was at a later period the friend of Melancthon, and a fellow-labourer with Luther in the translation of the Bible.

The disputation at Leipsic had yet nobler results. It was there that the theologian of the Reformation received his call to the work. Modest and silent, Melancthon had been present at the discussion, taking scarcely any part in it. Hitherto he had applied himself only to literature. The conference communicated to him a new impulse, and launched the eloquent professor into theology. From that hour he bowed the heights of his learning before the word of God. He received the evangelical doctrine with the simplicity of a child. His auditors heard him explain the way of salvation with a grace and clearness which delighted every one. He advanced boldly in this path so new to him,—for, said he, "Christ will not be wanting to those who are his." From this period, the two friends went forward together, contending for liberty and truth, the one with the energy of Paul, the other with the gentleness of John. Luther has well expressed the difference in their vocations. "I," says he, "was born for struggling on the field of battle with parties and devils. Thus it is that my writings breathe war and tempest. I must root up stock and stem, clear away thorns and brambles, and fill up swamps and sloughs. I am like the sturdy wood-cutter, who must clear and level the road. But our master of arts, Philip, goes forward quietly and gently, cultivating and planting, sowing and watering joyfully, according as God has dealt to him so liberally of his gifts."

If Melancthon, the tranquil sower, was

called to his work by the Leipsic discussion, Luther, the sturdy wood-cutter, felt that it added strength to his arm, and his courage was proportionately exalted. The mightiest result of the discussion was indeed that which was wrought in Luther himself—"The scholastic theology," said he, "then crumbled into dust before me, under the boasted presidence of Doctor Eck." The covering, which the schools and the church had spread before the sanctuary, was rent from top to bottom. Driven to further investigation, he attained unexpected discoveries. With equal surprise and indignation, he beheld the evil in all its magnitude. Searching into the annals of the Church, he discovered that the supremacy of Rome had its origin in the ambition of one party and the credulous ignorance of another. Silence, as to these melancholy discoveries, was not permitted to him. The pride of his adversaries,—the victory they pretended to have gained,—their endeavours to put out the light, decided his purpose. He went forward in the way wherein God led him, without disquieting himself as to the result to which it might lead him. Luther has marked this as the epoch of his enfranchisement from the papal yoke. "Learn of me," says he, "how hard it is to unlearn the errors which the whole world confirms by its example, and which, by long use, have become to us as a second nature. I had for seven years read and hourly expounded the Scriptures with much zeal, so that I knew them almost all by heart. I had also all the first-fruits of the knowledge and faith of my Lord Jesus Christ; that is, I knew that we are justified and saved, not by our works, but by faith in Christ; and I even openly maintained that it is not by divine right that the Pope is chief of the Christian church. And yet . . I could not see the conclusion from all this; namely,—that of necessity and beyond doubt, the Pope is of the devil. For what is not of God, must needs be of the devil." Luther adds, further on—"I do not now give free utterance to my indignation against those who still adhere to the Pope, since I, who had for so many years read the Holy Scriptures with so much care, yet held to the Papacy with so much obstinacy."

Such were the real results of the Leipsic discussion, and they were much more important than the discussion itself. They were like the first successes which discipline and inspirit an army.

Eck gave himself up to all the intoxication of what he had tried to represent as a victory. He circulated slanders against Luther. He heaped one imputation upon another. He wrote to Frederic. He sought, like a skilful general, to profit by the confusion which ever follows a conflict, in order to obtain from the Prince some important concessions. Before taking measures against his adversary in person, he invoked the flames to consume his writings—even those which he had not read. He entreated the Elector to convoke the provincial council—"Let us," said the foul-mouthed Doctor, "exterminate all these vermin before they have multiplied beyond bounds."

It was not against Luther alone that he poured out his wrath. His rashness called Melancthon into the lists. The latter, connected by the tenderest friendship with the worthy Œcolampadius, sent him an account of the discussion, speaking in terms of commendation of Doctor Eck. Nevertheless, the pride of the Chancellor of Ingolstadt was wounded. He instantly took pen in hand against "that grammarian of Wittemberg, who, to say the truth, is not unacquainted with Greek and Latin, but had dared to circulate a letter, wherein he had insulted him, Dr. Eck."

Melancthon answered. This was his first theological writing. It is marked by the exquisite urbanity which distinguished this excellent man. After laying down the principles of hermeneutical science, he shows that we ought not to explain the Holy Scripture by the Fathers, but the Fathers by the Holy Scripture. "How often," says he, "has not Jerome been mistaken!—how often Augustine!—how often Ambrose! How often do we not find them differing in judgment—how often do we not hear them retracting their errors! There is but one Scripture divinely inspired and without mixture of error."

"Luther does not adhere to certain dubious expositions of the ancients, say his adversaries: and why should he adhere to them? In his explanation of the passage of St. Matthew, *Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I build my church*, he says the very same thing as Origen, who in his account is a host, yea, the very thing that Augustine writes in his homily, and Ambrose in his sixth book on St. Luke, not to mention others. What then, you will say, can the Fathers contradict each other! And what is there so surprising in that? I reverence the Fathers, because I believe the Holy Scripture. The sense of Scripture is one and simple, as heavenly truth itself. We enter into it by comparing Scripture with Scripture, and deduce it from the thread and connection of the whole. There is a philosophy enjoined us with respect to the Scriptures given by God; it is to bring to them all the thoughts and maxims of men, as to the touchstone by which these are to be tried."

For a long time no one had so elegantly set forth such powerful truths. The word of God was reinstated in its proper place, and the Fathers in theirs. The course by which the true sense of Scripture is obtained was plainly indicated. The preaching of the Gospel rose above the difficulties and glosses of the schools. Melancthon furnished a means, available for all times, of answering those, who, like Dr. Eck, would involve this subject in perplexities. The weak "grammarian" had arisen, and the broad and robust shoulders of the scholastic gladiator had yielded under the first movement of his arm

The more Eck felt his weakness, the louder were his clamours. He thought by rhodomontade and accusations to secure the victory which his argument had failed to achieve. The monks and all the partisans of Rome re-echoed these clamours. From all parts of Germany reproaches were showered upon Luther; but he remained unmoved by them. "The more reproach is heaped upon me," said he, at the conclusion of some explanations which he published of the propositions of Leipsic, "the more do I glory in it. Truth, that is to say *Christ*, must increase, while I must decrease. The voice of the bridegroom and of the bride gives me a joy that is far above the fears their clamours cause me. It is not men that are opposing me, and I have no enmity against them; it is Satan, the prince of evil, who is labouring to intimidate me. But he who is in us is greater than he who is in the world. The opinion of this age is against us,—that of posterity will be more favourable."

If the discussion of Leipsic multiplied the enemies of Luther in Germany, it augmented the number of his friends in distant parts. "That which Huss was formerly in Bohemia," wrote the Brethren to him from that country, "you, Martin, are now in Saxony; therefore, continue in prayer, and be strong in the Lord."

About this time a rupture took place between Luther and Emser, then professor at Leipsic. The latter wrote to Dr. Zack, a zealous Roman Catholic of Prague, a letter, *apparently* intended to remove from the Hussites the impression that Luther partook of their views. Luther could not doubt that the design of the Leipsic professor was, under the semblance of justifying him, to cause the suspicion to hang over him of adhering to the Bohemian heresy, and he resolved at once to rend asunder the veil with which his former guest at Dresden sought to cover his enmity. With this view he published a letter addressed "to the he-goat Emser." (The armorial bearing of Emser was a he-goat.) He concluded this writing with words which well express the writer's character—"Love for all men, but fear of none!"

While new friends and new enemies came forth, some earlier friends began to show signs of estrangement from Luther. Staupitz, by whose means the Reformer had emerged from the obscurity of the cloister of Erfurth, began to evince some coldness towards him. Luther rose to an elevation of views whither Staupitz was not able to follow him. "You abandon me," wrote Luther to him; "I have been all this day grieving like a weaned child. I dreamed of you last night," continues the Reformer. "I thought you were taking leave of me, and I was weeping and sobbing bitterly; but I thought you put out your hand to me and bade me be tranquil, for you would return to me again."

The peacemaker, Miltitz, resolved to make another effort to calm the minds of the disputants But what influence could be had over men still agitated by the feeling of conflict? His endeavours were unavailing. He presented the famous Golden Rose to the Elector, and the prince did not give himself the trouble even to receive it in person. Frederic well knew the artifices of Rome; it was useless, therefore, to think any longer of deceiving him.

Far from giving ground, Luther continued to advance. It was at this time that he struck one of his heaviest blows against prevailing error, by publishing his first Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians.* The second commentary undoubtedly surpassed the first: but even in this he set forth with great power the doctrine of justification by faith. Every word of the new apostle was full of life, and God made use of him as an instrument to introduce the knowledge of himself into the hearts of the people. "Christ has given *Himself* for our sins," said Luther to his contemporaries: "it is not silver or gold that he has given for us; it is not a man; it is not the host of angels; it is Himself, without whom nothing is great, that he has given. And this incomparable treasure he has given for our sins! Where now are those who proudly boast the power of our will?—where are the precepts of moral philosophy?—where the power and the obligation of the law? Since our sins are so great that nothing less than a ransom so stupendous could remove them, shall we still seek to attain unto righteousness by the strength of our will, by the force of law, by the doctrines of men? What use can we have of all these subtleties and delusions? Alas! they could but cover our iniquities with a cloak of lies, and make us hypocrites beyond the reach of salvation."

But while Luther proved that there is no salvation for man but in Christ, he showed, also, that this salvation changes the heart of man, and makes him abound in good works. "He who has truly heard the word of Christ and keeps it, is thenceforward clothed with the spirit of charity. If thou lovest him who hath made thee a present of twenty florins, or rendered thee any service, or testified in any other way his affection towards you, how much more shouldest thou love Him who hath given for thee, not gold or silver, but *himself*; who hath received for thee so many wounds; who hath undergone for thy sake an agony and sweat of blood; who in thy stead hath suffered death; in a word, who, in discharge of thy sins, hath swallowed up death, and acquired for thee a *Father* in heaven, full of love! If thou dost *not* love him, thy heart hath not entered into or understood the things which he hath done; thou hast not believed them; for *faith* worketh by love."—"This epistle is *my* epistle," said Luther, speaking of the Epistle to the Galatians; "I have espoused it."

His adversaries did but hasten his progress Without them it would have been more gradual. Eck provoked against him at this period a new attack on the part of the Franciscans of Juterbok. Luther, in his answer, not satis-

* September, 1519.

fied with repeating what he had already taught, attacked some errors which he had recently discovered. "I should be glad to be informed," said he, "where, in the Scripture, the power of canonizing saints has been given to the Popes; and also what necessity, what use there can be in canonizing them." "For aught it matters," he added, ironically, "let them go on canonizing to their heart's content."

These new attacks of Luther remained unanswered. The infatuation of his enemies favoured him as much as his own courage. They contended, with much warmth and passion, for things that were at most but secondary and subordinate opinions; and when Luther assailed the very foundations of the Romish doctrine, they saw them struck without uttering a word. They exerted themselves to defend some advanced outworks at the very time that their intrepid adversary was penetrating into the citadel, and planting there the standard of the truth. Hence they were afterwards much astonished to see the fortress, of which they had constituted themselves the defenders, undermined, on fire, and sinking in the midst of the flames, while they thought it impregnable, and were braving the besiegers. It is the ordinary course in such catastrophes.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper began now to occupy the thoughts of Luther. He sought in vain to find this holy Supper in the *Mass*. One day (it was a short time after his return from Leipsic) he ascended the pulpit. Let us pay attention to his words, for they are the first he uttered on a subject which has since divided the Reformed Church into two parties. "There are three things," said he, "necessary to be understood in the holy sacrament of the altar: the sign, which must be external, visible, and under a corporeal form: the thing signified, which is internal, spiritual, and within the soul of man; and *Faith*, which uses both." If definitions had been carried no further, the unity of the Church would not have been destroyed. Luther continued:

"It would be well if the Church, in a general council, would order the sacrament to be administered in 'both kinds' to all believers; not, however, that one kind would not be sufficient, for *Faith* of itself would suffice."

These bold words pleased his hearers. Some, however, were surprised and angry. "It is false," said they; "it is a scandal." The preacher continued:

"There is no union more intimate, more deep, more indivisible, than that which takes place between the food and the body which the food nourishes. Christ unites himself to us in the sacrament in such a manner, that he acts as if he were identical with us. Our *sins* assail *him*: his *righteousness* defends *us*."

But Luther was not satisfied with declaring the truth: he attacked one of the fundamental errors of Rome. The Romish Church pretends that the sacrament operates by itself, independently of the person who receives it. Nothing can be more convenient than such an opinion. Hence the ardour with which the sacrament is sought for, and hence come the profits of the Romish clergy. Luther attacked this doctrine,* and met it with its opposite,† which requires faith and consent of heart in him who receives it.

This energetic protest was calculated to overthrow the long-established superstitions. But, strange to say, no attention was paid to it. Rome passed unnoticed what one would have thought would have called forth a shriek, while she bore down haughtily on a remark Luther had let fall at the commencement of his discourse, on "communion in both kinds."

This discourse having been published in the month of December, a cry of heresy arose on all sides. "It is the doctrine of Prague to all intents and purposes!" was the exclamation at the court of Dresden, where the sermon arrived during the festival of Christmas: "besides the work is written in German, in order that the common people may understand it." The devotion of the prince was disturbed, and on the third day of the festival he wrote to his cousin Frederic: "Since the publication of this discourse the number of the Bohemians who receive the Lord's Supper in both kinds has increased six thousand. Your Luther, instead of a simple Wittemberg professor, will, ere long, be Bishop of Prague, and an arch-heretic."—"He is a Bohemian by birth," said some, "and of Bohemian parents! He was brought up at Prague, and instructed from the writings of Wiclif!"

Luther thought fit to contradict these reports in a tract, wherein he formally gave an account of his origin. "I was born at Eisleben," he said, "and was baptized in the Church of St. Peter. I never in my life was nearer to Bohemia than Dresden."

The letter of Duke George did not estrange the Elector from Luther. A few days afterwards, this prince invited the doctor to a splendid banquet, which he gave to the Spanish Ambassador, and Luther on this occasion boldly disputed with the minister of Charles. The Elector, through the medium of his chaplain, had begged him to defend his cause with moderation. "Too much imprudence displeases men," answered Luther to Spalatin, "but too much *prudence* is displeasing to God. It is impossible to make a stand for the Gospel without creating some disturbance and offence. The word of God is a sword, waging war, overthrowing and destroying; it is a casting down, a disturbance, and comes, as the prophet Amos says, as a bear in the way, and as a lion in the forest. I want nothing from them. I ask nothing. There is One above who seeks and requires. Whether his requirements be disregarded or obeyed, affects not me."

Every thing announced that Luther would soon have more need than ever of faith and courage. Eck was forming plans of vengeance. Instead of gathering the laurels

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* Known by the name of *opus operatum*.

† That of *opus operantis*.

which he had reckoned upon, the gladiator of Leipsic had become the laughing-stock of all the men of sense of his country. Keen satires were published against him. One appeared as a "letter from some unlearned Canons." It was written by Œcolampadius, and stung Eck to the quick. Another was a complaint against Eck, probably written by he excellent Pirckheimer, of Nuremberg, abounding in a pungency, and at the same time a dignity of which nothing but the Provincial Letters of Pascal can convey any idea.

Luther expressed his displeasure at some of these writings. "It is better," said he, "to attack openly, than to wound from behind a hedge."

How was the Chancellor of Ingolstadt deceived in his calculations! His countrymen abandoned him. He prepared to cross the Alps, to invoke foreign assistance. Wherever he went, he breathed threats against Luther, Melancthon, Carlstadt, and even the Elector himself. "Judging by the haughtiness of his words, says the Doctor of Wittemberg, "one would say that he imagines himself to be the Almighty." Inflamed with anger and the thirst for vengeance, Eck took his departure for Italy, there to receive the reward of his asserted triumphs, and to forge in the capitol at Rome mightier bolts than those weapons of scholastic controversy which had been broken in his hands.

Luther well knew the dangers which this journey of his antagonist was likely to draw down on him, but he did not quail. Spalatin, in alarm, urged him to make advances to an accommodation. "No," replied Luther, "so long as he challenges, I dare not withdraw from the contest. I commit every thing to God, and give up my bark to winds and waves. The battle is the Lord's. Why will you fancy that it is by *peace* that Christ will advance his cause? Has not he himself,—have not all the martyrs after him, poured forth their blood in the conflict?"

Such, at the commencement of the year 1520, was the position of the two combatants of Leipsic. The one engaged in rousing the power of the Papacy to crush his rival. The other awaiting the contest with all the calmness of one who seems to reckon upon peace. The year then opening was destined to witness the bursting of the storm.

BOOK VI.

THE ROMAN BULL.

1520.

Candidates for the Empire—Charles—Francis I.—The Crown offered to Frederic—Charles elected—Dangers—Frederic to the Roman Court—Luther's Feelings—Melancthon's Alarm—Schaumburg—Sickingen—Hütten—Luther's Confidence—Faith, the Spring of Works—The Author of Faith—Attack on the Papacy—The Three Barriers—All Christians Priests—Corruptions of Rome—Germany in Danger—Call for Reform—Marriage of Priests—The Empire—Conclusion—Success of the Appeal—Rome—Policy of Rome—Separation—The Swiss Priest—The Roman Consistory—Condemnation—Melancthon—Melancthon's Hearth—His Studies—Melancthon's Mother—The Gospel in Italy—Luther on the Mass—"Babylonian Captivity" of the Church—Baptism—No other Vows—Miltitz at Eisleben—Deputation to Luther—Conference at Lichtenberg—Luther's Letter to the Pope—Union of Christ and the Believer—Arrival of the Bull in Germany—The Students of Leipsic—Eck at Erfurth—Luther's Feelings—The Pirckheimer Family—Luther—Ulric Zwingle—Luther's Answer—Fresh Movements—The Bonfire of Louvain—Luther's Tranquillity—Appeal to a Council—Struggle—Burning of the Pope's Bull—Luther and the Academy—Luther and the Pope—Melancthon to the States—Luther encourages his Friends—Melancthon to the Fearful—Luther's Vocation—the Bible and the Doctors—Retractation—Aleander the Nuncio—The Nuncio and the Emperor—The Nuncio and the Elector—Duke John's Son intercedes—The Elector protects Luther—The Nuncio's Answer—Erasmus in Cologne—Erasmus and the Elector—Erasmus's Declaration—Erasmus's Advice—The Confessional—Luther on Confession—Antichrist—Luther's Cause gains Strength—Satires—Ulric Von Hütten—Carnival at Wittemberg—Staupitz alarmed—Luther's Labours—Progress of the Reformation.

A NEW actor was about to appear on the stage. It was the will of God that the monk of Wittemberg should be brought face to face with the most powerful monarch who had appeared in Christendom since the days of Charlemagne. He made choice of a prince in the vigour of youth, to whom every thing promised a reign of long duration, a prince whose sceptre bore sway over a considerable part of the old, and also over a New World, so that, according to a celebrated saying, the sun never set upon his vast domains; and with this prince he confronted the humble Reformation, that had had its beginning in the secret cell of a convent at Erfurth in the anguish and groans of a poor monk. The history of this monarch, and of his reign, was destined, apparently, to read an important lesson to the world. It was to show the nothingness of all "the strength of man," when it presumes to strive against "the weakness of God." Had a prince, friendly to Luther, been called to the empire, the success of the Reformation might have been attributed to his

protection. Had an emperor of feeble character filled the throne—even though he should have been opposed to the new doctrine, the success that attended it might have admitted of explanation by the weakness of the reigning sovereign. But it was the haughty conqueror of Pavia whose pride was to be humbled before the power of the divine Word; and the whole world was called to witness that he to whom power was given to lead Francis I. to the dungeons of Madrid was compelled to lay down the sword before the son of a poor miner.

The Emperor Maximilian was no more. The electors were assembled at Frankfort to choose his successor. This was a decision of high importance to all Europe under present circumstances. All Christendom was occupied with the election. Maximilian had not been what is called a great prince; but his memory was dear to the people. They were fond of calling to mind his ready wit, and good-nature. Luther often mentioned him in conversation with his friends, and one day related the following sally of the monarch:

A mendicant was following him closely, asking alms, and calling him brother; "for," said he, "we are both descended from the same father, Adam. I am poor," he continued, "but you are rich, and therefore ought to assist me." The emperor turned round at these words, and said: "Here, take this penny, go to your other brethren, and if every one of them gives you as much, you will soon be richer than I am."

The crisis required, for the Imperial crown, a prince of more energy than the good-natured Maximilian. The times were about to change; ambitious potentates were to contest the throne of the Emperors of the West; a powerful hand must seize the reins of the Empire, and long and bloody wars must succeed to a profound peace.

Three kings contended at the diet of Frankfort for the crown of the Cæsars. A young prince, grandson of the late Emperor, born in the first year of the century, and consequently nineteen years of age, was the first who presented himself. He was named Charles, and was born at Ghent. His grandmother, on the father's side, Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, had bequeathed to him Flanders, and the rich territories of Burgundy. His mother, Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand of Arragon and Isabella of Castile, and wife of Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian, had transmitted to him the united crowns of Spain, Naples, and Sicily: to which Christopher Columbus had added a New World. The death of his grandfather placed him at this moment in possession of the hereditary dominions of Austria. This young prince, endowed with much intelligence, and amiable when it pleased him to be so, combined with the taste for military exercises, in which the illustrious Dukes of Burgundy had so long distinguished themselves, the subtlety and penetration of the Italians, the reverence for existing institutions which still characterizes the house of Austria, and which promised a firm and zealous defender to the Papacy, and a great knowledge of public affairs, acquired under the tutorship of Chiévres. From the age of fifteen he had attended at all the deliberations of his council. These various qualities were in some degree concealed and veiled by the reserve and taciturnity peculiar to the Spanish nation. There was something melancholy in his long thin visage. "He is pious and silent," said Luther; "I venture to say that he does not speak so much in a year as I do in a day." If the character of Charles had been developed under the influence of liberal and Christian principles, he would perhaps have been one of the most admirable princes recorded in history; but political considerations absorbed his thoughts, and tarnished his better qualities.

Not contented with the many sceptres gathered together in his hand, the young Charles aspired to the imperial dignity. "It is a sunbeam which sheds splendour on the house it lights upon," remarked some; "but when any one puts forth the hand to lay hold on it, he grasps nothing." Charles, on the contrary, saw in it the summit of all earthly greatness, and a means of obtaining a sort of magic influence over the minds of the people.

Francis I. of France, was the second of the competitors. The young paladins of the court of this king, incessantly urged on him, that he ought, like Charlemagne, to be Emperor of all the West; and, following the example of the knights of old, lead them against the Crescent, which menaced the Empire, strike the power of the infidels to the dust, and recover the holy sepulchre. "It is necessary," said the ambassadors of Francis to the Electors, "to prove to the dukes of Austria, that the imperial crown is not hereditary. Germany has need, under existing circumstances, not of a young man of nineteen, but of a prince who unites, with experienced judgment, talents already acknowledged. Francis will combine the forces of France and Lombardy, with those of Germany, to make war upon the Mussulmans. Besides this, as he is sovereign of the duchy of Milan, he is already a member of the Empire." The French ambassadors supported these arguments with 400,000 crowns, expended in purchasing suffrages, and with entertainments, at which the guests were to be gained over to their party.

Lastly, Henry VIII., king of England, jealous of the power which the choice of the Electors would give, either to Francis or to Charles also entered the lists: but he soon left these two powerful rivals to dispute the crown between them.

The Electors were disinclined to the cause of the latter candidates. The people of Germany, they thought, would see in the king of France a foreign master, and this master might very likely deprive themselves of that independence of which the nobility of his own dominions had lately seen themselves stripped. As for Charles, it was an established maxim with the Electors not to choose a prince al

ready playing an important part in the Empire. The Pope partook of their apprehensions from such a choice. He was for rejecting the king of Naples, his neighbour, and the king of France, whose enterprising spirit he dreaded. "Choose rather one from amongst yourselves;" was the advice he caused to be conveyed to the Electors. The Elector of Treves proposed the nomination of Frederic of Saxony. The Imperial crown was laid at the feet of this friend of Luther.

Such a choice would have obtained the approbation of all Germany. The prudence of Frederic and his love for the people were well known. At the time of the revolt of Erfurth, he had been urged to take that town by assault. He refused, that he might spare the effusion of blood. And when it was urged that the assault would not cost the lives of five men: his answer had been, "A single life would be too much." It seemed as if the election of the protector of the Reformation was on the point of securing its triumph. Ought not Frederic to have regarded the wish of the Electors as a call from God himself? Who was better able to preside over the destinies of the Empire, than so prudent a prince? Who more likely to withstand the Turks than an Emperor abounding in faith? It may be that the Elector of Saxony's refusal, so much lauded by historians, was a fault on the part of this prince. It may be that the struggles by which Germany was afterwards torn, are to be partly attributed to this refusal. But it is hard to say, whether Frederic deserves censure for want of faith, or honour for his humility. He judged that the safety of the Empire required that he should refuse the crown.[5] "There is need of an Emperor more powerful than myself to save Germany;" said this modest and disinterested prince: "the Turk is at our gates. The king of Spain, whose hereditary possessions (in Austria) border on the menaced frontier, is its natural defender."

The Legate of Rome, seeing that Charles was about to be chosen, declared that the Pope withdrew his objections; and on the 28th of June the grandson of Maximilian was elected. "God," said Frederic at a subsequent period, "has given him to us in mercy and in displeasure." The Spanish envoys offered 30,000 gold florins to the Elector of Saxony, as a mark of their master's gratitude; but this prince refused the gift, and prohibited his ministers from accepting any present. At the same time, he contributed to the security of the liberties of Germany, by a treaty to which the envoys of Charles swore in his name. The circumstances under which the latter assumed the Imperial crown seemed to give a stronger pledge than these oaths in favour of German liberty and of the continued progress of the Reformation. The young prince felt himself cast into shade by the laurels which his rival, Francis I., had gathered at Marignan. Their rivalry was to be continued in Italy, and the time it would occupy would, doubtless, be sufficient to strengthen and confirm the Reformation. Charles quitted Spain in May, 1520, and was crowned on the 22d of October at Aix-la-Chappelle.

Luther had foreseen that the cause of the Reformation would, ere long, have to be pleaded before the Emperor. He wrote to Charles, while this prince was still at Madrid. "If the cause which I defend," said he to him, "is worthy of appearing before the throne of the Majesty of heaven, it is surely not unworthy of engaging the attention of a prince of this world. O Charles! thou prince among the kings of the earth! I throw myself as a suppliant at the feet of your Most Serene Majesty, and conjure you to deign to receive under the shadow of your wings, not me, but the very cause of that eternal truth, for the defence of which God has intrusted you with the sword." The young king of Spain treated this strange letter from a German monk with neglect, and gave no answer.

While Luther was in vain turning his eyes towards Madrid the storm seemed to increase around him. The flame of fanaticism was kindled in Germany. Hochstraten, never weary in attempts at persecution, had extracted certain theses from the writings of Luther. The universities of Cologne and of Louvain had, at his solicitation, condemned these works. That of Erfurth, still retaining an angry recollection of Luther's preference of Wittemberg, was about to follow their example; but Luther, on learning their intention, wrote to Lange in such strong terms, that the theologians of Erfurth were alarmed and kept silence. The condemnation, pronounced at Cologne and Louvain, was sufficient, however, to produce great excitement. Add to this that the priests of Meissen, who had taken part with Emser in his quarrel, openly declared (according to the statement of Melancthon) that whosoever should kill Luther would be without sin. "The time is come," says Luther, "in which men will think they do service to Jesus Christ in putting us to death." These murderous suggestions, as might have been expected, produced their natural results.

While Luther was walking one day before the monastery of the Augustines, says one of his biographers, a stranger, having a pistol concealed in his sleeve, approached, and said to him: why do you go thus alone?" "I am in the hands of God," answered Luther; "he is my strength and shield. What can man do unto me?" Hereupon, adds the historian, the stranger turned pale, and fled trembling. Serra Longa, the orator of the conference of Augsburg, wrote about the same time to the Elector: "Let not Luther find an asylum in your Highness's territories; let him be everywhere driven and stoned in open day: that will rejoice me more than if you were to give me 10,000 crowns."

It was, however, on the side of Rome that the storm was chiefly gathering. A nobleman of Thuringia, Valentine Teutleben, vicar of the Archbishop of Mentz, and a zealous partisan of the Papacy, was the representative of the Elector of Saxony at Rome. Teutleben,

scandalized at the protection which his master granted to the heretical monk, saw with vexation and impatience his mission paralyzed by this, as he thought, imprudent conduct. He imagined that by alarming the elector he should induce him to abandon the rebellious theologian. "I can get no hearing," wrote he, "on account of the protection which you grant to Luther." But the Romanists were deceived, if they thought to intimidate the prudent Frederic. This prince knew that the will of God and the voice of the people were more irresistible than decrees of the papal court. He directed his ambassador to intimate to the Pope, that far from defending Luther, he had always left him to defend himself; that he had already requested him to quit the university, and even Saxony; that the doctor had declared himself ready to obey, and would not have been then in the electoral states, had not the Legate himself, Charles Miltitz, begged the prince to keep him near his own person, lest, repairing to other countries, Luther should act with more liberty than in Saxony itself. Frederic did still more: he wished to open the eyes of Rome. "Germany," continued he, in his letter, "possesses a great number of learned men, well acquainted with languages and sciences; the laity themselves are beginning to be enlightened, and to be fond of the sacred writings; and if the reasonable terms of Dr. Luther are refused it is much to be feared that peace will never be re-established. The doctrine of Luther has taken deep root in many hearts. If, instead of refuting it by the testimony of the Bible, attempts are made to crush it by the thunders of the Church, great offence will be occasioned, and terrible and dangerous rebellions will be excited."

The elector, placing confidence in Luther, caused the letter of Teutleben, as well as another which he had received from the Cardinal St. George, to be communicated to him. The Reformer was much moved on reading them. He saw at once all the dangers that surrounded him, and his mind was for an instant overwhelmed. But it was at such moments that his faith broke forth, and manifested itself in all its strength. Often weak and ready to fall into despondency, he was seen to rise and appear greater in the midst of the storm. He would gladly have been delivered from so many trials, but he knew well at what price peace was offered to him, and he indignantly rejected it. "Hold my peace!" said he; "I am willing to do so, if they will permit me, that is to say, if they will silence others. If any one envies me my appointments, let him take them; if any one desires the destruction of my writings, let him burn them. I am ready to keep silence, provided it be not required that evangelical truth should stand still. I ask for no cardinal's hat, nor gold, nor any thing else that Rome values. I will make any sacrifices; so that the way of salvation is left open to Christians. All their threats do not terrify me, all their promises cannot seduce me."

Warmed by these feelings, Luther soon recovered his disposition for action, and chose the Christian's conflict rather than the calm of the recluse. One night sufficed to reproduce in his mind the desire to overthrow the power of Rome. "My resolution is taken," he wrote next morning: "I despise alike the rage and the favour of Rome. Away with reconciliation! I desire never more to have any communication with her. Let her condemn—let her burn my writings! In my turn, I will condemn and publicly burn the canon law, that nest of all heresies. My moderation, hitherto has been useless; and I renounce it."

His friends were very far from being so confident. The consternation was great at Wittemberg. "Our expectation is on the stretch," said Melancthon. "I would rather die than be separated from Luther. If God does not send us help we perish." "Our Luther is still alive," wrote he a month afterwards in his anxiety; "God grant that he may yet live long! for the Romish sycophants leave no stone unturned for his destruction. Pray for the preservation of the intrepid vindicator of sacred learning."

These prayers were heard. The warnings which the Elector had addressed to Rome through the medium of his representative were not without foundation. The preaching of Luther had resounded far and wide; in cottages, in convents, in the houses of the citizens, in the castles of the nobles, in the academies, and in the palaces of kings. "Let my life," he had said to Duke John of Saxony, "be found to bear fruit only in the conversion of one man, and I shall willingly consent that all my books should perish." It was not a single individual, it was a great multitude, that had discovered light in the writings of the humble doctor. Accordingly, everywhere men were found ready to protect him. The sword, intended for his destruction, was being forged in the Vatican; but heroes were arising in Germany who would defend him at hazard of their own lives. At the moment when the bishops were chafing with anger, when the princes kept silence, when the people were in expectation, and the thunders were already rolling above the seven hills, God stirred up the German nobility to form a bulwark for his servant.

Sylvester of Schaumburg, one of the most powerful knights of Franconia, at this juncture sent his son to Wittemberg with a letter for the Reformer. "Your life is in danger," wrote Schaumburg. "If the assistance of the electors, of the princes, or of the magistrates should fail you, beware, I entreat you, of seeking refuge in Bohemia, where learned men have formerly had so much to endure; come rather to me. I shall soon, God willing, have collected above a hundred gentlemen, and with their help I shall be able to preserve you from all peril."

Francis of Sickingen, that hero of his age, whose intrepid courage we have already seen, loved the Reformer, both because he thought

him worthy tc be loved, and also because he was hated by the monks. "My services, my possessions, and my person, in short every thing which I have," he wrote, "is at your disposal. You are resolved to stand up for the truth of the Gospel. I am ready to lend my aid in that work." Harmuth of Cronberg held the same language. Lastly, Ulric of Hütten, the poet and valiant knight of the sixteenth century, took every occasion to speak out in favour of Luther. But what a contrast between these two men! Hütten wrote to the Reformer: "We want swords, bows, javelins, and bombs, in order to repel the fury of the devil." Luther on receiving these letters exclaimed, "I will not resort to arms and bloodshed for the defence of the Gospel. It is by the preaching of the Word that the world has been conquered; by the Word the Church has been saved; by the Word, also, it will be restored." "I do not despise his offer," said he again on receiving the letter of Schaumburg which we have mentioned, "but I will depend on none but Christ alone." Not thus had Roman Pontiffs spoken when they waded in the blood of the Waldenses and Albigenses. Hütten was conscious of the difference between Luther's object and his own; and accordingly wrote thus nobly to him on the subject: "My thoughts are running on earthly aims, while you, contemning such things, are devoted to the things of God alone;" and forthwith he set out to endeavour, if possible, to gain over to the cause of truth Ferdinand and Charles V.

Thus at one moment the enemies of Luther overwhelmed him, and at another his friends arise in his defence. "My bark," says he, "is driven at the mercy of the winds,—fear and hope alternately prevail; but what does it signify?" Nevertheless the testimonies of sympathy which he received were not without their effect upon his mind. "The Lord reigns," he said; "I see His hand palpably present." Luther felt that he no longer stood alone; his words had borne fruit,—and this thought inspired him with fresh courage. The fear of compromising the interest of the Elector could no longer keep him in check, now that he felt that he had other defenders prepared to brave the anger of Rome. He became consequently more free, and, if possible, more resolute. This is an important epoch in the development of Luther's character. "It is right that Rome should understand," wrote he at this time to the chaplain of the Elector, "that although she should succeed in obtaining by her threats my expulsion from Wittemberg, she would only injure her own cause. Not in Bohemia, but in the heart of Germany, are those who are ready to defend me against the thunders of Papacy. If I have not yet brought to bear upon my adversaries all that I am preparing for them, it is neither to my moderation nor to the weight of their tyranny that they are to attribute my forbearance, but to the name of the Elector and to the interests of the university of Wittemberg, which I feared to compromise; now that such fears are dissipated I am about to re-double my efforts against Rome and her courtiers.

Yet it was not so much on the great the Reformer relied. He had often been urged to dedicate one of his books to Duke John, brother of the Elector, but had abstained from doing so. "I fear," he said, "lest this suggestion may proceed from himself. The Holy Scriptures ought not to minister to the glory of any other name but that of God." Luther now shook off these fears, and dedicated to Duke John his discourse on Good Works. Of all his writings, this is the one in which the Reformer most powerfully opens the doctrine of justification by faith, that great truth, whose power he estimates far above the sword of Hütten, the armed bands of Sickingen, or the favour of dukes or electors.

"The first, the noblest, and the greatest of all works," says he, "is *faith* in Jesus Christ. From this work all others must flow. They are all but the vassals of faith, and receive from it alone all their efficacy."

"If a man but feel in his heart the assurance that what he does is acceptable to God, his action is good, though he should but raise a straw from the earth; but if he has not this confidence, his action is not a good work, even though he should raise the dead to life. A Heathen, a Jew, a Turk, a sinner, may do all other works; but to put one's trust in God, and have assurance that we are accepted by him, is what none but the Christian standing in grace is capable of doing."

"A Christian who has faith in God does all with liberty and joy: while that man who is not at one with God, is full of cares and under bondage; he inquires anxiously what amount of good works is required of him; he turns to ask of this man or another, finding no rest for his soul, and doing every thing with fear and dissatisfaction."

"Therefore it is that I have ever held up the necessity of Faith. But in the world around me it is otherwise. There the essential thing is represented to be the having many works, works of high fame and of all degrees, without regarding whether they are done in faith. Thus they build up their peace, not on the good pleasure of God, but on their own merits, or in other words on the sand." (Matt. vii. 26.)

"It is said that to preach faith, is to discourage good works; but though a man should have in himself the combined strength of all his race, or even of all created beings, this one duty of the life of faith would be a task too great to be ever performed. If I say to a sick man: 'resume your health, and you will have the use of your limbs,' can it be said that I forbid him to use his limbs? Must not *health* precede *labour?* It is the same when we preach faith: faith must go before works, *in order to* good works."

"Where then, you will say, is this faith tc be found, and how is it to be received? Truly, this is what most concerns us to know. Faith comes from Jesus Christ alone, promised and given freely."

"O man! consider Christ, and see in him how God displays his mercy towards thee without any worthiness of thine going before. Draw from this discovery of His grace the belief and assurance that all thy sins are forgiven thee. Works never could produce this faith. It flows in the blood,—from the wounds and death of Christ. It springs up, from that source, to rejoice our hearts. Christ is the rock whence flow our milk and honey." (Deut. xxxii.)

Not being able to notice all the works of Luther, we here quote some short extracts from this discourse on Good Works, on account of the Reformer's own opinion of it. "In my opinion," said he, "it is the best of my published writings," and he immediately adds this deep reflection: "But I know that when I please myself with what I write, the infection of that bad leaven hinders it from pleasing others." Melancthon, in transmitting this discourse to a friend, accompanied it with these words: "No one among all the Greek and Latin writers has come nearer to the spirit of St. Paul than Luther."

But besides the substitution of a scheme of merits in place of the grand truth of grace and amnesty, another evil had grown up in the Church. A haughty power had arisen in the midst of the humble shepherds of Christ's flock. Luther resolved to attack this usurped authority. In the midst of all his troubles, he had privately studied the rise, progress, and usurpations of the Papacy. The discoveries he had made had filled him with amazement. He no longer hesitated to make them known, and to strike the blow which, like the rod of Moses in old time, was to awaken a people that had long slumbered in bondage. Even before Rome could find time to publish her formidable bull, he himself hurled against her a declaration of war. "The 'time to be silent' is past," he exclaims; "the 'time to speak' is arrived." On the 23d of June, 1520, he published the celebrated *Appeal to his Imperial Majesty and the Christian nobility of the German nation, concerning the Reformation of Christianity.*

"It is not rashly and without consideration," said he, in the commencement of this appeal, "that I, a man of the common people, take upon himself to address your highnesses. The misery and oppression which at this hour weigh down all Christian states, and more especially Germany, wring from me a cry of distress. I find myself compelled to call for help; I must see if God will not give his Spirit to some one or other of our countrymen, and thus stretch forth his hand to save our wretched nation. God has placed over us a young and generous prince (the Emperor Charles V.,) and has thus filled our hearts with high hopes. But we ourselves must, on our parts, do all that is possible for us to do.

"Now, it is of the very first necessity, that we do not at all rely upon our own strength, or our own wisdom. If we begin even a good work with confidence in ourselves, God overturns and destroys it. Frederic I., Frederic II., and many other emperors besides, before whom the world stood in awe, have been trampled under foot by the Popes, because they trusted in their own strength rather than in God. Therefore they could not succeed. It is against the power of hell that we have to contend in this struggle. We must set about the work, hoping nothing from the strength of our own arms, and depending humbly on the Lord; looking to the present distress of Christians, instead of dwelling on the acts of evil doers. Take but another course, and though the work may seem to prosper for a while, all of a sudden, in the very height of the struggle, confusion will come in, evil men will cause boundless disasters, and the world will be deluged with blood. The greater our power, the greater our danger if we walk not in the fear of the Lord."

After this exordium, Luther continued as follows:

"The Romanists have raised three barriers against all reformation. When the temporal power has attacked them, they have denied its authority, and asserted that the spiritual power was superior to it. When any one rebuked them out of the Scripture, they have answered, that no one but the Pope was able to interpret Scripture. When they have been threatened with a council, the reply has been, no one but the Sovereign Pontiff has authority to convoke a council."

"They have thus wrested from our hands the three rods destined to correct them, and have given the rein to all evil. But now, God help us, and give us one of those trumpets which overthrew the walls of Jericho! With the breath of our lips, let us throw down the paper walls, which the Romanists have built around them, and lift up the scourges which punish the wicked, by exposing the wiles and stratagems of the devil."

Luther then begins the assault. He shakes to its very foundation that papal monarchy which had for centuries past banded together the nations of the West under the sceptre of the Roman bishop. That there is no such thing as a priestly caste, is the truth, hidden from the church even from its first ages, which he powerfully sets forth at the outset:

"It has been said, that the Pope, the bishops, the priests, and those who dwell in the convents, form the spiritual or ecclesiastical state; and that the princes, nobles, citizens, and peasants, form the secular state or laity. This is a fine story, truly. Let no one, however, be alarmed by it. *All Christians* belong to the spiritual state; and there is no other difference between them than that of the functions which they discharge. We have all one baptism, one faith, and it is this which constitutes the spiritual man. The unction, the tonsure, ordination, consecration by the bishop or the pope, may make a hypocrite, but never a spiritual man. We are all alike consecrated priests by baptism, as St. Peter says: 'Ye are priests and kings;' although it does not

belong to al. to exercise such offices, for none can take to himself that which is common to all, without the consent of the community. But if we were without this consecration from God, the Pope's unction could never constitute a priest. If a king had ten sons of equal claim to the inheritance, and they should choose one of their number to act for them, they would all be kings, though only one of them would administer their common power. The case is the same with the Church. If any pious laymen were banished to a desert, and, having no regularly consecrated priest among them, were to agree to choose for that office one of their number, married or unmarried, this man would be as truly a priest as if he had been consecrated by all the bishops in the world. Augustine, Ambrose, and Cyprian were chosen in this manner.

"Hence it follows that laity and priests, princes and bishops, or, as they say, the clergy and the laity, have in reality nothing to distinguish them, but their functions. They all belong to the same estate; but all have not the same work to perform.

"If this be true, why should not the magistrate chastise the clergy? the secular power has been ordained by God for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of those who do well. And free scope should be allowed for it to act throughout Christendom; let it touch whom it may, pope, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, or any others. St. Paul says to all Christians: *Let every soul* (consequently the Pope also,) *be subject to the higher powers, for they bear not the sword in vain.*"

Having in like manner overturned "the other barriers," Luther passed in review the corruptions of Rome. He displayed in a popular style of eloquence, the evils that had been felt and acknowledged for centuries. Never had a more noble protest been heard. The great assembly before whom Luther spoke was the Church; the power whose corruptions he attacked was that papal power which had for ages weighed heavily upon all nations; and the reformation he so loudly called for was destined to exert its powerful influence over all Christian nations throughout the world, and to last as long as man shall exist upon the earth.

He commenced with the Pope. "It is monstrous," he says, "to see him who is called the vicar of Christ, displaying a magnificence unrivalled by that of any Emperor. Is this to resemble the poor and lowly Jesus, or the humble St. Peter? The Pope, say they, is the lord of the world! But Christ, whose vicar he boasts himself to be, said: *My kingdom is not of this world.* Ought the power of the vicar to go beyond that of his Lord?"

Luther next proceeded to describe the effects of papal sway. "Do you know what end the Cardinals serve? I will tell you. Italy and Germany have many convents, religious foundations, and benefices, richly endowed. By what machinery can this wealth be drawn to Rome? Cardinals have been created; to them these cloisters and prelacies have been given; and at this moment—Italy is almost deserted, the convents are destroyed, the bishoprics devoured, the towns falling to decay, the inhabitants demoralized, religious worship expiring, and preaching abolished! And why is all this? Because, forsooth, all the wealth of the churches must go to Rome. The Turk himself would never have so ruined Italy."

Luther then turned to his native country.

"And now that they have sucked the blood of their own nation, they come to Germany; they begin softly; but let us be on our guard, or Germany will soon be like Italy. We have already some Cardinals here and there. Before the dull-minded Germans comprehend our design, think they, they will have neither bishopric, convent, benefice, nor so much as one penny left. Antichrist must possess the treasure of the earth. Thirty or forty Cardinals will be created in a day; to one will be given Bamberg, to another the bishopric of Würzburg; to these will be attached rich benefices, until the churches and the cities are left desolate. And then the Pope will say, I am the vicar of Christ, and shepherd of his flocks. Let the Germans submit to my authority!"

The indignation of Luther kindled as he proceeded:

"What! shall we Germans endure these robberies and extortions of the Pope? If the kingdom of France has been able to defend itself from them, why should we suffer ourselves to be thus ridiculed and laughed at? And, O! would that they robbed us only of our goods! but they also lay waste the churches; they fleece the sheep of Christ; abolish the worship, and silence the word of God."

Luther exposed the "Romish practice" of gradually abstracting the wealth and the revenues of Germany. Annats, palls, commendams, administrations, expective graces, reversions, incorporations, reserves, &c., all pass before him: "let us," says he, "endeavour to put a stop to so much wretchedness and desolation. If we want to march against the Turks, let us begin with those Turks who are the worst of all. If we hang thieves, and cut off the heads of brigands, let us not suffer the avarice of Rome to escape, which is the greatest of all robbers and thieves; and that, too, in the name of St. Peter and of Jesus Christ! Who can tolerate this? Who can keep silence? Has not all that the Pope possesses been obtained by robbery?—for he has neither purchased it, nor inherited it from St. Peter, nor gained it by his labours. Whence, then, does it all come?—"

The Reformer proposes remedies for all these evils. He calls energetically upon the German nobility to put an end to these depredations on the part of Rome. Coming then to the Pope himself. "Is it not ridiculous," he exclaimed, "that the Pope should pretend to be the lawful heir of the Empire? Who gave it to him? Was it Christ, when he said, "*The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; but it shall not be so with you?*" (Luke xxii. 25, 26.) How is it possible to govern an empire, and at the same time to preach,

pray, study, and have care for the poor? Christ forbade the twelve to carry with them either gold or two coats, because the duties of the ministry cannot be discharged, unless there is a freedom from all other care; and the Pope would at the same time govern the Empire, and remain Pope!"

Luther went on to strip the Pontiff of his spoils: "Let the Pope renounce all pretensions to the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. He has no more right to it than I have. It is without any just claim, and inconsistent with the directions of Christ, that he holds possession of Bologna, Imola, Ravenna, Romagna, the Marches of Ancona, &c. '*No man that warreth*,' says St. Paul, '*entangleth himself with the affairs of this life*.' (2 Tim. ii. 4.) And the Pope, who claims to be chief of the Church militant, entangles himself more with the things of this life than any emperor or king. We must relieve him from all this burden. Let the Emperor put into the hands of the Pope the Bible and mass-book, in order that his holiness may leave government for kings, and keep to preaching and praying."

He was quite as earnest against the Pope's ecclesiastical authority in Germany, as against his temporal power in Italy. "As a first step," says he, "it behoves us to expel from all the German States the Pope's legates, and the pretended benefits which they sell us at their weight in gold, and which are mere impostures. They take our money, and for what?—for legalizing ill-gotten gains; for dissolving the sacredness of oaths; for teaching us to break faith; for instructing us in sin, and leading us directly to hell. Hear this, O Pope! not 'most holy,' but most sinning! May God, from his throne on high, hurl thy throne ere long to the bottomless pit!"

The Christian tribune proceeded. Having summoned the Pope to his bar, he cited before him all the corruptions which followed in the train of the Papacy, and began to sweep from the floor of the Church the rubbish that encumbered it. He commenced with the monks.

"Now, then, I come to that slothful crew who promise much, but do little. Bear with me, my friends; I mean you well: what I have to say to you is a truth both sweet and bitter; it is, that no more cloisters must be built for mendicant friars. God knows we have enough already—and would to heaven they were all levelled with the ground! Vagabonding through a country never has done and never can do good."

The marriage of ecclesiastics comes next. It was the first time that Luther had spoken on that subject.

"To what a condition is the clergy fallen! and how many priests do we find burdened with women and children, and their bitter remorse, while no one comes to their aid! It may suit the Pope and the bishops to let things go on as they list, and that which is lost continue lost: be it so. But, for my part, I will deliver my conscience. I will open my mouth freely: let pope, bishop, or whoever will, take offence at it! I say, then, that, according to the appointment of Christ and his apostles every town should have a pastor, or bishop, and that this pastor may have one wife, as St. Paul writes to Timothy: 'Let the bishop be the husband of one wife,' (1 Tim. iii. 2,) and as is still the practice in the Greek church. But the devil has persuaded the Pope, as St. Paul tells Timothy, (1 Tim. iv. 1—3,) 'to forbid' the clergy 'to marry.' And hence miseries innumerable. What is to be done? What resource for so many pastors, irreproachable in every thing, except that they live in secret commerce with a woman to whom they would, with all their heart, be joined in wedlock? Ah! let them set their consciences at rest; let them take this woman for their lawful wife, let them live virtuously with her, without troubling themselves whether it please the pope or not. The salvation of the soul is of more consequence than tyrannous and arbitrary laws, which come not from the Lord."

It is in this way that the Reformation sought to restore purity of morals in the Church. The Reformer continued:

"Let festivals be abolished, and none observed but Sunday: or, if it is wished to keep the great Christian festivals, let them be celebrated only in the morning, and the rest of the day be regarded as a working-day. For since people do nothing on feast-days but drink, play, run into vice, or waste their time in idleness, there is much more offence to God on these days than on others."

He then turns to the dedication of churches, which he designates mere taverns; and next notices the customary fasts and the different religious fraternities. He insists not only against the abuses of these things, but aims to put an end to schisms. "It is time," he says, "that we should take a serious interest in the affair of the Bohemians; that we should lay aside hatred and envy, and unite with them." He proposes some excellent measures of conciliation, and adds: "It is thus that we ought to convince heretics by Scripture, following in this the example of the early fathers, and not exterminate them by fire. According to the contrary course the executioners would be the best teachers in the world. Oh! would to God that on both sides we would stretch out the right hand of brotherly humility, instead of erecting ourselves in the opinion of our strength of argument and right. Charity is more needed than the Roman Papacy. I have done all in my power. If the Pope and his adherents offer opposition, on their own heads must rest the responsibility. The Pope ought to be willing to surrender every thing—authority, wealth, and honour—if by so doing he could save one soul. But he would rather see the whole universe perish than yield a hair's-breadth of the power he has usurped! I am clear of these things".

After this, Luther turns to the universities and schools:

"I fear much," he says, "that the universities will be found to be great gates leading down to hell, unless they take diligent care to explain the Holy Scriptures, and to engrave

them in the hearts of our youth. I would not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution where God's word is not diligently studied must become corrupt." Weighty words! which governments, fathers, and the learned in all ages, would do well to consider.

Towards the close of his appeal, he reverts to the Empire and the Emperor:

"The Pope," he says, "not being able to manage the ancient masters of the Roman empire, bethought himself of the plan of appropriating their title and empire, and then giving them to us Germans. Thus it has happened that we have become vassals of the Pope. The Pope took possession of Rome, extorting from the Emperor an oath not to reside there; and hence it is that the Emperor is Emperor of Rome, without Rome! We have the name, and the Pope the country and its cities. We have the title and arms of the Empire: the Pope monopolizes its treasure, power, privileges, and liberties. He devours the kernel, and we are put off with the shell. It is thus that the pride and tyranny of Rome have at all times abused our simplicity.

"But may God, who has given us such an empire, now stand by us! Let us act worthily of our name, our title, and our arms; let us preserve our liberty! and let the Romans learn what it is that God has given us by their hands. They boast of having given us an *empire*. Well, then, let us take it, for it is ours. Let the Pope abandon Rome, and all he holds possession of in the Empire. Let him cease his taxes and extortions! Let him restore to us our liberty, our power, our property, our honour, our souls and bodies! Let the Empire be what an empire ought to be, and let the sword of princes no longer be lowered before the hypocritical pretensions of a Pope!"

There is a lofty reason in these words, besides their force and persuasion. Did ever, before, any orator make such an appeal to the whole nobility of the empire, and the Emperor himself? Far from wondering that so many of the German States separated themselves from Rome, ought we not rather to be astonished that all Germany did not rise *en masse* and retake from Rome that imperial power which the Popes had with so much effrontery usurped?

Luther terminates this bold harangue with these words:

"I can easily believe that I may have held too high a tone, that I may have proposed many things which will appear impossible, and attacked many errors with too much vehemence. But what can I do? Let the world be offended rather than God! They can but take my life. Again and again I have offered peace to my adversaries. But God has, by their own instruments, compelled me continually to uplift a louder and a louder voice against them. I have one indictment in reserve against Rome. If their ears itch to know what it is, I will utter it aloud Dost thou know, O Rome! dost thou not know well what I mean? . . . ."

Allusion is probably made here to a tract on Popery which Luther intended to give to the world, but which has not been published. The prior Burkhard wrote at the time to Spengler: "There is also a little book *de execrandâ venere Romanorum*; but it is kept back." The title indicated the probability that it would afford great occasion of scandal. There is reason to rejoice that Luther had the moderation not to publish this work.

"If my cause is just," continued he, "it will be its lot to be condemned on earth, and espoused only by Christ in heaven. Let them come on then, popes, bishops, priests, monks, and doctors! let them bring forth all their zeal, and let loose all their rage! Verily, it is their part to persecute the truth, as every age has witnessed."

But where did the monk acquire so clear a perception of public affairs, which the States of the Empire themselves often found it difficult to estimate correctly? What could embolden this obscure German to stand up in the midst of his own long-enslaved nation, and to strike such mighty blows against the papal authority? What is this mysterious strength which inspires him? May we not answer that he had heard these words of God, addressed to one of the holy men of old: "Behold, I have made thy face strong against their faces; as an adamant, harder than flint, have I made thy forehead: fear them not."

Addressed to the German Nobility, Luther's appeal soon reached all those for whom it had been written. It spread through Germany with wonderful rapidity. His friends trembled; Staupitz, and those who preferred a moderate course, thought the blow too severe. "In these days," answered Luther, "whatever is quietly mooted, falls into oblivion, and no one troubles himself about it." At the same time, he evinced perfect simplicity and humility. He had no conception of the prominen part he was to perform. "I know not wha to say of myself," he wrote; "perhaps I am the precursor of Philip, (Melancthon,) and, like Elias, am preparing the way for him in spirit and in power. And it is *he* who will one day trouble Israel and the house of Ahab."

But there was no need to wait for another than him who had already appeared. The house of Ahab was already shaken. The *Appeal to the German Nobility* had appeared on the 26th of June, 1520; and in a short time 4000 copies were sold,—an extraordinary number for that period. The astonishment was universal. This writing produced a powerful sensation among all the people. The force, the spirit, the clearness, and the noble daring which reigned throughout it rendered it a most popular tract. In short, it was felt by the common people as proceeding from one who loved them. The hesitating views of very many wise men were clearly brought out, and the usurpations of Rome were made evident to the minds of all. No one at Wittemberg any longer doubted that the Pope was

Antichrist. Even the Elector's court, so circumspect and timid, manifested no disapprobation, and seemed to wait the result. But the nobility and the people did not wait. The whole nation was roused; the voice of Luther had deeply moved it; henceforth it was gained over, and rallied round the standard that he raised. Nothing could have been more favourable to the Reformer than this publication. In palaces, in the castles of the nobles, in the citizens' dwellings, and even in the cottages of the peasantry, all were now prepared, and as though cased in steel, against the sentence of condemnation which was about to fall upon this prophet of the people. All Germany was in a flame; and whenever the Pope's bull might come, it would not avail to extinguish the conflagration.

At Rome every thing was ready for the condemnation of the defender of the Church's liberties. That Church had long lived in profound security. For many years the monks of Rome had accused Leo X. of caring for nothing but luxury and pleasure, and wasting time in hunting, plays, and music, while the Church was nodding to its ruin. Now, at length aroused by the clamours of Eck,—who had come from Leipsic to invoke the power of the Vatican,—the Pope, the cardinals, the monks, and all Rome were awake to the sense of danger and intent on saving the Papacy.

In fact, Rome was brought into the necessity of having recourse to measures of stern severity. The gauntlet was thrown down; the combat must be to the death.—It was not the abuses of the Pontiff's authority itself—that Luther had attacked. At his bidding, the Pope was required to descend meekly from his throne, and become again a simple pastor or bishop on the banks of the Tiber. All the dignitaries of the Roman hierarchy were required to renounce their riches and worldly glory, and again become the elders and deacons of the churches of Italy. All that splendour and power, which had for centuries dazzled the West, was to vanish away and give place to the humble simplicity of worship of the first Christians. Doubtless God could have wrought these changes, and He will do so in his own time; but they could not be looked for from man. And even if a people had been found so disinterested and courageous as to be willing to overturn the ancient and costly edifice of the Roman Church, thousands of priests and bishops would have put forth their hands to save it from its fall. The Pope had received his power under the express condition of defending the dominion confided to him. Rome believed herself to be set by God for the government of the Church. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that she stood prepared to hurl the most terrible judgments. And yet for a while she hesitated. Many cardinals, and the Pope himself, had no wish to resort to severe measures. The statesmanlike Leo was well aware that a sentence, the execution of which depended on the rather doubtful consent of the civil power, might seriously compromise the authority of the Church. He saw besides that the violent measures already resorted to had but increased this evil. Might not this Saxon monk be gained over? asked the politicians of Rome. Was it possible that the Church's power, aided by Italian artifice, should fail to accomplish its object? Negotiation must yet be tried.

Eck, therefore, found many difficulties to contend with. He tried every expedient; labouring incessantly to prevent any concessions to what he deemed heresy. In his daily walks through Rome he loudly vaunted his anger, and called for vengeance. He was quickly joined by the fanatical party of the monks. Emboldened by these allies, he besieged the Pope and the cardinals with fresh courage. According to him, any attempt at conciliation was useless. Such efforts, said he, are mere fancies and remote expectations. He knew the danger, for he had wrestled with the audacious monk. He saw the necessity for cutting off this gangrened member, lest the disorder should spread throughout the body. The vehement disputer of Leipsic met and removed objection after objection, and with difficulty persuaded the Pope. He was resolved to save Rome in spite of herself. He left no stone unturned. For hours together he continued in close deliberation with the Pontiff. He excited the court and the convents, the people and the church. "Eck is moving against me," says Luther, "the lowest depths of hell; he has set the forest of Lebanon in a blaze." At length he carried his point. The politic counsellors were overborne by the fanatics who were admitted to the papal councils. Leo gave way. The condemnation of Luther was determined on, and Eck began to breathe freely. His pride was flattered by the thought that he had decided the ruin of his heretical rival, and thus saved the Church. "It was well," said he, "that I came at this time to Rome, for the errors of Luther were but little known there. It will one day be known how much I have done in behalf of this cause."

Thus did God send out a spirit of infatuation upon the doctors of Rome. It had become necessary that the separation between truth and error should be effected, and it was error that was destined to make the separation. Had matters been brought to an accommodation, it could only have been at the expense of truth; but to take away from truth the smallest portion of itself is paving the way for its utter loss and annihilation. In this respect Truth resembles the insect which is said to die if deprived of one of its antennæ. Truth requires to be entire and perfect in all its members, in order to the manifestation of that power by which it is able to gain wide and salutary victories and extend its triumphs to future ages. Blending a little error with truth, is like casting a grain of poison into a full dish; that grain suffices to change the quality of the food, and death, slow but certain, is the result. The defenders of the doctrine of Christ, against the attacks of its adversaries, guard its advanced outworks as

jealously as the citadel itself; for the enemy once in possession of the least important of these posts, is not far removed from conquest. The Roman Pontiff, at the period we are treating of, determined upon rending asunder the Church, and the portion which he has continued to hold, though still magnificent, hides in vain, under outward pomp and ceremony, the principle that is undermining its existence. Where the word of God is, there only is life. Luther, courageous as he was, would probably have been silent if Rome herself had kept silence, or shown any desire to make concessions. But God had not allowed the Reformation to be dependent on the weakness of man's heart; Luther was in the hands of One whose eye penetrated results. Divine Providence made use of the Pope to break every link between the past and the future, and to throw the Reformer into a course altogether unknown, and leading he knew not whither. The Papal Bull was Rome's bill of divorce addressed to the pure Church of Jesus Christ in the person of one who was then standing as her humble but faithful representative; and the Church accepted it, that she might thenceforward hold only from her Head who is in heaven.

Whilst at Rome the condemnation of Luther was sought for with violent animosity, an humble priest, an inhabitant of one of the rude towns of Switzerland, who never had any intercourse with the Reformer, had been deeply affected at the thought of the blow which hung over him, and whilst even the intimates of the doctor of Wittemberg were silent and trembling, this Swiss mountaineer formed the resolution to do his utmost to arrest the dreaded bull! His name was Ulric Zwingle. William Des Faucons, secretary to the Pope's Legate in Switzerland, and intrusted by the Legate with his duties during his absence, was his friend. "As long as I live," said the Nuncio *ad interim* only a few days before, "you may rest assured of every thing on my part that can be expected from a true friend." The Swiss priest, trusting to this assurance, repaired to the office of the Roman Nuncio, (so at least we may conclude from one of his letters.) It was not for himself that he feared the dangers into which faith brings the believer: he knew that a disciple of Christ must be ever ready to lay down his life. "All that I ask of Christ for myself," said he to a friend to whom he at the time unbosomed his anxiety respecting Luther, "is that I may support the afflictions which await me like a man. I am a vessel of clay in his hands; let him break me in shivers or strengthen me as seems good to him." But the Swiss preacher dreaded the consequences to the Church of so severe a blow struck at the Reformer. He laboured to persuade the representative of Rome to inform the Pope on the matter, and to employ all the means in his power to deter him from excommunicating Luther. "The dignity of the holy see itself is concerned in it," said he; "for if things come to such a pass, Germany, enthusiastically attached to the Gospel and its teacher, will be sure to treat the Pope and his anathemas with contempt." The effort was unavailing, and it appears that, even at the time it was made, the blow was already struck. Such was the first occasion on which the path of the Saxon doctor and that of the Swiss priest were so ordered as to meet together. We shall again find the latter in the course of this history, and shall behold him developing his character, and growing by degrees to lofty stature in the church of the Lord.

The condemnation of Luther once determined on, new difficulties arose in the bosom of the consistory. The divines proposed to proceed immediately to fulminate the sentence; the civilians, on the contrary, desired to commence by a citation. "Was not Adam," said they, appealing to their colleagues, "cited before he was condemned? 'Adam, where art thou?' said the Lord. In the instance of Cain likewise: 'Where is thy brother Abel?' asked the Eternal." To these singular arguments drawn from holy Writ, the canonists added considerations derived from natural law. "Evidence of a crime," they said, "cannot take from any criminal the right of defending himself against the charge." It is pleasing to trace such principles of equity in a Romish synod. But these scruples did not suit the theologians of the assembly, who, carried away by passion, thought only of setting to work quickly. It was finally arranged that Luther's doctrine should be condemned immediately; and that as to himself and his adherents, a term of sixty days should be granted them; after which, if they did not recant their opinions, they should be all *ipso facto* excommunicated. De Vio, who had returned from Germany sick, had himself carried on his couch to the assembly, unwilling to miss this petty triumph, which afforded him some consolation. Though defeated at Augsburg, he claimed to take part at Rome in condemning the unconquerable monk, whom his learning, acuteness, and authority had failed to humble. Luther was not there to answer: hence the boldness of De Vio. On the 15th of June the sacred college agreed on the condemnation, and gave their approbation to the celebrated *bull*.

"Arise, O Lord!" said the Roman Pontiff, speaking at this solemn moment as Vicar of God and Head of the Church, "arise, and remember the reproaches wherewith fools reproach thee all day long. Arise, O Peter! remember thy holy Roman Church, mother of all the churches, and mistress of the faith. Arise, O Paul! for a new Porphyry is here, attacking thy doctrines and the holy popes, our predecessors. Finally, arise, O assembly of all the saints! holy Church of God! and intercede for us with God Almighty."

The Pope proceeds to cite, as pernicious, scandalous, and corrupt, forty-one propositions of Luther, in which the latter explained the "sound doctrine" of the gospel. The following are included in the propositions *condemned*:—

"To deny that sin remains in the infant

after baptism is to trample under foot St. Paul and our Lord Jesus Christ."

"A new life is the best and highest penitence."

"To burn heretics is contrary to the will of the Holy Spirit," &c., &c.

"As soon as this bull shall be published," continues the Pope, "the bishops are to search diligently for the writings of Martin Luther in which these errors are contained, and to burn them publicly and solemnly in the presence of the clergy and of the laity. As to Martin himself, what is there, in the name of Heaven, that we have not done? Imitating the goodness of God Almighty, we are ready, notwithstanding, to receive him again into the bosom of the Church; and we allow him sixty days to forward to us his recantation in writing, attested by two prelates; or, rather, (which would be more satisfactory,) to present himself before us in Rome, that none may any more doubt his obedience. In the mean time, he must from this moment cease preaching, teaching, and writing, and commit his works to the flames. And if he do not recant within the space of sixty days, we, by these presents, sentence him himself and his adherents as open and contumacious heretics." The Pope afterwards pronounces a long train of excommunications, maledictions, and interdicts against Luther and all his partisans, with orders to seize their persons and send them to Rome. It is easy to guess what would have become of these generous confessors of the Gospel in the dungeons of the Papacy.

The storm was thus gathering over the head of Luther: the bull was published; and for centuries Rome had not uttered the sentence of condemnation without following it with the stroke of death. This murderous message from the seven-hilled city was to reach the Saxon monk in his cloister. The moment was well chosen. The new Emperor, who had so many reasons for cultivating friendly relations with the Pope, would no doubt hasten to recommend himself by sacrificing to him an obscure monk. Leo X., the cardinals, and all the partisans of Rome exulted, fancying they saw their enemy at their feet.

While the eternal city was thus agitated, events of more tranquil character were passing at Wittemberg. Melancthon was shedding there a soft but brilliant light. Near two thousand auditors from Germany, England, the Netherlands, France, Italy, Hungary, and Greece, were frequently assembled around him. He was twenty-four years of age, and had not taken orders. Every house in Wittemberg was open to this young professor, so learned, and at the same time so amiable. Foreign universities, Ingolstadt in particular, sought to attract him within their walls. His friends at Wittemberg resolved to retain him among them, by inducing him to marry. Although he desired a partner for his dear Philip, Luther declared he would not be his adviser in this affair. Others took that part upon themselves. The young doctor was a frequent visitor at the house of the burgomaster Krapp, who belonged to an ancient family. Krapp had a daughter named Catherine, of a mild and amiable character, and great sensibility. Melancthon's friends urged him to ask her in marriage; but the young scholar was buried in his books, and would not hear of any thing else. His Greek authors and his Testament formed his delight. He met the arguments of his friends with other arguments. At length his consent was obtained. The necessary steps were taken for him by his friends, and Catherine was given to him for a wife. He received her very coldly, and said, with a sigh, "God has then willed it so! I must forego my studies and my pleasures, in compliance with the wishes of my friends." Yet he was not insensible to Catherine's merits. "Her character and education," said he, "are such as I might have desired of God. Ἀξιᾶ ὁ Θεὸς τεκμαίροιτό.* And truly she is deserving of a better husband." The match was agreed on during the month of August; the espousals took place on the 25th of September, and at the end of November, the marriage was celebrated. Old John Luther, with his wife and daughters, came to Wittemberg on this occasion; and many learned and distinguished persons attended at the celebration of the wedding.

The young bride was as remarkable for her warmth of affection as the young professor for his coldness of manner. Ever full of anxiety for her husband, Catherine was alarmed by the least appearance of danger to the object of her affection. When Melancthon proposed to take any step that might compromise his safety, she overwhelmed him with entreaties to renounce his intention. "I was obliged," wrote Melancthon, on one of these occasions, "I was obliged to yield to her weakness;—it is our lot." How many instances of unfaithfulness in the Church may have a similar origin! Perhaps to the influence of Catherine we should attribute the timidity and fears for which her husband has been often blamed. Catherine was no less tender and affectionate as a mother than as a wife. She gave liberally to the poor. "Forsake me not, O God, when I am old and grayheaded!" Such was the ordinary ejaculation of this pious and timid soul. The heart of Melancthon was soon won over by the affection of his wife. When he had once tasted the sweets of domestic life, he became fully sensible of their value. He was formed, indeed, to relish them, and nowhere was he more happy than with his Catherine and his children. A French traveller, having one day found the "master of Germany" rocking the cradle of his child with one hand, and holding a book in the other, started with surprise. But Melancthon, without being disconcerted, explained to him with so much earnestness the high value of children in the sight of God, that the stranger left the house

* May God bring the affair to a happy issue! (Corp. Ref. i. 212.)

wiser, to use his own words, than he had entered it.

The marriage of Melancthon added a domestic hearth to the Reformation. There was thenceforward in Wittemberg one family whose house was open to all those who were breathing the new life. The concourse of strangers was immense. People came to Melancthon concerning a thousand different matters; and the established rule was to refuse nothing to any one. The young professor was especially disinterested on occasions of doing good. When his money was spent, he would secretly part with his table service to some dealer, but little concerning himself for the loss of it, so that he might have wherewithal to relieve the distressed.

Accordingly, "it would have been impossible," says his friend Camerarius, "to have provided his own wants and those of his family, if a divine hidden blessing had not furnished him from time to time with the means." His good-nature was extreme. He had some ancient gold and silver medals, remarkable for their legends and impressions. One day he was showing them to a stranger who was on a visit. "Take any one you would like," said Melancthon to him.—"I would like them all," answered the stranger. "I own," says Philip, "I was at first offended at this unreasonable request: nevertheless, I gave them to him."

There was in the writings of Melancthon a delightful odour of antiquity, which gave them an inexpressible charm, while it did not prevent the savour of Christ from being at the same time exhaled from every part of them. There is not one of his letters to his friends, in which one is not naturally reminded of the wisdom of Homer, of Plato, of Cicero, and of Pliny—Christ remaining always his Master and his God. Spalatin had desired of him an explanation of this saying of Jesus Christ: "Without me, ye can do nothing." (John xv. 5.) Melancthon referred him to Luther: "'Cur agam gestum spectante Roscio,' to use the words of Cicero,"* said he. He then continues: "The passage teaches that we must be absorbed by Christ, so that we ourselves should no longer act, but that Christ should live in us. As the divine nature has been made one body with man in Christ, so should man be incorporated by faith with Jesus Christ."

This celebrated scholar usually retired to rest shortly after supper. At two or three o'clock in the morning he was at work. It was during these early studies that his best works were composed. His manuscripts were usually laid on his table, exposed in view of all who went in and out, so that he was robbed of several of them. When he had invited any friends to his house, he requested one or other of them, before sitting down to table, to read some short composition, either in prose or verse. When he made a journey, he always took with him some young persons as companions. He conversed with them in a manner both instructive and entertaining. If conversation flagged, each was required to recite in turn some passages from the ancient poets. He frequently resorted to irony, tempering it, however, by much sweetness. "He does but prick the skin," said he, speaking of himself, "he never inflicts a wound."

Learning was his passion. The great object of his life was to diffuse a love of letters and general information. Let us not forget that the literature highest in his estimation was the Holy Scripture, and only subordinately the literature of the heathen. "I devote myself," said he, "to one thing only; the defence of learning. We must by our example kindle the admiration of youth for knowledge, and lead them to love it for its own sake, not for the gain that is to be made of it. The ruin of letters brings with it the destruction of all that is good: religion, morals, the things of God, and the things of man. . . . . The better a man is, the greater is his desire to preserve knowledge; for he knows that of all plagues ignorance is the most pernicious."

Some time after his marriage Melancthon went to Bretten, in the Palatinate, in company with Camerarius and some other friends, on a visit to his affectionate mother. As soon as he caught a view of his native town, he alighted, and kneeling down thanked God, for having permitted him to see it once more. Margaret, embracing her son, almost swooned for joy. She pressed him to fix his abode at Bretten, and was urgent in entreaties that he would continue in the faith of his fathers. Melancthon excused himself, but with much moderation and reserve, from fear of wounding his mother's conscience. He grieved at parting from her; and whenever any traveller brought him news from his native town, he was as merry, he said, as if going back to childhood itself. Such, in the touching privacy of domestic life, was the man who was one of the chief instruments of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century.

The family peace and busy studies of Wittemberg were shortly after disturbed by a tumult. The students quarrelled and came to blows with the citizens. The rector betrayed great want of energy. The grief of Melancthon on witnessing the excesses of these disciples of learning may be easily imagined. Luther was indignant. His was not the character that would conciliate by undue concessions. The disgrace these disorders brought upon the university deeply wounded him. He ascended the pulpit, and preached with great force against these seditions; calling on both parties to submit themselves to the magistrates. His discourse occasioned great irritation. "Satan," said he, "not being able to prevail against us from without, seeks to injure us from within. I do not fear him; but I fear lest the anger of God should fall upon us for not having fully received his word. In these last three years, I have been

* Why should I speak in the presence of Roscius?—(Corp. Reform. Ep. Apr. 13, 1520.)

thrice exposed to great danger: in 1518 at Augsburg, in 1519 at Leipsic, and now in 1520, at Wittemberg. It is neither by wisdom, nor by violence, that the renovation of the Church will be accomplished, but by humble prayer, and a bold faith, that shall range Jesus Christ on our side. O my friend, join thy prayers to mine, that the evil spirit may not be permitted to use this little spark, to kindle a vast conflagration."

But more terrible conflicts awaited Luther. —Rome was brandishing the sword, with which she was about to strike the preacher of the Gospel. The rumour of the condemnation which was about to fall upon him, far from depressing the Reformer, increased his courage. He took no pains to parry the stroke of this haughty power. It is by striking yet more terrible blows himself, that he will baffle those of his adversaries. While the Transalpine congregations were fulminating their anathemas against him, he was planning to carry the sword of the word into the midst of the Italian states. Letters from Venice spoke of the favour with which the opinions were there received. He ardently desired to send the Gospel beyond the Alps. But evangelists were required to be the bearers of it. "I could wish," said he, "that we had living books, that is to say, preachers, and that we could multiply and protect them in all places, that they might convey to the people the knowledge of divine things. The Prince could not undertake a work more worthy of himself. If the people of Italy were to receive the truth, our cause would then be unassailable." It does not appear that this project of Luther was realized. At a later period, it is true, some preachers of the Gospel, Calvin himself among others, resided for a while in Italy: but at this time no steps were taken to accomplish Luther's plan. He had looked for help to one of the princes of this world. Had he appealed to men in humble station, but full of zeal for the kingdom of God, the result might have been very different. At the period we are recording, the idea was general that every thing must be done by governments; and the association of private individuals, an agency by which in our days such great things are accomplished in Christendom, was almost unknown.

If Luther was not successful in his plans for spreading the knowledge of the truth to distant countries, he was but the more zealous in preaching it at home. It was at this time that he delivered, at Wittemberg, his discourse on the office of the mass. In this discourse he declaimed against the numerous sects of the Romish Church, and reproached her, with justice, for her want of unity. "The multiplicity of laws in matters of conscience," he exclaims, "has filled the world with sects and divisions. The hatred thence engendered between priests, monks, and laity, is even greater than that which exists between Christians and Turks. Nay, more than this; priests are mortal enemies to priests, and monks to monks. Each is devoted to his own sect, and despises all others. The unity and love of Christ is broken up and destroyed." —He then attacks the opinion that the mass is a sacrifice and has any power in itself. "The better part of every sacrifice, and consequently of the Lord's Supper," he says, "is in the word and the promises of God. Without faith in this word and in these promises, the sacrament is but dead; it is a body without a soul, a cup without wine, a purse without money, a type without fulfilment, a letter without meaning, a casket without jewels, a sheath without a sword."

The voice of Luther was not, however, confined within the limits of Wittemberg, and if he did not find missionaries to carry his instructions to distant parts, God had provided a missionary of a new kind. Printing was destined to supply the place of preachers of the Gospel. The press was to constitute a battery which should open a breach in the Roman fortress. The mine had been charged by Luther, and the explosion shook the edifice of Rome to its foundations. His famous tract on the *Babylonian Captivity of the Church* appeared on the 6th of October, 1520. Never had any one evinced such courage in circumstances so critical.

In this work he begins by setting forth, with admirable irony, all the advantages for which he is indebted to his enemies:

"Whether I will or no," says he, "I learn more and more every day, urged on as I am by so many celebrated masters. Two years ago I attacked indulgences; but with such faltering indecision that I am now ashamed of it. It, however, is not to be wondered at; for then I had to roll forward the rock by myself."

He then returns thanks to Prierias, to Eck, to Emser, and to his other adversaries. "I denied," he continued, "that the Papacy was from God, but admitted that it stood by human right. But now, after having read all the subtleties on which these worthies set up their idol, I know that Papacy is nothing but the reign of Babylon, and the violence of the mighty hunter Nimrod. I therefore request all my friends, and all booksellers, that they will burn the books I have before written on this subject, and in their stead substitute this single proposition:—'The Papacy is a general chase, led by the Bishop of Rome, and having for its object the snaring and ruining of souls.'"

Luther afterwards attacks the errors that prevailed with respect to the sacraments, monastic vows, &c. He reduces the seven sacraments of the Church to three; Baptism, Penitence, and the Lord's Supper. He explains the true nature of the latter. He then passes on to baptism, and it is here especially that he establishes the excellence of *Faith*, and makes a powerful attack upon Rome. "God," he says, "has preserved to us this sacrament alone pure from human traditions. God has said: 'He that *believeth*, and is baptized, shall be saved.' This promise of God ought to be preferred to the glory of all works, to all vows, satisfactions, indulgences, and

every thing which man has invented. Now on this promise, received by faith, depends our salvation. If we believe, our heart is strengthened by the divine promise; and though a believer should be bereft of all beside, this promise which he believes will never forsake him. With this he will be able to withstand the adversary who assaults his soul. It will be his support in the hour of death, and his plea at the judgment-seat of God. In all his trials it will be his consolation that he can say: God is faithful to his promise: I have received the pledge of it in baptism: if God is for me, who can be against me? Oh, how rich is the baptized Christian! nothing can ruin him, but his own refusal to *believe*.

"Perhaps the baptism of little children may be objected to what I say as to the necessity of faith. But as the word of God is mighty to change the heart of an ungodly person, who is not less deaf, nor less helpless than an infant—so the prayer of the Church, to which all things are possible, changes the little child, by the operation of *faith* which God pours into his soul, and thus purifies and renews it."

Having explained the doctrine of baptism, Luther makes use of it as a weapon against the Papacy. If the Christian really finds all his salvation in renewal by baptism *through faith*, what need has he of the prescriptions of Rome?

"For this reason," says Luther, "I declare that neither Pope, nor bishop, nor any other man living, has authority to impose the least thing upon a Christian without his own consent. Whatever is done otherwise, is done by an arbitrary assumption. We are free from all men. The vow which we have made in baptism is of itself sufficient, and more than we can ever fulfil. All other vows, then, may be dispensed with. Let whoever enters into the priesthood or joins a monastic order, be assured that the labours of a monk or of a priest, however arduous, differ in no respect, as to their value in the sight of God, from those of a peasant working in the field, or of a woman attending to the duties of her house. God esteems all things according to the faith whence they proceed. And it often happens that the simple labour of a serving man or woman is more acceptable to God than the fastings and works of a monk, because in these last faith is wanting. Christian people are the true people of God, carried captive to Babylon, and there stripped of what they had acquired by their baptism."

Such were the means by which the religious revolution, we are relating, was accomplished. The necessity of faith was first established, and then the Reformers applied it to demolish and bring to dust the prevailing superstitions. It was with that power, which is of God, and which can remove mountains, that they advanced against so many errors. These words of Luther, and many other similar appeals, circulating far and wide through cities, convents, and country places, became the leaven which leavened the whole mass.

Luther terminated this work on the Babylonian Captivity with these words:—

"I hear that new papal excommunications have been concocted against me. If this be so, this book may be regarded as a part of my future 'recantation.' The rest will follow shortly, in proof of my obedience; and the whole will, by Christ's help, form a collection such as Rome has never yet seen or heard of."

After this, all hope of reconciliation between the Pope and Luther must necessarily have vanished. The incompatibility of the faith of the Reformer with the Church's teaching could not but be evident to the least discerning. But at this very time fresh negotiations had just commenced. About the end of August, 1520, and five weeks before the publication of the "Babylonian Captivity," the chapter of the Augustines was assembled at Eisleben. The venerable Staupitz resigned on this occasion the office of Vicar-general of the order, and Wenceslaus Link, who had accompanied Luther to Augsburg, was invested with that dignity. The indefatigable Miltitz arrived suddenly during the sitting of the chapter. He was eagerly bent on reconciling the Pope and Luther. His self-love, his avarice, but above all his jealousy and hatred were interested therein. The vainglorious boasting of Eck had thrown him into the shade; he knew that the doctor of Ingolstadt had disparaged him at Rome, and he would have made any sacrifice to baffle the plots of his troublesome rival by the prompt conclusion of peace. The religious bearing of the question gave him little or no concern. One day, as he himself relates, he was at table with the Bishop of Meissen; and the guests had drank pretty freely, when a new work of Luther's was brought in. It was opened and read; the bishop went into a passion: the official swore; but Miltitz laughed heartily. Miltitz dealt with the Reformation as a man of the world; Eck as a theologian.

Stimulated by the arrival of Dr. Eck, Miltitz addressed to the chapter of the Augustines a discourse delivered with a very marked Italian accent, thinking by this means to impose upon his good countrymen. "The whole order of the Augustines is compromised in this affair," said he: "Point out to me, I pray you, some means of restraining Luther." "We have nothing to do with the doctor," answered the fathers, "and we should not know what advice to give you." They rested their answer, doubtless, on the fact of Luther having been released by Staupitz at Augsburg from his obligations as concerned their order. Miltitz persisted. "Let a deputation of this venerable chapter wait on Luther, and request him to write a letter to the Pope, assuring him that he has never laid any plots against his person. That will suffice to terminate the affair." The chapter yielded to the proposal of the Nuncio, and commissioned, doubtless at his desire, Staupitz the late Vicar-general, and Link his successor, to confer

with Luther. The deputation set out immediately for Wittemberg, bearing a letter from Miltitz addressed to the doctor; and full of expressions of high repect. "There was no time to lose," said he; "the thunder, already suspended over the head of the Reformer, was about to burst; and then all would be over."

Neither Luther, nor the deputies, who were favourable to his opinions, entertained a hope that any thing would be gained by writing to the Pope. But this in itself was a reason for not refusing compliance with the suggestion. The letter could but be a matter of form, which would make still more apparent the justice of Luther's cause. "This Italian of Saxony," (Miltitz,) thought Luther, "has doubtless his own private interest in view in making this request. Well, be it so; I will write, in strict conformity with truth, that I have never entertained any design against the Pope's person. I must be on my guard, and not be too stern in my hostility to the see of Rome. Yet it shall be sprinkled with salt."

But shortly after this, the doctor heard of the arrival of the bull in Germany; on the 3d of October, he declared to Spalatin that he would not write to the Pope, and on the 6th of the same month he published his book on the "Babylonian Captivity." Still Miltitz was not disheartened.—His wish to humble Eck made him dream of impossibilities. On the 2d of October he had written in full confidence to the Elector: "All will go well; but for God's sake, do not any longer delay paying me the pension which you and your brother have allowed me for some years past. I must have money to gain new friends at Rome. Write to the Pope, present the young cardinals, his relations, with gold and silver pieces of your Electoral Highness's coin, and add some for me; for I have been robbed of what you had given me."

Even after Luther had heard of the bull, the intriguing Miltitz was not discouraged. He requested a conference with Luther at Lichtenberg. The Elector ordered the latter to repair thither. But his friends, and above all the affectionate Melancthon, opposed his going. "What," thought they, "at the moment of the appearance of the bull which enjoins all to seize Luther, that he may be taken to Rome, shall he accept a conference, in a secluded place, with the Pope's Nuncio! Is it not clear that Dr. Eck, not being able to approach the Reformer, because he has made his hatred too public, the crafty chamberlain has undertaken to snare Luther in his toils?"

These fears could not restrain the doctor of Wittemberg. The Prince had commanded, and he resolved to obey. "I am setting out for Lichtenberg," he wrote on the 11th of October to the chaplain: "Pray for me." His friends would not desert him. On the same day, towards evening, Luther entered Lichtenberg on horseback, surrounded by thirty horsemen, amongst whom was Melancthon. About the same time, the Pope's Nuncio arrived, attended only by four persons. Might not this modest escort be a stratagem to inspire Luther and his friends with confidence? —Miltitz was urgent in his solicitations; he assured Luther that the blame would be thrown on Eck and his foolish boastings, and that all would be arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. "Well!" answered Luther, "I offer to keep silence for the future, if my adversaries will but do the same. I will do all I can to maintain it."

Miltitz was overjoyed. He accompanied Luther as far as Wittemberg. The Reformer and the Papal Nuncio entered the city side by side, while Dr. Eck was drawing near it, holding, in menacing hands, the formidable bull, which, it was hoped, would extinguish the Reformation. "We shall bring the affair to a happy issue," wrote Miltitz forthwith to the Elector: "thank the Pope for his rose, and send at the same time forty or fifty florins to the cardinal *Quatuor Sanctorum*."

Luther, in fulfilment of his promise, was to write to the Pope. Before bidding an eternal farewell to Rome, he resolved once more to address to her some weighty and salutary truths. His letter may perhaps be regarded by some as a mere caustic composition, a bitter and insulting satire; but this would be to mistake his feelings. It was his conviction that to Rome were to be attributed all the ills of Christendom: bearing that in view, his words are, not insults, but solemn warnings. The more he loves Leo, the more he loves the church of Christ; he resolves therefore to disclose the greatness of the evil. The energy of his affection may be inferred from the strength of his expressions. The moment is arrived for heavy blows. He reminds us of a prophet, for the last time traversing the city, reproaching it with all its abominations, revealing to it the judgments of the Eternal, and crying aloud: "Yet a few days!"—The following is the letter:

"To the Most Holy Father in God, Leo X., Pope of Rome, all happiness and prosperity in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

"From the midst of this violent contest, which, for these three years past, I have waged with abandoned men, I cannot refrain from sometimes turning my eyes toward you, O Leo, Most Holy Father in God. And although the madness of your impious parasites has compelled me to appeal from your sentence to a future Council, my heart has never been turned away from your Holiness; and I have never ceased, by prayers and sighs, to pray to God for your prosperity, and for that of your pontificate.

"I have attacked, it is true, some antichristian doctrines, and I have inflicted some deep wounds on my adversaries, on account of their impiety. I cannot regret this, for I have in this Christ for an example. Of what use is salt, if it hath lost its savour? or the sword-blade, if it doth not cut? Cursed is he who doth the Lord's work coldly. O, most excellent Leo, far from having conceived any evil design against you, I wish you the most precious blessings for all eternity. One thing only have I done. I have defended the word

of truth. I am ready to give way to every one, in every thing: but as regards that word, I will not—I cannot abandon it. He who expects otherwise of me, mistakes me.

"It is true that I have attacked the court of Rome; but neither yourself nor any man upon earth can deny that the corruption of that court is greater than that of Sodom or Gomorrah, and that there is no hope left of curing its impiety. True, I have been filled with horror, beholding that in your name the poor of Christ's flock were deceived. I have opposed this, and will continue to oppose it; not that I dream of effecting any thing in this Babylon of confusion, against the opposition of sycophants: but I am debtor to my brethren, that, if possible, some of them may escape these terrible scourges.

"You know that Rome, for many years past, has inundated the world with every thing destructive to soul and body. The Church of Rome, formerly pre-eminent for sanctity, is become a den of thieves, a scene of open prostitution, a kingdom of death and hell, so that Antichrist himself, if he were to appear, could not increase its iniquity. All this is as clear as the light of day.

"And you, O Leo, are all this while as a lamb in the midst of wolves; or as Daniel in the den of lions! Unaided, how can you resist these monsters? Perhaps there may be three or four cardinals uniting virtue with learning. But what are these among so many? You will be taken off by poison, even before you are able to apply a remedy. There is no hope for Rome; the anger of God has gone forth, and will consume her. She hates reproof, and dreads reform; she refuses to restrain the madness of her impiety; and it may be said of her as of her mother: 'We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: let us forsake her.' Men looked to you and your cardinals to apply the cure to all this; but the patient laughs at her physician, and the steed will not answer to the reins.

"Full of affection for you, most excellent Leo, I have ever regretted that, formed as you are for a better age, you have been raised to the pontificate at such a period as this. Rome is not worthy of you, or of any who resemble you; she deserves no other ruler than Satan himself. And truly it is he, rather than yourself, who reigns in that Babylon. Would to God that, laying aside the glory which your enemies extol so highly, you could exchange it for a simple pastorship, or subsist on your paternal inheritance! for none but Judases are fit for such state. What end, then, dear Leo, is served by you in this court of Rome, unless it be that execrable men should, under cover of your name and power, ruin men's fortunes, destroy souls, multiply crimes, and lord it over the faith, the truth, and the whole Church of God? O, Leo, Leo! you are the most unfortunate of men, and you sit on the most perilous of all thrones! I tell you the truth, because I wish you well.

"Is it not true that there is nothing under heaven more corrupt and hateful than the Roman court? It exceeds the very Turks in vice and profligacy. Once as the gate of heaven, it is become the jaws of hell itself! distending and kept open by the wrath of God, so that when I behold so many poor creatures throwing themselves into it, I must needs cry aloud in the midst of this tempest, that som may be saved from the frightful abyss.

"This, O Leo, my Father, is the reason why I have inveighed so strongly against a see which dispenses death to its adherents. Far from conspiring against your person, I have felt that I was labouring for your safety, in boldly attacking the prison, or, rather, the hell in which you are confined. To do the utmost to destroy the court of Rome, is but to discharge your own duty. To cover it with shame, is to honour Christ; in a word, to be a Christian, is to be *not a Roman*.

"However, seeing that I was losing my time in succouring the See of Rome, I sent to her my letter of divorce, saying, Farewell, Rome; 'he that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he who is filthy, let him be filthy still;' and then, in silence and retirement, applied myself to the study of the Holy Scriptures. Then it was that Satan stirred up his servant, John Eck, a great enemy of Jesus Christ, to challenge me again to descend into the arena. He sought to establish his own primacy, not the primacy of Peter; and with this purpose, to conquer Luther, and lead him in triumph to Rome, upon him must lie the blame of the defeat which has covered Rome with shame."

Luther here relates what had passed between himself and De Vio, Miltitz, and Eck; he then continues:

"Now, then, I come to you, most holy Father, and, prostrate at your feet, entreat you to restrain, if possible, the enemies of peace. But I cannot retract my doctrines. I cannot consent that rules of interpretation should be imposed on Holy Scripture. The word of God, the source whence all liberty flows, must be left free.

"O Leo, my Father! do not listen to the flatterers who tell you that you are not a mere man, but a demigod, and that you may rightfully command whatever you please. You are the '*servant of servants*,' and the place where you are seated is of all places the most dangerous and the most miserable. Put no faith in those who exalt you, but rather in those who would humble you. I may be bold in presuming to teach so sublime a Majesty, which ought to instruct all men. But I see the dangers which surround you at Rome; I see you driven first one way, then another, on the billows of a raging sea; and charity obliges me to warn you of your danger, and urge you to provide for your safety.

"That I may not appear in your Holiness's presence empty-handed, I present you with a little book which has been dedicated to you, and which will apprize you with what subjects I may occupy myself—in case your flatterers shall permit me. It is but a trifle in appearance, yet its contents are important: for

comprises a summary of the Christian's life. I am poor, and have nothing more to offer you; and indeed is there any thing you have need of, save *spiritual* gifts? I commend myself to the remembrance of your Holiness, praying that the Lord Jesus may ever preserve you! Amen!"

The little book which Luther presented in token of respect to the Pope, was his discourse of "the liberty of the Christian." The Reformer shows incontrovertibly in this treatise, that the Christian, without infringement of the liberty which faith gives him, may submit to every external ordinance, in a spirit of liberty and love. Two truths are the basis of his argument: "A Christian is free, and all things are his. A Christian is a servant, and subject in all things unto all. He is free, and has all things by faith; he is a subject and a servant in love."

He first shows the power of faith in rendering the Christian *free*: "Faith unites the soul with Christ, as a spouse with her husband," says Luther to the Pope. "Every thing which Christ has, becomes the property of the believing soul: every thing which the soul has, becomes the property of Christ. Christ possesses all blessings and eternal life: they are thenceforward the property of the soul. The soul has all its iniquities and sins: they are thenceforward borne by Christ. A blessed exchange commences: Christ who is both God and man, Christ who has never sinned, and whose holiness is invincible, Christ the Almighty and Eternal, taking to himself by his nuptial ring of *Faith*, all the sins of the believer, those sins are lost and abolished in him; for no sins dwell before his infinite righteousness. Thus by faith the believer's soul is delivered from all sins, and clothed with the eternal righteousness of her bridegroom Christ. O happy union! the rich, the noble, the holy Bridegroom takes in marriage his poor, guilty, and despised spouse, delivers her from every evil, and enriches her with the most precious blessings. Christ, a king and a priest, shares this honour and glory with all Christians. The Christian is a king, and consequently possesses all things; he is a priest, and consequently possesses God. And it is *faith*, not works, which brings him all this honour. A Christian is free from all things,—above all things,—faith giving him richly of all things!"

In the second part of his discourse, Luther presents the other side of the truth. "Although the Christian is thus made free, he voluntarily becomes a servant, that he may act towards his brethren as God has acted towards himself by Jesus Christ." "I will serve," he says, "freely, joyfully, gratuitously, a Father who has thus shed upon me all the abundance of his blessings: I will become all things to my neighbour, as Christ has become all things for me."—"From *Faith*," continues Luther, "flows the *love* of God; from love flows a life of liberty, charity, and joy. O how noble and exalted is the Christian's life! but, alas! none know it, and none preach it. By faith the Christian ascends to God; by love he descends to man; and yet abides ever in God. Such is true liberty, a liberty which as much surpasses every other as the heavens are high above the earth."

This was the work with which Luther accompanied his letter to Leo X.

While the Reformer was thus addressing himself for the last time to the Roman Pontiff, the bull which excommunicated him was already in the hands of the dignitaries of the German Church, and at the doors of Luther's dwelling. The Pope had commissioned two high functionaries of his court, Carracioli and Aleander, to carry it to the Archbishop of Mentz, desiring him to see to its execution. But Eck himself appeared in Saxony, as herald and agent in the great effort of the Pontiff. The doctor of Ingolstadt had had better opportunities than any other of knowing the force of Luther's blows: he had seen the danger, and had stretched forth his hand to support the tottering power of Rome. He imagined himself the Atlas destined to bear up on his robust shoulders the old Roman world, which was ready to crumble into ruin. Elated with the success of his journey to Rome, proud of the commission which he had received from the Sovereign Pontiff, and of the bull he bore in his hands, and which contained the condemnation of his unconquerable rival, his present mission was in his eyes a greater triumph than all the victories he had gained in Hungary, in Bavaria, in Lombardy, and Saxony, and from which he had previously derived so much credit. But all this pride was about to be humbled. By intrusting to Eck the publication of the bull, the Pope had committed an error which was destined to destroy its impression. So marked a distinction, granted to a man who did not hold any elevated rank in the Church, offended minds that were susceptible of offence. The Roman Bishops, accustomed to receive the bulls of the Pope direct, took it amiss that the present bull should be published in their dioceses by this unexpected Nuncio. The nation which had ridiculed the pretended victor in the conferences at Leipsic, when he fled to Italy, saw with astonishment and indignation the same person reappear on this side the Alps, armed with the insignia of a pontifical Nuncio, and with power to crush men whom it held in honour. Luther regarded this sentence, conveyed to him by his implacable adversary, as an act of personal vindictiveness. This condemnation appeared to him, says Pallavicini, as the concealed poniard of a mortal enemy, and not the lawful axe of a Roman lictor. Accordingly this writing was considered, not as the bull of the Sovereign Pontiff, but as the bull of Dr. Eck. Thus the force of the blow was broken by the very motives which had provoked it.

The chancellor of Ingolstadt had repaired in haste to Saxony. It was there that he had given battle, it was there that he wished to parade his victory. He succeeded in getting the bull posted up at Meissen, at Merseburg, and at Brandenburg, toward the end of September. But in the first of these towns it was

placarded in a place where nobody could read it, and the bishops of these three dioceses were in no haste to publish it. His great protector, Duke George himself, forbade the council of Leipsic to make it public before they had received the order of the Bishop of Merseburg, and this order did not arrive till the following year. "These difficulties are but for form's sake," thought Eck at first; for in other respects every thing seemed to smile upon him. Duke George sent him a gilt cup and a few ducats; Miltitz himself, who had hastened to Leipsic on hearing that his rival was arrived, invited him to dinner. The two Legates were fond of the luxuries of the table, and Miltitz thought that he could not have a better opportunity of sounding Dr. Eck than over their wine. "When he had drunk pretty freely," says the Pope's chamberlain, "he began to boast above measure; he displayed his bull, and told how he had planned to bring that insolent fellow, Martin, to reason." But it was not long before the doctor of Ingolstadt had occasion to observe that the wind was turning. A great change had been effected at Leipsic within a year. On St. Michael's day, some students posted, in ten different places, placards wherein the new Nuncio was keenly attacked. Taking the alarm, he sought refuge in the convent of St. Paul, where Tetzel had already found an asylum, refused all visits, and obtained from the prior a promise that his juvenile opponents should be called to account. But poor Eck gained little by this. The students composed a ballad upon him, and sung it in the streets. Eck overheard it from his seclusion. At this all his courage vanished, and the formidable champion trembled in every limb. Threatening letters poured in upon him. A hundred and fifty students arrived from Wittemberg, loudly exclaiming against the Papal envoy. The poor Nuncio could hold out no longer.

"I do not wish him to be killed, "said Luther, "but I hope his designs will be frustrated.' Eck quitted his retreat by night, retired clandestinely from Leipsic, and sought to conceal himself at Coburg. Miltitz, who relates the circumstance, seemed to triumph in it even more than the Reformer. But his triumph did not last long. The chamberlain's plans of conciliation all failed, and his end was deplorable, having, while in a state of intoxication, fallen into the Rhine at Mentz.

By degrees Eck resumed courage. He repaired to Erfurth, where the theologians had shown more than one mark of their jealousy of the Wittemberg doctor. He required that this bull should be published in that city; but the students seized the copies, tore them in pieces, and threw them into the river, saying, "Since it is a bubble, let us see it float." "Now," said Luther, on hearing of this, "the paper of the Pope is truly a bubble, (*bulla.*") Eck did not dare to show himself at Wittemberg: he sent the bull to the prior, menacing him, if it were not complied with, with the ruin of the university. He wrote at the same time to Duke John, brother and colleague of Frederic: "Do not take my proceeding amiss," said he, "for I am contending for the faith, and my task costs me much care and labour as well as money." The prior declared, that not having received a letter from the Pope accompanying the bull, he must object to publish it, and referred the matter to the opinion of the lawyers. Such was the reception which the condemnation of the Reformer met with from the learned world.

While the bull was producing this violent agitation in the minds of the Germans, a solemn voice was raised in another country of Europe. One, who discerned the extensive schism the Pope's bull would cause in the Church, stood forth to utter a word of warning and to defend the Reformer. This was the same Swiss priest whom we have already mentioned, Ulric Zwingle, who, without any communication or previous friendship with Luther, put forth a tract replete with discretion and dignity, and the earliest of his numerous writings. A fraternal affection seemed to attract him towards the doctor of Wittemberg. "The piety of the Pontiff," he said, "requires of him that he should joyfully sacrifice his dearest interests to the glory of Christ his King, and to the general peace of the Church. Nothing is more derogatory to his true dignity than the having recourse only to rewards and terrors for its defence. The writings of Luther had not even been read, before he was decried among the people as a heretic, a schismatic, and even as Antichrist himself. None gave him warning, no one refuted him: he requested a discussion, and it was thought sufficient to condemn him. The bull that has been issued against him is disapproved even by those who respect the Pope's authority; for they discern in every part of it traces of the impotent hatred of a few monks, and not the mildness of a Pontiff who should be the vicar of a Saviour full of charity. It is universally acknowledged, that the current teaching of the Gospel of Christ has greatly degenerated, and that a visible and signal restoration of laws and public morals is requisite. Consult all men of learning and virtue, and it will be found that the more perfect their sincerity and their attachment to the truths of the Gospel, the less are they stumbled by the books of Luther. There is no one who does not confess that these books have made him a better man, although, perhaps, there may be some parts not to be approved. Let men of pure doctrine and of acknowledged probity be selected; let three princes above all suspicion, the Emperor Charles, the King of England, and the King of Hungary, appoint arbitrators: and let the arbitrators read the writings of Luther, let him be heard in person, and let whatever they shall determine be ratified. Νικησάτω ἡ τοῦ Χριστοῦ παιδεία καὶ ἀλήθεια!"*

This suggestion proceeding from Switzerland was not attended to. It was necessary that the great divorce should take place; it

* "May the doctrine and truth of Christ gain the victory!"

was needful that Christendom should be rent; the remedy for the evils that oppressed it was to be discovered in its very wounds.

And, indeed, what importance could be attached to this resistance on the part of a few students, priors, and priests? If the strong arm of Charles V. should unite with the power of the Pope, will they not together suffice to crush all these scholars and grammarians? Will any be able to withstand the combined power of the Pontiff of Christendom and of the Emperor of the West? The blow is struck, Luther is excommunicated; the Gospel seems lost! At this awful crisis, the Reformer does not disguise from himself the greatness of the danger in which he is placed. He looks for support from above, and prepares to receive, as from the hand of the Lord himself, the blow which seems about to crush him. The thoughts of his soul were gathered before the throne of God. "What is about to happen," said he, "I know not, nor do I care to know, assured as I am that He who sits on the throne of heaven has, from all eternity, foreseen the beginning, the progress, and the end of this affair. Let the blow light where it may, I am without fear. Not so much as a leaf falls, without the will of our Father. How much rather will He care for us! It is a light thing to die for the Word, since the Word which was made flesh hath himself died. If we die with him, we shall live with him; and passing through that which he has passed through before us, we shall be where he is and dwell with him forever." At times, however, Luther was unable to repress his contempt for the devices of his enemies, and we find in him a recurrence of that mixture of sublimity and irony which characterized his writings. "I know nothing of Eck's movements," said he, "except that he has arrived with a long beard, a long bull, and a long purse—; but I laugh at his bull."

It was on the third of October that he was made acquainted with the Papal rescript. "At last then this Roman bull has come to hand," said he, "I despise it;—and resist it as impious, false, and in every way worthy of Eck. It is *Christ* himself who is therein condemned. No reasons are given in it; I am cited to appear, not that I may be heard, but that I may recant. I will treat it as a forgery, although I believe it to be genuine. Oh, that Charles the Fifth would act as a man! oh, that for the love of Christ he would humble these demons! I glory in the prospect of suffering for the best of causes. Already I feel in my heart more liberty; for I now know that the Pope is Antichrist, and that his chair is that of Satan himself."

It was not merely in Saxony that the thunders of Rome had awakened apprehension. A private family in Suabia, which had been neutral in the contest, found its peace suddenly disturbed. Bilibald Pirckheimer, of Nuremberg, one of the most distinguished men of his age, who had lost his beloved wife Crescentia soon after their union, was joined in the closest bonds of affection with his two young sisters, Charitas, abbess of St Claire, and Clara, a nun in the same convent. These two young ladies served God in solitude, and divided their time between study, attendance on the poor, and meditation on eternity. Bilibald, engaged in the business of the state, sought relaxation from public duties in the correspondence which he kept up with them. They were learned, read Latin, and studied the Fathers of the Church; but nothing was so dear to them as the Holy Scriptures. They had never had any other instructer than their brother. The letters of Charitas are distinguished by delicacy and amiable feelings. Full of tender affection for Bilibald, she dreaded the least danger that approached him. Pirckheimer, to reassure this timid spirit, composed a dialogue between Charitas and Veritas, (Charity and Truth,) in which Veritas endeavours to strengthen Charitas. Nothing can be more touching, or more fitted to console an affectionate and anxious heart.

What must have been the dismay of Charitas, when a rumour was spread that the name of Bilibald was posted up immediately under the Pope's bull, in conjunction with the name of Luther! In fact, Eck, urged on by blind fury, had associated with Luther six of the most distinguished persons in Germany; namely, Carlstadt, Feldkirchen, and Egranus, who cared very little for his proceedings, and Adelman, Pirckheimer, and his friend Spengler, whose position as public functionaries rendered them peculiarly sensitive to reproach. The agitation was great in the convent of St. Claire. How could the disgrace of Bilibald be endured? Nothing is more painful to relatives than such trials. Pirckheimer and Spengler wrote to the Pope, affirming that they adhered to the doctrines of Luther only so far as they were in conformity with the Christian faith. Revenge and anger had been evil counsellors to Eck. The reputation of Bilibald and his friends brought the bull against them into discredit; and their character and their numerous connections increased the general irritation.

Luther at first pretended to doubt the authenticity of the bull. "I find," said he, in his first writing he put forth, "that Eck has brought from Rome another bull, which is so like himself, that it might be named *Doctor Eck*,—so full is it of falsehood and error. He gives out that it is the Pope's doing; whereas it is a mere piece of deception." Having alleged reasons for his doubts, Luther ends by saying, "I require to see with my own eyes the seal and strings, the very words and signature of the bull, in a word, every thing belonging to it; otherwise I will not care one straw for these outcries."

But no one, not even Luther himself, doubted that the bull was the Pope's. Germany waited to see what the Reformer would do Would he stand firm? All eyes were turned towards Wittemberg. Luther did not keep them long in suspense. He answered by a tremendous discharge of artillery, publishing on the 4th of November, 1520, his work "Against the Bull of Antichrist."

"What numberless errors and frauds," said he, "have crept in among the poor deluded people under cover of the Church and the pretended infallibility of the Pope! how many souls have thus been lost! how much blood shed! how many murders committed! how many kingdoms laid waste!"

"I can discern all the difference," said he, ironically, "between skill and malice, and I care very little for malice so unskilful. To burn books is an act so easy, that even children may perform it; how much more, then, the Holy Father and his illustrious doctors! One would have looked for some more cunning move. Besides, for aught I care, let them destroy my works! I desire nothing better; for all I wanted was to lead Christians to the Bible, that they might afterwards throw away my writings. Great God, if we had but a right understanding of the Holy Scriptures, what need would there be of my books? By God's grace, I am free, and bulls can neither soothe nor intimidate me. My strength and my consolation are in a place where neither men nor devils can ever reach them."

The tenth proposition of Luther, condemned by the Pope, was couched in these terms: "A man's sins are not pardoned, unless he believes that they are pardoned when the priest pronounces absolution." The Pope, by condemning this proposition, denied that faith was necessary in the sacrament. "They pretend," exclaims Luther, "that we are not to believe that our sins are pardoned, when we are absolved by the priest. What then are we to do? Hear now, O Christians, this great news from Rome! Condemnation is pronounced against that article of which we profess when we say, 'I *believe* in the Holy Ghost, the Christian Church, and the remission of sins.' If I knew that the Pope had really issued this bull at Rome," (which he did not doubt,) "and that it had not been forged by that arch-liar Eck, I would proclaim to all Christians that they ought to hold the Pope as the very Antichrist the Scripture speaks of. And if he would not cease from thus publicly proscribing the faith of the Church, then ... let the temporal sword itself be opposed to *him*, rather than to the Turk!... For the Turk leaves us free to believe, but the Pope forbids it!"

While Luther was speaking with so much energy, new dangers were gathering. The plan of his enemies was to procure his expulsion from Wittemberg. If Luther could be removed from Wittemberg, Luther and Wittemberg would both be ruined. One measure would rid Rome of her heretic doctor and of the heretical university. Duke George, the Bishop of Merseburg, and the Leipsic theologians were clandestinely labouring for this result. Luther, on hearing of it, remarked, "I leave the matter in God's hands." These intrigues were not altogether without effect. Adrian, professor of Hebrew at Wittemberg, suddenly turned against the doctor. It required considerable firmness of faith to bear up against the weight of the Pope's bull. There are some who will go only a certain length with truth. Such was Adrian. Awed by the Pope's sentence, he quitted Wittemberg, and repaired to Leipsic to Dr. Eck.

The bull was beginning to take effect. The word of the Pontiff of Christendom still carried force. Fire and sword had long since taught submission. The stake was still fixed and the fagots piled at his bidding. Every thing announced that an awful catastrophe was about to put an end to the audacious rebellion of the Augustine monk. The Pope's nuncios had made urgent representations to the young emperor: Charles declared that he would protect the ancient religion; and in some of his hereditary states scaffolds were raised for the purpose of committing the writings of the heretic to the flames. Ecclesiastical dignitaries and counsellors of state attended at these autos-da-fé. Those flames will strike terror in all quarters, said the Roman courtiers. And they did, indeed, carry fear to many timid and superstitious minds; but even in the Emperor's hereditary states, the only part of his dominions where the clergy ventured to carry the bull into execution, the people, and sometimes the higher classes, often treated these pontifical demonstrations with ridicule or indignation. "Luther," said the doctors of Louvain, in an audience with Margaret, who at that time governed the Low Countries, "Luther is undermining the Christian faith."—"Who is this Luther?" asked the princess.—"An ignorant monk."—"Well," replied she, "do you, who are learned, and so many, write against him. The world will surely believe a company of learned men, rather than a single monk of no learning." The doctors of Louvain preferred an easier method. They raised, at some expense, a vast pile of wood. The multitude flocked to the place. Students and citizens were seen making their way through the crowd in great haste, carrying under their arms huge volumes, which they threw into the flames. Their apparent zeal edified the monks and doctors; but the stratagem was soon after discovered: it was the *Sermones discipuli*, *Tartaret*, and other scholastic and popish books, which had been thrown into the fire instead of the writings of Luther.

The Count of Nassau, viceroy of Holland, in reply to the solicitations of the Dominicans, to be permitted to burn the obnoxious books, answered: "Go preach the Gospel as purely as Luther, and you will have no reason to complain of any one." Conversation turning on the Reformer at a banquet at which the greatest princes of the empire were present, the lord of Ravenstein said aloud: "After the lapse of four whole centuries, a single Christian man has stood forth at last, and him the Pope would put to death."

Luther, conscious of the strength of his cause, preserved his composure amidst all the tumult excited by the bull. "Were it not for your exhortations," said he to Spalatin, "I should hold my peace; assured as I am, that it is by the wisdom and the power of God

that the work must be accomplished." Here was the man of a timid spirit urging openness of speech, while the man of native resolution was disposed to remain silent. The reason was, that Luther discerned the operation of a power whose agency was unnoticed by his friend. "Be of good cheer," continued the Reformer, "it was Christ that began all this, —and he will bring it to its appointed issue; —even though my lot be banishment and death. Jesus Christ is here present; and He that is in us is mightier than he that is in the world."

But duty now requires him to speak, that the truth may be made manifest. Rome has assailed him; it shall be seen whether he shrinks from her blows. The Pope has placed him under the ban of the Church; he will place the Pope under the ban of Christianity. The sentence of the Pontiff has hitherto been absolute: he will now oppose sentence to sentence, and the world shall perceive which is the word of power. "For the peace of my own conscience," said he, "I am resolved that men shall no longer remain ignorant of the danger they are in;" and forthwith he took steps to renew his appeal to a General Council. To appeal from the Pope to a council was in itself a crime. It was, therefore, by a fresh violation of the pontifical authority, that Luther undertook to exonerate himself from the offences already laid to his charge.

On the 17th of November, a notary and five witnesses, of whom Cruciger was one, assembled at ten o'clock in the morning, in one of the halls of the Augustine convent, in which Luther resided. There,—the public functionary, Sarctor von Eisleben, being in readiness to take a minute of his protest,—the Reformer in a solemn tone of voice spoke as follows, in the presence of the witnesses;

"Forasmuch as a General Council of the Christian Church is superior to the Pope, especially in matters of faith;

"Forasmuch as the authority of the Pope is not superior, but inferior to Scripture, and he has no right to slay Christ's sheep, or cast them into the jaws of the wolf;

"I, Martin Luther, an Augustine, and Doctor of the Holy Scriptures at Wittemberg, on my own behalf, and on behalf of such as stand or shall stand on my side, do, by this instrument, appeal from his holiness, Pope Leo, to a General Christian Council, hereafter to be held.

"I appeal from the aforesaid Pope Leo; first, as an unjust, hasty, and oppressive judge, who condemns me without having given me a hearing, and without declaring the grounds of his judgment:—secondly, as a heretic and apostate, misguided, hardened, and condemned by Holy Writ, who requires me to deny the necessity of Christian *faith* in the use of the sacraments;*—thirdly, as an enemy, an Antichrist, an adversary of the Scriptures, and a usurper of their authority, who presumes to set up his own decrees against all the declarations of the word of God;—fourthly, as a contemner, a calumniator, a blasphemer of the Holy Christian Church, and of every free Council, who asserts that a Council is nothing in itself.

"Wherefore, I most humbly beseech the most serene, illustrious, excellent, wise, and worthy lords, Charles the Roman Emperor, the Electors, princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, cities, and municipalities of the whole German nation, to adhere to this my protest, and unite with me to resist the antichristian proceedings of the Pope,—for God's glory, in defence of the Church and of the Christian faith, and to uphold the free Councils of Christendom; and Christ, our Saviour, will richly reward them by his everlasting grace. But if there be any who set my entreaties at naught, preferring obedience to the Pope, an impious man, —rather than to obey God, I do hereby disavow all responsibility on their account, having given a faithful warning to their consciences; and I leave them to the final judgment of God, together with the Pope and all his adherents."

Such was Luther's instrument of divorce; such was his answer to the Pontiff's bull. It was a deeply momentous declaration. The charges which he brought against the Pope were of the gravest character, nor were they lightly preferred. The protest was circulated throughout the whole of Germany, and found its way into most of the courts of Christendom.

Luther, however, though his recent act might have seemed the very extremity of daring, had another and a still bolder measure in contemplation. He was determined that in nothing would he be behind Rome. The monk of Wittemberg shall do all that the Sovereign Pontiff ventures to do. Sentence against sentence he has already pronounced; he will now kindle pile for pile. The descendant of the Medici and the miner's son have encountered each other in the lists, breast to breast; and while that conflict continues with which the world is destined to resound, not a blow shall be struck by the one combatant that shall not be returned by the other. On the 10th of December, a placard was affixed to the walls of the university of Wittemberg. It contained an invitation to the professors and students to repair at the hour of nine in the morning to the east gate, beside the Holy Cross. A great number of doctors and youths assembled, and Luther, putting himself at their head, led the procession to the appointed spot. How many piles had Rome kindled during the ages of her domination! Luther was now to make a better application of the great Romish principle. It was only of some musty writings that he sought to be rid, and fire he thought could never be employed to better purpose. A scaffold had already been erected. One of the oldest among the Masters of Arts soon set fire to it. As the flames arose, Luther drew nigh, and

* The German copy has a few paragraphs which are not in the Latin.

cast into the midst of them the Canon Law, the Decretals, the Clementines, the Extravagants of the Popes, and a portion of the works of Eck and of Emser. When these books had been reduced to ashes, Luther took the Pope's Bull in his hand, held it up, and said aloud: "Since thou hast afflicted the Lord's Holy One, may fire unquenchable afflict and consume thee!" and thereupon he threw it into the flames. He then with much composure bent his steps towards the city, and the crowd of doctors, professors, and students, with loud expressions of applause, returned to Wittemberg in his train. "The Decretals," said Luther, "are like a body whose face is as fair as a virgin's; but its limbs are forceful as those of the lion, and its tail is that of the wily serpent. In all the papal laws, there is not a single word to teach us what Jesus Christ truly is." —"My enemies," he said again, "by burning my books, may have disparaged the truth in the minds of the common people, and occasioned the loss of souls; for that reason I have burned their books in my turn. This is a mighty struggle but just begun. Hitherto I have been only jesting with the Pope. I entered upon this work in the name of God;—He will bring it to a close without my aid, by his own power. If they dare to burn my books, —of which it is no vain boast to say that they contain more of the Gospel than all the Pope's books put together,—I may with far better reason burn theirs, which are wholly worthless."

Had Luther commenced the Reformation by an act like this, the consequences might have been deplorable. Fanaticism might have been awakened by it, and the Church forced into a career of disorder and violence. But in the first stages of his task, the Reformer had been satisfied with calmly expounding the doctrines of Scripture. The foundations of the edifice had been cautiously and securely laid. In the present posture of affairs, a vigorous blow, such as he had just struck, might not merely be productive of no ill effect; it might probably hasten the moment when Christianity should rejoice over the downfall of the power by which the Christian world had so long been held in thraldom.

Luther by this act distinctly announced his separation from the Pope and the Papal Church. After his letter to Leo, such an announcement might in his estimation be necessary. He now accepted the excommunication which Rome had pronounced. He proclaimed in the face of Christendom that between him and the Pope there was war even to the death. Like the Roman who burned the vessels that had conveyed him to the enemy's shore, he left himself no resource, but to advance and offer battle.

We have seen how he re-entered Wittemberg. On the following morning, the hall of the academy was more than usually crowded. The minds of those that composed the assembly had been excited, a deep solemnity prevailed, the address which the doctor was to deliver was the subject of earnest expectation. He proceeded with a portion of his commentary upon the Psalms, which he had begun in the month of March of the preceding year. Having finished his lecture, he paused for a few moments, and then he said with great vivacity: "Be on your guard against the laws and statutes of the Pope. I have burned the Decretals, but that is mere child's play. It is time, and more than time, that the Pope himself were burned,—I mean," he immediately subjoined—"the papal chair, with all its false doctrines, and all its abominations." Assuming then a more solemn tone: "If you do not with your whole hearts resist the impious usurpation of the Pope, you cannot be saved. Whosoever takes pleasure in the Popish doctrine and worship will be lost to all eternity in the world to come."

"True," added he, "if we reject that false creed, we must expect no less than to encounter every kind of danger—even to the loss of life. But far better it is to expose ourselves to all the perils that this present world can assail us with, than to hold our peace! So long as my life shall last, I, for my part, will never cease to warn my brethren of the wound and plague of Babylon, lest any of those who now walk with us should slide back like the rest into the pit of hell."

It is difficult to conceive the effect which was produced upon the auditory by this discourse, with the energy of which we ourselves cannot fail to be struck. "Not a man among us," adds the candid student to whom we are indebted for its preservation, "unless he be a senseless block, (as all the Papists are," he remarks in a parenthesis)—"not a man among us doubts that this is the very truth. It is evident to all the faithful, that Doctor Luther is an angel of the living God, commissioned to lead back the sheep of Christ's flock to the wholesome pastures from which we have wandered."

This discourse and the act which preceded it mark an important epoch in the Reformation. In his heart, Luther had been alienated from the Pope by the controversy at Leipsic. But at the moment when he burned the bull, he declared in the most explicit manner his separation from the Bishop of Rome and the Roman Church, and his adherence to the Church universal, as founded by the apostles of Jesus Christ. At the east gate of Wittemberg he kindled a flame which three hundred years have not yet extinguished.

"The Pope," said he, "has three crowns: —I will show you why;—the first is against God, for he abrogates religion;—the second against the Emperor, for he abrogates the secular power;—the third against society at large, for he abrogates marriage." When he was accused of too much violence in his opposition to Popery:—"Oh!" he replied, "were it mine to choose, my testimony against it should be no other than the voice of thunder, and every word should fall like the fiery bolt."

This undaunted spirit was rapidly commu

nicated to Luther's friends and fellow-countrymen. The nation rallied round him. Melancthon, about this time, addressed to the States of the Empire a discourse which, for elegance of style and strength of reasoning, is worthy of its amiable author. It was an answer to a book attributed to Emser, but published under the name of the Roman theologian Rhadinus. Never had Luther himself spoken with greater energy; and yet in Melancthon's composition there is a grace superadded, which wins it way to the heart.

After proving, by texts quoted from Scripture, that the Pope is not superior to other bishops;—"What hinders us," he asks of the States, "from depriving the Pope of the authority with which we have invested him? It is a matter of small concern to Luther that our wealth—the treasure of Europe—is sent to Rome. What grieves him, and grieves us also, is, that the Papal laws and Pontifical dominion entail upon the souls of men, not jeopardy merely, but absolute ruin. Every man may judge for himself, whether or not it behoves him to dedicate his money to the maintenance of Romish luxury; but to form a judgment on matters of religion and the holy mysteries is beyond the capacity of the multitude. On this ground does Luther appeal to your faith and to your zeal; and every pious man, if not openly, at least by secret groans and sighs, joins in the same invocation. Recollect that you are Christians, princes of a Christian nation, and hasten to rescue the piteous wreck of Christianity from the tyrannous hand of Antichrist. They who would persuade you that you have no jurisdiction over these priests are deceiving you grossly. Let the same spirit that animated Jehu against the priests of Baal, urge you by that memorable example to crush the Romish superstition; a superstition more detestable by far than the idolatry of Baal itself." Such was the language in which the mild Melancthon addressed the princes of Germany.

Here and there a cry of alarm was raised among the friends of the Reformation. Men of feeble character, ever inclined to concession and compromise, and Staupitz, the foremost of this class, gave utterance to sentiments of deep concern. "All that has been done hitherto," said Luther to him, "has been mere play. Remember what you yourself said;—if God were not the author of all this, it never could have taken place. The tumult is continually growing more and more tumultuous; nor do I think that it will ever be appeased until the last day." This was Luther's method of encouraging the timorous. Three centuries have passed away, and the tumult is not appeased yet.

"The Papacy," continued he, "has ceased to be what it was yesterday, and the day before. Excommunicate me, and burn my writings it may,—ay, and put me to death!—but that which is now going forward it can never stop. We stand on the very threshold of some wonderful dispensation. When I burned the bull, it was with inward fear and trembling; but I look back upon that act with more pleasure than upon any passage of my life."

Here we cannot but pause, delighted to trace the image of the future so vividly impressed on the mighty mind of the Reformer. "O my father," says he to Staupitz in the conclusion of his letter, "pray for the word of God and for me! I am hurried along by these billows, and wellnigh overwhelmed."

On every side, then, the battle is now begun. The combatants have flung away their scabbards. The Word of God has reclaimed its rightful authority, and the sentence of deposition has gone forth against him who had usurped the place of God. The agitation pervades every class of the community. In no age has there been a lack of selfish men, who would gladly allow mankind to slumber on in error and corruption: but those whose hearts are enlarged, however timid by natural constitution, think far differently. "We are well aware," says the mild and moderate Melancthon, "that statesmen are averse from all innovation; and it must be confessed that in this scene of mournful confusion, which we call human life,—controversies, however just the grounds from which they spring, are always chargeable with some measure of evil. Nevertheless, it is necessary that God's word and his commandments should have preference in the Church over every earthly interest The everlasting anger of God is denounced against such as endeavour to suppress the truth. It was Luther's duty, therefore,—a Christian duty from which he could in no way escape. more especially as he held the office of a teacher in the Church,—to reprove those pernicious errors which unprincipled men were so shamefully engaged in diffusing. If these disputes engender many evils, as, to my great grief," he adds, "I perceive that they do, the fault rests with those who first propagated error, and with those who now, with diabolical malignity, attempt to uphold it."

But this was not the opinion entertained by all. Luther was overwhelmed with reproaches,—the storm burst upon him from every quarter.—"He stands alone!" said some.—"He teaches new doctrines!" said others.

"Who knows," replied Luther, deeply conscious of the vocation he had received from on high,—"who knows whether God has not called and chosen me for this very purpose, and whether they who despise me have not reason to fear lest they be found despisers of God himself? Moses was alone when the Israelites were led out of Egypt; Elijah was alone in the time of King Ahab; Ezekiel was alone at Babylon. God has never chosen for his prophet either the high-priest or any other person of exalted rank; he has generally chosen men of a mean and low condition,—in the instance of Amos, even a simple shepherd. The saints in every age have been called upon to rebuke the great of this world—Kings and princes—priests and scholars—and to fulfil their office at the peril of their lives. Has it not been thus under the New Testament dispensation? Ambrose in his time stood alone

after him, Jerome was alone;—later still, Augustine was alone. I say not that I am a prophet; but I say that they have the more reason to fear, *because* I am alone and they are many. Of this I am sure, that the Word of God is with me, and that it is not with them."

"It is asserted also," continues he, "that I am bringing forward novelties, and that it is impossible to believe that all other teachers for so long a time have been in error.

"No—these are not novelties that I preach! —But I affirm that the doctrines of Christianity have been lost sight of by those whose special duty it was to preserve them—by the learned—by the bishops. I doubt not, indeed, that the truth has still found an abode in some few hearts, were it only with infants in the cradle. Poor husbandmen and simple children, in these days, understand more of *Jesus Christ* than the Pope, the bishops, or the doctors.

"I am accused of rejecting the holy doctors of the Church. I reject them not, but since those doctors all labour to prove what they write by the Holy Scriptures, it follows that the Scriptures must be clearer and more conclusive than their writings. Who would ever think of proving what is in itself obscure by the help of something obscurer still? Necessity, therefore, obliges us to have recourse to the Bible, as all the doctors have done; and to test their writings by it,—for the Bible is our only rule and standard.

"But it is further objected that men high in station pursue me with their censures. What then!—do not the Scriptures clearly show that they who persecute are generally in the wrong, and they who suffer persecution in the right, —that the majority has always been on the side of falsehood, and the minority only on the side of truth? It is the fate of truth to occasion an outcry."

Luther then passes under review the various propositions which had been condemned by the bull as heretical; and demonstrates their truth by arguments drawn from Holy Scripture. With how much force, in particular, does he maintain the doctrine of grace!

"What," says he, "shall we say, that nature, antecedently to, and unassisted by, grace, can hate sin, flee from sin, and repent of it, while yet, after grace vouchsafed, that same nature loves sin, seeks it, yearns after it, and never ceases to strive against grace and oppose it,—this being the burden under which the saints are continually groaning. It is as though you were to tell me that some sturdy tree, which my utmost efforts could never bend, would bend of its own accord were it left alone, or that some torrent which dikes and dams were ineffectual to restrain would check its own course if all these impediments were removed. NO! never shall we attain to repentance by considering sin or its consequences, but only by fixing our contemplation on the wounded Saviour, and on the love of which his wounds are the token. The knowledge of sin must proceed from repentance,—not repentance from the knowledge of sin. That knowledge is the fruit,—repentance the tree. In our country the fruit grows on the tree, but in the domain of his Holiness it would seem that the tree grows on the fruit!"

The intrepid teacher, though protesting, yet retracts some of his propositions. Notwithstanding all his protestations, Luther *retracts*.

But our surprise will cease, when we learn the manner of his doing this. After citing the four propositions regarding indulgences which had been condemned by the bull,* he simply adds:

"In deference to the holy and learned bull, I retract all that I have ever advanced on the subject of *Indulgences*. If my books deserved to be burned, it was because they contained certain concessions to the Pope in respect to that doctrine of indulgences; on which account I myself now condemn them to the flames."

Then follows another retractation in respect to John Huss: "I now say, not that *some* of the articles but that *all* the articles propounded by John Huss are altogether orthodox. The Pope in condemning Huss has condemned the Gospel. I have gone five times as far as he, and yet I greatly fear I have not gone far enough. Huss only says that a wicked Pope is not a member of the Christian Church; —I, on the other hand, were I now to see St. Peter himself seated in the Roman chair, would deny that he was Pope by God's appointment."

The powerful language of the Reformer sunk deep into men's minds, and prepared them for enfranchisement. Every word was a living spark helping to spread the flame through the whole nation. But an important question was yet to be decided. Would the Prince, whose territory Luther inhabited, concur in the execution of the bull, or would he oppose it? This question was not easily answered. The Elector, as well as the other princes of the Empire, was then at Aix la-Chapelle. It was there that the crown of Charlemagne was placed on the head of the youngest, and yet the most powerful monarch of Christendom. The pomp and magnificence displayed on that occasion surpassed all previous example. After the ceremony, Charles the Fifth, attended by Frederic and the other princes, by the ministers and ambassadors, immediately repaired to Cologne. Aix-la-Chapelle, which had been visited by the plague, seemed to discharge its entire population into that ancient city of the Rhine.

Among the crowd of strangers who were then received within its walls, were the Pope's two nuncios, Marino Carracioli and Hieronymus Aleander. Carracioli, who had been employed on a previous embassy to Maximilian, was authorized to congratulate the new Emperor, and to treat with him on affairs of state. But Rome had perceived that in order to bring her measures for the extinction of the Reformation to a successful issue, she must send to Germany a nuncio specially charged

* The 19th to the 22d.

with that service, and fitted by a peculiar cast of mind, and by a union of dexterity with activity, for its accomplishment. With this view Aleander had been selected This individual, who at a later period was invested with the cardinal's purple, was descended, it would appear, from a family of considerable antiquity, and not, as some have reported, from a Jewish stock. The licentious Borgia sent for him to Rome to make him secretary to that son Cæsar, at whose very name all Rome trembled. "The master and the servant were well matched," says a contemporary writer, intimating thus similarity of character between Aleander and Alexander the Sixth. The verdict seems too severe. After the death of Borgia, Aleander give himself up to study with renewed ardour. His proficiency in Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, gained him the credit of being the most learned man of his age. Whatsoever pursuit he engaged in, he devoted himself to it with his whole heart. The zeal with which he applied himself to the acquisition of languages was no less intense than that which he afterwards displayed in persecuting the Reformation. His services were next engaged by Leo the Tenth. Protestant historians speak of his epicurean morals; Romish historians celebrate his blameless life. It appears that he was addicted to luxury, to dramatic entertainments, and public shows. "Aleander lives at Venice the life of a grovelling epicurean in high estate," said his old friend Erasmus. All reports agree that he was a man of imperious character, prompt in his actions, ardent, indefatigable, imperious, and devoted to the Pope. Eck was the fiery and intrepid champion of the schools; Aleander, the haughty envoy of the domineering Vatican. He seemed born to be a Nuncio.

Rome had every thing in readiness for the destruction of the monk of Wittemberg. The part which Aleander had to perform as the Pope's representative in the coronation of the Emperor, he regarded as only a subordinate commission, adapted, however, to promote his main design, by the personal consideration which it necessarily secured for him. But his real office was to persuade Charles to crush the Reformation in its birth. "The Pope," said the Nuncio, as he gave the bull into the Emperor's hands, "the Pope, who has measured his strength with so many mighty princes, will find little difficulty in dealing with these grammarians." Under that contemptuous designation he included Luther, Melancthon, and Erasmus. Erasmus himself was present at the audience.

Immediately after his arrival at Cologne, Aleander, acting in concert with Carracioli, made it the object of his most strenuous efforts that the heretical writings of Luther should be publicly burned in every part of the empire, but more particularly under the eyes of the German princes assembled in that city. Charles the Fifth had already given his consent, so far as concerned his hereditary dominions. The agitation of men's minds in this juncture was extreme. The ministers of Charles and the Nuncios themselves were solemnly warned that measures like these, instead of healing the wound, would inflame it. "Do you imagine," they were asked, "that the doctrine taught by Luther exists only in those books which you are now condemning to the flames? It is deeply engraven where you cannot obliterate it—in the hearts of the German nation. If you mean to employ force, you must give the word for myriads of swords to be unsheathed, and a countless multitude of victims to be slaughtered. Piling a few fagots together to burn a few sheets of paper will be of no avail: nor does it beseem the dignity of the Emperor or that of the Sovereign Pontiff to employ such weapons.' The Nuncio clung to his fagots notwithstanding. "These flames that we shall kindle," said he, "are a sentence of condemnation written in giant characters, conspicuous far and wide—to the learned and the unlearned—legible even to such as can read no others."

But, after all, the Nuncio cared little about books or papers; Luther himself was the mark he aimed at. "These fires," he remarked again, "are not sufficient to purify the pestilential atmosphere of Germany. Though they may strike terror into the simple-minded, they leave the authors of the mischief unpunished. We must have an imperial edict sentencing Luther to death."

Aleander found the Emperor less compliant when the Reformer's life was demanded, than he had shown himself before, when his books alone were attacked.

"Raised as I have been so recently to the throne, I cannot," said Charles, "without the advice of my counsellors, and the consent of the Princes of the Empire, strike such a blow as this against a faction so numerous and so powerfully protected. Let us first ascertain what our father, the Elector of Saxony, thinks of the matter; we shall then be prepared to give our answer to the Pope." On the Elector, therefore, must the Nuncios now exercise their artifices and the power of their rhetoric.

On the first Sunday of November, after Frederic had attended mass in the convent of the Cordeliers, Carracioli and Aleander demanded an audience of him. He received them in the presence of the Bishop of Trent and of several of his counsellors. Carracioli opened the interview by presenting to the Elector the Pope's brief. Of a milder character than Aleander, he thought it expedient to gain the Prince over, if possible, by fair speeches, and accordingly began by complimenting him and his ancestors. "In your Highness," said he, "are reposed all our hopes for the salvation of the Church and the Holy Roman Empire."

But the impetuous Aleander, resolved to come at once to the point, stepped abruptly forward and interrupted his colleague, who modestly gave way to him "It is to myself and to Eck," said he, "that the affair of friar

Martin has been intrusted. Consider the infinite peril into which this man is plunging the Christian commonwealth. Unless a remedy be speedily applied, the fate of the Empire is sealed. Why has the Empire of the Greeks been destroyed, but because they fell away from the Pope? You cannot join yourself to Luther without being dissevered from Christ. In the name of his Holiness, I require of you two things; first, that you cause Luther's writings to be burned; secondly, that you inflict upon the heretic himself the punishment he deserves, or else that you deliver him up a prisoner to the Pope. The Emperor and all the Princes of the Empire have signified their willingness to accede to our demands;—you alone demur."

Frederic replied by the mouth of the Bishop of Trent: "This is a matter of too much importance to be decided instantly. Our determination in regard to it shall be duly communicated to you."

The position in which the Elector was placed was a difficult one. To which side shall he incline? On the one side are arrayed the Emperor, the Princes of the Empire, and the Sovereign Pontiff, whose authority Frederic, at this time, has no thought of shaking off: on the other stands a monk, a poor monk, for against Luther alone is this assault levelled. The reign of Charles has but just begun. Shall Frederic, the oldest, the wisest of the sovereign princes of Germany, be the first to kindle discord in the Empire? And, besides, how shall he forfeit the praise of that devotion which led him in earlier days on his long pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Christ?

But there were voices raised to plead on the opposite part also. A youthful Prince, who afterwards wore the electoral diadem, and whose reign was signalized by great calamities—John Frederic, the son of Duke John, and nephew of the Elector, having been educated by Spalatin, and having now attained the age of seventeen, had had his heart deeply imbued with a love of the truth, and was ardently attached to Luther. When he saw him pursued by the anathemas of Rome, he embraced his cause with the fervour of a young Christian, and the spirit of a young Prince. He wrote to the Reformer, and also to his uncle, and with dignified earnestness besought the latter to protect Luther against his enemies. On the other hand, Spalatin,—often, it must be confessed, in too timid a strain,—as well as Pontanus, and the other counsellors who were with the Elector at Cologne, represented to the Prince that he could not abandon the Reformer.

Amidst this general agitation, one man remained unmoved: it was Luther himself. While his friends were invoking the assistance of the great to save him from destruction, the monk, in his cloister at Wittemberg, had come to the conclusion that it was his part, rather, to rescue the great of this world from *their* imminent peril. "If the Gospel," he wrote to Spalatin, "were of such a nature that it must be propagated or supported by earthly potentates, God would not have committed it to the hands of a few fishermen. It is not to princes or to pontiffs that the task is assigned of defending God's word. Enough for them, if they can themselves escape the judgments of the Lord and his Anointed. I speak thus boldly, that they may be led to acquaint themselves with the divine Word, and may find salvation there."

What Luther desired was about to be accomplished. The same faith that worked unseen in the convent of Wittemberg, was to display its power in the princely halls of Cologne. Frederic's courage, which for a while, perhaps, had faltered, soon rose again to its wonted pitch. He shuddered at the thought of delivering an honest man into the hands of his implacable enemies. "Justice must have precedence even of the Pope:" by this principle would he regulate his conduct.

On the 4th of November, his counsellors intimated, in his name, to the Papal Nuncios, who had again met in the presence of the Bishop of Trent, in the Elector's palace, that his highness had seen with great concern the advantage which Doctor Eck had taken of his absence, to involve many persons in the sentence of condemnation, who were not particularized in the bull; that since his departure from Saxony, multitudes, very probably, of every class, the learned as well as the unlearned, the clergy as well as the laity, had joined themselves to Luther, and become parties to his appeal; that neither his Imperial Majesty nor any one else had yet made it appear to him that Luther's writings had been refuted, or demonstrated to be fit only for the flames; that he demanded, therefore, that Doctor Luther should be furnished with a safe-conduct, and permitted to answer for himself before a tribunal composed of learned, pious, and impartial judges."

After this announcement, Aleander, Carracioli, and their followers withdrew for a while to hold a consultation. This was the first occasion on which the Elector had publicly declared his intentions in regard to the Reformer. The Nuncios had expected him to adopt a very different course. The affair having been brought to that stage in which his continued neutrality would expose him to dangers, the full extent of which no foresight could measure, they thought that he would no longer hesitate to give up the obnoxious monk. So Rome had reasoned. But her machinations were now to be baffled by a power which her calculations had left wholly out of view—the love of justice and truth.

On the readmission of the Nuncios into the audience-chamber, "I should like to know," said the arrogant Aleander, "what would the Elector think, if one of his subjects were to appeal from his judgment to that of the King of France, or some other foreign sovereign." But, perceiving at last that the Saxon counsellors were not to be wrought upon, "We will execute the bull," said he; "we will pursue and burn the writings of Luther. As for his person," he added, affecting a tone of

disdainful indifference, "the Pope has little inclination to imbrue his hands in the blood of the unhappy wretch."

When the tidings reached Wittemberg of the reply given by the Elector to the Nuncios, Luther's friends were transported with joy. Melancthon and Amsdorff, in particular, conceived the most sanguine hopes of the future. "The German nobles," said Melancthon, "will follow the guidance of the Prince whom they revere as their Nestor. If Homer styled his aged hero the *bulwark of the Greeks*, why may not our Frederic be surnamed the *bulwark of Germany?*"

Erasmus, the oracle of courts, the arbiter of schools, the luminary of the age, was then at Cologne. He had been summoned thither by several princes, desirous to profit by his counsels. Erasmus, at the epoch of the Reformation, was the leader of that party which held the *just mean* between the other two: such, at least, was his own persuasion,—a mistaken one, however; for when truth and error stand in hostile opposition, justice halts not on the middle ground. He was the chief of that philosophical and academic party, which, for centuries, had been attempting to correct the abuses of the Romish Church, but still without success. He was the representative of human wisdom,—a wisdom far too weak to chastise the pride of Popery. The task could be achieved only by the wisdom of God, which men often deem foolishness, but at the voice of which the mountains crumble into dust. Erasmus would neither throw himself into the arms of Luther, nor yet would he crouch at the footstool of the Pope. He wavered, and sometimes lost his balance between the two opposing influences; ever and anon attracted towards the Reformer, and then again suddenly drawn back into the sphere of Romish delusion. In a letter addressed to Albert, the Archbishop of Mentz, he had declared himself in Luther's favour. "It seems," said he, "as though the last spark of Christian piety were about to be extinguished; and this it is that has stirred up the heart of Luther;—his aim is not distinction, nor is he seeking wealth." But this letter, which Ulric Von Hütten imprudently published, was the cause of so much annoyance to Erasmus, that he determined to observe more caution for the future. Moreover, though he lay under the charge of connivance with Luther, the unmeasured language employed by the latter gave him serious umbrage. "Almost all good people lean towards Luther," he observed, "but I perceive that the affair will end in rebellion. . . I do not wish my name to be coupled with his. It injures me, and does him no service." "Be it so," replied Luther; "if that displeases you, I promise you that I will never make mention of you, or any of your friends." Such was the man to whom the favourers and the enemies of the Reformer alike addressed themselves.

The Elector, knowing that the opinion of a man so highly respected as Erasmus would carry great weight with it, requested a visit from the illustrious Hollander. Erasmus obeyed the invitation on the 5th of December. The friends of Luther regarded the interview with some measure of secret alarm. The Elector was standing before the fire, with Spalatin by his side, when Erasmus was ushered into the chamber. "What think you of Luther?" asked Frederic immediately. The prudent Erasmus, surprised by the question so suddenly put to him, endeavoured at first to evade a reply. He screwed up his mouth, bit his lips, and remained silent. Hereupon the Elector raised his eyebrows, (as was his custom, Spalatin tells us, when he meant to force an explicit answer from the person with whom he was conversing,) and looked Erasmus steadfastly in the face The latter, at a loss how to extricate himself from the difficulty, replied at last, in a half-jocular tone: "Luther has committed two grievous sins; he has attacked the Pope's crown and the monks' bellies." The Elector smiled, but intimated to his visitor that he was in earnest. Erasmus then, casting off his reserve, replied as follows: "The origin of all these dissensions is the hatred the monks bear to learning, and the fear that besets them of seeing their tyranny brought to an end. What are the weapons of their warfare against Luther? clamour, cabal, malice, and slander. The more virtuous a man is, and the more strongly attached to the doctrines of the Gospel, the less does he find to censure in Luther's proceedings. The severity of the bull has roused the indignation of all good men; for they find in it none of the gentleness that befits the Vicar of Christ. Two universities only, out of the whole number, have condemned Luther; and even they have condemned without having convicted him. Let them not deceive themselves; the danger is greater than some persons imagine. There are difficulties in their way which will not easily be surmounted. To begin the reign of Charles by so unpopular an act as Luther's imprisonment, would be an evil omen for the future. The world is thirsting for gospel truth: let us beware how we resist so holy a desire. Let the whole question be examined by dispassionate and competent judges; it is the only course that can be followed, consistently with the dignity of the Pope himself."

Such was the language of Erasmus to the Elector. Its frankness may perhaps astonish us; but Erasmus well knew to whom he was speaking. Spalatin listened to it with delight. When Erasmus took his leave, he accompanied him the whole way to the house of Count von Nuenar, the provost of Cologne, where the illustrious scholar resided. The latter, obeying the impulse of the moment, when he found himself at home, sat down, committed to writing the substance of what he had said to the Elector, and gave the paper into Spalatin's hands. The fear of Aleander, however, soon took possession of his mind; the courage he had felt in the presence of the Elector and his chaplain forsook him, and he entreated Spalatin to let him have that un-

guarded paper back again, lest it should fall into the hands of the terrible Nuncio. But it was already too late.

The Elector, feeling himself strengthened by the opinion of Erasmus, assumed a more decided tone in his communications with the Emperor. Erasmus himself, in several conferences, which (like those granted to Nicodemus of old) were held at night, laboured hard to persuade the Imperial counsellors that the whole affair might be referred to the judgment of an impartial tribunal. He probably hoped that he himself might be chosen to decide the controversy which threatened to divide the Christian world. His vanity would have found ample gratification in such an office. But at the same time, that he might not lose his credit at Rome, he wrote to Leo the Tenth in the most submissive terms, and Leo answered his letters graciously; a circumstance which was the source of deep mortification to Aleander. In his devotion to the Pope's cause, the Nuncio would willingly have administered a severe reproof to the Pope himself; for Erasmus gave publicity to the Pontiff's letters, and made them subservient to the confirmation of his own credit. Aleander forwarded a remonstrance on this head to the Vatican. The reply he received was to this effect: "Do not appear to perceive the evil intentions of the man. Prudence forbids it. We must not close the door of repentance against him."

Charles, himself, adopted a system of equipoise, which consisted in flattering both the Pope and the Elector, and manifesting a disposition to lean alternately to the one side or the other, according to the shifting exigency of the moment. His ministers obscurely intimated to Aleander the plan which their master was inclined to follow. "The Emperor," said they, "will be regulated in his conduct towards the Pope, by the tenor of the Pope's conduct towards himself; he does not choose to increase the power of his rivals, particularly that of the King of France." At these words, the arrogant Nuncio gave vent to his indignation. "What," he replied, "even though the Pope should relinquish his alliance with the Emperor, must the Emperor on that account relinquish his *creed?* If that be the way in which he means to avenge himself, bid him tremble,—his faithlessness will be visited on his own head." But the Imperial diplomatists were not to be intimidated by the Nuncio's threats.

Yet, though the Roman legates had failed to bend the great ones of this world to their will, the inferior agents of the Papacy succeeded in making some impression on the lower ranks of men. The myrmidons of Rome had heard the command given by their chief. Many fanatical priests gladly took advantage of the bull to alarm the consciences of their hearers, and many well-meaning but ill-instructed ecclesiastics deemed it a sacred duty to obey the injunctions of the Pope. It was in the confessional that the struggle against Rome had been begun by Luther; it was in the confessional that Rome now put forth her strength against the adherents of the Reformer. Denied all public recognition of its validity, the bull, nevertheless, became powerfully operative in these solitary tribunals. "Have you read the writings of Luther?" was the question put by the confessor:—"have you them in your possession?—do you regard them as true or heretical?" And if the penitent hesitated to pronounce the prescribed anathema, the priest refused him absolution. The consciences of many were disturbed. Great agitation prevailed amongst the people. This dexterous expedient promised fair to bring multitudes once more under the Papal yoke, who had but now been won over to the gospel. Well might Rome rejoice that six centuries before* she had created a tribunal so admirably adapted to secure to the priesthood a despotic sway over the conscience of every Christian. So long as that tribunal stands, her empire shall not be overthrown.

Luther was speedily informed of what was going on. With none to aid him in baffling this device, how shall he act? The Word, the testimony of Holy Writ, loudly and fearlessly proclaimed—this shall be his weapon of defence. The Word shall find access to those troubled consciences, those dismayed hearts,—and they shall be strengthened. A powerful impulse was needed, and powerfully was the voice of Luther lifted up. He addressed the penitents in a tone of intrepid dignity and high-minded contempt for all secondary considerations. "When you are asked," said he, "whether or not you approve of my books, let your answer be—'You are a confessor, not an inquisitor nor a jailer. It is my duty to confess whatsoever my conscience prompts me to disclose, it is yours to abstain from prying into the secrets of my heart. Give me absolution first, and then dispute with Luther—with the Pope—with whomsoever you please; but beware of turning the sacrament of penance into an instrument of strife and debate.' And if the confessor should refuse to yield," said Luther, "I would dispense with his absolution. Be not disquieted; if man absolves you not, God will absolve you. Rejoice, therefore, that you are absolved of God himself, and come forward fearlessly to the sacrament of the altar. The priest will have to answer at the last day for the absolution he has withheld. They may deny us the sacrament, but they cannot deprive us of the strength and grace which God has attached to it. It is not their will, nor any power of theirs, but our own faith that the Lord has made essential to our salvation. The sacrament,—the altar,—the priest,—the church,—we may pass them all by; that word of God which the bull condemned is more than all these things! The soul may dispense with the sacrament, but it cannot live without the Word. Christ, the true bishop, will himself supply your spiritual feast."

* In 1215, by the fourth Lateran Council under Innocent the Third.

Such was the strain of Luther's exhortation. That animating voice pierced the recesses of every dwelling,—of every troubled bosom,—and courage and faith were everywhere awakened by its echoes. But it was not enough for him to stand on the defensive,—he felt that he must become the assailant, and return blow for blow. A book had been written against him by a Roman theologian, named Ambrosius Catharinus. "I will rouse the choler of that Italian beast," said Luther. He kept his word. In his answer, he proved by the revelations of Daniel and St. John, by the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. Jude, that the kingdom of Antichrist, predicted and described in the Bible, was no other than the Papacy. "I know for certain," said he, in conclusion, "that our Lord Jesus Christ liveth and reigneth. In the strength of that assurance I could face ten thousand Popes, and never shrink. May God visit us at length according to his infinite power, and hasten the day of the glorious coming of his Son, in which he shall destroy that man of sin. And let all the people say, Amen."

And all the people *did* say, Amen! A sacred dread took possession of every mind. The image of Antichrist seated on the Pontifical throne was present to every imagination. This new idea, so startlingly displayed by Luther to his contemporaries in the glowing colours of prophetic delineation, gave a fearful shock to the power of Rome. Faith in the divine Word succeeded to that unqualified submission which had hitherto been rendered to the Church, and the Pope's authority, so long regarded with the deepest reverence, was now the object of general detestation and terror.

Germany replied to the Papal bull by saluting Luther with redoubled acclamations. The plague had made its appearance in Wittemberg, yet new students were continually flocking to the university, and from five to six hundred disciples were statedly assembled to listen to the lectures of Luther and Melancthon. The convent chapel and the city church were both too small for the eager crowd that hung on the lips of the Reformer. The prior of the Augustines was in constant alarm, lest the buildings should give way under the weight of the throngs that filled them. Nor was this excitement confined within the walls of Wittemberg—all Germany partook of it. From princes, nobles, and scholars, in every quarter,—Luther received letters that spoke the language of encouragement and of faith. More than thirty such letters were shown by him to Spalatin.

On one occasion the Margrave of Brandenburg, accompanied by several other princes, came to Wittemberg, to pay Luther a visit. "They wanted to see the Man," as he himself expresses it. And of a truth all wanted to see *the man* whose voice stirred the nations and caused the Pontiff of the West to totter on his throne.

The enthusiasm of Luther's friends grew stronger every day. "O, the unheard-of folly of Emser!" cried Melancthon, "that he should presume to measure his strength with our Hercules, overlooking the finger of God in what has been done by Luther, even as the king of Egypt overlooked it in the acts of Moses." The mild Melancthon employed the most energetic language to urge forward such as appeared to him to be falling back, or pausing in their course. "Luther has arisen to defend the truth," said he, addressing John Hesse, "and dost thou keep silence? He breathes still—ay, and prospers,—in spite of all the wrath and fury of Pope Leo. Remember that it is impossible for Romish impiety to give a sanction to the Gospel. In this unhappy age how can we hope that a Judas or a Caiaphas,—a Pilate or a Herod will ever be wanting to uphold the evil cause? Stand forth then to resist such adversaries, in the might of God's holy word."

Besides this, caustic satires against the most conspicuous among the Italian agents of the Pope were circulated through all the provinces of the empire. Ulric von Hütten was indefatigable in his exertions. He addressed letters to Luther, to the Legates, to all the most considerable personages of Germany. "I tell thee—once and again I tell thee, O Marinus!" said he in an epistle to the Legate Carracioli, "that those deceitful mists with which you blinded our eyes are scattered forever; the Gospel is preached, the truth is made known, the absurdities of Rome are given up to contempt,—your decrees are unheeded, and null,—our deliverance is at hand."

Not content with the use of prose, Hütten had recourse also to verse. He published his "*Outcry on the Fire raised by Luther.*" Appealing in this poem to Christ himself, he besought him to rebuke in his fiery displeasure all who dared to deny his authority. Hütten was not inclined to stop at words;—he was eager to draw his sword in the struggle. Luther reproved his rash designs. "I would not have the Gospel supported by violence and carnage," said he: "I have written to Hütten to tell him so."

The celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach, published a set of prints under the title of *Christ's Passion and Antichrist;* representing on one side the glory and magnificence of the Pope; on the other the humiliation and sufferings of the Redeemer. Luther composed the inscriptions for these prints. They produced an unexampled effect. The people renounced their attachment to a church which appeared in every particular so directly opposed to the example of its founder. "It is an excellent work," said Luther, "for the laity."

In some instances those who attacked the Papacy employed weapons ill suited to the sanctity of the Christian character Emser had answered Luther's work, addressed "To the Goat of Leipsic," by another, inscribed "To the Bull of Wittemberg:" the appellation was not ill chosen. But at Magdeburg Emser's book was hung to the gallows, with this inscription: "The book is worthy of its place;" and a rod was hung under it, to denote

the punishment due to the author. At Doeblin there was written under the Pope's bull, in derision of its impotent fury, "The nest is here, but the birds are flown."

The students of Wittemberg, taking advantage of the carnival, dressed up one of their own number in garments resembling those worn by the Pope, and carried him in pompous procession, though in a manner somewhat too ludicrous, as Luther remarks, through the streets of the city. When they reached the great square beside the river, some of them, feigning a mutiny, made a sudden attempt to throw the Pope into the water. His Holiness, unwilling to submit to the immersion, took to his heels; his cardinals, his bishops, and familiars of every degree did the same; the students chased them from street to street, and every corner of Wittemberg enjoyed the spectacle of some Romish dignitary pursued by the jeers and shouts of the excited populace. "The enemy of Christ," says Luther, "who mocks at kings, and at Christ himself, meets but a just requital, when he also is turned into mockery." Here, in our judgment, he errs; the spotless dignity of truth ought not to be so profaned. In the conflicts she is called upon to wage, she needs not such auxiliaries as songs, or caricatures, or the mummeries of a carnival. It may be, indeed, that without these popular demonstrations, her success would be less apparent; but it would be purer, and consequently more durable.

It was not all exultation and defiance, however, with the Reformer. Behind his triumphal chariot, drawn joyously along by enthusiastic and devoted adherents, there stood the slave to remind him of impending evil. Some of his friends, at this time, seemed disposed to retrace their steps. Staupitz, whom he called his father, appeared to be wavering. The Pope had accused him, and Staupitz had declared himself ready to submit to the judgment of his Holiness. "I fear," said Luther, "that by accepting the Pope as your judge, you will seem to renounce me and the doctrines which I have maintained. If Christ loves you, he will constrain you to retract your letter. Christ is rejected, stripped, blasphemed; this is not the time to shrink back, but to sound the onset. You exhort me to be humble; I, on the other hand, exhort you to be firm: for you have too much humility, as I have too much pride. I shall be called a proud man, I know; a covetous man, an adulterer, a homicide, an antipope, a wretch guilty of every crime. It matters little,—so that no one can charge me with having impiously kept silence while the Lord was complaining, '*I looked on my right hand and beheld; but there was no man that would know me.*' The word of Christ is a word, not of peace, but of the sword. If you will not follow Christ, let me advance alone. I will press forward, and the prize of the high calling shall be mine."

Luther thus, like a consummate general, kept a watchful eye on the face of the battle; and while fresh combatants were continually rushing forward at his bidding into the thickest of the fight, he failed not to mark where any of his followers were beginning to give ground; nor was he slow to rally them again beneath their adopted standard. His warning voice resounded far and wide. Letter followed letter in rapid succession. Three printing presses were incessantly employed in multiplying the copies of his various writings. His discourses passed from hand to hand through the whole nation; supporting the agitated penitent in the confessional, giving courage to the faltering convert in the cloister, and asserting the claims of evangelic truth, even in the abodes of princes.

"Amid the storms that assailed me," he wrote to the Elector, "I always hoped that I should be permitted to enjoy repose at last. But I now see that this was one of the thoughts of man. Day after day the waves are rolling higher, and on every side the ocean hems me in. Fiercely, indeed, is the tempest raging: yet I still grasp the sword with one hand, while with the other I build up the walls of Sion." His former ties are now broken: the arm that levelled the thunders of excommunication against him, has severed them forever "Being excommunicated by the bull," said he, "I am released from the authority of the Pope and the monastic laws. I embrace my deliverance with joy. Yet I relinquish not the habit of my order; nor do I leave the convent." And still, in the midst of all this commotion, he recalls to mind the dangers to which his own soul is exposed in the struggle. He feels the necessity of watching over himself. "Thou dost well to pray for me," he wrote to Pellican, who was residing at Basle; "I cannot give myself up as I ought to holy exercises; life is a cross to me. Thou dost well in exhorting me to moderation; I feel the need of it; but I am not master of myself: an impulse, of I know not what nature, hurries me away. I bear enmity to no man; but I am so beset with enemies myself, that I cannot be sufficiently on my guard against the seductions of Satan. Pray for me, then. . . ."

Thus it was that both the Reformer and the Reformation were led forward on the way which God had marked out for them. The agitation was still spreading more widely. Persons who might have been expected to prove the stanchest adherents of the hierarchy, began now to share in the general movement. "Those even," says Eck, with considerable candour, "on whom the Pope has conferred the best benefices and the richest prebends, are as mute as so many senseless stocks. There are many of them even, who extol Luther as a man filled with the Spirit of God, and call the defenders of the Pope sophists and flatterers." The Church, apparently in full vigour, supported by the treasures, the power, the armed array of the world,—but in reality exhausted, enfeebled, destitute of the love of God, of Christian vitality, of devotion to the truth,—found herself, in this condition, opposed to a company of simple-minded but courageous men, who had learned that God is with them who contend for his word, and

therefore never doubted of their victory. In all ages it has been seen how great is the power of any predominant idea to work upon the inert mass of mankind, to rouse the spirit of a nation, and to urge its votaries by thousands, if need be, into the field of battle and the very jaws of death. But if an idea whose origin is earthly has a potency so great, what limit shall we set to the power of one communicated from above, when God himself has opened men's hearts to receive it? Not often, indeed, in the world's history has such a power been exerted; it was displayed, however, in the infancy of Christianity; at the period of the Reformation it was exhibited again; and it shall be witnessed once more in the latter days. Men who despised the riches and the grandeur of the world, and were content to lead a life of poverty and privation, began now to bestir themselves for the sake of that most precious of all treasures, the doctrine of truth and grace. All the elements of religious feeling were fermenting in the agitated bosom of society, and a glowing enthusiasm was kindled in men's souls, which forced them, by an irresistible impulse, into that glorious career opened by the providence of God for the moral renovation of their race.

BOOK VII.

THE DIET OF WORMS.

January to May, 1521.

Difficulties—Luther summoned to Worms—Public Opinion—Efforts of Aleander—Fresh charges against Luther—Aleander rouses Rome—The Bull fulminated—Luther's Motives—Political Councils—The Confessor—And the Chancellor—Unavailing Manœuvres—Erasmus's Declaration—The Briefs—The Threats—The Audience—Speech of Aleander—Rome's Defence—Appeal to Charles—Effects of the Nuncio's Speech—Feelings of the Princes—Duke George's Speech—Character of the Reformation—Charles gives way—Public Opinion—Luther's Serenity—Death and no Retractation—Summons—Safe-conduct—Fears of the Elector—Holy Thursday at Rome—The Pope and Luther—Luther's Courage—Bugenhagen—Persecution in Pomerania—Amsdorff—Schurff—Hütten to Charles V.—Luther's Farewell—Luther at Weimar—Cavalcade of Erfurth—Justus Jonas—Preaches at Erfurth—Faith and Works—The People and Luther—Luther to Spalatin—A Stratagem—Luther's Resolution—Enters Worms—Death-song—Capito and the Temporizers—Citation—His Prayer—The Strength of the Reformation—Luther repairs to the Diet—The Diet—Luther is encouraged—Luther's Answer—Luther's Prudence—The Spaniards—Luther's Vow—Luther again before the Diet—Luther's Speech—Requires Proof of Error—A Warning Voice—Repeats his Speech in Latin—New Attempt—Calm in the Midst of Tumult—Duke Eric's Offering—The Elector and Spalatin—The Emperor's Message—The Safe-conduct in Danger—Enthusiasm for Luther—Conciliation—Concourse to Luther—Philip of Hesse—Conference at Apb. of Treves'—Wehe's Exhortation—Private Conversation—Cochlæus's Proposal—Bursting of the Wineglass—Conference at the Hotel—Final Conference with the Archbishop—End of the Negotiations—Luther ordered to quit Worms—Luther's Departure from Worms—His Letter to Cranach—Luther's Letter to Charles V.—The Curate of Eisenach—Charles signs the Decree against Luther—The Edict of Worms—Luther among his Relations—The Ways of God—The Wartburg—The Reformation under a Cloud.

The Reformation engendered by the solitary struggles of a broken and contrite spirit, in a cell of the convent at Erfurth, had been gaining strength from the moment of its birth. A man of humble station, holding in his hand the Word of life, had stood erect in the presence of earthly dignities, and they had quailed before him. Armed with that Word alone, he had encountered first Tetzel and his numerous host, and after a brief resistance those greedy traffickers had been driven from the field;—then the Roman Legate at Augsburg, and the Legate in confusion had suffered his prey to escape;—then again the learned divines in the halls of Leipsic, and the astonished theologians had seen the weapons of their scholastic logic shivered in their hands;—lastly, when the Pope himself had started from his slumbers to launch his fiercest lightnings at the head of the offending monk—that same Word had again been the safeguard of him who trusted in it, and the arm of the spiritual despot had been stricken with palsy. One struggle more was yet to be endured; for the Word was destined to triumph over the Emperor of the West, over the kings and princes of many lands, and at length, having humbled all earthly opposition, to be exalted in the church, and there to reign supreme as the very Word of the living God.

A solemn diet was about to be convened,—the first assembly of the German States since the accession of Charles. Nuremberg, the city in which, by virtue of the Golden Bull, it ought to have been held, was at this time afflicted by the plague; it was therefore summoned to meet at Worms, on the 6th of January, 1521. Never before had so many princes been present at the Diet; on this occasion all were desirous of taking a part in the first act of the young Emperor's government; all were ambitious of displaying their own grandeur. Among the rest, the young Landgrave Philip of Hesse, who was afterwards to play so important a part in the Reformation, arrived at Worms about the middle of January, with a

train of six hundred cavaliers, many of them highly distinguished for their military prowess.

A more powerful motive, however, had actuated the electors, the dukes, the archbishops, the landgraves, the margraves, the counts, the bishops, the barons and lords of the Empire, as well as the deputies of the free cities and the ambassadors of the various foreign sovereigns, whose gorgeous retinues were now pouring from every quarter into the city of Worms. Intimation had been given that the Diet would be occupied with the nomination of a Council of Regency to administer the government in the Emperor's absence, with the question regarding the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber, and with other weighty matters; but the public attention was chiefly fixed upon a subject distinct from all these, but which the Emperor had also mentioned in his letters of convocation, namely, the Reformation. The great political interests of state faded into insignificance when contrasted with the cause of the monk of Wittemberg. This was the main topic of discourse among the dignified personages who were assembled in Worms.

Every thing indicated that the Diet would be a difficult and boisterous one. Charles, at this early period, had not yet adopted a decided line of policy, his tutor and first minister died while the assembly was sitting,—many ambitious designs were on foot,—many conflicting passions at work,—the Spaniards and the Flemings were striving hard to exclude each other from the confidence of their youthful Sovereign,—the Nuncios were busily pursuing their artful schemes,—the German Princes had assumed a tone of independence. It was easy to foresee that a struggle was at hand in which all the subtleties of party intrigue would find ample exercise.

How was Charles to act, between the Papal Nuncio on the one hand, and the Elector to whom he was indebted for his crown on the other? How avoid giving offence either to Aleander or to Frederic? The former was continually urging the Emperor to execute the Pope's bull; the latter as perseveringly entreated him to take no steps against the monk until he should have allowed him a hearing. Desirous of satisfying both these contending parties, the young Prince, during a temporary residence at Oppenheim, had written to the Elector to bring Luther to the Diet, on the assurance that no injustice should be practised against him, that he should be protected from all violence, and that a free conference should be allowed him with men qualified to discuss the disputed points.

This letter from Charles, which was accompanied by others from his minister Chievres and the Count of Nassau, threw the Elector into great perplexity. He well knew that at any moment an alliance with the Pope might become necessary to the young and ambitious Emperor, and that Luther in that case would be lost. If he carried the Reformer to Worms, he might probably be conducting him to the scaffold. And yet the Emperor's orders were peremptory. The Elector desired Spalatin to inform Luther of the directions he had received. "Our enemies," observed the chaplain, "are straining every nerve to accomplish their design."

The friends of Luther trembled, but he himself partook not of their fears. His health at that time was very weak; but this he heeded not. "If I cannot perform the journey to Worms as a man in good health," said he in his answer to the Elector, "I will be carried thither in a litter. For since the Emperor has summoned me, I can regard it only as the call of God. If they intend to use violence against me, as they probably do, for assuredly it is with no view of gaining information that they require me to appear before them; I commit the matter into the hands of God. He still lives and reigns who preserved the three Israelites in the fiery furnace. If it be not His will to save me, my life is little worth. Let us only take care that the Gospel be not exposed to the insults of the ungodly, and let us shed our blood in its defence rather than allow them to triumph. Who shall say whether my life or my death would contribute most to the salvation of my brethren? It is not for us to decide. Let us only pray God that our young Emperor may not begin his reign by imbruing his hands in my blood. I would rather perish by the sword of Rome. You remember the judgments with which the Emperor Sigismund was visited after the murder of John Huss. Expect any thing from me but flight or recantation. Fly I cannot, still less can I recant."

Before Luther's letter reached him, the Elector had formed his resolution. This Prince, whose acquaintance with the Gospel was daily increasing, began now to adopt a more decided course. He was sensible that the conference at Worms could lead to no advantageous result. "It seems to me," he wrote to the Emperor, "that to bring Luther with me to Worms, would be an undertaking of much difficulty. I beg to be relieved from it. Moreover, it has never been my desire to favour his doctrines, but only to prevent him from being condemned unheard. The Legates, without waiting for your sanction, took measures which were injurious both to Luther's honour and to mine; and I have reason to fear that he has been provoked to an act of imprudent retaliation, which, in the event of his appearance at Worms, might place him in extreme jeopardy." The Elector alluded to the burning of the Pope's bull.

But the report of Luther's intended appearance had already been circulated at Worms. The seekers after novelty heard it with joy,—the Imperial courtiers with alarm,—but by none was it received with so indignant a feeling as by the Papal Legate. Aleander, on his way to the Diet, had had opportunities of seeing to what extent the Gospel proclaimed by Luther had found acceptance in every class of society. Academicians, lawyers, nobles, the inferior clergy, many even of the monks, and vast numbers of the common peo

ple, had embraced the Reformation. The adherents of the new doctrines showed a fearless front, their language was frank and firm,—and, on the contrary, an unconquerable terror paralyzed the partisans of Rome. The Papacy was standing yet, but those who were regarded as its pillars began to stagger, for their ears had already caught the presages of approaching ruin;—presages resembling that faint and dubious sound which alone gives brief warning when a mountain totters to its fall. Aleander, in the course of his journey to Worms, was often subjected to the severest mortification. When he had occasion to halt in any spot for refreshment or repose, neither collegians, nor nobles, nor priests, even among those believed to be favourable to the Pope's cause, would venture to receive him, and the haughty Nuncio was obliged to seek shelter in the meanest inns. Alarmed by these symptoms, Aleander concluded that his life was in danger. He arrived at Worms, with that idea uppermost in his mind, and his Roman fanaticism assumed additional bitterness from the sense of personal injury. He had immediate recourse to every means within his reach to prevent the audacious appearance of the formidable Luther. "Would it not be a scandal," said he, "to see laymen instituting a fresh inquiry into a cause in which the Pope has already pronounced a sentence of condemnation?" To a Roman courtier, nothing could be so unwelcome as an inquiry,—and, moreover, this was to have taken place in Germany, not at Rome, a circumstance in itself deeply affronting, even on the supposition of Luther being eventually condemned without a dissentient voice; but such result of the trial was uncertain. Might it not be feared that the man whose powerful eloquence had already done such deadly mischief might draw aside many of the princes and lords into the path of perdition? Aleander's remonstrances with Charles were of the most urgent character, he entreated, he threatened, he spoke in the lofty tone of one who represented the Head of the Church. Charles gave way, and wrote to the Elector that inasmuch as the time allowed to Luther had expired, he was now in the condition of a man actually excommunicated by the Pope, and consequently, if he would not retract what he had written Frederic must leave him at Wittemberg. But that prince had already commenced his journey without him. "I beseech the Lord," said Melancthon, when the Elector took his departure, "to deal graciously with our sovereign. On him rest all our hopes for the revival of Christianity. His enemies will stop at nothing, *καὶ πάντα λίθον κινησομένοι*,* but God will bring to nought the devices of Achitophel. As for us, let us perform our part in the conflict by our teachings and our prayers." Luther was much grieved that he was forbidden to appear at Worms.

It was not enough for Aleander, however, that Luther was prevented from making his appearance at the Diet,—he was bent on obtaining his condemnation. He returned incessantly to the charge with the princes, prelates, and other members of the assembly; he charged the Augustine not only with disobedience and heresy, but also with sedition, rebellion, impiety and blasphemy. But the very tones of his voice betrayed the passions by which he was actuated. "Hatred and the thirst of vengeance," an observer remarked, "are his motives, rather than any true zeal for religion;"* and in spite of the frequency and the vehemence of his harangues he persuaded no one. Some reminded him that the Pope's bull had only condemned Luther conditionally; others allowed indications to escape them of the joy they felt at seeing the pride of Rome brought down. The Emperor's ministers on the one hand, and the ecclesiastical Electors on the other, affected extreme coldness,—the former, in order that the Pope might perceive the necessity of contracting an alliance with their master, the latter that he might be compelled to purchase their co-operation at a higher price. A conviction of Luther's innocence was the prevailing sentiment in the assembly, and Aleander could not restrain his indignation.

But the coldness of the Diet he could better have brooked than the coldness which was now manifested by Rome. Rome, when at length, with much difficulty, she had been induced to treat the attack of the "drunken German" as a serious matter, never imagined that a bull emanating from the Sovereign Pontiff could fail to reduce him at once to complete and abject submission.—She had relapsed into her former security, and neither bull nor coin did she now forward to Germany. Now, without money, how was it possible to manage an affair like this? Rome must be roused, and Aleander accordingly sounds the alarm. "Germany," he wrote to the Cardinal de Medicis, "is falling away from Rome;—the Princes, I say, are falling away from the Pope. A little more delay—a little more compromise—and the case becomes hopeless!—Money! Money! or Germany is lost!"

At this cry Rome awakes; the retainers of the Papacy, assembled in the Vatican, cast aside their torpor, and hasten to forge fresh thunders of direful potency. The Pope issues a new bull, and that excommunication, with which hitherto the heretical doctor had only been threatened, is now decidedly pronounced against him and against all his adherents. Rome, by thus wilfully snapping asunder the last thread that yet held him to her church, gave Luther more liberty, and consequently more power. Assailed by the papal thunders, he cast himself, with a more ardent love, into the arms of Christ. Driven from the outward temple, he felt more deeply that he

* They will not leave a stone unturned. (Corp. Ref. i. 279. 24 Jan.)

* (Hist. Joh. Cochlæi de actis et scriptis Martini Lutheri. *Par.* 1556. *p.* 27. *verso.*—Cochlæus was one of Luther's greatest enemies. We shall shortly have to speak of him.)

was a temple himself, inhabited by the Holy Spirit.

"It is a glorious thing to think of," said he, "that we sinners, believing in Christ and feeding on his flesh, should have him dwelling in us,—in all his power, his wisdom, and his righteousness,—for it is written, '*Whosoever believeth in me, in him I abide.*' O wonderful abode! marvellous tabernacle, how far excelling that which was set up by Moses! within, how magnificently adorned, with costly hangings and purple veils and implements of gold! and yet without, even like that other tabernacle which God commanded to be erected in the wilderness of Sinai there is nothing to be seen but the coarse covering of ram's skins and goat's hair. Often does the Christian stumble, and in his outward aspect all is weakness and reproach. But what matters it?—beneath that infirmity and foolishness of his, a power lies hid which the world cannot know, and which yet must overcome the world; for Christ abideth in him. I have sometimes seen Christians halting in their walk, and ready to fall, but when the hour came that they must wrestle with the enemy, or plead their Master's cause before the world, Christ on a sudden stirred within them, and so strong and valiant did they then become that Satan was dismayed and fled from their presence."

Such an hour as he spoke of was soon to come upon himself; and Christ, who "abode" with him was then to be his present help. Rome in the mean time cast him off in scorn. The Reformer and all who took part with him, of whatsoever rank or degree, were anathematized, and were declared to have forfeited for themselves and their descendants all their honours and their worldly goods. Every faithful Christian was enjoined, as he valued his own soul, to shun all intercourse with that accursed crew; in every place where the heresy had gained a footing, it was the duty of the priests on Sundays and holidays, at the hour of high mass, solemnly to publish the sentence of excommunication. The sacred vessels and ornaments were to be removed from the altar,—the cross to be laid on the ground,—twelve priests, holding torches in their hands, were to light them first, and immediately to dash them down, and extinguish them by trampling them under foot; the bishop was then to proclaim the condemnation of those ungodly men; the bells were to be tolled; the bishop and the priests in concert were to chant anathemas and maledictions; and the service was to be concluded by a discourse of unsparing severity against Luther and his adherents.

Twenty-two days had elapsed since the publication of the sentence at Rome, though it probably had not yet transpired in Germany, when Luther, having heard that it was again in contemplation to summon him to Worms, addressed a letter to the Elector, couched in such terms as to give that Prince the option of communicating it to the Diet. Luther was anxious to correct the erroneous notions entertained by the Princes who composed that august assembly,—and candidly to explain to them the true merits of a cause so little understood. "I rejoice with all my heart, most serene Prince," said he, "that his Imperial Majesty is disposed to have this affair brought before him. I call Christ to witness that it is the cause of the German nation, of the Catholic church, of the Christian world,—of God himself,—not the cause of a solitary, humble individual. I am ready to repair to Worms, provided only that a safe-conduct, and learned, pious, and impartial judges be allowed me. I am ready to answer for myself,—for it is not in the spirit of recklessness, nor for the sake of worldly profit, that I have taught the doctrine which is laid to my charge;—I have taught it in obedience to my conscience and to my oath as a doctor of the Holy Scriptures;—for God's glory have I taught it,—for the salvation of the Christian Church,—for the good of the German people,—for the rooting out of gross superstition and grievous abuses,—the cure of innumerable evils,—the wiping away of foul disgrace,—the overthrow of tyranny, blasphemy, and impiety in countless forms."

This declaration, made at so critical a moment of Luther's life deserves to be regarded with deep attention. Here we see the motives by which he was actuated, here are the secret springs which gave the first impulse of revival to the Christian community. We find no traces here of monkish emulation, or a desire to break loose from the restraint of monastic vows.

But all this was of little moment to mere politicians. An alliance with the Pope was every day becoming more necessary to the success of Charles's designs. Situated as he was between the Pope and the Elector, he could have wished either to separate Frederic from Luther, or to satisfy the Pope without offending Frederic. But how was this to be accomplished? Many of his courtiers treated the whole affair of the Augustine monk with that contemptuous indifference which politicians generally affect when the interests of religion are discussed. "Let us avoid all extreme measures," said they. "Let us entangle Luther in negotiations, and silence him by the help of some partial concessions. To stifle the flame, not fan it,—is the course of true policy. If the monk fall into the trap, we have gained our object. By accepting a compromise, he will fix a gag on his own mouth and ruin his cause. To save appearances, a few external reforms must be granted,—the Elector will be satisfied, the Pope will be conciliated, and things will go on once more in the ordinary track."

Such was the plan devised by the confidants of the emperor. The doctors of Wittemberg appear to have discovered this new artifice. "They are trying to gain men over secretly," said Melancthon, "and mining in the dark." John Glapio, the Emperor's confessor, a man in high repute, an adroit courtier, and a wily monk, was charged with the execution of the scheme. Glapio possessed the full confidence of Charles, who, adopting in

this particular the Spanish custom, abandoned to him almost entirely the care of all matters relating to religion. Charles had no sooner been elevated to the Imperial throne, than Leo hastened to gain the good will of Glapio by marks of favour which the confessor warmly acknowledged. He could not better discharge his debt of gratitude to the Pontiff than by silencing the new-born heresy, and accordingly he applied himself to the work.

Among the counsellors of the Elector of Saxony, one who held a conspicuous place was Gregory Bruck, or Pontanus, a man distinguished for intelligence, decision, and courage, whose skill in divinity might have shamed all the doctors; while his wisdom was adequate to baffle the united craft of all the monks in the court of Charles the Fifth. Glapio, knowing the influence which the Chancellor possessed, requested an interview with him, and introducing himself, as though he had been a friend of the Reformer: "I was filled with joy," said he, in a kindly tone, "when I read the first writings of Luther; I looked upon him as a vigorous tree that had shot forth goodly branches and gave promise to the Church of the most precious fruit. Many others, it is true, had entertained the same views as he; but none had so nobly and undauntedly proclaimed the truth. But when I read his book on the Babylonian Captivity, I felt like a man stunned and overwhelmed by a shower of blows from head to foot. I cannot believe," added the monk, "that brother Martin will avow himself the author of it; it is marked neither by his peculiar style, nor by the learning he elsewhere evinces." After some discussion the Confessor continued: "Conduct me to the Elector, and in your presence I will show him where Luther has erred."

The Chancellor replied that the business of the Diet left his Highness no leisure, and, moreover, that he took no part in that affair. The monk, to his great vexation, found his request eluded. "Nevertheless," said the Chancellor, "since you say there is no evil without a remedy, be pleased to explain yourself."

Assuming a confidential air, the Confessor answered, "The Emperor earnestly desires to see a man like Luther reconciled to the Church; for his books (before the publication of the treatise on the *Babylonian Captivity*) were by no means disagreeable to his Majesty. That last work of Luther's was, doubtless, written under the irritation of feeling excited by the bull. Let him but declare that he had no intention to disturb the peace of the Church, and the learned of every nation will join hands with him. Procure me an audience of his Highness."

The Chancellor waited on the Elector again. Frederic well knew that any retractation whatsoever was impossible. "Tell the Confessor," said he, "that I cannot comply with his wish; but continue your conference with him."

Glapio received this message with many demonstrations of respect; and, shifting his ground, he said, "Let the Elector name some persons in whom he places confidence to deliberate on this affair."

THE CHANCELLOR.—"The Elector does no profess to be Luther's advocate."

THE CONFESSOR.—"Well, then, you and I at least, can take the matter up. Christ is my witness that I urge this from love to the Church, and to Luther himself, who has opened so many hearts to the truth."

The Chancellor having refused to undertake a task which properly belonged to the Reformer himself, was about to withdraw.

"Stay!" said the monk.

THE CHANCELLOR.—"What is your wish?"

THE CONFESSOR.—"Let Luther deny that he is the author of the *Babylonian Captivity*."

THE CHANCELLOR.—"But the Pope's bull condemns all his other works."

THE CONFESSOR.—"That was because of his obstinacy. If he disclaims that book, the Pope, in virtue of his plenary authority, can easily reverse the sentence of excommunication. What may we not hope for, now that we have so excellent an Emperor?"

Perceiving that these words had made some impression on the Chancellor, the monk followed them up by observing, "Luther always wants to argue from the Bible. The Bible—it is like wax; you may stretch and mould it any way that you please. I would undertake to find authority in the Bible for doctrines more extravagant even than Luther's. He runs into error by interpreting every word of Christ as a command." Wishing next to act upon the other's fears, he added, "What would the issue be, if, to-morrow or the next day, the Emperor were to have recourse to arms? . . . Think of that."

The Confessor's artifices were not yet exhausted. "A man might have lived ten years in his company," says Erasmus, "without having fathomed him at last."

"What an excellent book," said he to the Chancellor on his next visit, a few days afterwards, "is that work of Luther's on Christian liberty! What wisdom, what learning, what wit does it display! it is the production of a scholar, indeed! . . . . Let men of irreproachable character be chosen on both sides, and let the Pope and Luther agree to abide by their judgment. In many articles it is past a doubt that a decision would be in Luther's favour. . . I will speak to the Emperor about it myself. Believe me, I am not without grounds for what I say to you. I have told the Emperor that the chastisements of God would fall upon him and the princes also, unless the Church, the spouse of Christ, were cleansed from all those stains which now defile her. I told him, too, that God had raised up Luther, and given him a commission to reprove men for their sins, using him as a rod to punish the offences of the world."

These words we may receive as the echo of the popular voice at that period, and as testifying the opinion which was then entertained of Luther, even by his enemies. The Chancellor, roused by what the monk had just said

could not help expressing his surprise that his master should be treated with so little deference. "The Emperor holds daily consultations on this affair," said he, "and the Elector is invited to none of them. He thinks it strange that the Emperor, to whom he has rendered some service, should exclude him from his councils."

THE CONFESSOR.—"I was never present at any of those deliberations but once, and on that occasion I heard the Emperor resist the importunities of the Legates. Five years hence it will be seen what Charles has done for the reformation of the Church."

"The Elector," replied Pontanus, "knows nothing of Luther's intentions. Let him be summoned hither to speak for himself."

The Confessor replied, with a deep sigh, "I call God to witness how ardently I desire to see the reformation of Christendom accomplished."

To slacken the course of the affair, to keep Luther's mouth closed in the mean time—this was the sum of what Glapio aimed at; at all events, to prevent Luther from coming to Worms. To the nuncios, the monks, and the rest of the papal phalanx, a dead man returning from the other world, and appearing in the midst of the Diet, would not have been so fearful a spectacle as the bodily presence of the Doctor of Wittemberg.

"How many days does it take to travel from Wittemberg to Worms?" inquired the Confessor, in a tone of affected indifference; and immediately departed, having first entreated Pontanus to present his very respectful salutations to the Elector.

Such were the stratagems practised by the courtiers. The firmness of Pontanus disconcerted them all. That upright man was unmoved as a rock throughout the whole course of these proceedings. And, in the end, the monks themselves fell into the snare which they had laid for their enemies. "The Christian," said Luther, in his figurative language, "is like the bird tethered beside a trap. Wolves and foxes prowl around it, and at length spring upon their prey; but they fall into the pit and perish there, while that timorous bird remains unharmed. Thus it is that we are preserved by the holy Angels, and those devouring wolves, the hypocrites and persecutors, are restrained from doing us any hurt." Not only were the artifices of the Confessor unavailing, but the admissions he had made confirmed Frederic in his opinion that Luther was in the right, and that it was his duty to protect him.

The hearts of men were still inclining more strongly towards the Gospel. A Dominican prior proposed that the Emperor, the Kings of France, Spain, England, Portugal, Hungary, and Poland, the Pope, and the Electors, should name representatives, to whom the determination of the controversy should be committed. "A case like this," it was urged, "has never been decided by the Pope alone." Such was the spirit now everywhere prevalent, that it seemed impossible to condemn Luther without having heard and convicted him.

Aleander, in the height of his alarm, displayed unwonted energy. It was no longer against the Elector and Luther alone that he had to contend. The secret negotiations of the Confessor, the plan of accommodation proposed by the Dominican, the acquiescence of Charles's ministers, the coldness of Romish piety even among the most devoted friends of the Pontiff—a coldness which Pallavicini likens to that produced by the gush of some icy stream,—all these circumstances Aleander viewed with a foreboding eye. He had at length received from Rome the money he had applied for; he had in his possession briefs couched in the strongest language, and addressed to the highest authorities in the Empire. Fearful least his victim should escape him, he conceived that now was the time to strike the decisive blow. He forwarded the briefs to the several parties to whom they were directed, he scattered silver and gold with an unsparing hand, he lavished the most alluring promises, "and aided by his threefold machinery," says the Cardinal, whose narrative we follow, "made a fresh effort to draw the wavering assembly to the Pope's side." For the Emperor he planted his snares with special diligence. He took advantage of the dissensions between the Flemish and Spanish ministers. He laid incessant siege to the Sovereign's ear. The friends of Rome, waking at his call from their torpor, pressed the youthful Charles with their united solicitations. "Not a day passes," wrote the Elector to his brother John, "but measures hostile to Luther are brought forward! his enemies now demand that he should be placed under the ban of the Pope and the Emperor jointly; to injure him by every possible method is their single aim. The men who parade their red hats before us,—the Romans and their followers,—pursue this work with an unwearied zeal."

Aleander did, in reality, urge the condemnation of the Reformer with an impetuosity which Luther himself designates as "incredible fury." The *Apostate* Nuncio, as Luther calls him, was on one occasion transported by his anger so far beyond the bounds of caution, that he cried aloud: "If ye seek to shake off your allegiance to Rome, ye Germans! we will bring things to such a pass, that ye shall unsheath the sword of extermination against each other, and perish in your own blood." "It is in this way that the Pope feeds Christ's sheep," observes the Reformer.

But much unlike this was the language he used himself. For his own sake he asked nothing. "Luther," said Melancthon, "is ready to purchase the glory and advancement of the Gospel at the cost of his own life." But he trembled when he thought of the calamities of which his death might be the signal. He saw a misguided people avenging his martyrdom, probably by shedding the blood of his adversaries, and especially that of the priests. He deprecated so terrible a

responsibility. "God," said he, "is restraining the fury of his enemies; but if it break loose . . . . then shall we see a storm bursting on the heads of the priests like that which formerly swept over Bohemia and laid it waste. I shall not have to answer for this, for I have made it my earnest prayer that the German Princes would oppose the Romans by the wisdom of their counsel, *not by the sword*. To war against priests, a timid and helpless tribe, is to war against women and children."

Charles the Fifth did not long hold out against the solicitations of the Nuncio. The bigotry he inherited from his Flemish and Spanish ancestors had been successfully fostered by his preceptor Adrian, who at a later period ascended the Pontifical throne. But it was necessary to obtain the concurrence of the States. "Convince the *Diet*," said the youthful Monarch. This was exactly what Aleander desired; it was agreed that he should be introduced to the assembly on the 13th of February.

The Nuncio duly prepared himself for that solemn audience. It was a weighty task that had been imposed upon him; but Aleander was worthy to sustain it. He was not merely the Legate and representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, invested with all the outward dignity befitting his exalted functions,—he was also one of the most eloquent men of his age. The friends of the Reformation waited the result in some anxiety. The Elector, under the pretext of indisposition, absented himself from the sitting; but he instructed some of his counsellors to attend and to take notes of the Nuncio's discourse.

On the appointed day, Aleander proceeded to the Imperial Assembly. The feelings of the people were strongly excited, many called to mind how Annas and Caiaphas had gone to the judgment-hall of Pilate to demand the death of him "*who perverted the nation.*" At the moment when the Nuncio had his foot upon the threshold, the usher of the Diet, says Pallavicini, rudely stepping up to him, set his clenched fist against his breast and thrust him back. "He was a Lutheran in his heart," adds the Romish historian. If this anecdote is true, it certainly shows an unseemly excess of passion in the individual, but it also enables us to judge how powerful an effect had been produced by Luther's teaching, even among those who kept the doors of the Germanic Council. The high-spirited Aleander, repressing the officer's insolence by his dignified demeanour, walked forward and entered the hall. Never had Rome been summoned to plead her cause before so august an assembly. The Nuncio placed before him such documents as he thought necessary to certify the sentence of condemnation, together with the writings of Luther and the Papal bulls, and then, silence having been proclaimed in the Diet, he spoke as follows:—

"Most august Emperor! most potent Princes! most excellent Deputies! I appear before you to advocate the cause which engages the warmest affections of my heart. My office is to guard the ever-hallowed tiara that rests on the brows of my master, to uphold that Pontifical throne in whose defence I would gladly deliver my body to the flames, were I only assured that the newly-spawned heresy which I stand forth to denounce would perish along with me.*

"I deny the assertion that the controversy between Luther and Rome is one in which the Pope alone is interested. I have Luther's writings here before me, and any man who has his eyesight may see that they attack the holy doctrines of the Church. He teaches that those alone are worthy communicants, whose consciences are filled with sorrow and confusion on account of their sins, and that baptism justifies no one unless he hath *faith* in that word of promise of which baptism is the pledge. He denies the necessity of good works to qualify us for everlasting glory. He denies that we have liberty and power to obey the law of nature and the law of God. He affirms that we sin of necessity in all our actions. Have weapons better fitted than these to sever all the ties of morality ever been drawn from the arsenal of hell? . . . . He contends for the abrogation of religious vows. What miserable disorder would the world behold, if those who were designed to be the leaven of their race were to cast aside their sacred vestments, forsake the temples that once resounded with their holy songs and plunge at once into adultery, incest, and licentiousness!

"Why should I enumerate all the crimes of this audacious monk? He sins against the dead, for he denies the existence of purgatory; he sins against heaven, for he says that he would not believe an angel sent from heaven; he sins against the church, for he maintains that *all* Christians are priests; he sins against the saints, for he treats their venerable writings with contempt; he sins against Councils, for he calls the Council of Constance an assembly of devils; he sins against the secular power, for he forbids the punishment of death to be inflicted on any one who has not committed a mortal sin. There are people who tell us he is a man of piety. I will not impugn his private character; I will only remind this assembly that it is a common thing for the devil to deceive men under the appearance of sanctity."

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* Dummodo mecum unà monstrum nascentis hæresis arderet. (Pallavicini, i. 97.) Seckendorf, and after him other Protestant historians, have asserted that Pallavicini himself is the author of the speech which he puts into the mouth of Aleander. It is true, that the Cardinal admits having moulded it into the shape in which he presents it to his readers; but he specifies the materials he has used, and among these Aleander's letters deposited in the archives of the Vatican (Acta Wormatiæ, fol. 66 and 99.) I think, therefore, that to reject it altogether would be injudicious. I have collected some additional passages of the speech from other sources Protestant and Romish.

A eander next adverted to the decree of the Council of Florence, condemning the doctrine of purgatory, and laid the Pope's bull regarding that council at the Emperor's feet. The Archbishop of Mentz took up the bull and gave it into the hands of the Archbishop of Cologne and Treves, who received it reverently, and handed it to the other Princes. The Nuncio having thus preferred his charge against Luther, proceeded in his second object, the justification of Rome.

"Luther tells us that at Rome the lips profess what the life belies. If this be true, must not the inference we draw from it be exactly the opposite of his? If the ministers of any religion live in accordance with its precepts, that very token proves the religion to be false. Such was the religion of the ancient Romans. Such is that of Mahomet, and that of Luther himself; but such is not the religion taught us by the Roman Pontiffs. No! the *doctrine* they profess condemns them all as having failed in their duty, many of them as highly blameworthy, some, I frankly confess it, as deeply criminal. . . By that doctrine their actions are delivered over to the censure of men's tongues while they live, to the execration of history after their death. Now what pleasure, or what profit, I ask, can the Pontiffs have proposed to themselves in inventing a religion like this?

"The Church, we shall be told, in the early ages was not governed by the Roman pontiffs . . . . and what is the inference here? If an argument like this is to have any weight, we may next exhort men to feed upon acorns, or princesses of royal blood to go forth and wash their garments by the river side."

But the Nuncio's main attack was directed personally against his antagonist the Reformer. Adverting indignantly to the opinion expressed by some, that Luther ought to be heard: "Luther," cried he, "will allow himself to be set right by no one. Long ago the Pope summoned him to Rome, but he obeyed not the call. The Pope then required him to appear before his Legate at Augsburg, and he did appear there, when he had obtained a safe-conduct from the Emperor,—that is to say, when the Legate's hands were tied, and the use of his tongue alone allowed him. . . Oh," said Aleander, turning towards Charles, "I beseech your Imperial Majesty not to do that which could only reflect dishonour upon your name. Meddle not with an affair in which the laity have no right to interpose. Discharge the duty that properly devolves upon you. Let Luther's doctrines be proscribed by your authority throughout the Empire, —let his writings be everywhere committed to the flames. Shrink not from the path of justice. There is enough in the errors of Luther to warrant the burning of a hundred thousand heretics. And whom have we to fear? The multitude? Their insolence makes them formidable while the battle is delayed, but when it comes, their cowardice will render them contemptible. Foreign princes? Nay! the King of France has issued an edict to prevent Luther's doctrine from gaining an entrance into his dominions; the King of England is preparing to combat him with his own royal pen. The opinion of Hungary, Italy, and Spain, it is for yourself to declare and there is not one of your neighbours, how great soever their hatred against you, who would wish you so much mischief as this heresy must entail upon you. For if our enemy dwells close beside us, we may, perhaps, desire that the ague should enter his house, but not the plague. What are all these Lutherans? A motley rabble of insolent grammarians, licentious priests, disorderly monks, ignorant advocates, degraded nobles, misled and perverted plebeians. How greatly superior is the Catholic party in numbers, in intelligence, in power! A unanimous decree of this illustrious assembly will open the eyes of the simple, show the unwary their danger, determine the wavering, and strengthen the weak-hearted. But if the axe be not laid to the root of this venomous plant,—if the death-blow be not dealt against it,—then I behold it covering Christ's heritage with its branches, changing the vineyard of the Lord into a howling wilderness, converting God's kingdom into a haunt of wild beasts; plunging Germany into the same wretched condition of barbarism and desolation to which Asia has been reduced by the superstition of Mahomet."

The Nuncio concluded his address. He had spoken for three hours. His impetuous eloquence had produced a strong sensation in the assembly. The Princes looked at each other, Cochlæus tells us, with countenances that betrayed excitement and alarm, and murmurs were soon heard to arise from various quarters against Luther and those who supported him. If the energetic Luther had been present to reply to this address;—if, taking advantage of those admissions which the remembrance of the infamous Borgia, his former master, had wrung from the Roman orator, he had shown that the very arguments by which the Nuncio attempted to defend Rome were sufficient to condemn her; if he had demonstrated that the doctrine which bore witness to her iniquity was not that invented by her, as the orator had said, but was that pure religion which *Christ* had given to the world, and which it was the aim of the Reformation to re-establish in its primitive lustre; if he had drawn a faithful and vivid picture of the errors and abuses of the Papacy, and pointed out how it converted the religion of Jesus Christ into an engine of self-aggrandizement and spoliation; the effect of the Nuncio's harangue would have been utterly and at once destroyed; —but no one rose to speak. The assembly continued under the influence of the address, and, in the first moments of agitation and excitement, it manifested a strong desire to root out the Lutheran heresy from the soil of the Empire.

Nevertheless this victory was won in appearance only. It was the will of God that Rome should have an opportunity of displaying the utmost strength of her cause with her

utmost skill. The greatest of her orators had spoken in this assembly of Princes; he had said all that Rome had to say in her own behalf; but to many of those who heard him, this last effort of the Papacy was destined to serve as a sign of its abasement. If the open confession of truth be required to secure its triumph, so also the unreserved exhibition of error is the necessary prelude of its overthrow. Neither of them can accomplish its course in secret. The light brings all things to the test.

A few days were sufficient to efface the impression produced by the speech,—as is always the case when an orator has recourse to high sounding words to cover the hollowness of his reasoning. The majority of the Princes were ready to sacrifice Luther, but none were disposed to abandon the rights of the Empire, or to suppress the grievances of the Germanic nation. They were willing enough to give up the insolent monk who had dared to speak out so plainly; but their compliance in this particular entitled them, as they thought, to represent to the Pope more urgently the justice of a reform, demanded by the concurrent voice of the chiefs of the nation. And accordingly it was the most determined of Luther's personal enemies, Duke George of Saxony, who spoke with the greatest earnestness against the encroachments of Rome. This prince, the grandson of Podiebrad, King of Bohemia, though offended by the doctrine of grace taught by the Reformer, still looked forward with hope to a Reformation, moral and ecclesiastical. The chief cause of his irritation against the monk of Wittemberg was, that, by those obnoxious doctrines of his, he was spoiling the whole affair. But now, when he found the Nuncio studiously involving Luther and the Reformation of the Church in one and the same sentence of condemnation, Duke George suddenly stood up to speak in the assembly of the Princes, to the great astonishment of those who knew his hostility to the Reformer. "The Diet," said he, "must not lose sight of the grievances of which it has to claim redress from the Court of Rome. How numerous are the abuses that have crept into our dominions! The annats, which the Emperor granted of his free will for the good of religion, now exacted as a due; the Roman courtiers daily inventing new regulations to favour the monopoly, the sale, the leasing out of ecclesiastical benefices; a multitude of offences connived at; a scandalous toleration granted to rich offenders, while those who have not wherewithal to purchase impunity are severely punished; the Popes continually bestowing reversions and rent-charges on the officers of their palace to the prejudice of those to whom the benefices rightly belong; the abbeys and convents of Rome given *in commendam* to cardinals, bishops and prelates, who apply their revenues to their own use,—so that in many convents where there ought to be twenty or thirty monks, not one is to be found;—*stations* multiplied to excess; shops for indulgences opened in every street and square of our cities,—shops of Saint Anthony, of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Hubert, of Saint Vincent, and I know not how many more;—societies contracting at Rome for the privilege of setting up this trade,—then purchasing from their bishop the right of exposing their merchandise to sale: and finally, to meet all this outlay of money, squeezing and draining the last coin out of the poor man's purse; indulgences which ought to be granted only with a view to the salvation of souls, and procured only by prayer and fasting and works of charity,—sold for a price;—the officials of the bishops oppressing men of low degree with penances for blasphemy, or adultery, or drunkenness, or profanation of this or that festival,—but never addressing so much as a rebuke to ecclesiastics who are guilty of the same crimes;—penances so devised as to betray the penitent into a repetition of his offence, in order that more money may be exacted from him: —these are but a few of the abuses which cry out on Rome for redress. All shame is laid aside, and one object alone incessantly pursued,—money! evermore money!—so that the very men whose duty it is to disseminate the truth are engaged in nothing but the propagation of falsehood, and yet they are not merely tolerated but rewarded;—because the more they lie the larger are their gains. This is the foul source from which so many corrupted streams flow out on every side. Profligacy and avarice go hand in hand. The officials summon women to their houses on various pretences, and endeavour, either by threats or by presents, to seduce them, —and if the attempt fails, they ruin their reputation. Oh! it is the scandal occasioned by the clergy that plunges so many poor souls into everlasting perdition. A thorough reform must be effected. To accomplish that reform, a General Council must be assembled. Wherefore, most excellent Princes and Lords, I respectfully beseech you to give this matter your immediate attention." Duke George then presented a written catalogue of the grievances he had enumerated. This happened a few days after Aleander's address. The important document has been preserved in the archives of Weimar.

Luther himself had not spoken with greater energy against the abuses of Rome, but he had *done* something more. The Duke pointed out the evil,—Luther along with the evil had pointed out also its cause and its cure. He had shown that the sinner receives the true *indulgence*,—that remission of sins which comes from God,—solely by faith in the grace and merits of Christ;—and by this simple yet powerful truth he had overthrown all the traffic which had been established by the priests. "How shall a man become holy?" said he one day. "A cordelier will reply: Put on a gray hood and tie a cord round your middle. A Roman will answer: Hear mass and fast. But a Christian will say: *Faith in Christ*—and that alone—justifies and saves. We must have eternal life before good works. But when we are born anew and

made children of God by the word of grace, then we perform good works."

The Duke's language was that of a secular prince; Luther's that of a true Reformer. The great sin of the Church was that she had thrown down the barriers that separated her from the world,—that she had converted all her operations and all her benefits into external and material things. In the last stage of her contamination, she had embraced the scheme of indulgences, and the most spiritual blessing that belongs to Christianity,—pardon, —was now to be bought at a stall like food or drink! Luther's great achievement consisted in this,—that he took advantage of that extremity of degradation into which Christianity had sunk, to lead back individuals and the Church to the original fountain of life,—and to re-establish the supremacy of the Holy Spirit in the sanctuary of the believer's heart. The remedy in this case, as in many others, arose out of the evil itself, and the two extremes touched each other. Henceforward the Church, which for so many ages had been content with an external manifestation by ceremonies and observances and practices of human authority, began once more to seek her development within, in faith, hope, and charity.

The Duke's speech produced the greater effect on account of his well-known opposition to Luther. Other members of the Diet brought forward other grievances. Even the ecclesiastical princes supported these complaints. "We have a Pontiff," said they, "who is occupied only with pleasure and the chase; the church preferment of Germany is bestowed at Rome on gunners, falconers, valets, ass-drivers, grooms, guardsmen, and other people of the same stamp, ignorant, inexperienced, and strangers to our nation."

The Diet nominated a Committee to draw up a list of grievances; the enumeration extended to a hundred and one. A deputation composed of secular and ecclesiastical princes presented this report to the Emperor, with an earnest request that he would do them right in the matter,—conformably to the engagement he had contracted on his elevation to the throne. "What a loss of Christian souls," said they to Charles, "what injustice, what extortion are the daily fruits of those scandalous practices to which the spiritual head of Christendom affords his countenance. The ruin and dishonour of our nation must be averted. We therefore very humbly, but very urgently, beseech you to sanction a general Reformation, to undertake the work, and to carry it through." The Christian community at this period was operated upon by an unknown power, which descended alike on princes and people,—a wisdom from above, which exerted its influence even on the adversaries of reform, and prepared the way for that great deliverance whose appointed hour was now at hand.

Charles could not be insensible to the remonstrances of the Imperial Diet. Neither the Nuncio nor the Emperor had anticipated them. The latter immediately withdrew the edict which commanded Luther's writings to be committed to the flames in every part of the Empire, and issued in its stead a provisional order that all copies of those writings should be delivered into the hands of the magistrates.

This did not satisfy the assembly; it demanded Luther's appearance. It is unjust, said his friends, to condemn Luther without having heard him, and without having ascertained from his own lips that he is the author of those books which it is proposed to burn. His doctrine, said his adversaries, has taken so fast a hold on men's minds, that it is impossible to check its progress, unless we allow him a hearing. There shall be no disputing with him; and in the event of his acknowledging his writings, and refusing to retract them, we will all with one accord, Electors, Princes, and States of the holy Empire, in firm adherence to the faith of our ancestors, give your Majesty our unsparing aid to carry your decrees into full effect.

Aleander, disturbed by this proposal and dreading every thing from Luther's intrepidity and the ignorance of the Princes before whom he would have to plead, made strenuous efforts to prevent his being summoned. After conferring with Charles's ministers, he went to those Princes who were best disposed towards the Pope, and from them to the Emperor himself. "It is not permitted," said he, "to question what the Sovereign Pontiff has decreed. There shall be no disputing with Luther, you say; but how can we be sure," he continued, "that the genius of this audacious man, the fire that flashes from his eyes, the eloquence of his speech, the mysterious spirit that animates him, will not suffice to excite a tumult? Already there are many who revere him as a saint, and his image is everywhere to be seen encircled with rays of glory, like those which surround the heads of the blessed. If he must needs be cited to appear, beware, at all events, of pledging the public faith for his safety" These last words were calculated to intimidate Luther, or to pave the way for his destruction.

The Nuncio found it easy to influence the grandees of Spain. In the intensity of their fanatic zeal, they panted for the annihilation of the new heresy. Frederic, Duke of Alva, in particular, was thrown into a fit of rage, as often as the Reformation was mentioned. It would have delighted him to wade knee-deep in the blood of its proselytes. The summons for Luther's appearance was yet suspended, but his name had become a watchword of startling interest in the ears of all the magnates of Christendom then assembled at Worms.

The man by whom the powers of the earth were thus shaken seemed alone to enjoy peace. The tidings from Worms were alarming; even Luther's friends were dismayed. "Nothing is left to us but your good will and your prayers," wrote Melancthon to Spalatin.

"Oh that God would vouchsafe to make our blood the price of the Christian world's deliverance!" But Luther, a stranger to all fear, shutting himself up in his quiet cell, fixed his meditations, with an immediate reference to his own case, on these ecstatic words of Mary, the mother of Jesus: "*My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. . . For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name. . . He hath showed strength with his arm. . . He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.*" Let us review some of the thoughts which passed through Luther's heart. "*He that is mighty* . . . saith Mary. Oh what boldness of speech in this young virgin! By a single word she brands all the strong with weakness—all the mighty with faintness—all the wise with folly—and all those whose name is glorious on the earth with disgrace; —and casts all strength, all might, all wisdom, all glory, at the feet of God alone. *His arm*, she says again,—signifying the power by which he acts of himself, without the aid of any of his creatures,—that mysterious power which operates in secret and in silence until it has accomplished all his will. . . . Destruction comes when none has marked its approach—deliverance comes when none has dared to look for it. He leaves his children in oppression and misery, so that every one says within himself, They are past all hope! But even then is He strongest; for when man's strength ends, God's strength begins. Only let *faith* wait upon him . . . And at another time he suffers his enemies to exalt themselves in their pomp and vainglory. He withdraws from them the succour of his strength, and leaves them to be puffed up with their own. He empties them of his eternal wisdom, and permits them to be inflated with their own wisdom, which is but for a day; and then, when the eyes of their fellow men are dazzled with their greatness, God's arm is lifted up, and lo! the fabric they have been rearing disappears in a moment, like a bubble bursting in the air!"

It was on the 10th of March, while the imperial city was trembling at his name, that Luther concluded his commentary on the *magnificat*.

He was not long to be left undisturbed in his retreat. Spalatin, in obedience to the orders of the Elector, sent him a note of the articles which he would be called on to retract. A retractation after his refusal at Augsburg! "Never fear," he wrote to Spalatin, "that I will retract a single syllable, since the only argument they have to urge against me is that my writings are at variance with the observances of what they call the Church. If our Emperor Charles sends for me only to retract, my answer shall be that I will remain here, and it will be all the same as though I had been at Worms and returned again. But if the Emperor chooses then to send for me to put me to death as an enemy to the Empire, I shall be ready to obey his summons: for, by Christ's help, I will never abandon his word in the hour of battle. I know that these blood thirsty men will never rest till they have taken my life. God grant that my death may be laid to the charge of the Papists alone!"

The Emperor at length had formed his resolution. Luther's appearance before the Diet seemed the only probable method of settling the affair which engrossed the attention of the Empire. Charles accordingly resolved to cite him to Worms, but without giving him a safe-conduct. It now became necessary for Frederic once more to assume the part of his protector. The danger which threatened the Reformer was obvious to every one. The friends of Luther, Cochlæus remarks, were afraid that he would be delivered up to the Pope, or that the Emperor would himself cause him to be put to death as an obstinate heretic, who had forfeited every claim to be treated with good faith. There was a long and earnest debate on this point in the Diet. Overawed, at last, by the agitation that prevailed in almost every part of Germany, and fearing lest some sudden tumult, or some dangerous insurrection (in favour of the Reformer, doubtless) should break out in the course of Luther's journey, the Princes decided that it was expedient to quiet men's minds in regard to his personal safety; and not only the Emperor, but also the Elector of Saxony, Duke George, and the Landgrave of Hesse, through whose territories he had to pass, gave him severally a safe-conduct.

On the 6th of March, 1521, Charles the Fifth affixed his signature to the following summons addressed to Luther:—

"Charles, by the grace of God, Emperor elect of the Romans, always August, &c. &c.

"Worshipful, well beloved, and godly! Whereas we and the States of the holy Empire here assembled, have resolved to institute an inquiry touching the doctrine and writings which thou hast lately put forth, we have on our own behalf and on behalf of the Empire, issued our safe-conduct, hereunto annexed, for thy journey hither and return to a place of security. Our hearty desire is that thou shouldest prepare thyself to set out immediately, so that within the space of twenty-one days, fixed by our safe-conduct, thou mayest without fail present thyself before us. Fear no injustice or violence. We will steadily abide by our safe-conduct aforesaid, and we expect that thou wilt pay obedience to our summons. Such is our earnest injunction.

"Given in our imperial city of Worms, this 6th day of the month of March, in the year of our Lord 1521, and the second of our reign.

"CHARLES.

"By order of my Lord the Emperor, under his sign manual, ALBERT, Cardinal of Mentz Arch-Chancellor.

"*Nicolas Zwy!*"

The safe-conduct enclosed in this writ was directed "To the worshipful our well beloved

and godly Doctor Martin Luther, of the order of the Augustines."

It began thus:

"We, Charles, the fifth of that name, by the grace of God, Emperor elect of the Romans, always August, King of Spain, of the Two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, of Hungary, of Dalmatia, of Croatia, &c., Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Hapsburg, of Flanders, of the Tyrol," &c. &c.

And then this sovereign of so many states, intimating that he has cited a certain Augustine monk, named Luther, to appear in his presence, requires all princes, lords, magistrates, and others, to respect the safe-conduct which he has granted to him, under pain of being dealt with as offenders against the Emperor and the Empire.

Thus did the Emperor bestow the appellations of "well beloved, worshipful, and godly," on a man whom the head of the Church had visited with excommunication. The phraseology of the instrument was designed to remove all mistrust from the mind of Luther and his friends. Gaspar Sturm was appointed to deliver this missive to the Reformer, and to escort him to Worms. The Elector, fearing some outbreak of the popular feeling, wrote on the 12th of March to the magistrates of Wittemberg, desiring them to adopt measures for the safety of the Emperor's officer, and, if necessary, to furnish him with a guard. The herald took his departure.

Thus was the purpose of God fulfilled. It was His will that this light, which He had kindled in the world, should be set upon a hill; and emperor, kings, and princes were all busily employed—though they knew it not—in executing what He had appointed. It is an easy thing with Him to raise the meanest to dignity. An act of His power, operating through successive years, suffices to lead the offspring of a Saxon peasant from the lowly cottage of his childhood to that imperial hall in which assembled sovereigns awaited his coming. In His presence none are either small or great; and when he wills it, Charles and Luther meet on the same level.

But will Luther obey the summons? His best friends were in uncertainty on this point. "Dr. Martin," wrote the Elector to his brother on the 21st of March, "is cited to appear here; but I know not whether he will come. I augur nothing but mischief." Three weeks later, on the 16th of April, this excellent prince, perceiving that the danger was increasing, wrote again to Duke John as follows:—"A proclamation has been issued against Luther. The cardinals and the bishops are very hard upon him. God grant that this may end well! Would to God that I could insure him a favourable hearing!"

While these things were passing at Worms and Wittemberg, the Papacy was renewing its assaults. On the 28th of March, which was the Thursday before Easter, all Rome resounded with a solemn sentence of excommunication. It is the custom at this season to publish the terrible bull *in cœna Domini*, which is nothing but a long string of imprecations. On the day of which we speak, the approaches to the church in which the Sovereign Pontiff was to officiate in person, were filled at an early hour by the Papal guard, and by a vast multitude, that had flocked together from all parts of Italy to receive the benediction of the Holy Father. The square before the Basilica was decorated with laurel and myrtle; wax candles were burning on the balcony of the church, and beside them was elevated the sacred receptacle of the host. On a sudden the deep sound of bells reverberates through the air;—the Pope, arrayed in his pontifical robes, and borne in an arm-chair, makes his appearance on the balcony; the people fall on their knees; all heads are uncovered: the flags that were waving in the wind are lowered; the troops ground their arms; and a solemn silence ensues. After a pause of some moments, the Pope slowly stretches out his hands, lifts them up towards heaven, and then, making the sign of the cross, lets them gradually fall towards the earth. He repeats these gestures three times. And now again the pealing bells are heard, giving notice, far and wide, of the Pontiff's benediction; and next a train of priests is seen advancing, each with a lighted torch in his hand: as they rush hurriedly along, they swing their torches downwards, they brandish them aloft, they toss them wildly to and fro, like so many fires of hell; the multitude are thrilled with awe and terror; and the words of malediction roll heavily above their heads.*

When Luther was apprized of this excommunication, he published the form of it, with some remarks in that caustic style which he knew so well how to assume. Although this publication did not appear till some time afterwards, we shall present some extracts from it here. Let us listen to the high-priest of Christendom, as he speaks from the balcony of his Basilica,—and to the monk of Wittemberg, who answers him out of the heart of Germany.

There is something characteristic in the contrast of the two voices.

THE POPE.—"Leo, bishop."

LUTHER.—"Bishop! as much as a wolf is a shepherd; for a bishop's duty is to give godly exhortations, not to vomit forth imprecations and curses."

THE POPE.—"Servant of all the servants of God. . . ."

LUTHER.—"In the evening, when we are drunk; but next morning we call ourselves Leo, lord of all lords."

THE POPE.—"The Bishops of Rome, our predecessors, have been wont on this festival to employ the arms of justice. . . ."

LUTHER.—"Which, according to your account, are excommunication and anathema:

* This ceremony is described in several works, and, amongst others, in the "Tagebuch einer Reise durch Deutschland und Italien."—(Berlin, 1817, iv. 94.) Its principal features are of a higher antiquity than the times of which we treat.

but, according to St. Paul, long-suffering, kindness, love unfeigned." (2 Cor. vi. 6, 7.)

THE POPE.—"According to the duty of the Apostolic charge, and to maintain the purity of the Christian faith. . . . ."

LUTHER.—"That is to say, the temporal possessions of the Pope."

THE POPE.—"And the unity thereof, which consists in the union of the members with Christ their head, ... and with his Vicar."

LUTHER.—"For Christ is not sufficient: we must have another besides."

THE POPE.—"To preserve the holy communion of the faithful, we follow the ancient rule, and accordingly do excommunicate and curse, in the name of God Almighty, the Father. . . . ."

LUTHER.—"Of whom it is said: '*God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world.*'"—(John iii. 17.)

THE POPE.—"The Son and the Holy Ghost,—and by the authority of the Apostles, Peter and Paul, ... and by our own . . . ."

LUTHER.—"OUR OWN, says the ravenous wolf, as though God's might were too weak without him."

THE POPE.—"We curse all heretics:—the Garasi,* the Patarini, 'the poor men' of Lyons, the Arnoldists, the Speronists, the Passageni, the Wicklefites, the Hussites, the Fraticelli. . . ."

LUTHER.—"Because they have sought to possess themselves of the Holy Scriptures, and admonished the Pope to be modest, and preach the Word of God."

THE POPE.—"And Martin Luther, recently condemned by us for a like heresy, together with all his adherents, and all persons, whosoever they may be, who aid or abet him."

LUTHER.—"I thank thee, most gracious Pontiff, that thou hast proclaimed me in company with all these Christians. It is an honour for me to have had my name proclaimed at Rome at the time of the festival, in so glorious a manner, and to have it circulated throughout the world with the names of all those humble confessors of Christ."

THE POPE.—"In like manner, we excommunicate and curse all pirates and corsairs. . . ."

LUTHER.—"And who is the greatest of all pirates and corsairs, if it be not he who takes souls captive, and binds them in chains, and delivers them to death?"

THE POPE.—". . . especially such as infest our seas. . . . ."

LUTHER.—"OUR seas! St. Peter, *our* predecessor said: '*Silver and gold have I none,*' (Acts iii. 6.) Jesus Christ said, '*The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; but ye shall not be so.*' (Luke xxii. 25.) But if a wagon laden with hay must give way to a drunken man, how much more fitting is it that St. Peter and Christ himself should give way to the Pope!"

THE POPE.—"In like manner we excommunicate and curse all those who falsify our bulls and letters apostolical . . . ."

LUTHER.—"But God's letters,—God's Holy Scriptures,—any one may condemn and burn them."

THE POPE.—"In like manner we excommunicate and curse all those who intercept any provisions on their passage to our city of Rome . . . ."

LUTHER.—"He snarls and bites like a dog that is battling for his bone."

THE POPE.—"In like manner we condemn, and we curse all those who withhold any privileges, dues, tithes, or revenues belonging to the clergy."

LUTHER.—"Forasmuch as Christ hath said, '*If any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;*' (Matt. v. 40:) and ye have now heard Our commentary thereon . ."

THE POPE.—"Whatever be their station, dignity, order, authority, or rank, be they even bishops or kings."

LUTHER.—"'*For there shall be false teachers among you, who shall despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities,*' saith the Scripture. (Jude 8.)

THE POPE.—"In like manner we condemn and curse all who in any manner whatsoever shall molest the city of Rome, the kingdom of Sicily, the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, the patrimony of St. Peter in Tuscany, the duchy of Spoleto, the marquisate of Ancona, the Campagna, the cities of Ferrara and Benevento, or any other city or territory belonging to the Church of Rome."

LUTHER.—"O, Peter, thou poor fisherman! how hast thou become master of Rome and so many kingdoms besides? I bid thee all hail! Peter! king of Sicily! . . . and fisherman of Bethsaida."

THE POPE.—"We excommunicate and curse all chancellors, counsellors, parliaments, procurators, governors, officials, bishops and others who shall resist any of our letters admonitory, permissive, prohibitory, mediatory, or executive."

LUTHER.—"For the Holy See seeks only to live in idleness, pomp and debauchery,—to rule and intimidate,—to lie and deceive,—to dishonour and seduce, and commit all kinds of evil in peace and security . . . ."

"O Lord, arise! it is not so with us as the Papists pretend; thou hast not forsaken us, neither are thine eyes turned away from us."

Such was the dialogue between Leo the Tenth at Rome, and Martin Luther at Wittemberg.

The Pontiff having concluded his anathemas, the parchment on which they were written was torn up and its fragments scattered among the people. The crowd was instantly thrown into violent commotion, every one rushed forward eager to seize a scrap of the terrible bull. These were the holy relics that the Papacy offered to his followers on the eve of the great day of grace and expiation. The multitude soon dispersed, and the neighbourhood of the Basilica resumed

* This is a corrupt orthography: read Gazari or Cathari.

its accustomed stillness. Let us return to Wittemberg.

It was now on the 24th of March, Gaspar Sturm, the Imperial Herald, had passed through the gates of the city in which Luther resided. He presented himself before the Doctor, and delivered into his hands the Emperor's writ of summons. It was an anxious and solemn moment for the Reformer. His friends were all panic struck. Hitherto not one of the Princes, not even Frederic the Wise, had openly espoused his cause. The knights, it is true, had begun to use threatening language; but Charles, in the plentitude of his power, paid small regard to it. Luther, however, preserved his composure: "The Papists," said he, observing the distress of his friends, "have little desire to see me at Worms; but they long for my condemnation and death! No matter! Pray, *not* for me, but for the word of God. My blood will scarcely be cold before thousands and tens of thousands in every land will be made to answer for the shedding of it. The 'Most Holy' adversary of Christ, the father and master and chief of manslayers is resolved that it shall be spilt. *Amen!* The will of God be done! Christ will give me his Spirit to overcome these ministers of Satan. I despise them while I live; I will triumph over them in death. They are striving hard at Worms to force me to recant. My recantation shall be this: I said formerly that the Pope was Christ's vicar; now I say that he is the adversary of the Lord and the Apostle of the devil." And when he was told that all the pulpits of the Franciscans and Dominicans were ringing with imprecations and maledictions against him: "Oh, how it delights me to hear it," exclaimed he. He knew that he had obeyed the will of God, and that God was with him:—why then should he fear to set out? Purity of intention and a conscience void of offence impart to the servant of God a hidden yet incalculable strength which never fails him,—a strength in which he goes forth against his enemies with that assurance of victory which no adamantine breastplate, no phalanx of trusty spears can ever afford.

Luther was at this time unexpectedly called on to welcome a man who, like Melancthon, was destined to be his friend through life, as well as to give him present comfort in the hour of his departure. This was a priest named Bugenhagen, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, who had fled from the rigorous persecution exercised by the Bishop of Camin, and Prince Bogislas, of Pomerania, against all, whether ecclesiastics, citizens, or scholars, who embraced the Gospel. Born at Wollin, in Pomerania, (whence he is commonly called Pomeranus,) of a family holding senatorial rank, Bugenhagen, from the age of twenty, had been teaching at Treptow. The young listened eagerly to his instructions; the noble and the learned vied with each other in courting his society. He was a diligent student in the sacred literature, and one who prayed to God to enlighten and direct him. One evening (it was towards the end of December, 1520) as he sat at supper with some friends, a copy of Luther's book on *the Babylonian Captivity* was put into his hands. "Since Christ's death," said he, after having glanced it over, "there have been many heretics to vex the Church; but never yet has there risen up such a pest as the author of this book." Having taken the book home with him, however, and read it once and again, his thoughts underwent a total change; truths of which he had never dreamed became palpable to his mind; and returning a few days afterwards to his companions, he said: "The whole world has been lying in thick darkness. This man—and none but he—has discerned the truth." Several priests, a deacon, and even the abbot himself, received the pure doctrine of salvation, and in a short time, by their powerful preaching, they turned their hearers, says an historian, from human superstitions, to put their sole trust in the availing righteousness of Jesus Christ. Then burst forth the persecution. Many were already groaning in dungeons. Bugenhagen escaped from his enemies, and arrived as we have seen, at Wittemberg. "He is suffering for the Gospel's sake," observed Melancthon, writing on this occasion, to the Elector's chaplain, "where could he seek refuge, but in this asylum of ours under the protection of our Prince?

But by none was Bugenhagen received so joyfully as by Luther. It was agreed between them that immediately after the Reformer's departure, Bugenhagen should begin to expound the Psalms. Thus did Providence raise up that gifted man to supply, in part at least, the loss of him whom Wittemberg was about to lose. A year later, Bugenhagen was placed at the head of the Church of that city, and he continued to preside over it for six-and-thirty years. Luther bestowed upon him the emphatic appellation of *the Pastor*.

Luther was now ready to set out. His dejected friends believed that, unless God should interpose by a miracle, he was going to meet his death. Melancthon, far removed from his native soil, had attached himself to Luther with the strong affection of an ardent mind. "Luther," said he, "makes up to me for the loss of all my friends. He is, in my estimation, greater and more wonderful than I know how to express. You remember how Socrates was revered by Alcibades;—but my admiration of Luther is of a higher kind, for it is a Christian feeling." And he adds the beautiful though simple phrase: "As often as I contemplate him, he seems to me every time to have grown greater than himself." Melancthon wished to bear Luther company in his perils. But their common friends,—and,—doubtless, the Reformer himself,—opposed his desire. Was not Philip to fill his friend's place?—and if the latter should never return, who would then carry on the work of reformation? "Would to God;" said Melancthon, as he reluctantly submitted, "I were allowed to set out with him."

The vehement Amsdorff at once declared his intention to accompany the Doctor. His bold heart delighted in danger—and his lofty spirit did not shrink from appearing before an assembly of kings. The elector had invited to Wittemberg a professor of law, the celebrated John Schurff, son of a physician at St. Gall, a man of a remarkably mild disposition, who lived in intimacy with Luther. "He could never find the heart to pass sentence of death upon any criminal," said Luther, speaking of Schurff. Yet this timid man desired to be present with the Doctor as his adviser, in the course of his hazardous journey. Peter Suaven, a young Danish student, who lodged in Melancthon's house, and was afterwards famous for his preaching of the Gospel in Pomerania and Denmark, also announced that he would accompany his "father." It was fit that the youth of the schools should have some one to represent it, at the side of the champion of truth.

All Germany was moved at the thought of the dangers which threatened one who was the people's representative. She found a voice that was worthy of her to express her alarms. Ulric Hütten, trembling at the thought of the blow the country was on the eve of sustaining, wrote on the 1st of April to Charles V. himself: "Most excellent Emperor, you are about to involve yourself and us in one common ruin. What is the object of this procedure against Luther, unless it be the destruction of our liberty and the downfall of your power? Throughout the empire there is no man but takes a lively interest in this matter. The priests alone are opposed to Luther, because he has stood forth against their overgrown power, shameful luxury, and depraved conduct, and pleaded for the Christian doctrine, the national liberties, and purity of morals.

"O Emperor, no longer countenance those Roman advocates, those bishops and cardinals who would hinder all reformation. Have you not noticed the sadness of the people when they beheld your arrival, approaching the Rhine surrounded with those red hats,—a troop of priests, instead of a cohort of valiant warriors?

"Give not up your sovereign majesty to those who would trample it under their feet. Take pity on us, and do not involve the whole nation in your own ruin. Lead us into the midst of dangers —against sword and cannon —let all nations conspire, and their armies come against us, so that we may prove our courage in the face of day, and not be conquered and enslaved, darkly and secretly, as if we were women unarmed and unresisting. . . . Alas, we hoped that you would deliver us from the Roman yoke and dethrone the Pontiff's tyranny. God grant that the future may be happier than these beginnings.

"All Germany is at your feet, imploring your help, your compassion, your fidelity; appealing to those German heroes, who stood erect before the proud city, when the whole world besides were its subjects, and conjuring you to save her,—to restore her to what she once was—to deliver her from slavery, and avenge her on her tyrants."

Thus spake the German nation to Charles the Fifth, by the mouth of Ulric Hütten. The Emperor paid no attention to this appeal, and, it is probable, threw the letter contemptuously to one of his secretaries. He was a Fleming, not a German. His personal power, and not the liberty or glory of the Empire, was the object of his desire.

It was the 2d of April. Luther was to take leave of his friends. After having apprized Lange, by letter, that he would spend the Thursday or Friday following at Erfurth, he bade adieu to his colleagues. Turning to Melancthon, he said, with deep emotion: "If I never return, and my enemies should take my life, cease not, dear brother, to teach and stand fast in the truth. Labour in my stead, since I can no longer work. If thy life be spared, my death will matter little." Then committing his soul to Him who is faithful, Luther stepped into the wagon and quitted Wittemberg. The town-council had furnished him with a plain carriage, covered with an awning, which the travellers might throw back or draw over them at pleasure. The Imperial herald in full costume, and wearing the imperial eagle, went before on horseback, and was followed by his servant. Then came Luther, Schurff, Amsdorff, and Suaven in their open wagon. The burghers of Wittemberg, to whom the Gospel was precious, sorrowing and in tears, invoked the blessing of God upon his journey. Luther set forth.

He soon had occasion to observe that gloomy presentiments filled the hearts of those he met. At Leipsic no honours were paid him, beyond the customary offering of wine. At Naumburg he met a priest, probably J. Langer, a man of stern zeal, who kept hung up in his study a portrait of the celebrated Jerome Savonarola, of Ferrara, who perished in the flames at Florence in the year 1498, by order of Pope Alexander the Sixth,—a martyr to liberty and morals, rather than a confessor of the Gospel. Taking down the portrait of the Italian martyr, the priest held it forth in silence as he approached Luther. The latter well understood the import of this silent action, but his intrepid spirit was unmoved. "It is Satan," he remarked, "who seeks by these terrors to hinder the confession of the truth in the assembly of the princes, for he foresees the effect it will have on his kingdom." —"Stand fast in the truth thou hast professed," replied the priest gravely, "and thy God will never forsake thee."

Having passed one night at Naumburg, where the burgomaster had received him hospitably, Luther arrived on the following evening at Weimar. He had scarcely alighted, when he heard the voices of the criers on all sides. They were proclaiming his sentence. "Look there," said the herald. He turned his eyes, and beheld with astonishment the Emperor's messengers passing from street to street, everywhere placarding the imperial

edict, enjoining all men to bring in his writings to the magistrates. Luther saw clearly that these vigorous proceedings were designed to stay his further progress,—by working upon his apprehensions,—and after that, to condemn him as having refused to appear. "Well, Doctor, will you go any further?" asked the herald, in alarm. "Yes," replied Luther, "though I should be put under interdict in every town, I will go on. I rely on the Emperor's safe-conduct."

At Weimar, Luther had an audience of Duke John, brother to the Elector of Saxony, who was then residing in that city. The prince requested him to preach, and he consented. Words of life-giving power flowed forth from his swelling heart. A Franciscan monk, John Voit, a friend of Frederic Myconius, was on that occasion converted to the Gospel. Two years afterwards he left the convent, and became subsequently professor of theology at Wittemberg. The Duke assisted Luther with money for his journey.

From Weimar the Reformer repaired to Erfurth. It was the town in which his youth had been passed. He expected to find there his friend Lange; if, as he had written word, there was no risk incurred by entering the town. As he came within three or four leagues of the place, nigh the village of Nora, he saw at a distance a troop of horsemen. Were they friends or foes? Rapidly Crotus, rector of the University, Eobanus Hesse, the friend of Melancthon, (styled by Luther the prince of poets,) Euricius Cordus, John Draco, and others, to the number of forty, senators, students, and burghers, welcomed him with joyful acclamations. A crowd of the population of Erfurth met him in the road and cheered him as he drew nigh, eager to behold the mighty monk who had dared to give battle to the Pope.

A young man of twenty-eight years of age, named Justus Jonas, preceded the party. Jonas, after studying the law at Erfurth, had been elected rector of the University in 1519. Receiving the light of the gospel, which was then beaming forth in all directions, he had conceived the wish to devote himself to sacred learning. "I think," said Erasmus, in writing to him, "that God has chosen you as his instrument to make known to others the glory of his Son Jesus." The thoughts of Jonas were all turned towards Luther at Wittemberg. Some years before, when he was yet a student of law, his enterprising spirit had led him, in company with a few friends, to make a journey on foot through forests infested by thieves, and across a country ravaged by the plague, in order to visit Erasmus, who was then at Brussels. And shall he not brave dangers of another kind to accompany the Reformer to Worms? He entreated Luther to allow him to join him, and Luther consented. This was the first meeting of the two doctors, who were destined to pass their whole lives in labouring together for the revival of the Church. Divine Providence was assembling around Luther men who were destined to be the lights of Germany: Melancthon, Amsdorff, Bugenhagen, Jonas. After his return from Worms, Jonas was elected provost of the church of Wittemberg and doctor of divinity. "Jonas," continued Luther, "is a man whose continued life on this earth is worth any purchase. No preacher had more power of captivating his hearers. "Pomeranus is exegetical," said Melancthon; "I am a logician,—Jonas is the preacher. Words flow beautifully from his lips, and his eloquence is full of energy. Bu Luther excels in all." It appears that about this time a friend of Luther's childhood, and also one of his brothers, joined him in his route.

The deputation from Erfurth had turned their horses' heads. They entered its walls, on horseback and on foot, surrounding Luther's wagon. At the city gate, in the public squares, and in those streets where the poor monk had so often begged a morsel of bread, a crowd of spectators was assembled; Luther alighted at the convent of the Augustines. Lange welcomed him with joy. Usingen and some of the more aged friars manifested considerable coolness. He was requested to preach;—preaching had been forbidden him; but the herald himself, carried away by the feelings of those about him, gave his consent.

On the Sunday after Easter, the church of the Augustines, of Erfurth, was crowded to excess. The brother whose duty it once was to unclose the gates and sweep out the aisles, ascended the pulpit, and, opening the Bible, read these words: "PEACE *be unto you! and when Jesus had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side.*" (John xx. 19, 20.) "Philosophers, learned doctors, and writers," said he, "have all laboured to show how man can attain to eternal life, and they have all failed. I am now to tell you the way."

In every age this has been the great question; accordingly, his hearers were all attention.

"There are two kinds of works," continued the Reformer; "works not of ourselves, and these are good works; and our own works, and they are but little worth. One builds a church; another goes a pilgrimage to St. James's or St. Peter's; a third fasts, prays, assumes the cowl, and goes barefoot; another does something else. All these are of no value, and will pass away; for our own works are powerless. But I am about to declare to you what is work indeed. God has raised up a Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, that *He* might destroy death, finish transgression, and close the gate of hell. This is the work of Salvation. The devil thought he had the Lord in his grasp, when he saw him between two thieves, suffering a shameful death, under the curse of God and men. But the Godhead displayed its power, destroying *Death*, *Sin*, and *Hell*. . . ."

"Christ has overcome!—this is the great news!—and we are saved by *his* work, not by our own. The Pope teaches a different doctrine. But I affirm that even the holy mother of God is saved neither by her virginity, nor by her maternity, nor yet by her purity, or her

works,—but solely by means of faith, and by the operation of God. . . ."

While Luther was preaching, a noise was suddenly heard in one of the galleries, and it was thought it was giving way from the weight of the crowd. This caused much confusion in the auditory. Some rushed from their places, others were motionless from fear. The preacher stopped for a moment,—then, stretching forth his hand, he exclaimed aloud, "Fear not! there is no danger: the devil is seeking to throw hinderances in the way of my preaching the gospel, but he shall not gain his point." At his bidding, those that were leaving the place stopped, astonished and constrained; the assembly resumed its calmness, and Luther proceeded, not regarding the temptations of the devil. "Some, perhaps, will say, You talk to us much about faith; teach us, then, how to obtain it. Well, agreed; I will show you how. Our Lord Jesus Christ said, '*Peace be unto you! Behold my hands!*' That is to say, Look, O man! it is I, I alone, who have taken away thy sin and redeemed thee, and now thou hast peace, saith the Lord. . . ."

"I," continued Luther, "ate not the fruit of the tree—no more did you; but we have received the sin transmitted to us by Adam, and we have sinned. In like manner, I suffered not on the cross—no more did you; but Christ suffered for us; we are justified by the work of God, and not by our own: I myself, saith the Lord, am thy righteousness and thy redeemer."

"Believe the Gospel—believe St. Paul—and not the letters and decretals of the Popes."

Luther, after preaching Faith as justifying the sinner, proceeds to preach Works as the fruits and evidence of our being saved.

"Since God has saved us, let us so order our works that he may take pleasure in them. Art thou rich?—let thy riches be the supply of other men's poverty. Art thou poor?—let thy service minister to the rich. If thy labour is for thyself alone, the service thou offerest to God is a mere pretence."

Not a word concerning himself did Luther find place for in this sermon, nor yet for any allusions to the circumstances in which he stood; not a word concerning Worms, the Emperor, or the Nuncios: he preached CHRIST, and Him alone. In a moment when the eyes of all the world were turned on him, he had no thought uppermost for himself;—it is a mark of the faithful servant of God.

Luther took his departure from Erfurth, and passed through Gotha, where he again preached. Myconius adds, that after the sermon, when the congregation were leaving, the devil detached from the pediment of the church some stones that had not moved for two hundred years. The Doctor took a night's rest in the convent of the Benedictines at Reinhardsbrunn, and proceeded from thence to Eisenach, where he was suddenly taken ill. Amsdorff, Jonas, Schurff, and all his friends were alarmed. They bled him, and were unremitting in attentions. The Schulthess of the town, John Oswald, brought him a cordial. Luther having taken it, had some sleep, and, refreshed by rest, was enabled to resume his journey on the following morning.

Everywhere, as he passed, the people of the country flocked round him. His progress resembled a triumph. Men contemplated with interest the bold man who was going to present himself bareheaded before the Emperor and the Empire. A dense crowd accompanied his steps, discoursing with him. "Ah," said some, "there are plenty of cardinals and bishops at Worms! . . . You will be burned alive, and your body reduced to ashes, as they did with John Huss." But nothing daunted the monk. "Though they should kindle a fire, whose flame should reach from Worms to Wittemberg, and rise up to heaven, I would go through it in the name of the Lord, and stand before them; I would enter the jaws of the behemoth, break his teeth, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ."

One day, when he had entered into an inn, and the crowd was as usual pressing about him, an officer made his way through, and thus addressed him: "Are you the man who has taken in hand to reform the Papacy? . . . How can you expect to succeed?"—"Yes," answered Luther, "I am the man. I place my dependence upon that Almighty God whose word and commandment is before me." The officer, deeply affected, gazed on him with a mild expression, and said, "Dear friend, there is much in what you say; I am a servant of Charles, but your Master is greater than mine. He will help and protect you."[96] Such was the impression that Luther produced. Even his enemies were awed by the sight of the crowd that surrounded him; but they have depicted his progress in very different colours. At length the Doctor reached Frankfort on Sunday, the 14th of April.

Accounts of Luther's progress had before this reached Worms. The Pope's partisans had not expected that he would obey the Emperor's summons. Albert, Cardinal-archbishop of Mentz, would have given the world to stop him on his journey; new expedients were resorted to for this purpose.

Luther rested a short time at Frankfort; from thence he wrote to Spalatin, who was then with the Elector at Worms, announcing his approach. It is the only letter he wrote during the journey. "I am arrived here," said he, "although Satan has sought to stop me in my way by sickness. From Eisenach to this place I have been suffering, and I am at this moment in worse condition than ever. I find that Charles has issued an edict to terrify me; but Christ lives, and we shall enter Worms in spite of all the councils of hell and all the powers of the air. Therefore engage a lodging for me."

Next day Luther visited the learned school of William Nesse, the celebrated geographer of that age. "Apply yourselves," said he, "to the reading of the Bible and the investigation of truth." Then, laying his right hand on one and his left on another, he pronounced his blessing on all the scholars.

If Luther was thus engaged in blessing children, he was not the less the hope of aged Christians. A widow of great age, who served God with her heart, Catherine of Holzhausen, came to him with these words: "My father and mother predicted to me that God would one day raise up a man who should oppose the vanities of the Pope, and rescue the word of God. I hope you are that man; and I wish you the grace and Holy Spirit of God for your help."

These feelings were very far from being general at Frankfort. John Cochlæus, dean of the Church of our Lady, was a devoted adherent of the Roman Church. He could not repress his fears at sight of Luther in his passage through Frankfort on his way to Worms. He felt that the Church had need of zealous defenders. It mattered little that he had not been called upon. Scarcely had Luther left the city, when Cochlæus set out after him, ready, as he said, to lay down his life in defence of the honour of his Church.

The panic was great among the partisans of the Pope. The heresiarch was approaching; every day, every hour brought him nearer. Once at Worms, and all might be ruined. The Archbishop Albert, the Confessor Glapio, and all the political advisers of the Emperor were in dismay. How to stop the monk was the question. To seize and carry him off was not to be thought of, for he was furnished with Charles's safe-conduct; artifice alone could compass the end. Instantly they devise the following plan. The Emperor's confessor and his grand chamberlain, Paul of Armsdorff, set out in haste from Worms. They direct their course toward the chateau of Ebernburg, distant about ten leagues, and the residence of Francis Sickingen, the knight who had offered Luther an asylum. Bucer, a young Dominican, and chaplain to the Elector Palatine, converted to the Gospel at the period of the conference at Heidelberg, had sought refuge and was then residing in this "abode of the righteous." The knight, who was not well versed in matters of religion, was easily imposed upon; and the character of the former chaplain to the Palatine favoured the views of the confessor. In fact, Bucer was disposed for peace. Distinguishing fundamental from secondary truths, he thought he might sacrifice the latter for the sake of peace and unity.

The chamberlain and Charles's confessor opened the business. They gave Sickengen and Bucer to understand that if Luther were once in Worms, it would be all over with him. They declared that the Emperor was ready to send certain learned men to Ebernberg, there to talk over matters with the Doctor. "Both parties," said they to the knight, "will put themselves under *your* protection." And to Bucer they said, "We agree with Luther on all essential things,—the only questions between us relate to some secondary points. *You* will act as mediator between us." The knight and the doctor were shaken. The confessor and the chamberlain continued—"The invitation must come from you," said they to Sickengen, "and Bucer must be the bearer of it." The whole project was agreed to, according to their wish. Only let Luther credulously obey their invitation to Ebernburg, and the term of his safe-conduct will soon expire:—then who can protect him?

Luther had reached Oppenheim. In three days his safe conduct would be void. A troop of horsemen were seen approaching, and soon he recognised the same Bucer with whom he had held such intimate conversations at Heidelberg. "These horsemen belong to Francis Sickengen," said Bucer, after the first greetings. "He has sent me to conduct you to his fortress. The Emperor's confessor desires a conference with you. His influence with Charles is unbounded;—every thing may yet be arranged; but have nothing to do with Aleander!" Jonas, Amsdorff, Schurff, knew not what to think. Bucer urged him;—but Luther never faltered. "I shall go on," answered he, "and if the Emperor's confessor has any thing to say to me, he will find me at Worms. I repair to the place of summons."

In the mean while Spalatin himself began to be disturbed with apprehensions. Situate in the midst of enemies of the Reformation, he heard it said on all sides that the heretic's safe-conduct would be disregarded. His friendship took the alarm. At the moment when Luther was approaching the city, a servant met him and delivered him a message from the chaplain: "Abstain from entering Worms." And this from Spalatin himself, the Elector's confidential adviser! Luther, still unshaken, turned his eyes on the messenger, and answered, "*Go tell your master, that though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it.*" At no time had the grandeur of Luther's spirit been more evidenced. The messenger re-entered Worms, and delivered the astounding declaration. "I was then intrepid," said Luther, (a few days before his death.) "I feared nothing. God can give this boldness to man. I know not whether now I should have so much liberty and joy." "When our cause is good," adds his disciple Mathesius, "the heart expands and gives courage and energy to the evangelist and the soldier."

At last, on the morning of the 16th April, Luther discovered the walls of the ancient city. All were expecting him. But one subject occupied the thoughts of the citizens. Some young nobles, Bernard of Kirschfeld, Albert Lindenau, with six mounted cavaliers, and other gentlemen of the prince's retinue, to the number in all of a hundred, (according to Pallavicini,) in their impatience, rode out of the city to meet him, and surrounding his travelling car, escorted him to the gates. He went forward. The Imperial herald galloped before, attired in the vestments of his office. Luther came next, in his modest vehicle. Jonas followed on horseback, and the party of horsemen surrounded him. A vast crowd was awaiting his arrival at the gates. At ten o'clock he entered within those walls, whence

so many had predicted to him that he would never again depart. Behold him in Worms!

Two thousand persons accompanied the famed monk of Wittemberg through the streets of the city. People ran to their doors to see him. The crowd was increasing every moment,—and was even greater than at the public entry of the Emperor himself. Of a sudden, says an historian, a man clothed in grotesque habiliments, and bearing before him a lofty cross, as is customary at funerals, penetrated through the crowd, and advanced towards Luther:—then with the shrill and plaintive cadence, in which the priests perform masses for the repose of the dead, he chanted these words as if he were uttering them from the abode of departed spirits—

Advenisti, O desiderabilis!
Quem expectabamus in tenebris!*

Thus was Luther's arrival celebrated by a *requiem*. It was the court fool of one of the Dukes of Bavaria, who (if the account may be depended upon) thus gave to Luther one of those warnings, replete at once with solemn instruction and irony, of which so many instances are on record. But the shouts of the crowd soon drowned the *de profundis* of the cross-bearer. The procession made its way with difficulty through the people. At last the herald of the Empire stopped before the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes. It was there that Frederic of Thun, and Philip Feilitsch, two counsellors of the Elector, and Ulric Pappenheim, the Marshal of the Empire, had taken up their abode. Luther alighted from his wagon, and as he set foot on the ground, exclaimed, "God will be my defence." "I entered Worms," said he, at a later period, "in an open cart and in a monk's frock. And every one came out into the streets, desiring to see friar Martin."

The intelligence of his arrival was received with alarm by the Elector of Saxony and Aleander. Albert, the young and accomplished Archbishop, whose mind was in a middle position, was dismayed at this daring step. "If I had no more courage than the Archbishop," said Luther, "true it is they would never have seen me at Worms."

Charles V. instantly convoked his council. The confidential advisers of the Emperor repaired in haste to the palace—for the fear had communicated to them. "Luther is come," said Charles, "what must be done?"

Modo, Bishop of Palermo and Chancellor of Flanders, answered, according to the testimony of Luther:—"We have long thought of this matter. Let your Majesty rid yourself at once of this man. Did not Sigismund bring John Huss to the stake? One is under no obligation either to give or to observe a safe-conduct in the case of heretics." "Not so," said Charles, "what we promise we should observe and keep." It was, therefore, agreed that the Reformer should be heard.

Whilst the great were thus planning how to deal with Luther, there were not a few in Worms rejoicing in the opportunity of at last beholding this distinguished servant of God. Capito, chaplain and counsellor of the Archbishop of Mentz, was of their number. This remarkable man, who a little while before had preached the Gospel in Switzerland with much liberty*—though he then owed it to the station he filled, to pursue a course which exposed him to the charge of cowardice from the Evangelical preachers, and of dissimulation from the Romanists. Yet at Mentz he had preached the doctrine of faith with great clearness. When he was leaving that city he had arranged for his place being supplied by a young and zealous preacher named Hedion. The word of God was not bound in that ancient seat of the German primacy. The Gospel was eagerly listened to; in vain did the monks attempt to preach from the Scriptures after their manner;—in vain did they make every effort to arrest the impulsion given to men's minds. Their failure was complete But whilst preaching the new doctrine, Capito sought to maintain friendly relations with its persecutors;—with a few of the same opinions he flattered himself that he might in this way render great service to the Church. To hear them talk one might have thought that if Luther was not burnt, and his followers excommunicated, it was only owing to the influence that Capito possessed with the Archbishop. Cochlæus, dean of Frankfort, arriving at Worms at the same time as Luther, repaired direct to Capito's residence. The latter, who at least was outwardly on very friendly terms with Aleander, introduced Cochlæus to him, becoming thus a connecting link between the Reformer's two great enemies. Doubtless Capito imagined that he did service to the cause of Christ, by keeping up these appearances; but it would be impossible to show any good effect flowing from them. The event almost always disconcerts such calculations of human policy, proving that a decided course, while it is the most frank, is also most wise.

Meanwhile crowds continued to gather outside the hotel of Rhodes where Luther had alighted. Some had conceived an idea of him as a prodigy of wisdom; others as a monster of iniquity. Every one desired to see him. They left him, however, a few hours to recruit himself after his journey, and discourse with his most intimate friends. Bu ss soon as the evening closed in, counts barons, knights, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, and citizens, flocked about him. All, even those most opposed to him, were struck with his courageous bearing—the joy that beamed in his countenance—the power of his eloquence, and the solemn elevation and enthusiasm which gave to the words of a single monk a sort of irresistible authority. But some ascribed this grandeur to a something divine; while the partisans of the Pope loudly exclaimed that he was possessed by a devil.

* Thou art come whom we desired—whom we waited for in the regions of darkness!

* Book VIII.

Visitors poured in, and the succession of the curious kept Luther from his bed till a late hour.

On the next morning, 17th of April, the hereditary Marshal of the Empire, Ulric Pappenheim, cited him to appear at four o'clock in the afternoon, in presence of his Imperial Majesty and of the States of the Empire. Luther received the message with profound respect.

Thus all things were ready. He was about to appear for Jesus Christ before the most august of all assemblies. Encouragements were not wanting. The bold knight, Ulric Hütten, was then in the castle of Ebernburg. Prevented coming to Worms, (for Leo the Tenth had desired Charles to send him bound hand and foot to Rome,) he resolved at least to stretch out the hand of friendship to Luther, and on the same day, 17th of April, he wrote to him, adopting the words of the king of Israel:—"*The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defend thee: send thee help out of Zion: grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.* O beloved Luther, my venerated father! . . . . fear not and stand firm. The counsels of the wicked have laid wait for you, they have opened their mouths against you—like roaring lions. But the Lord will arise against them and put them to flight. Fight, therefore, valiantly the battle of Christ. For my part I too will fight boldly. Would to God I might be allowed to face their frowns. But the Lord will deliver his Vine, that the wild boar of the forest has laid waste . . . . Christ preserve you!" . . . Bucer did what Hütten was prevented doing, he made the journey from Ebernburg to Worms, and never left his friend during his stay there.

But Luther looked not to men for his strength. "He who, attacked by the enemy, holds up the buckler of *Faith*," said he one day, "is like Perseus presenting the head of the Gorgon. Whoever looks upon it is struck dead. It is thus that we should hold up the Son of God against the snares of the devil." On the morning of this 17th April, he was for a few minutes in deep exercise of mind. God's face seemed to be veiled, and—his faith forsook him:—his enemies seemed to multiply before him, and his imagination was overcome by the aspect of his dangers. His soul was like a ship driven by a violent tempest, rocked from side to side,—one moment plunged in the abyss, and the next carried up to heaven. In that hour of bitter trial—when he drank of the cup of Christ—an hour which to him was as the garden of Gethsemane, he threw himself with his face upon the earth, and uttered those broken cries, which we cannot understand, without entering, in thought, into the anguish of those deeps from whence they rose to God." "Oh God, Almighty God everlasting! how dreadful is the world! behold how its mouth opens to swallow me up, and how small is my faith in Thee! . . . Oh! the weakness of the flesh and the power of Satan! If I am to depend upon any strength of this world—all is over. . . . The knell is struck. . . . Sentence is gone forth. . . . . O God! O God! O thou my God! help me against all the wisdom of this world. Do this, I beseech thee; thou shouldst do this . . . . . by thy own mighty power. . . . . The work is not mine, but Thine. I have no business here. . . . . I have nothing to contend for with these great men of the world! I would gladly pass my days in happiness and peace. But the cause is Thine, ... and it is righteous and everlasting! O Lord! help me. O faithful and unchangeable God! I lean not upon man. It were vain! Whatever is of man is tottering, whatever proceeds from him must fail. My God! my God! dost thou not hear? My God! art thou no longer living? Nay, thou canst not die? Thou dost but hide Thyself. Thou hast chosen me for this work. I know it! . . . Therefore, O God, accomplish thine own will! Forsake me not, for the sake of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, my defence, my buckler, and my stronghold."

After a moment of silent struggle, he continued, "Lord—where art thou? . . . My God, where art thou? . . . Come! I pray thee, I am ready. . . . Behold me prepared to lay down my life for thy truth . . . suffering like a lamb. For the cause is holy. It is thine own! . . . I will not let thee go! no, nor yet for all eternity! And though the world should be thronged with devils—and this body, which is the work of thine hands, should be cast forth, trodden under foot, cut in pieces, ... consumed to ashes, . . . *my soul is thine.* Yes, I have thine own word to assure me of it. My soul belongs to thee, and will abide with thee forever! Amen! O God send help! . . . Amen!"

This prayer discloses to us Luther and the Reformation. History here lifts the veil of the sanctuary, and discovers the secret source whence strength and courage descended to the humble and despised man, who was God's instrument, to set at liberty the soul and thought of man, and open a new age. Luther and the Reformation lie open before us. We discern their inmost springs. We see where their power lay. This effusion of a soul offering itself up in the cause of truth is found in the collection of documents relative to the citation of Luther to Worms, under number 16, of the safe-conducts and other papers of that nature. One of his friends doubtless overheard and preserved it. In our judgment it is one of the noblest of historica documents.

Four o'clock arrived. The Marshal of the Empire appeared. Luther prepared to set out. God had heard his prayers; he was calm when he quitted the hotel. The herald walked first. Next came the Marshal of the Empire, followed by the Reformer. The crowd that thronged the streets was yet more dense than on the preceding evening. It was not possible to advance—it was in vain that orders were given to make way;—the crowd was increasing. At last the herald, seeing the impossibility of reaching the Town Hall,

demanded admission into some private houses, and conducted Luther through the gardens and back ways to the place where the Diet was assembled. The people who witnessed this, rushed into the houses after the monk of Wittemberg, stationing themselves at the windows overlooking the gardens, and many of them taking their stand on the tops of the houses. The roofs and the pavements, above and beneath, all around him, were covered with spectators.

Arriving at last at the Town Hall, Luther and his companions were again at a loss how to pass the gateway, which was thronged by the multitude. Make room! was the cry; but no one stirred. The Imperial soldiers then cleared a passage. The people hurrying forward to enter together with the Reformer, the soldiers drove them back with their halberds. Luther entered the interior of the hall, and there again he beheld the enclosure crowded. In the ante-chambers and window recesses, there were more than five thousand spectators —German, Italian, Spanish and of other nations. Luther advanced with difficulty. As he drew near the door which was to admit him to the presence of his judges, he was met by a valiant knight, George Freundsberg, who, four years afterwards, attended by his followers, couched his lance at the battle of Pavia, and bearing down the left of the French army, drove it into the Tessino, and decided the captivity of the King of France. This old general, seeing Luther pass, touched him on the shoulder and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, "My poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our most bloody battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! He will not forsake thee!" A noble tribute rendered by martial spirit to the courage of the soul. "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city," was the word of a king. (Prov. xvi. 32.)

And now the doors of the hall were thrown open,—Luther entered, and many who formed no part of the Diet gained admission with him. Never had any man appeared before so august an assembly. The Emperor Charles V., whose kingdom extended across both hemispheres,—his brother the Archduke Ferdinand,—six Electors of the Empire, most of whose successors are now crowned heads,—twenty-four dukes, many of them territorial sovereigns, and among whom were some who bore a name in after times held in fear and horror by the nations who accepted the Reformation—(the Duke of Alva and his two sons)—eight margraves,—thirty archbishops, bishops, and prelates,—seven ambassadors, including those of France and England,—the deputies of ten free cities,—a number of princes, counts, and barons of rank,—the Pope's Nuncios,—in all two hundred persons. Such was the imposing assemblage before which stood Martin Luther.

His appearance there was of itself a signal victory over the Papacy. The man whom the Pope had condemned stood before a tribunal raised by that very fact above the Pope's authority. Placed under interdict, and struck out from human fellowship by the Pope,—he was cited in respectful terms, and received before the noblest of human auditories. The Pope had decreed that his lips should be closed forever,—and he was about to unclose them in the presence of thousands assembled from the remotest countries of Christendom. Thus had an immense revolution been effected by his means; Rome was brought down from her seat, and the power that thus humbled her was the word of a monk!

Some Princes who were near him, observing the humble son of the miner of Mansfeld awed and affected in this assembly of sovereigns, approached him kindly. One of them whispered, "Fear not them who are able to kill the body, and cannot destroy the soul." Another whispered to him, "When you are brought before kings it shall be given to you by the Spirit of your Father what you shall say." Thus was the monk strengthened with his Master's words by the great ones of this world.

Meanwhile the guards made way for Luther. He stepped forward and found himself in front of the throne of Charles V. All eyes were turned upon him. The confusion was stilled, and there was a profound silence. "Say nothing until a question is put to you," said the Marshal of the Empire as he quitted him.

After a moment's solemn pause, John *Eck*, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, and the friend of Aleander, whom we must not confound with the theologian of that name, rose, and in a clear and sonorous accent, first in Latin and then in German, said:

"Martin Luther, his sacred and invincible Majesty has cited you before his throne, acting on the opinion and advice of the States of the Holy Roman Empire, to require you to answer to these questions. First: Do you acknowledge these writings to have been composed by you?" At the same time the speaker pointed with his finger to about twenty volumes placed on a table in the centre of the hall, immediately before Luther. "I could not guess where they had obtained them," said Luther, relating the fact; it was Aleander who had taken the trouble to collect them. "Secondly," continued the Chancellor, "Are you prepared to retract these, and the propositions contained therein, or do you persist in what you have therein advanced?"

Luther, without faltering, was about to answer the first question in the affirmative, when Jerome Schurff, hastily interrupting him, exclaimed aloud, "Let their titles be read."

The Chancellor advancing to the table read the titles. There were in the number several works of a devotional character, and altogether unconnected with the controverted points.

The enumeration being gone through, Luther spoke as follows, first in Latin, then in German:—

"Most gracious Emperor, Princes and Lords!

"His Imperial Majesty puts to me two questions.

"As to the first, I acknowledge the books, the names of which have been read, to be of my writing; I cannot deny them.

"As to the second, seeing that it is a question which has reference to faith, and the salvation of souls,—a question which concerns the word of God, the greatest and most precious treasure of heaven or earth, —I should act rashly if I were to answer without reflection. I might say less than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against that word of Christ,—*Whosoever shall deny me before men, him I will deny before my Father who is in heaven.* Therefore it is that I most humbly desire his Imperial Majesty to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the word of God."

This reply, far from countenancing the supposition of indecision in Luther, was worthy of the Reformer and of the assembly. It was fit that he should act calmly and circumspectly in a question of such grave importance, that this solemn moment of his life might be clear from the suspicion of passion or precipitancy. Besides, by taking reasonable time the deliberate firmness of his resolution would be the more strikingly apparent. Many men in the history of the world have brought great evils on themselves and their contemporaries by a hasty word. Luther restrained his own naturally impetuous temper:—he suppressed the words that were on his tongue and kept silence, when all the feelings that inspired him struggled to find utterance. This self command and calmness, so unusual in such a man, increased his power a hundred-fold, and enabled him afterwards to answer with a prudence, a force, and a dignity, which balked the expectations of his enemies, and confounded their pride and malice.

Nevertheless, as his tone had been respectful, many thought he was wavering. A ray of hope appeared for the Roman courtiers. Charles, eager to know more of a man whose teaching disturbed the Empire, had observed him narrowly. Turning to one of his courtiers, he remarked contemptuously, "Certainly that man will never induce me to turn heretic." Then rising from his seat, the young Emperor, attended by his ministers, withdrew to the council chamber;—the Electors assembled in another apartment together with the Princes;—the deputies of the free cities in a third. The Diet on re-assembling agreed to grant the request. It was a notable blunder in men actuated by passion and prejudice.

"Martin Luther," said the Chancellor of Treves, "his Imperial Majesty, acting in the goodness of his nature, consents to allow you one day's delay; but on condition that you make answer by word of mouth, and not in writing."

Immediately the Imperial herald came forward and conducted Luther back to the hotel. Threats and shouts accompanied him through the crowd;—alarming reports reached his friends. "The Diet is displeased," it was said: "the Pope's envoys triumph;—the Reformer will fall a victim." Men's passions were roused. Some gentlemen repaired in haste to Luther. "Doctor," said they in agitation, what is all this? They say they are resolved to bring you to the stake. . . If they dare attempt it," they added, "it shall be at the peril of their lives." "And it would have been so," said Luther, repeating their words at Eisleben twenty years later.

On the other hand, Luther's enemies were all confidence. "He has begged for time;" said they, "he is going to retract. At a distance his speech was arrogant;—but now his courage forsakes him. . . . He is conquered."

Luther was perhaps the only person at Worms perfectly undisturbed. A few minutes after his return from the diet he wrote to the counsellor Cuspianus: "I am writing to you from the midst of a tempest (perhaps he alluded to the noise of the crowd outside his hotel). An hour ago I appeared before the Emperor and his brother . . . I avowed myself the author of my books, and I have promised to give my answer to-morrow, as to recantation. By the help of Jesus Christ, I will not retract a single letter of my writings."

The commotion among the people and the soldiers of the states was increasing every hour. Whilst the two parties were repairing calmly to the Diet,—the people and the soldiers came to blows in the streets. The Spanish troops, proud and stern, gave great offence by their insolence to the burghers of the city. One of these satellites of Charles, finding in a bookseller's shop the Pope's Bull, published with a *commentary* written by the knight Hütten, laid hands upon it, tore it in pieces, and trampled it under foot. Others having discovered several copies of Luther's tract on the Captivity of Babylon, carried them off and tore them up. The common people roused to resistance, fell upon the soldiers and compelled them to retire. At another time a mounted Spaniard pursued, sword in hand, through the public streets of Worms, a German, who fled from him,—and the people in their fright made no attempt to stop the pursuer.

Some politic persons thought they had hit upon an expedient to rescue Luther. "Retract," said they, "your errors in doctrine, but adhere to all you have said concerning the Pope and his court, and you will be safe." Aleander trembled at the suggestion. But Luther, not to be moved from his purpose, declared that he cared little for a political reformation if it were not based upon faith.

On the 18th of April, Father Glapio, the Chancellor Eck, and Aleander met early in the morning agreeably to orders from Charles V. to settle the course of proceeding with Luther.

Luther composed his thoughts. He felt that tranquillity of soul without which man can do nothing truly great. He prayed;—he read the Word of God;—he glanced over his own

writings, and endeavoured to give a suitable form to his answer. The thought that he was about to bear testimony for Jesus Christ and his word in the face of the Emperor and of the whole Empire dilated his heart with joy! The moment when he was to make his appearance was approaching. He drew near the table on which the volume of the Holy Scriptures lay open, placed his left hand upon it, and raising the other towards heaven, he vowed to adhere constantly to the Gospel, and to confess his faith freely, even though he should be called to seal his confession with his blood. This done, he felt the peace of his soul increased.

At four o'clock the herald presented himself, and conducted Luther to the hall of the Diet. The general curiosity was extreme, for the answer was to be decisive. The Diet being engaged in deliberation, Luther was obliged to wait in the court, surrounded by a dense crowd, eagerly moving to and fro, and resembling a sea of heads. For two hours, the Reformer was hemmed in by the multitude pressing to see him. "I was not used," said he, "to such ways and noises." To an ordinary man this would have been a grievous hinderance to preparedness of mind. But Luther was walking with God. His look was serene; his features unruffled. The Eternal was placing him on a rock. Evening began to close in, and the torches were lighted in the hall. Their light gleamed through the ancient painted glass to the court beyond, and the whole scene wore an aspect of more than common solemnity. At length the Doctor was admitted. Many persons obtained admission with him, for every one was desirous to hear his answer. The Princes having taken their seats, and Luther being again in presence of Charles V.—the Chancellor of the Elector of Treves broke silence, and said:

"Martin Luther, you requested yesterday a delay which is now expired. Certainly the Diet was not bound in justice to accede to your desire, since every man should be so grounded in his faith as to be able at all times to give an answer to those who ask him; much more one who is an eminent and learned doctor in the Scriptures. . . . . Now, therefore, answer the inquiry of his Majesty, who has manifested so much indulgence. Are you prepared to defend all that your writings contain, or do you wish to retract any part of them?"

After having spoken these words, the Chancellor repeated them in German.

"Hereupon," say the Acts of Worms, "Doctor Martin Luther made answer in a low and humble tone, without any vehemence or violence, but with gentleness and mildness, and in a manner full of respect and diffidence, yet with much joy and Christian firmness."

"Most Serene Emperor, and you illustrious Princes and gracious Lords," said Luther, turning towards Charles, and looking round the assembly, "I this day appear before you in all humility, according to your command; and I implore your Majesty and your august Highnesses, by the mercies of God, to listen with favour to the defence of a cause which I am well assured is just and right. I ask pardon if, by reason of my ignorance, I am wanting in the manners that befit a court; for I have not been brought up in king's palaces, but in the seclusion of a cloister.

"Two questions were yesterday put to me by his Imperial Majesty; the first, whether I was the author of the books whose titles were read; the second, whether I wished to revoke or defend the doctrine I have taught. I answered the first, and I adhere to that answer.

"As to the second, I have composed writings on very different subjects. In some I have discussed Faith and Good Works, in a spirit at once so pure, clear, and Christian, that even my adversaries themselves, far from finding any thing to censure, confess that these writings are profitable, and deserve to be perused by devout persons. The Pope's bull, violent as it is, acknowledges this. What then should I be doing, if I were now to retract these writings? Wretched man! I alone, of all men living, should be abandoning truths approved by the unanimous voice of friends and enemies, and opposing doctrines that the whole world glories in confessing.

"I have composed, secondly, certain works against Popery, wherein I have attacked such as, by false doctrines, irregular lives, and scandalous examples, afflict the Christian world, and ruin the bodies and souls of men. And is not this confirmed by the grief of all who fear God? Is it not manifest that the laws and human doctrines of the Popes entangle, vex, and distress the consciences of the faithful, while the crying and endless extortions of Rome engulf the property and wealth of Christendom, and more particularly of this illustrious nation?

"If I were to revoke what I have written on that subject, what should I do . . . but strengthen this tyranny, and open a wider door to so many and flagrant impieties? Bearing down all resistance with fresh fury we should behold these proud men swell, foam, and rage more than ever. And not merely would the yoke which now weighs down Christians be made more grinding by my retractation,—it would thereby become, so to speak, lawful; for, by my retractation, it would receive confirmation from your most Serene Majesty, and all the States of the Empire. Great God! I should thus be like to an infamous cloak, used to hide and cover over every kind of malice and tyranny.

"In the third and last place, I have written some books against private individuals, who had undertaken to defend the tyranny of Rome by destroying the faith. I freely confess that I may have attacked such persons with more violence than was consistent with my profession as an ecclesiastic. I do not think of myself as a saint; but neither can I retract these books, because I should, by so doing, sanction the impieties of my opponents; and they would thence take occasion to crush God's people with still more cruelty.

"Yet, as I am a mere man, and not God, I will defend myself after the example of Jesus Christ, who said, '*If I have spoken evil, bear witness against me.*' (John xviii. 23.) How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and so prone to error, desire that every one should bring forward what he can against my doctrine!

"Therefore, most Serene Emperor, and you illustrious Princes, and all, whether high or low, who hear me, I implore you by the mercies of God to prove to me by the writings of the prophets and apostles that I am in error. As soon as I shall be convinced, I will instantly retract all my errors, and will myself be the first to seize my writings, and commit them to the flames.

"What I have just said, I think, will clearly show that I have well considered and weighed the dangers to which I am exposing myself; but, far from being dismayed by them, I rejoice exceedingly to see the Gospel this day, as of old, a cause of disturbance and disagreement. It is the character and destiny of God's word. 'I came not to send peace unto the earth, but a sword,' said Jesus Christ. God is wonderful and awful in his counsels. Let us have a care lest, in our endeavours to arrest discords, we be found to fight against the holy word of God, and bring down upon our heads a frightful deluge of inextricable dangers, present disaster, and everlasting desolation. . . . . Let us have a care lest the reign of the young and noble Prince, the Emperor Charles, on whom, next to God, we build so many hopes, should not only commence, but continue and terminate its course under the most fatal auspices. I might cite examples drawn from the oracles of God," continued Luther, speaking with noble courage in the presence of the mightiest monarch of the world; "I might speak of Pharaohs, of Kings of Babylon, or of Israel, who were never more contributing to their own ruin than when, by measures in appearance most prudent, they thought to establish their authority. God removeth the mountains, and they know not. (Job ix. 5.)

"In speaking thus, I do not suppose that such noble Princes have need of my poor judgment; but I wish to acquit myself of a duty that Germany has a right to expect from her children. And so, commending myself to your August Majesty, and your most Serene Highnesses, I beseech you, in all humility, not to permit the hatred of my enemies to rain upon me an indignation I have not deserved."*

Luther had pronounced these words in German, with modesty, and yet with much earnestness and resolution: he was desired to repeat them in Latin; (the Emperor was not fond of German.) The splendid assembly which surrounded the Reformer, its noise and excitement, had exhausted him. "I was bathed in sweat," said he, "and standing in the centre of the Princes." Frederic of Thun, confidential counsellor of the Elector of Saxony, who, by his master's orders, had taken his stand at the Reformer's side, to guard him against surprise or violence, seeing the exhaustion of the poor monk, said, "If you are not equal to the exertion of repeating your speech, what you have said will suffice." But Luther, having taken a moment's breathing time, began again, and repeated his address in Latin, with undiminished power.

"The Elector was quite pleased with that," said the Reformer, when relating the circumstance.

As soon as he stopped speaking, the Chancellor of Treves, spokesman of the Diet, said, angrily,

"You have not given any answer to the inquiry put to you. You are not to question the decisions of the Councils, you are required to return a clear and distinct answer. Will you, or will you not retract?" Luther then answered unhesitatingly, "Since your most Serene Majesty and your High Mightinesses require of me a simple, clear, and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the Councils, because it is as clear as noonday that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture, or by cogent reasons; if I am not satisfied by the very texts that I have cited; and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract any thing; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience." Then turning a look on that assembly before whom he stood, and which held in its hands his life or death—"I stand here, and can say no more: *God help me!* Amen."

Thus did Luther, constrained to act upon his Faith; led by his conscience to the surrender of his life; bound by the noblest of all necessity,—the servant of the truth he believed, and in that service most free; like a vessel freighted with treasure more precious than itself, that the pilot runs upon the rocks,—pronounce the sublime words that, at the distance of three centuries, still make our hearts bound within us. Thus spake, in presence of the Emperor and the chiefs of the nation, a single monk! and that weak and poor man, standing alone, but depending on the grace of the Most High, shone forth grander and mightier than them all. His words came with a power against which the great of this world could do nothing. This is that weakness of God which is stronger than men. The Empire and the Church on the one hand, an obscure individual on the other, have looked upon each other. God had gathered together these kings and prelates, to bring publicly to naught their wisdom. The battle is lost; and the consequences of this defeat of the powers of this world will be felt among all nations, and in all ages to come.

The assembly was motionless with astonishment. Several of the Princes present could scarcely conceal their admiration. The Emperor, recovering from first impressions, ex-

* This speech, as well as most of the documents we cite, are taken, word for word, from authentic documents. See L. Opp (L.) xvii 776—780.

claimed, "The monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage." The Spaniards and Italians alone were confounded, and soon began to ridicule a moral grandeur which they could not comprehend.

"If you do not retract," resumed the Chancellor, as soon as the assembly had recovered from the impression produced by Luther's speech,—"the Emperor and the States of the Empire will proceed to consider how to deal with an obstinate heretic." At these words Luther's friends trembled;—but the monk repeated: "May God be my helper! for I can retract nothing."

This said, Luther withdrew, and the Princes deliberated. Every one saw clearly that the moment was critical for Christendom. On the yea or nay of this monk, perhaps, depended the repose of the Church and of the world for ages to come. In the desire to overawe him, he had been raised on a platform in sight of a whole nation: the attempt to give publicity to his defeat had only served to enhance his victory over his enemies. The partisans of Rome could not patiently submit to this humiliation. Luther was again called in, and the speaker thus addressed him:—"Martin, you have not spoken with that humility which befits your condition. The distinction you have drawn as to your works was needless, for if you retracted such as contain errors, the Emperor would not allow the rest to be burned. It is absurd to require to be refuted by Scripture, when you are reviving heresies condemned by the General Council of Constance. The Emperor therefore commands you to say simply, yes or no, whether you mean to affirm what you have advanced, or whether you desire to retract any part thereof."—"I have no other answer to give than that I have already given," said Luther quietly. They understood him.—Firm as a rock,—the billows of the powers of the world had broken harmlessly at his feet. The simple energy of his words, his erect countenance, the glance of his eye, the inflexible firmness that might be traced in his rude German features, had indeed left a deep impression on the assembly. All hope of quelling his spirit had vanished. The Spaniards, the Belgians, and even the Italians were silent. The monk had triumphed over these powers of this world. He had said *No* to the Church and to the Empire. Charles the Fifth arose from his seat, and the whole assembly rose at the same instant. "The Diet will meet again to-morrow morning to hear the Emperor's decision," said the Chancellor aloud.

It was night;—each repaired home in the dark. Two of the Imperial officers were appointed to accompany Luther. Some persons took it into their heads that his doom had been decided, that they were conducting him to prison, which he would only leave to mount the scaffold. Then a tumult spread. Several gentlemen demanded aloud: "Are they leading him to prison?"—"No!" answered Luther, "they are conducting me to my hotel." On hearing this the commotion subsided. Then certain Spaniards of the Emperor's household followed the bold man through the streets that led to the hotel, with shouts and mockery, while others poured forth the cries of a wild beast bereft of his prey. But Luther maintained his firmness and assurance.

Such was the scene of Worms. The intrepid monk who had hitherto boldly braved all his enemies, spoke on that occasion to those who thirsted for his blood with calm dignity and humility. With no exaggeration, no enthusiasm of the flesh, no irascibility; he was in peace in the liveliest emotion; unpresumptuous, though withstanding the powers of this world; and full of grandeur in presence of the great ones of the earth. Behold an indubitable sign that Luther was then acting in obedience to God, and not the suggestions of his own pride. In the hall at Worms was one greater than Luther or than Charles. "When ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." Never, perhaps, has this promise been more signally fulfilled.

A powerful impression had been produced on the chiefs of the empire. Luther had remarked this; and it had given him new courage. The Pope's adherents were provoked because Eck had not earlier interrupted the speech of the guilty monk. Several princes and lords were won over to his cause by the tone of deep conviction with which he had defended it. It is true, with some the effect was transient; but some, who then concealed their thoughts, at a later period declared themselves with great boldness.

Luther had returned to his hotel, and was seeking in repose to recruit his strength, exhausted in the stern and trying events of the day. Spalatin and others of his friends surrounded him, giving thanks to God. As they were discoursing, a servant entered bearing a silver vase filled with Eimbek beer. "My master," said he, as he offered it to Luther, "desires you to refresh yourself with this beverage."—"What Prince is it," said the Wittemberg Doctor, "who has me in such gracious remembrance?" It was the aged Duke Eric of Brunswick. The Reformer was moved by this offering from a powerful lord belonging to the Pope's party. "His Highness himself," continued the messenger, "drank of the cup before sending it to you." Hereupon Luther, being thirsty, poured out some of the Duke's beer, and after having drunk, he said: "As on this day Duke Eric has remembered me, may our Lord Jesus Christ remember him in the hour of his last struggle." The gift was a trifling one; but Luther, desiring to show his gratitude to a Prince who thought of him at such a moment, gave him of such as he had,—a prayer! The servant bore his message to his master. The aged Duke called to mind these words at the mo

ment of his death, and addressing a young page, Francis Kram, who was standing at his bedside.—"Take the Bible," said he, "and read to me." The youth read the words of Christ, and the soul of the dying man took comfort. "*Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ,*" said the Saviour, "*verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward.*"

The servant of the Duke of Brunswick had scarcely left him, when a messenger from the Elector of Saxony brought orders to Spalatin to come to him immediately. Frederic had attended the Diet with many apprehensions. He had expected that Luther's courage would have failed him in the Emperor's presence. Hence he had been deeply affected by the Reformer's firmness. He felt proud of having taken such a man under his protection. When the chaplain arrived, the table was spread. The Elector was just sitting down to supper with his court, and already the servant in waiting had taken away the vase in which it was the custom to wash before eating. On seeing Spalatin enter, Frederic instantly made a sign to him to follow him; and as soon as he found himself alone with him in his bedchamber, he said with strong emotion: "Oh! how Luther spoke before the Emperor and all the States of the Empire:—all I feared was that he might go too far!" From that time Frederic formed a resolution to protect the Doctor more openly.

Aleander saw the effect that Luther had produced; there was no time to lose. It was necessary to urge the young Emperor to adopt vigorous measures. The moment was favourable: a war with France was impending. Leo X., eager to aggrandize his states, and caring little for the peace of Christendom, was at the same time secretly negotiating two treaties, —one with Charles against Francis, and the other with Francis against Charles. By the former he stipulated with the Emperor for the possession of Parma, Placentia, and Ferrara; by the latter he claimed from the King a district of the kingdom of Naples, which should be conquered from Charles. The latter felt the importance of gaining Leo to his side, that he might be strengthened by his alliance in the war with his rival of France. The mighty Pontiff's friendship seemed to be cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of Luther.

The day following Luther's appearance being Friday, the 19th of April, the Emperor caused to be read aloud to the Diet, a message written in Flemish by his own hand:

"Descended from the Christian Emperors of Germany, from the Catholic Kings of Spain, from the Archdukes of Austria and Dukes of Burgundy, who have all distinguished themselves as defenders of the faith of Rome, I am firmly resolved to tread in the footsteps of my ancestors. A single monk, led astray by his own madness, erects himself against the faith of Christendom. I will sacrifice my kingdoms, my power, my friends, my treasure, my body and blood, my thoughts and my life, to stay the further progress of this impiety. I am about to dismiss the Augustine Luther, forbidding him to cause the least disturbance among the people. I will then take measures against him and his adherents, as open heretics, by excommunication, interdict, and every means necessary to their destruction. I call on the members of the states to comport themselves like faithful Christians."

This address was not well received by all to whom it was addressed. Charles, young and hasty, had not observed the customary form which obliged him first to ask the opinion of the Diet. Immediately two directly opposite parties began to show themselves. The creatures of the Pope, the Elector of Brandenburg, and several dignitaries of the church, demanded that Luther's safe-conduct should not be respected. "His ashes ought to be thrown into the Rhine," said they, "as was the fate of John Huss." Charles, if we may believe one historian, subsequently repented bitterly that he did not adopt this cowardly suggestion. "I acknowledge," said he, towards the close of life, "that I committed a great mistake in not punishing Luther with death. I was not bound to keep my promise; that heretic had offended a master greater than I. I might and I ought to have forgotten my pledge, and avenged the offence he committed against God. It is because I did not have him put to death, that heresy has ever since been spreading. His death would have stifled it in its cradle."*

This frightful proposal filled the Elector and all Luther's friends with alarm. "The death of John Huss," said the Elector Palatine, "has brought too many calamities on Germany for us to think of again erecting a like scaffold." Even Duke George exclaimed: "The German Princes will not endure the violation of a safe-conduct. This first Diet, presided over by our new Emperor, will not be guilty of so shameful an action. Such perfidy befits not the ancient good faith of the Germans." The Bavarian Princes, though attached to the Roman Church, supported this protest; and the prospect of his death that Luther's friends had before them gradually disappeared.

The report of these discussions, which lasted for two days, circulated in the city. Party spirit was roused. Certain gentlemen who had espoused the new opinions began to speak their minds boldly on the act of treachery that Aleander solicited. "The Emperor," said they, "is young, and is led away by the cajoleries of Papists and bishops." Pallavicini mentions four hundred nobles, all ready with their swords to enforce respect to

* Sandoval Hist. de Carlos V., quoted by Llorente in his History of the Inquisition, ii. 57. According to Llorente, the supposition that Charles toward the end of his life leaned to evangelical opinions is an invention of the Protestants, and of the enemies of Philip II. The question is a problem in history which the numerous citations of Llorente seem, unhappily, to solve conformably to his statement.

Luther's safe-conduct. On the morning of Saturday, placards were seen posted on the doors of the houses, and in the public squares, some against Luther, and others in his favour. In one was read the strong and simple words of Ecclesiastes, *Wo to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!*" It was rumoured that Sickengen had assembled, at a distance of a few leagues from Worms, within the impregnable walls of his fortress, a number of knights and soldiers, and waited only the issue of the affair to know how to act. The popular enthusiasm, not merely in Worms, but even in the remotest towns of the Empire, the intrepid courage of the knights,—the devotion of several princes to the cause of the Reformation—all together, gave clear intimation to Charles and to the Diet that the course of proceeding urged by the Romanists might place in jeopardy the supreme authority, give birth to popular commotions, and endanger the very stability of the Empire itself. It was but a question—whether a single monk should be brought to the stake; but the princes and partisans of Rome could not muster among them all either the strength or the courage necessary for the act. Doubtless, also, Charles V., yet in his youth, feared to incur the guilt of perjury. We might infer this, from a saying which, if report be true, he uttered at this juncture. "Though honour and good faith should be banished from the earth, they should find an asylum in the breasts of princes." It is a melancholy reflection that he appears to have forgotten this maxim before his death. But the Emperor may have been actuated by other motives. The Florentine Vettori, the friend of Leo X. and of Machiavelli, affirms that Charles spared Luther that he might hold the Pope in check.

In the sitting of Saturday, the violent propositions of Aleander were rejected. Luther was the object of much affection, and a desire was general to rescue this simple man, whose confidence in God was so affecting; but it was wished, at the same time, to save the Church. Men trembled at the foreseen consequences of either the triumph or the punishment of the Reformer. Plans of conciliation were started, and it was proposed to make a new effort with the Doctor of Wittemberg. The Archbishop Elector of Mentz himself, the young and prodigal Albert, "more devout than bold," says Pallavicini, had caught the alarm at witnessing the interest evinced by the people and the nobility in the fate of the monk of Saxony. His chaplain, Capito, who during his residence at Bâle had contracted acquaintance with the evangelical priest of Zurich, Zwingle, a courageous confessor of the truth, of whom we have before had occasion to speak, there can be little doubt, also represented to Albert the justice of the Reformer's cause. The worldly Archbishop experienced one of those transient recurrences of Christian feelings which we sometimes trace in the lives of men, and consented to wait on the Emperor and request him to give time for a fresh attempt. But Charles would not hear of any thing of the kind. On Monday the 22d of April, the Princes came in a body to repeat the request of Albert. "I will not go from what I have laid down," replied the Emperor. "I will authorize no one to have any official communication with Luther. But," added he (much to the indignation of Aleander,) "I will allow that man three days' consideration; during which time any one may exhort him privately, as he may think fit." It was all his friends asked. The Reformer, thought they, elevated by the solemnity of his public trial, would perhaps give way in more friendly conference, and, by this means, it might be possible to save him from the gulf that yawned before him.

The Elector of Saxony knew the very contrary: hence he was full of anxiety. "If it were in my power," he wrote on the next day to his brother, Duke John, "I would be ready to undertake the defence of Luther. You can hardly imagine how I am beset by the partisans of Rome. If I were to tell you all, you would hear strange things. They are bent upon his ruin; and if any one evinces the least interest in his safety, he is instantly cried down as a heretic. May God, who forsaketh not the cause of the righteous, bring the struggle to a happy issue!" Frederic, without betraying his warm affection for the Reformer, contented himself with keeping a constant eye upon all his movements.

Not so men of all ranks at Worms. Their sympathy broke forth without fear or disguise. On the Friday, a train of princes, counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, ecclesiastics, laity and common people, surrounded the Reformer's lodging, entering and departing as if never satisfied with gazing on him. He was become the *man* of Germany. Even those who did not question his being in error, were affected by the nobility of soul which led him to peril his life at the call of his conscience. Luther had the happiness of holding with many persons at Worms, and those some of the most intelligent of the nation, conversations abounding in that salt with which all his words were seasoned. All, on leaving him, carried away a sentiment of generous enthusiasm for truth. "How many things have I to tell you," wrote George Vogler, private secretary to the Margrave Casimir von Brandenburg. "What conversations, overflowing with piety and kindness, Luther has had with me and others. Oh! how rich in grace is that man!"

One day a young Prince, of seventeen years of age, galloped into the court of the inn;—it was Philip, who for two years had governed Hesse. The young Landgrave was of decided and enterprising character,—wise above his years, warlike, impetuous, and little accustomed to be guided by anything but his own will. Struck by Luther's speech, he wished to have a nearer view of him. "He however was not on my side in the matter." said Luther, in relating it. He threw himself from his horse,—ran up the stairs without cere-

mony to Luther's apartment, and addressing him, said, "Well, Doctor; how are you going on?" "My noble lord," answered Luther, "I think all will end well." "I hear," replied the Landgrave, laughing, "that you, Doctor, teach that a woman may leave her husband and take another when the first is proved to be too old." The courtiers of the Imperial Court had invented this story. The enemies of truth never fail to circulate inventions as pretended doctrines of Christian teachers. "No, my lord," replied Luther, with gravity, "do not talk thus, I beg of your Highness." On this the Prince thrust out his hand to the Doctor, cordially grasping Luther's, with the words: "Dear Doctor, if you are in the right, may God be your helper!" and then leaving the room, jumped into his saddle and rode off. It was the first interview of these two men, who were destined subsequently to stand in the van of the Reformation, defending it,—the one by the sword of the Word,—and the other by that of kingly power.

The Archbishop of Treves, Richard von Greiffenklau, by permission of Charles, had undertaken the office of mediator. Richard, who was intimate with the Elector of Saxony, and a stanch Roman Catholic, wished, by accommodating this affair, to render a service to his friend as well as to the Church. In the evening of Monday, 22d April, just as Luther was sitting down to table, a messenger from this prelate brought him word that the Archbishop wished to see him on the day after the morrow, Wednesday, at six in the morning.

The chaplain, attended by Sturm, the Imperial herald, was at Luther's door before six in the morning of that day. But already, and as early as four o'clock, Aleander had summoned Cochlæus to his side. The Nuncio had quickly discerned in the man whom Capito had introduced to him a devoted instrument of the Roman Court, and one on whom he could rely as upon himself. Not being himself able to attend the interview, Aleander wished much to have some one in place of himself. "Do you go direct to the Archbishop of Treves," said he to the Dean of Frankfort, "take no part in the discussion, but merely pay attention to all that is said, so as to be able to bring me an exact report." The Reformer repaired, accompanied by some of his friends, to the Archbishop's residence. He found the Prelate surrounded by the Margrave Joachim of Brandenburg, Duke George of Saxony, the Bishops of Brandenburg and Augsburg, some nobles and deputies of the free cities, and other civilians and divines, among whom were Cochlæus and Jerome Wehe, chancellor of Baden. The latter, a learned civilian, was anxious to see a reformation of general morals and discipline: he went even further in his wishes. "What we want," said he, "is that word of God, so long hidden under a bushel, should be brought forward in all its brightness." This friend to conciliation was appointed to conduct the conference. Turning kindly to Luther, he said, "the object in summoning you hither is not to dispute with you,—but to urge upon you brotherly exhortations. You know how carefully Scripture enjoins us to beware of the 'arrow that flieth by day, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.' The adversary of the human race has impelled you to the publishing certain things contrary to the faith. Consider your own eternal interest, and that of the Empire. Have a care, lest those whom Christ hath redeemed from eternal death by his blood, should by you be led away to their everlasting ruin. Cease to set up your judgment against that of holy Councils. Unless we adhere to the decrees of our fathers, there will be nothing but confusion in the Church. The eminent Princes who hear me are quite intent upon saving you; but if you persist, the Emperor will banish you beyond the Empire, and no part of the world will then be able to give you shelter. Consider, therefore, the fate that awaits you."

"Most serene Princes," answered Luther, "I thank you for your kind concern, but I am but a poor man,—of too mean station to look to be advised by such great lords;" and he proceeded to say, "I have not censured all the Councils, but only the Council of Constance, for their condemnation of John Huss's doctrine: namely, that the Christian Church is the *assembly of those who are predestined to salvation*. It condemned that article of our faith, *I believe in the holy universal Church*, and even the word of God." He added: "I am told that my preaching gives occasion to stumbling. I answer, that it is impossible to preach the Gospel of Christ without offence. Why then should any such fear separate me from the Lord, and that divine word which alone is truth? No, rather will I give up body, blood, and life itself! . . ."

The Princes and Doctors having deliberated, Luther was called in, and Wehe resumed with mildness:—"We must honour the powers that be, even when they err: and sacrifice much for the sake of charity." Then with more earnestness he added:—"Submit to the judgment of the Emperor, and fear nothing."

Luther.—"I consent with all my heart to the Emperor, the Princes, and even the humblest Christian's examining and judging of my writings, but on one single condition, namely, that they take God's word for their guide. Men have nothing to do, but to render obedience to that. My conscience is in dependence upon that word, and I am the bound en subject of its authority."

The Elector of Brandenburg.—"If I understand you, Doctor, you will acknowledge no other judge than the Holy Scripture?"

Luther.—"Yes, my Lord, exactly so—that is my resolve." On this the Princes and Doctors withdrew, but the excellent Archbishop of Treves was still loath to forego his undertaking. "Come with me," said he to Luther, passing into his private apartment, and at the same time he desired John Eck and Cochlæus of the one side, and Schurff and

Amsdorff of the other party to follow. "Why," asked Eck, with warmth, "continually appeal to the Holy Scripture?—it is from thence come all heresies." But Luther, says his friend Mathesius, was unmoved as a rock, backed by the *true rock*, the word of the Lord. "The Pope," said he, "is no judge in things pertaining to the word of the Lord. It is the duty of every Christian to see and understand how to live and die." They separated. The partisans of the Papacy felt Luther's superiority, and ascribed it to the circumstance of there being no one at hand capable of answering him. "If the Emperor had managed well," says Cochlæus, "when he cited Luther to Worms, he would have also summoned theologians capable of refuting his errors."

The Archbishop of Treves repaired to the Diet, and communicated the failure of his negotiation. The surprise of the young Emperor was only equalled by his indignation. "It is high time," said he, "to put an end to this business." The Archbishop requesting a delay of two days, and all the Diet joining in the request, Charles V. gave consent. Aleander, losing patience, broke forth in complaints.

While these things were passing in the Diet, Cochlæus burned with desire to bear off the victory denied to prelates and kings. Though he had ever and anon thrown out a word, in the presence of the Archbishop of Treves, the injunction of Aleander to maintain silence had restrained him. He resolved to make amends for this restraint, and lost no time, after giving the Pope's Nuncio an account of his mission, to present himself at Luther's lodging. Advancing to him in a friendly manner, he expressed his regret at the Emperor's resolution. After they had dined together, the conversation grew more animated. Cochlæus urged Luther to retract. The latter shook his head. Several persons who sat at table could with difficulty control their feelings. They expressed their indignation that the Papists, instead of convincing, should seek to restrain the Reformer by force. "Well," said Cochlæus to Luther, growing impatient of these reproaches, "I offer to dispute publicly with you if you will forego your safe-conduct." Of all things what Luther most wished was a public discussion. What was he to do? To throw aside his safe-conduct would be to risk destruction: to decline Cochlæus's challenge would be casting doubt upon his cause. The guests saw in this proposal an act of perfidy planned with Aleander, whom the Dean had just left. Vollrat von Watzdorf relieved Luther from the embarrassment of a decision. Warm in his temper, and roused to indignation at the thought of a stratagem devised for delivering Luther into the hands of the executioner, he rose with great warmth, and seizing the terrified priest turned him out of doors; and blood might have flowed, had not the guests interposed between the angry knight and the trembling Cochlæus. The latter withdrew in confusion from the hotel of the Knights of Rhodes Doubtless it was nothing but the warmth of argument that had drawn forth the words let slip by the Dean: doubtless there was no design concocted with Aleander to draw Luther into the toils. Cochlæus denies it, and we prefer to believe his assurance. Yet, true it is, he had but just quitted the Nuncio to present himself at Luther's lodging.

That same evening the Archbishop of Treves assembled at supper the persons who had been present in the morning's conference. He sought thus to unbend the minds of the parties, and dispose them in favour of reconciliation. Luther, with all his intrepid firmness in presence of arbiters or judges, was remarkable in private intercourse for a good nature and cheerfulness, which gave ground to hope almost any thing from him. The Archbishop's Chancellor, who had displayed so much stiffness in his official bearing, concurred in this plan, and towards the end of the repast, gave Luther's health. The latter was about to return the compliment,—the wine was poured out, and according to his custom he had made the sign of the cross on his glass; when all of a sudden the glass burst in his hands, and the wine was spilt upon the table. The guests were thunderstruck. Some of Luther's friends exclaimed, "It must have been poisoned,"* but the Doctor, without discomposure, answered with a smile—"Dear friends, either this wine was not destined for me,—or it would have disagreed with me:" adding calmly—"No doubt the glass has flown, because in washing, it was plunged too suddenly in cold water." These simple words have something of grandeur about them in his circumstances, and show his unruffled peace. We cannot hence infer that the Romanists intended to poison Luther, above all, at the table of the Archbishop of Treves. This repast had no effect one way or another. Neither human applause, nor any fear of man, could shake the Reformer's decision. It was from above!

On the morning of Thursday, the 25th of April, the Chancellor Wehe and Doctor Peutinger of Augsburg, the Emperor's counsellor, who had expressed much friendship for Luther on occasion of his interview with De Vio, repaired to the hotel of "the Knights of Rhodes." The Elector of Saxony sent Frederic von Thun, and another of his council, to be present at the conference. "Rely upon us," said Wehe and Peutinger, earnestly desirous at any sacrifice to prevent the schism which was on the point of dividing the Church—"this business shall be concluded in a Christian spirit; take our word for it." "I answer at once," said Luther; "I consent to forego my safe-conduct, and resign my person and my life to the Emperor's disposal;

* Es müsse Gift darinnen gewesen seyn. Luther does not mention this circumstance, but his friend Razeberg, physician to the Elector John Frederic, records it in a manuscript history, found in the library of Gotha, and says he received it from an eye-witness

but as to the word of God . . . Never!" Frederic von Thun, in strong emotion, stood up, and addressing the two envoys, said, "Is not that enough? Is not such a sacrifice sufficient?" And then, protesting he would hear no more, he withdrew. On this Wehe and Peutinger, hoping to succeed better with the Doctor himself, seated themselves at his side. "Submit to the Diet," said they to him. "No," answered Luther, "for it is written, 'Cursed is he who trusteth in man.'" (Jeremiah xvii.) Wehe and Peutinger redoubled their exhortations and instances,—pressing the Reformer more and more closely;—Luther, worn out, arose, and made sign to them to retire, saying: "I will allow no man to exalt himself above God's word." "Think better of it," said they as they withdrew; "we will call on you again in the afternoon."

They came, according to appointment, but aware that Luther would not yield the point, they brought with them a new proposal. Luther has declined to acknowledge the Pope, the Emperor, and the Diet, there was yet an authority which he himself had formerly invoked; a General Council. Doubtless such a suggestion would call forth the anger of Rome, but it was a last plank. The delegates, therefore, proposed to Luther an appeal to a Council. He had only to accede to the offer without entering into points of detail. Years must elapse before the difficulties the Pope would interpose in the way of a Council could be removed. A gain of some years was every thing to the Reformation and the Reformer. God, in the progress of events, would in that time bring about great changes. But Luther put *right* above all things; he had no desire to deliver himself at the expense of the Truth, even though a silent dissimulation of it should be all required of him. "I consent,—but," he answered, and the condition involved an appeal from the Council as judge,—"on condition that the Council should decide according to *Holy Scripture*."

Peutinger and Wehe, who had no idea of a Council deciding otherwise, hastened overjoyed to the Archbishop. "Doctor Martin," said they, "will submit his writings to the judgment of a Council." The Archbishop was preparing to communicate the intelligence to the Emperor, when a doubt crossed his mind; he sent for Luther.

Richard von Greiffenklau was alone when the Doctor arrived. "Dear Doctor," said the Archbishop, with much kindness of manner, "my doctors assure me that you consent to submit your cause without reserve to the decision of a Council." "My Lord," answered Luther, "I can endure any thing except to abandon the *Holy Scripture*." The Archbishop saw at once that Wehe and Peutinger had not fully explained the facts. Never could Rome give her consent to a Council which should take Scripture alone for its guide. "It was requiring," says Pallavicini, "that one of weak sight should read very small writing, and at the same moment refusing him the use of glasses." The good Archbishop sighed. "It was of little use," said he, "my sending for you. What would have been the consequence if I had gone direct to bear the message to the Emperor?"

The unshaken firmness and uprightness of Luther may well astonish us. They will, however, be comprehended and honoured by all who know the righteousness of God. Seldom has a nobler testimony been borne to the unchangeable word of the Lord at the peril of the liberty and life of the man who thus bore witness.

"Well then," said the venerable Prelate, addressing Luther, "let me hear your own remedy for the evil."

Luther was silent for an instant. "My Lord, I know of none but what is found in that word of Gamaliel: 'If this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.' Let the Emperor, the Electors, and the states of the Empire, return that answer to the Pope."

The Archbishop.—"At least retract some articles."

Luther.—"Provided they be not those which the Council of Constance has condemned."

The Archbishop.—"Alas, I fear it is precisely those."

Luther.—"Then far sooner take my life, rather would I be deprived of my limbs than give up the plain and sincere Word of God."

The Archbishop at length understood Luther. "Retire," said he, still in a tone of much mildness. "My Lord," resumed Luther, "may I beg you to request his Majesty to send me the safe-conduct necessary for my return whence I came."—"I will attend to it," replied the worthy Archbishop,—and they parted.

Thus terminated these negotiations. The attention of the whole Empire had been engaged by this man, and its urgent entreaties and direful threats had not caused him to stumble. His erect bearing under the iron hand of the Pope was the means of emancipating the Church—and the commencement of a new era. The interposition of Providence was manifest. It was one of those grand scenes in history above which the majesty of God seems to rise and hover. Luther retired in company with Spalatin, who had joined them during his conversation with the Archbishop. John von Minkwitz, counsellor of the Elector of Saxony, had been taken ill at Worms. The two friends visited him. Luther comforted the sick man in the tenderest manner. "Farewell;" said he as he left the room, "to-morrow I leave Worms."

Luther was not mistaken. Scarcely three hours had elapsed from his return to his hotel, when the Chancellor Eck, attended by the Chancellor of the Empire, and a notary, presented themselves.

The Chancellor addressed him as follows.—"Martin Luther, His Imperial Majesty, the Electors, Princes, and States of the Empire, having repeatedly and in various ways,—but

in vain,—exhorted you to submission,—the Emperor, in his character of defender of the Catholic faith, finds himself compelled to resort to other measures. He therefore orders you to return to whence you came, within the space of twenty-one days, and prohibits you from disturbing the public peace on your journey, either by preaching or writing."

Luther was well aware that this message was the precursor of his condemnation. "It has happened unto me," answered he mildly, "according to the will of the Eternal. Blessed be his name!" He then proceeded,—"And first, I humbly, and from the bottom of my heart, thank his Majesty, the Electors, Princes, and States of the Empire, that they have given me so gracious a hearing. I neither have, nor ever have had a wish but for one thing: to wit, a reformation of the Church according to the Holy Scripture. I am ready to do or to suffer all things for obedience to the Emperor's will. Life or death, honour or dishonour, I will bear. I make but one reservation—the preaching of the Gospel; for, says St. Paul, the *Word of God* is not to be bound." The deputies retired.

On Friday morning the 26th of April, the Reformer's friends and several nobles assembled at Luther's lodgings. Men took delight in recognising in the Christian constancy he had opposed to Charles and to the Empire, the features of the celebrated character of antiquity.

> Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Mente quatit solida. . . (*Horat.* Od. lib. 3.)

All were eager once more, and perhaps for the last time, to say farewell to the intrepid monk. Luther partook of a simple repast. And now he must bid adieu to his friends, and depart far from them under a sky overhung with storms. He resolved to spend this solemn moment in the presence of God. He fortified his soul, and gave his blessing to those around him. It was ten o'clock. Luther left the hotel, attended by his friends who had accompanied him to Worms. Twenty gentlemen on horseback surrounded the wagon. A crowd accompanied him outside the city. Sturm, the Imperial herald, joined him shortly after at Oppenheim, and on the following day the party arrived at Frankfort.

Thus did Luther leave those walls which seemed destined to become his tomb. His heart overflowed with praise to God. "Satan himself," said he, "kept the Pope's citadel, but Christ has made a wide breach in it, and the devil has been compelled to confess that Christ is mightier than he."

"The day of the Diet of Worms," says the devout Mathesius, the disciple and friend of Luther, "is one of the most glorious given to the earth before its great catastrophe." The conflict at Worms resounded far and near; and as the report of it traversed Europe from the northern countries to the mountains of Switzerland, and the towns of England, France, and Italy, many seized with eagerness the mighty weapons of the word of God.

Arriving at Frankfort on the evening of Saturday, the 27th of April, Luther, on the following morning, took advantage of a moment of leisure, the first he had enjoyed for a long time past, to despatch a short letter, replete at once with familiarity and energy, to his friend Lucas Cranach, the celebrated painter at Wittemberg. "My service to you, dear Master Lucas," said he: "I expected his Majesty would assemble fifty learned doctors to convict the monk outright. But not at all. Are these books of your writing? Yes. Will you retract them? No. Well, begone! There's the whole history. Deluded Germans . . . how childishly we act!—how we are duped and defrauded by Rome! Let the Jews sing their Yo! Yo! Yo! But a passover is coming for us also, and then we will sing Hallelujah!* We must keep silence and endure for a short time. 'A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me,' said Jesus Christ. I trust I may say the same. Farewell!—I commend you all to the Eternal. May He preserve in Christ your understanding and your faith from the attacks of the wolves and dragons of Rome. Amen."

After writing this rather mysterious letter, Luther immediately set out for Friedberg, six leagues from Frankfort. Time, in fact, pressed. On the following morning he again collected his thoughts, and resolved once more to address Charles the Fifth. He was unwilling to appear in the light of a guilty rebel. In his letter he explained clearly the obedience the Christian owes to his king, and that which is due to God, and the point at which the former must give place to the latter. As we read Luther's letter, we are involuntarily reminded of the saying of the greatest autocrat of modern times: "*My* dominion ends where that of *conscience* commences."†

"God is my witness, who knoweth the thoughts," said Luther, "that I am ready with all my heart to obey your Majesty, through good or evil report, in life or in death, with no one exception, save the word of God, by which man liveth. In all the affairs of this life my fidelity shall be unshaken, for, in these, loss or gain has nothing to do with salvation. But it is contrary to the will of God, that man should be subject to man in that which pertains to eternal life. Subjection in *spirituals* is a real worship, and should be rendered only to the Creator."

Luther also wrote in German a letter to the States. It was nearly to the same effect, and recapitulated what had taken place at Worms. This letter was several times transcribed and

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* Es müssen die Juden einmal singen Io, Io, Io! . . . (L. Epp. i. 589.) The shouts of the Jews at the crucifixion are here taken to represent the triumphant songs of the partisans of Popery or the downfall of Luther; but the Reformer hears at a distance the hallelujahs of deliverance.

† Napoleon to the Protestant deputies, after his accession to the Empire.

circulated throughout the Empire, exciting everywhere, says Cochlæus, the feelings of the people against the Emperor and the upper ranks of the clergy.

Early the following morning Luther wrote a note to Spalatin, enclosing in it the two letters he had written on the previous evening. He sent back to Worms the herald Sturm, who had been gained to the cause of the Gospel. Embracing him, he parted from him, and set out in haste for Grunberg.

On the Tuesday, when he was within two leagues distance from Hirschfeld, he was met by the Chancellor to the Prince Abbot of the city, who had come out to welcome him. Soon after appeared a troop of horsemen, headed by the Abbot. The latter dismounted, Luther stepped from his wagon. The Prince and the Reformer embraced, and entered Hirschfeld together. The Senate received them at the gates. Thus dignitaries of the Church opened their arms to a monk whom the Pope had anathematized, and the higher classes did honour to a man whom the Emperor had placed under ban of the Empire.

"To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, we shall be at church," said the Prince, rising from a repast to which he had invited the Reformer. He insisted on his occupying his own apartment. The following day Luther preached, and the Prince Abbot and his suite attended the sermon.

In the evening of that day Luther reached Eisenach, the scene of his childhood. All his acquaintance in the place came round him, and entreated him to preach; and the following day they escorted him to church. Upon this the curate appeared, attended by a notary and witnesses. He stepped forward, trembling between fear of losing his appointment and of opposing the energetic man before him. "I must *protest*," said he at last, with embarrassment, "against the liberty you are about to take." Luther ascended the pulpit, and a voice which, three-and-twenty years before, had sung in the streets of that same town for a morsel of bread, proclaimed through the vaulted roofs of its venerable church the word which was beginning to agitate the world. The sermon being over, the curate stepped up to Luther. He held in his hand the record drawn up by the notary, and regularly witnessed, to protect the curate from dismissal. "I ask your pardon," said he, humbly; "I take this course from fear of the tyrants that oppress the Church."

And truly there was ground for apprehension. Affairs at Worms had changed their aspect, and Aleander reigned paramount. "The only prospect for Luther is banishment," wrote Frederic to his brother, Duke John; "nothing can save him. If God permits me to see you again, I shall have strange things to tell you. Not only Annas and Caiphas, but Pilate and Herod have conspired against him." Frederic had no desire to prolong his stay, and accordingly quitted Worms, as did the Elector Palatine. The Elector Archbishop of Cologne also took his departure from the Diet, and the inferior Princes followed the example. Deeming it impossible to avert the blow, they preferred, perhaps unwisely, to leave the place. The Spaniards, Italians, and the most *ultramontane* of the German Princes alone remained.

Thus Aleander was master of the field. He presented to Charles a rough draft of an edict, intended to serve as a model for that the Diet was about to publish against the monk. The production of the Nuncio pleased the incensed Emperor. He assembled the members of the Diet still at Worms in his council-chamber, and read to them Aleander's paper, which, as Pallavicini informs us, was approved by all present.

On the following day, which was a public festival, the Emperor repaired to the cathedral, attended by the nobles of his court. The service being gone through, a crowd of persons thronged the interior, when Aleander, clothed in the insignia of his order, approached Charles. He held in his hand two copies of the edict against Luther, one in Latin, the other in German; and, kneeling before his Imperial Majesty, he petitioned Charles to affix to it his signature and the seal of the Empire. It was at the moment when sacrifice had just been offered, when the incense filled the temple, and the hymn was reverberating in the vaulted roofs, and, as it were, in the immediate presence of God, that the seal was to be set to the destruction of the enemy of Rome. The Emperor, in the most gracious manner, took a pen and attached his signature to the edict. Aleander withdrew in triumph, and instantly sent the decree to the printer, and thence to every part of Christendom. This result of Roman diplomacy had cost no small pains to the Papacy. We learn from Pallavicini himself that the edict, though dated the 8th of May, was written and signed some days later, but antedated, in order that it might appear sanctioned by the presence of the whole Diet.

"We, Charles the Fifth, &c.," said the Emperor, "to the Electors, Princes, Prelates, and all to whom these presents shall come.

"The Almighty having confided to us for the defence of our holy faith more extensive dominion and rule than He hath given to any of our predecessors, we purpose to employ all our powers to preserve our holy empire from being polluted by any heresy.

"The Augustine monk, Martin Luther, regardless of our exhortations, has madly attacked the holy Church, and attempted to destroy it by writings full of blasphemy. He has shamefully vilified the unalterable law of holy marriage; he has laboured to incite the laity to imbrue their hands in the blood of their priests: and, defying all authority, has incessantly excited the people to revolt, schism, war, murder, theft, incendiarism, and the utter destruction of the Christian faith... In a word, and passing over many other evil intentions, this being, who is no man, but Satan himself under the semblance of a man in a monk's hood, has collected in one offensive mass, all the worst heresies of former ages, adding his own to the number.

"We have therefore dismissed from our presence this Luther, whom all reasonable men count a madman, or possessed by the devil; and it is our intention that, so soon as the term of his safe-conduct is expired, effectual measures be forthwith taken to put a stop to his fury.

"For this end, and on pain of incurring the penalty of treason, we hereby forbid you to receive the said Luther from the moment when the said term is expired, or to harbour or to give him meat or drink, or by word or act, publicly or in private, to aid or abet him. We further enjoin you to seize, or cause him to be seized, wherever he may be, and to bring him before us without delay, or hold him in durance until you shall be informed how to deal with him, and have received the reward due to your co-operation in this holy work.

"As to his adherents, you are enjoined to seize upon them, putting them down, and confiscating their property.

"Touching his writings—seeing that the best of food is held in horror by all men when the least poison is mixed therewith, how much more should such writings, wherein the main object is a mortal venom, be not merely rejected, but destroyed? You will, therefore, burn, or in other ways utterly destroy them.

"As to the authors, poets, printers, painters, venders, or purchasers of caricatures or placards against the Pope or the Church, you are enjoined to seize on their persons and property, and deal with them as may seem fit.

"And if any one, whatever may be his rank, should dare to act contrary to this decree of our Imperial Majesty, we command that he be placed under ban of the Empire.

"Let each one observe this decree."

Such was the edict signed in the cathedral of Worms. It was more than a Roman bull, which though issued in Italy might not be carried into execution in Germany. The Emperor himself had spoken, and the Diet had ratified the decree. The whole body of Romanists shouted for joy. "The tragedy is over," exclaimed they. "For my part," said Alphonso Valdez, a Spaniard of Charles's court, "I am persuaded it is not the last act, but the beginning." Valdez clearly perceived that the movement was *in* the Church, the people, the age,—and that were Luther to fall, his cause would not perish with him. But none could help seeing the imminent and inevitable danger in which the Reformer was placed, and the superstitious multitude were impressed by a feeling of horror at the thought of that incarnate Satan whom the Emperor pointed to as clothed with a monk's habit.

The man against whom the mighty ones of this earth were thus forging their thunderbolts, —on leaving the pulpit of Eisenach, endeavoured to muster resolution to take leave of some of his dearest friends. He decided not to take the road to Gotha and Erfurth, but to proceed by way of the village of Mora, the birthplace of his father, in order once more to see his grandmother (who died four months afterwards) and to visit his uncle, Henry Luther, and some other relations. Schurff, Jonas, and Suaven set out for Wittemberg; Luther entered his wagon, accompanied by Amsdorff, and plunged into the forest of Thuringen.

That same evening he arrived in the village of his fathers. The aged peasant pressed to her heart that grandson who had dared to confront the Emperor and the Pope. Luther passed the following day with his relations, joyfully contrasting its sweet tranquillity with the turmoil of Worms. The next day he again set out in company with Amsdorff and his brother James. It was in these secluded spots that the Reformer's fate was on the point of being decided. They skirted the woods of Thuringen, taking the path that leads to Waltershausen. As the wagon was passing a narrow defile near the ruined church of Glisbach, a short distance from the castle of Altenstein, suddenly a noise was heard, and in a moment, five horsemen, masked and armed from head to foot, fell upon them. His brother James, as soon as he caught sight of the assailants, jumped from the wagon, and fled as fast as he could without uttering a word. The driver would have resisted. "Stop," cried a hoarse voice, and instantly one of the attacking party threw him to the earth. Another of the masks grasped Amsdorff, and held him fast. While this was doing, the three horsemen laid hold on Luther, maintaining profound silence. They forced him to alight and throwing a knight's cloak over his shoulders, set him on a led horse that they had with them. This done, the two other masks let go Amsdorff and the wagoner, and the whole five sprang into their saddles. One dropped his cap, but they did not stop to recover it; and in the twinkling of an eye, the party and their prisoner were lost in the thick gloom of the forest. At first they took the direction of Broderode; but they rapidly changed their route, and without quitting the forest, rode first in one direction and then in another, turning their horses' feet to baffle any attempt to track their course. Luther, little used to riding, was soon overcome with fatigue. His guides permitted him to stop for a few instants. He rested on the earth beside a beech tree, and drank some water from a spring, which still bears his name. His brother James, continuing his flight from the scene of the rencounter, reached Waltershausen that evening. The driver, hastily throwing himself into the wagon, in which Amsdorff had already mounted, galloped his horse at full speed, and conducted Luther's friend to Wittemberg. At Waltershausen, at Wittemberg, in the open country, the villages and towns on the route, the news spread that Luther was carried off. Some rejoiced at the report, but the greater number were struck with astonishment and indignation,—and soon a cry of grief resounded throughout Germany—"Luther has fallen into the hands of his enemies!"

After the stirring conflict that Luther had

been called to sustain, it had pleased God that he should be transferred to a place of repose and peace. After raising him on the dazzling stage of Worms, where all the energies of the Reformer's soul had been roused to their highest pitch, God had prepared for him the obscure and lowly refuge of a prison. He draws from the deepest obscurity the frail instruments by which He designs to bring mighty things to pass; and then when He has suffered them to shine for a while on an illumined stage, He dismisses them again to obscurity. The Reformation was to be brought about by other steps than violent struggles or public tribunals. Not thus does the leaven penetrate the body of the people:—the Spirit of God seeks stiller channels. The man whom the champions of Rome were pitilessly persecuting, was to disappear for a time from the world. It was needful that his personal greatness should be hidden in the shade, that the revolution then accomplishing might not bear the impress of one man. It was fit that the man should be put aside, that God alone might remain, to move by his Spirit over the abyss, wherein the darkness of the middle ages was sinking, and to say, "Let there be light!" in order that there might be light.

The shades of evening closing in, and no one being now able to observe their track, Luther's escort changed their route. It was nearly eleven o'clock at night when they arrived at the foot of a hill. The horses slowly climbed the steep ascent. On the summit stood an ancient fortress, on every side but that by which they approached it, surrounded by the black forests which clothe the mountains of Thuringen.

It was to the lofty and isolated castle of *Wartburg*, where the ancient Landgraves in earlier times had fixed their retreat, that Luther was thus led. The bolts were drawn back, the iron bars fell, the gates unclosed, the Reformer passed the threshold, and the doors were closed upon him. He dismounted in an inner court. One of the horsemen, Burkard von Hund, lord of Altenstein, then left him. Another, John von Berlepsch, provost of Wartburg, conducted him to his apartment, where he found a knight's garment and sword. The three others followed, and took away his ecclesiastical habit, attiring him in the knightly dress prepared for him, and enjoining him to let his beard and hair grow, that no one in the castle might know who he was. The attendants of the castle of Wartburg were to know the prisoner only by the name of knight George. Luther scarcely recognised himself under his singular metamorphosis. Left at length to his meditations, he had leisure to revolve the extraordinary events that had befallen him at Worms, the uncertain future that awaited him, and his new and strange abode. From the narrow windows of his turret, his eye discovered the dark, untrodden, and boundless forest which surrounded him. "It was there," says Mathesius, his friend and biographer, "that Luther was shut in, like St. Paul in his prison at Rome."

Frederic von Thun, Philip Feilitsch, and Spalatin, in a confidential conversation with Luther, by order of the Elector, had not disguised from him that his liberty would be sacrificed to the anger of Charles, and of the Pope. Yet this forced abduction was so involved in mystery that Frederic himself was for a long time ignorant of the place where Luther was concealed. The grief of those who were favourable to the Reformation continued. Spring passed away; summer, autumn, winter, succeeded;—the sun had run its annual course, and the walls of the Wartburg still held their prisoner. Truth had been placed under interdict by the German Diet; and its defender, immured in a fortress, was no longer on the stage of events; and even the fate that had overtaken him was unknown. Aleander was all confidence, and the Reformation appeared lost . . . but God reigns! and the blow which seemed to bring to nothing the cause of the Gospel, will but serve to rescue its undaunted servant, and diffuse far and wide the radiance of faith.

Let us leave Luther a captive in Germany, on the heights of the Wartburg, and let us see what God was then bringing to pass in other countries of Christendom.

BOOK VIII.

THE SWISS.

1484—1522.

Democracy—Mercenary Service—The Cottage of Wildhaus—The Herdsman's Family—Young Ulric—Ulric at Bale—Ulric at Berne—Jetzer and the Ghost—Jetzer's Visions—Exposure of the Dominicans—Passion for Music—Wittembach—Schinner—The Labyrinth—Zwingle in Italy—Principals of the Reformation—Zwingle's Studies—Zwingle's Classical Studies—Paris and Glaris—Oswald Myconius—Œcolampadius—Zwingle and Marignan—Alarm of the Pope—Dawn of the Reformation—Effects of the Defeat at Marignan—The Two Worlds—Our Lady of the Eremites—A Learned Society—Zwingle Transcribes the Scriptures—Zwingle Opposes Error—Effects of his Preaching—Zwingle and the Legate—The Bishop of Constance—Stapfer and Zwingle—The Preachership—The Candidates—Zwingle's Confession—Zwingle Elected—Leaves Einsidlen—Reception by the Chapter—Zwingle's Mode of Lecturing—Zwingle opens the Gospel—Effects of his Preaching—Opposition—Familiar Manner—Love of Music—Imitation of Christ—The Colporteur—Samson at Berne—The Dean of Bremgarten—Henry Bullinger—Samson and the Dean—Zwingle's Studies—Samson and the Helvetic Diet—The Baths of Pfeffers—The Critical Moment—Zwingle Attacked by the Plague—His Sick Bed and Hymn—General Joy—The Adversaries—Effect of the Visitation—Myconius and Xyloctect—Myconius Goes to Lucerne—Capido and Hedio—Opposition of the Monks—The Unnatural Son—Zwingle's Gentleness—Fall and Recovery of Man—Expiation of the God-man—No Merit in Good Works—Power of Love for Christ—Effects of his Preaching—Dejection and Courage—Zwingle and Staheli—Violent Attacks—The Reformer of Berne—Halfer's Dejection—Oswald Persecuted—H. Bullinger—Gerold Von Knonau—Roubli at Bale—War Between Francis and Charles—Foreign Service of the Swiss—Ferment—Truth Triumphs Amidst Opposition—The Bishop's Deputies—The Councils—The Parties Confronted—The Coadjutor and Zwingle—Zwingle's Answer—Hofman's Charge—Zwingle's Reply—The Bishop's Mandates—The Archeteles—The Bishop Appeals to the Diet—Zwingle and the Monks—The Nuns of Oetenbach—Defeat of Bicocca—Francis Lambert—Preaches at Zurich—The Commander of the Johannites—Carnival at Berne—The "Feeders Upon the Dead"—The Scull of St. Ann—Appenzel—Adultery and Murder—Zwingle's Marriage—Meeting at Einsidlen—Petition to the Bishop—The Meeting at Einsidlen Breaks Up—A Scene in a Convent—Myconius at Lucerne—Effects of the Petition—The Council and the Diet—Friburg—Treatment of Oswald—Oswald Encouraged—Oswald Quits Lucerne—Zwingle's Family Alarmed—His Resolution—Zwingle's Prayer.

At the period when the decree of the Diet of Worms was announced, a steadily progressive movement was beginning to manifest itself in the quiet valleys of Switzerland. To the voices which were raised in the plains of Upper and Lower Saxony, responded from the mountains of Switzerland the bold voices of its priests and herdsmen, or of the inhabitants of its martial cities. The partisans of Rome, in their sudden alarm, exclaimed aloud that a vast and formidable conspiracy was every where forming against the Church. The friends of the Gospel joyfully replied, that as in spring-time the breath of life is felt from the sea-shore to the mountain top, so the Spirit of God was now melting the ice of a long winter in every part of Christendom, and clothing with verdure and flowers the most secluded valleys, and the most steep and barren rocks. Germany did not communicate the light of truth to Switzerland,—Switzerland to France,—France to England: all these lands received it from God; just as no one region transmits the light to another, but the same orb of splendour dispenses it direct to the earth. Raised far above men, Christ, the Day-Star from on high, was, at the period of the Reformation, as at the first introduction of the Gospel, the Divine source whence came the light of the world. One and the same doctrine suddenly established itself in the 16th century, at the domestic hearths, and in the places of worship, of nations the most distant and dissimilar. It was because the same Spirit was every where present, producing the same faith.

The Reformation in Germany and that in Switzerland demonstrate this truth. Zwingle did not communicate with Luther. Doubtless there was a bond of union between both these men; but we must seek it above this earth. He who gave the truth from heaven to Luther, gave it to Zwingle. Their communion was *in God*. "I began," said Zwingle, "to preach the Gospel in the year of grace 1516—that is, at a time when the name of Luther had never been heard among these countries It was not from Luther that I learned the doctrine of Christ,—it was from God's word. If Luther preached Christ, he does as I do: that is all."

But whilst the several Reformations derived from the same Spirit a comprehensive unity,—they also bore various peculiar features derived from the different populations in the midst of which they were wrought.

We have already slightly sketched the state of Switzerland at the period of the Reformation. We will add but a few words. In Germany the principle of monarchy prevailed

In Switzerland the democratic principle prevailed. In Germany the Reformation had to struggle against the authority of princes,—in Switzerland against the will of the people. A popular assembly, more readily swayed than a single individual, is more hasty in its decisions. The victory over Papal rule, which beyond the Rhine had cost years, required, on the Swiss bank, but a few months or even days.

In Germany the person of Luther rises majestically amid the Saxon population; he seems almost alone in his attacks on the Roman Colossus; and wherever the battle rages we distinguish his lofty figure on the field of conflict. Luther is, as it were, the monarch of the change which is effected.—In Switzerland the contest is begun, at one and the same time, in several cantons;—there is a confederation of Reformers;—their very number surprises us. Doubtless one head is seen above the rest,—but no one commands;—it is a republican magistracy, to which all come, bearing the peculiar features of their origin. We have Wittembach, Zwingle, Capito, Heller, Œcolampadius, Oswald Myconius, Leo Juda, Farell, Calvin;—it is at Glaris, at Bale, at Zurich, at Berne, at Neufchatel, at Geneva, at Lucerne, at Schaffhausen, at Appenzel, at Saint Gall, and in the country of the Grisons. In the German Reformation but one stage is seen, and that uniform and level, like the face of the land; but in Switzerland the Reformation appears broken, like the country itself, by its thousand hills. Every valley has its own hour of awakening, and every mountain top its own radiance.

A calamitous period had ensued to the Swiss people since their exploits against the Dukes of Burgundy. Europe having learned the strength of their arms, had drawn them from their fastnesses, and deprived them of their independence, by making them arbiters in the field of battle of the fortunes of her states. The hand of the Swiss peasant turned a sword against the breast of his countryman in the plains of Italy and France, while foreign intrigues were spreading discord and envy in those Alpine meadows, so long the abode of simplicity and peace. Tempted by golden bribes, sons, workmen, and servants, quitted by stealth the *chalets* of the mountain pastures to tread the banks of the Rhone or of the Po. Swiss unity had yielded to the gradual progress of mules laden with gold. The Reformation,—for in Switzerland the Reformation had its political aspect,—proposed to re-establish the unity and primitive virtue of the cantons. Its first call was, that the people should tear in pieces the nets of foreign lures, and with one heart embrace each other at the foot of the Cross. But its generous desire was unheeded; Rome, long used to recruit in the Swiss valleys the blood she lavished in the strife for power, arose indignantly. She excited the Swiss against their own countrymen; and passions, till then unknown, lacerated the bosom of the nation.

Switzerland stood in need of a reformation. The Swiss were, it is true, remarkable for a simplicity and credulity which were subjects of ridicule to the cunning Italians; but they were also considered to be of all nations the most stained by incontinency. Astrologers ascribed this to the constellations, —philosophers to the temperament of these indomitable people,—moralists to the principles of the Swiss, who counted deceit, unkindness, and calumny, sins of deeper dye than unchastity. Marriage was forbidden to the priests; but it would have been difficult to find one who lived in true celibacy. Often they were enjoined to behave themselves not chastely—but prudently. This was one of the first disorders which the Reformation opposed. It is time to take a view of the glimmerings of the new light that was dawning in the Alps.

Toward the middle of the eleventh century, two pilgrims penetrated from St. Gall, in the direction of the mountains southward of that ancient monastery, and reached an uninhabited valley ten leagues in extent. This valley is, on the north, separated from the canton of Appenzel by the lofty mountains of the Sentis, the Sommerigkopf, and the Old Man. Southward the Kuhfirsten, with its seven peaks, rises between it and the Wallenses, Sargans, and the Grisons. Towards the east, the valley lies open to the rays of the rising sun, displaying in the distance the magnificent prospect of the Tyrolese Alps. The two pilgrims, arriving at the source of a small stream, the Thur, erected there two cells. By slow degrees thinly-scattered habitations appeared; and on the most elevated site, 2010 feet above the lake of Zurich, there arose around a little church a village called *Wildhaus*, or the *Wildhouse*, on which now depend two hamlets, Lisighaus, or Elizabeth's house, and Shonenboden. On those elevated spots the earth does not yield its fruits. A green sward of Alpine freshness clothes the whole valley, ascending the sides of mountains, above which, enormous rocks rise in savage grandeur towards heaven.

A quarter of a league from the church, near Lisighaus, beside a footway leading to the pastures beyond the river, there still stands a solitary house. Tradition informs us that the wood required for the building was felled on the very spot it occupies. It has every appearance of remote antiquity. The walls are thin,—the windows are composed of small round panes,—the roof is formed of shingles, loaded with stones to prevent the wind carrying them away. In front gushes a limpid stream.

There lived in this house towards the close of the fifteenth century a man named Zwingle, amman or bailiff of the village. The family of Zwingle or Zwingli was ancient, and in great esteem among the dwellers on these mountains. Bartholomew, the bailiff's brother, first curate of the parish, and in 1487 dean of Wesen, enjoyed a sort of reputation in the district. The wife of the amman of Wildhaus, Margaret Meili, whose brother John was afterwards abbot of the convent of

Fischingen in Thurgovia, had already borne him two sons, Henry and Klaus, when on new-year's day, 1484, just seven weeks from the birth of Luther, a third son, who was afterwards named Ulric, saw the light in this solitary chalet. Five other sons, John, Wolfgang, Bartholomew, James, and Andrew, and one daughter, added to the strength of this Alpine family. Not a man in the neighbouring country was more respected than the bailiff Zwingle. His character, his office, and his numerous progeny, made him the patriarch of these hills. He, as well as his sons, led a shepherd life. Soon as the early days of May arrived to cheer the mountains, the father and his sons set out with their flocks for the pastures; ascending as the season advanced, from station to station, and attaining the loftiest summits of the Alps towards the end of July. Then they began again to descend gradually toward the valley, and in this way the people of Wildhaus were accustomed to return in autumn to their lowly cottages. Frequently in summer the young folks, who had been left behind in their habitations, eager to breathe the pure air of the mountains, set out in parties for the chalets, accompanying with their songs the sound of their rustic music; for all were musical. As they arrived on the Alps, the shepherds saluted them from afar with their horns and songs and hastened to regale them with a repast of milk; after which the merry company, by many a winding path, descended again into the valley to the sound of their pipes. Ulric, doubtless, sometimes shared these delights in early youth. He grew up at the foot of those rocks which seemed everlasting, and whose peaks pointed to the skies. "I have often thought," said one of his friends, "that being brought near to heaven on these sublime heights, he contracted a something heavenly and divine."

Many were the long winter evenings in the cottages of Wildhaus. At such seasons young Ulric listened at his paternal hearth to the conversations of the bailiff and the elderly men of the village. When they recounted how the people of the valley had formerly groaned under a cruel yoke, his heart responded to the old men's joy at the thoughts of the independence achieved by Tockenburg, and secured to it by its alliance with the Swiss. The love of his country was kindled, and Switzerland became endeared to his heart. If a word were uttered against the confederated cantons, the child would immediately rise, and with simple earnestness undertake their defence. Often, too, would he sit quietly at the knee of his pious grandmother, listening with fixed attention to her Bible stories and superstitious legends, and eagerly receiving them into his heart.

The good bailiff took delight in observing the promising disposition of his son. He thought he saw that Ulric might be fit for something better than tending his herds on Mount Sentis, and singing the Ranz des Bergers. One day he took him in his hand and directed his steps towards Wessen. He crossed the grassy summits of the Ammon avoiding the wild and bold rocks which border the lake of Wallenstadt; and arriving at the village, entered the dwelling of the dean, his brother, and gave into his care the young mountaineer, to be examined as to his capacities. The dean, in a short time loved his nephew as if he were his own son. Delighted with the quickness of his understanding, he confided the task of his instruction to a school-master, who soon taught him all he himself knew. When he was ten years old, Ulric already evinced marks of superior intelligence, and his father and uncle decided on sending him to Bale.

When this child of the mountains of Tockenburg arrived in that celebrated city, a new world seemed to open before him. The fame of the celebrated Council of Bale,—its university founded by Pius II. in 1460,—its printing presses, which recalled to life the great writers of antiquity, and disseminated through the world the first fruits of the revival of learning,—and the circumstances of its being the abode chosen by such eminent men as the Wessels and Wittembachs, and, above all, by Erasmus, made Bale at the period of the Reformation one of the great *foci* of illumination in the West.

Ulric was placed in St. Theodore's school, at that time presided over by Gregory Binzli, a man of affectionate character, and of a gentleness at that period rarely found in school-masters. Young Zwingle made rapid progress. Learned discussions, much in vogue in that age among the doctors of universities, had descended even to the children of the school. Ulric took part in them, disciplining his nascent strength against the pupils of other establishments, and invariably coming off victorious from these contests, which were as the preludes of those which were to overthrow the Papal authority in Switzerland. Such early successes roused the jealousy of his senior rivals. Ere long he outgrew the school of Bale, as he had outgrown that of Wesen.

Lupulus, a distinguished scholar, had shortly before opened at Berne, the first learned foundation of Switzerland. The bailiff of Wildhaus, and the curate of Wesen, agreed together to send the youth there, and in 1497, Zwingle, leaving the smiling plains of Bale again approached those upper Alps among which he had passed his infancy, and whose snowy summits glowing in the sun might be discerned from Berne. Lupulus, a distinguished poet, introduced his pupil to the hidden treasures of classical learning, then known only, and but slightly to a few. The young neophyte was delighted to breathe these perfumes of antiquity. His mind opened, his style took its form, and himself became a poet.

Among the convents of Berne, that of the Dominicans was most celebrated. A grave controversy existed between these monks and the Franciscans. The latter maintained the

JETZER'S VISION.

immaculate conception of the Virgin, which the former denied. Wherever they went,—at the splendid altar that adorned their church,—and from the twelve columns which supported its roof, the Dominicans thought of nothing but to humble their rivals. The well-toned voice of Zwingle had drawn their notice; they listened to the accounts brought them of his precocious understanding; and thinking he might do credit to their order, sought to attract him amongst them, and invited him to take up his residence in the convent, until the period when he might pass his noviciate. The future usefulness of Zwingle was at stake. The *amman* of Wildhaus, on learning the baits the Dominicans held out, trembled for the innocence of his son, and desired him to leave Berne without delay. Thus Zwingle escaped those monastic walls in which Luther had voluntarily immured himself. What afterwards ensued will shew the greatness of the danger Zwingle then incurred.

A great agitation reigned in Berne in 1507. A young man of Zurzack, named John Jetzer, having one day presented himself at the convent of the Dominicans, had been repulsed. The poor youth, grieving at his rejection, had returned to the charge, holding out 53 florins and some silk stuffs. "It is all I have in the world," said he, "take it, and receive me into your order." He was admitted on the 6th of January as a lay brother. But on the very first night a strange noise in his cell filled him with terror. He fled to the convent of Carthusians, but they sent him back to the Dominicans.

The following night, being the eve of the festival of St. Matthias, he was awakened by deep sighs. Opening his eyes he beheld by his bedside a tall phantom clothed in white:—"I am a soul from the fires of purgatory;" said a sepulchral voice. The lay brother answered shuddering, "May God deliver you! I can do nothing." On this the spirit drew nigh, and seizing him by the throat, reproached him with his refusal. The terrified Jetzer cried aloud,—"What can I do for your deliverance?"—"You must scourge yourself to blood during eight days, and lie prostrate on the earth in the chapel of St. John." This said, the apparition vanished. The lay brother confided what he had seen to his confessor, the convent preacher, and by his advice submitted to the discipline enjoined him. It was soon reported throughout the town that a departed soul had applied to the Dominicans for its deliverance out of purgatory. The multitude deserted the Franciscans, and every one hastened to the church where the holy man was seen stretched prostrate on the earth. The soul of the sufferer had announced that it would return in eight days. On the appointed night it re-appeared, accompanied by two spirits tormenting it, and howling fearfully:—"*Scot*," said the voice;—"Scot, the forger of the Franciscans' doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin is among those who suffer with me these horrible torments." At this report, which soon circulated in Berne, the partisans of the Franciscans were still more appalled. But the soul had announced that the Virgin herself would make her appearance. Accordingly, on the day named, the astonished brother beheld Mary appear in his cell. He could not believe his eyes. She approached him kindly, delivered to him three tears of Jesus, three drops of his blood, a crucifix, and a letter addressed to Pope Julius II. "He is," said she, "the man whom God has chosen to abolish the festival of the immaculate conception." Then coming close to the bed in which the brother lay, she announced in a solemn tone that a distinguished grace was about to be conferred on him,—and he felt his hand pierced with a nail!—but Mary wrapped round the wound a linen cloth, worn (she said) by her son during the flight into Egypt. But this was not enough;—that the glory of the Dominicans might equal that of the Franciscans, Jetzer was to have the *five wounds* of Christ and of St. Francis in his hands, feet, and side. The other four were inflicted,—a sleeping potion was administered and he was placed in an apartment hung with tapestry, representing the events of the Passion. Here he passed days, his imagination becoming inflamed. Then the doors were from time to time thrown open to the people, who came in crowds to gaze on the brother with the five wounds, extending his arms, with his head reclined, and imitating in his posture the crucifixion of our Lord. At intervals, losing consciousness, he foamed at the mouth, and seemed to give up the ghost. "He is suffering the cross of Christ," whispered those who stood round him. The multitude, eager for wonders, incessantly thronged the convent. Men worthy of high esteem,—even Lupulus, the master of Zwingle,—were awe-struck; and the Dominicans from their pulpits, extolled the glory with which God had covered their order.

For some years that order had felt a necessity for humbling the Franciscans, and adding by the claim of miracles to the devotion and liberality of the people. Berne, with its "simple, rustic, and ignorant population," (adopting the description of it given by the sub-prior of Berne to the chapter held at Wempfen on the Necker) had been chosen for the scene of these wonders. The prior, the sub-prior, the preacher, and the purveyor of the convent had taken upon them the chief parts; but they could not play them throughout. Favoured with another vision of Mary, Jetzer thought he recognized the voice of his confessor, and having given utterance to his suspicion, Mary vanished. Soon after she again appeared to upbraid him with his incredulity. "This time it is the prior!" cried Jetzer, throwing himself forward with a knife in his hand. The saint hurled a pewter plate at the head of the brother, and again disappeared.

In consternation at the discovery which Jetzer had made, the Dominicans sought to rid themselves of him by poison. He detected the artifice, and fleeing from the con-

vent, divulged their imposture. They put a good face upon the matter, and despatched deputies to Rome. The Pope commissioned his legate in Switzerland, together with the Bishops of Lausanne and Sion, to investigate the affair. The four Dominicans were convicted, and condemned to be burned alive, and on the first of May, 1509, they perished in the flames, in presence of more than 30,000 spectators. This event made a great noise throughout Europe, and by revealing one great plague of the Church, was instrumental in preparing the way of the Reformation.

Such were the men from whose hands young Ulric Zwingle escaped. He had studied letters at Berne,—he was now to apply himself to philosophy; and for this purpose he repaired to Vienna in Austria. Joachim Vadian, a young native of St. Gall, whose genius seemed to give promise of a distinguished statesman to Switzerland;—Henri Loreti, of the canton of Glaris, commonly called Glarianus, and who shewed considerable talent for poetry;—a young Suabian, John Heigerlin, son of a smith, and on that account called Faber, of supple character, fond of distinction, and manifesting the qualities of a courtier:—such were the companions of Ulric's studies and amusements in the Austrian capital.

In 1502 Zwingle returned to Wildhaus: while he gazed on its mountains, he felt that he had tasted of the sweets of learning, and was no longer able to live amid his brethren's songs, and the bleatings of their flocks. He was eighteen: he went to Bale to renew his application to study; and there at one and the same time master and student, he taught in the school of St. Martin, and pursued his studies at the university: he could now dispense with his father's succours. Shortly after he took the degree of Master of Arts. A native of Alsace, named Capito, who was nine years older than himself, was one of his dearest friends.

Zwingle devoted himself to the study of scholastic theology,—for, called as he was at a later period to combat its sophisms, it was necessary he should explore its tangled labyrinths. But often the joyous student of the mountains of the Sentis was seen suddenly to shake off the dust of the schools, and exchanging his philosophic toils for amusement, take the lute, harp, violin, flute, dulcimer, or hunting-horn, and pour forth gladsome sounds as in the meadows of Lisighaus, making his apartment, or the houses of his friends echo with the airs of his beloved country, and accompanying them with his own songs. In his love of music he was a true son of Tockenburg, a master among many. He played the instruments we have named, and others besides. Enthusiastically attached to the art, he diffused a taste for it through the university, not that he relished dissipation, but because he loved relaxation from the fatigue of graver studies, and its power of restoring him with fresh strength for close application. There was no one more cheerful or more amiable, or whose discourse had more charms. He might have been compared to a vigorous alpine-tree, expanding in all its grace and strength, not yet pruned, and sending forth its strong boughs on every side. The moment was destined to arrive, when these branches would shoot upward with renewed vigour toward heaven.

Having made his way into scholastic theology, he returned weary and disgusted from these arid sands, having found nothing but confused ideas,—a vain babble, emptiness, and barbarism, without any sound idea of doctrine. "It is mere lost time," said he,—and he waited to know more.

Just at that crisis (November, 1505) arrived in Bale, Thomas Wittembach, son of a burgomaster of Bienne. Wittembach had previously been teaching at Tubingen at the same time with Reuchlin. He was in the prime of life, sincere, pious, versed in the liberal sciences, in mathematics, and in the Holy Scriptures. Zwingle and all the young students immediately gathered round him. An energy hitherto unknown breathed in his discourses, and prophetic words proceeded from his lips. "The time is not far distant," said he, "when the scholastic theology will be abolished, and the primitive teaching of the Church restored." "The death of Christ," added he, "is the only ransom of our souls." The heart of Zwingle eagerly received those seeds of life.

Among the students who constantly attended the lectures of the youthful Doctor, was a young man of twenty-three years of age, of small stature, and weak and unhealthy appearance, but whose look bespoke at once gentleness and intrepidity. It was Leo Juda, son of a curate of Alsace, and whose uncle had lost his life at Rhodes, under the standard of its knights, for the defence of Christendom. Leo and Ulric lived in the closest intimacy. Leo played the dulcimer, and had a very fine voice. Often in his apartment the two friends of the arts amused themselves in joyous song. Leo Juda became subsequently Zwingle's colleague, and death itself could not terminate this sacred friendship.

The situation of pastor of Glaris became vacant at this period. Henry Goldi, a young courtier in the Pope's service, groom of his Holiness's palfrey, and already endowed with several benefices, hastened to Glaris with the Pope's letter of appointment. But the shepherds of Glaris, proud of the antique glories of their race, and of their struggles for liberty, were unwilling to bow their heads before a parchment from Rome. Wildhaus is not far from Glaris; and Wesen, of which Zwingle's uncle was curate, is the place where that people hold their market. The reputation of the young master of arts at Bale had penetrated to these mountains. The people of Glaris resolved to choose Zwingle for their priest. They invited him in 1506. Zwingle, after being ordained at Constance by the bishop, preached his first sermon at Rapperswill. On St. Michael's day he read his first

mass at Wildhaus, in presence of all his relations and the friends of his family, and towards the close of the year reached Glaris.

He immediately applied himself zealously to the duties of his extensive parish. Yet he was but twenty-two years of age, and at times he yielded to dissipation and the loose morality of the age. As a Romish priest he was like other priests all around him. But even at that time, when as yet the Gospel had not changed his heart, Zwingle never plunged into those scandals which often grieved the Church, and he constantly felt that it was necessary to subject his desires to the holy rule of God's word.

A passion for war at that time disturbed the quiet valleys of Glaris. There dwelt in those valleys whole families of heroes; the Tschudi, the Wala, the Aebli, whose blood had been shed on the field of battle. The elder warriors were accustomed to recount to youths ever ready to listen to such recitals, the events of the wars of Burgundy and Suabia, the battles of St. James and of Ragaz. But alas, it was no longer against the enemies of their liberty that these martial shepherds took arms. They might be seen at the bidding of the King of France, of the Emperor, of the Duke of Milan, or of the Pope, descending like an avalanche from the Alps, and rushing with the noise of thunder against the trained soldiers of the plain.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a poor boy named Matthew Schinner, who was attending the school of Sion in the Valais, was one day singing before the doors, as Luther used to do rather later, when he heard himself called by an old man; the latter struck by the liberty with which the child answered his questions, said in that prophetic accent which, say some, man sometimes acquires shortly before his departure from this world—"*Thou shalt be a Bishop and a Prince!*" The prediction made a deep impression on the young mendicant, and from that moment an ambition the most unbounded took possession of his heart. At Zurich, and at Como, his progress in his studies amazed his teachers. He was appointed curate in a small parish in the Valais; rose rapidly in reputation, and being subsequently sent to Rome to solicit the Pope's confirmation of a recent election of a Bishop of Sion, he procured the bishopric for *himself*, and encircled his head with the episcopal crown. Ambitious and artful, yet not unfrequently noble and generous, this man never regarded one dignity as anything but a stepping-stone to a higher. Having tendered his services to Louis XII. for a stipulated price, the King remarked, "It is too much for any one man."—"I will shew him," replied the Bishop of Sion in a passion, "that I am a man worth purchasing at the cost of many." Accordingly he made proposals to Pope Julius II. who received his advances with joy; and Schinner, in the year 1510, succeeded in uniting the whole Swiss Confederation with the policy of the ambitious Pontiff. The Bishop having been rewarded with a Cardinal's hat, smiled to see but a single step between him and the papal throne itself!

Schinner's attention was continually engaged by the Swiss cantons, and as soon as he discerned any man of rising influence, he hastened to attach him to his interest. The pastor of Glaris drew his notice; and it was not long before Zwingle was apprized that the Pope had granted him an annual pension of fifty florins, to encourage him in his studies. His poverty being such as did not allow his purchasing books, this money, so long as he received it, was spent in procuring classical and theological works from Bale. Zwingle thenceforward connected himself with the Cardinal, and thus became attached to the Romanist party. Schinner and Julius II. at length laid aside the mask. Eight thousand Swiss collected together by the eloquence of the Cardinal Bishop passed the Alps;—but want of supplies, and the valour and bribes of the French, obliged them to retreat ingloriously to their mountains. They brought with them the usual effects of their foreign wars,—suspicion, licentiousness, party spirit, violence, and every kind of disorder. The citizens rose against their magistrates, the children against their fathers,—agriculture and their flocks were neglected,—and luxury and beggary increased,—the most sacred ties were broken and the Confederacy seemed on the point of falling to pieces.

Then it was that the eyes of the young curate of Glaris were opened, and his indignation was awakened. His powerful voice was raised to shew the people the gulph into which they were hurrying. In the year 1510, he published his poem, entitled the Labyrinth. Behind the mazes of that mysterious garden, Minos has concealed the Minotaur, a monster half man and half bull, whom he feeds with the blood of the Athenian youth. The Minotaur, says Zwingle, is the sin, the irreligion, and the foreign service of the Swiss which devour her children.

A brave man, Theseus, undertakes to deliver his country; but many obstacles are in the way;—first, a lion with one eye; it is Spain and Arragon;—next a crowned eagle, with open throat; it is the Empire;—then a cock with crest erect, as if provoking to the onset; it is France. The hero overcoming all these obstacles, slays the monster and delivers his country.

"So it is now," exclaims the poet, "the people wander in the labyrinth; but being without the clue, they never return to light. We nowhere see men following the walk of Christ. For a breath of fame we risk our lives,—harass our neighbours,—rush into strifes, war, and battles . . . . as if the very furies had broken loose from hell."

A Theseus was needed,—a Reformer;—Zwingle saw this, and from that moment he had an obscure presentiment of his destiny. Shortly after this he put forth another allegory, in which his meaning was more clearly conveyed.

In April, 1512, the confederates again rose

at the Cardinal's summons to the rescue of the Church. Glaris was foremost. The whole commune was enrolled for the campaign, and ranged under its banner with its Landaman and Pastor. Zwingle was compelled to join the march. The army passed the Alps; and the Cardinal made his appearance among the confederates, with the Pontiff's presents,—a ducal cap adorned with pearls and gold, and surmounted with the Holy Spirit, represented under the figure of a dove. The Swiss scaled the walls of the fortified towns, and in the face of the enemy swam the rivers, naked, with their halberds in their arms. Every where the French were defeated, the bells and trumpets sounded, people flocked from all sides; the nobles sent to the army wine and fruits in great abundance; monks and priests proclaimed on the roads that the confederates were God's people, and the avengers of the spouse of Christ; while the Pope, a prophet similar to Caiaphas, conferred on the confederates the title of "Defenders of the Liberty of the Church."

This visit to Italy was not without its consequences to Zwingle in his vocation as a Reformer. It was on his return from this campaign that he began to study Greek,—"in order," he said, "to draw from the true source the doctrine of Christ." "I am resolved to apply myself so closely to Greek (he wrote to Vidian, Feb. 23, 1513,) that no one but God shall call me off from that study." "I do so from a love of divine learning, and not for the sake of fame." At a subsequent period, a worthy priest who had been his school-fellow, having visited him,—"Master Ulric," said the visitor, "they tell me you have gone into the new error, and that you are a follower of Luther."—"I am no Lutheran," said Zwingle, "for I understood Greek before I had heard the name of Luther." To understand Greek and study the Gospel in the original, was in Zwingle's judgment the basis of the Reformation.

Zwingle went beyond this early acknowledgment of the great principle of Evangelic Christianity, namely the unerring authority of Holy Scripture. He further saw the way of determining the sense of the Divine Word:—"Those persons have but low thoughts of the Gospel, who regard whatever they think incompatible with their reason as of no consequence, unnecessary, or unjust. Men are not permitted to bend the Gospel according to their pleasure, to their own interpretations." "Zwingle looked to heaven," says his best friend, "desiring to have no other interpreter than the Holy Ghost."

Such, from the very commencement of his career, was the man who has been boldly represented as having aimed to subject the Bible to human reason. "Philosophy and Theology," said he, "were constantly raising difficulties in my mind. At length I was brought to say, we must leave these things, and endeavour to enter into *God's thoughts* in his own word. I applied myself," continues he, "in earnest prayer to the Lord to give me his light; and though I read nothing but Scripture, its sense became clearer to me than if I had studied many commentators." He compared Scripture with Scripture, interpreting obscure texts by such as were more clear. Ere long he was thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, and especially with the New Testament. When Zwingle thus turned towards the Holy Scriptures, Switzerland made its earliest advance towards the Reformation. Accordingly, when he expounded their meaning, all felt that his teaching came from God and not from man. "A work altogether divine!" exclaims Oswald Myconius;—"it was in this manner that we recovered the knowledge of heavenly truth."

Yet Zwingle did not despise the explanations of the most celebrated teachers; he subsequently studied Origen, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Chrysostom, but never as authorities. "I study the doctors," said he, "just as we ask a friend, *How do you understand this?*" Holy Scripture was, in his judgment, the touchstone by which the holiest doctors should themselves so be tested.

Zwingle's advance was slow and progressive. He did not arrive at truth, as Luther had done, by those tempest-shocks, which compel the soul hastily to seek a refuge; he reached it by the gentle influence of Scripture—a power which gradually subdues the heart of man. Luther attained the wished-for shore after struggling with the storms of ocean;—Zwingle by steering cautiously and slowly along the shore. They are the two leading methods by which God conducts men. Zwingle was not fully converted to God and his Gospel until the early days of his abode at Zurich; yet the moment when in 1514 or 1515, this bold man bowed the knee before God, to ask of Him to enable him to understand His word, was that wherein appeared the dawn of the day-star which afterwards rose upon him.

It was about this time that a poem of Erasmus, wherein that writer introduced Jesus Christ speaking to one who was perishing by his own apathy, produced a deep impression on Zwingle's thoughts. Alone in his room he repeated to himself the passage in which Jesus complained that men came not to him for all grace, though he was the fountain of all blessing. "*All!*" said Zwingle, "*All!*" and that word again and again recurred to his mind—"Are there then any created beings o saints, from whom we should seek help? No Christ is our only treasure."*

Zwingle did not confine his reading to Christian writers. One of the accompaniments of the Reformation of the sixteenth century was an attentive study of the classics. Zwingle delighted in the poems of Hesiod, Homer, and Pindar, and has left commentaries on the two latter. He studied closely Cicero and Demosthenes, whose writings instructed him in oratory and politics The

* Zwingle, speaking in 1523, says he read the poem of Erasmus eight or nine years before.

child of the mountains also loved the wonders of nature as reported by Pliny. Thucydides, Sallust, Livy, Cæsar, Suetonius, Plutarch, and Tacitus, gave him an insight into the affairs of life. He has been blamed for his enthusiastic attachment to the great names of antiquity; and true it is that some of his expressions respecting them are not to be justified. But in paying them so much honour, he thought he discerned in them not mere human virtues, but the influence of the Holy Spirit. God's dealings, far from being limited in former ages to the Holy Land, extended, as he thought, to the whole world. "Plato, also," said he, "drew from a source divine; and if the Catos, Camillus', and Scipios, had not been deeply religious, could they have acted so nobly as we know they did?"

Zwingle diffused around him a love of letters Several young persons of distinction were brought up in his school. "You have offered me not only your books, but yourself," wrote Valentine Tschudi, son of one of the heroes in the wars of Burgundy; and this youth, who had already studied at Vienna and Bale under the first masters, added, "I have never met with any one who explains the classics with so much justness of thought, and depth of understanding, as yourself." Tschudi went to Paris, and had an opportunity of comparing the genius of its university, with that he had known in the narrow valley of the Alps, overlooked by the gigantic summits and eternal snows of the Dodi, the Glarnisch, the Rhigi, and the Freyberg. "In what trifling do they educate the youth of France!" said he, "no poison can equal the sophistical art they are trained in. It dulls the faculties, destroys the judgment, and reduces to the level of the brutes. It makes a man a mere echo, an empty sound. Ten women could not compete with one of such sophists. Even in their prayers I feel assured they bring their sophisms to God himself, and would by syllogisms oblige the Holy Spirit to grant their petitions." Such at this period was Paris, the intellectual capital of Christendom, contrasted with Glaris, a market-town of shepherds of the Alps. One gleam of light from God's word gives more true illumination than all the wisdom of man.

A great genius of that age, Erasmus, exercised much influence on Zwingle. The moment any of his writings appeared, Zwingle hastened to procure it. In 1514 Erasmus visited Bale, and was received by its Bishop with every expression of esteem. All the friends of learning assembled round him. But the monarch of the schools had at once discovered the man who promised to be the glory of Switzerland. "I congratulate the Swiss People," said he, writing to Zwingle, "that you are doing your best to civilize and ennoble it, by studies and moral conduct alike worthy of admiration." Zwingle longed to see him. "Spaniards and Gauls once made the journey to Rome to look on Titus Livius," said he, and—set out. Arriving at Bale, he there found a man about forty years of age, of small stature, weak health, and delicate constitution, but extremely amiable and polite. It was Erasmus. The charm of his intimacy banished Zwingle's timidity, and the power of his intellect impressed him with reverence. "As poor," said Ulric, "as Æschines, when the disciples of Socrates each brought a gift to their master, I make you the present he made, and give you *myself*."

Among the men of learning who then formed a kind of a court of Erasmus,—Amerbach, Rhenanus, Froben, Nessenus, Glareanus, and the rest—Zwingle took notice of a young native of Lucerne, twenty-seven years of age, named Oswald Geishussles. Erasmus, translating his name into Greek, had named him Myconius. We shall often speak of him by his Christian name, to distinguish this friend of Zwingle from Frederic Myconius, the disciple of Luther. Oswald, after studying at Rothwyl with another young man of his own age, named Berthold Haller,—then at Berne, and afterwards at Bale,—had become rector of St. Theodoric's and still later of St. Peter's school in that city. Though the humble schoolmaster had but a slender income, he had married a young girl of a simplicity and purity of mind that won all hearts. We have already said that it was a time of trouble in Switzerland; when foreign wars gave rise to scandalous disorders, and the soldiers returning to their country brought with them habits of licentiousness and brutality. One winter's day, gloomy and overcast, some of these wretches attacked the quiet dwelling of Oswald in his absence. They assaulted the door, threw stones, and with indecent language called for his wife. At last they burst open the door, and having made their way to his school, broke every thing in the place, and then retired. Shortly after Oswald returned. His son, little Felix, ran to meet him with loud cries; and his wife, speechless, made signs of horror. In a moment he perceived what had happened. At the same instant a noise was heard in the street. Unable to control himself, the schoolmaster seized a weapon and pursued the rioters to the cemetery. They took refuge within it and prepared to resist. Three of them rushed upon Myconius and wounded him; and while his wounds were being dressed, the wretches again broke into his house with horrid cries. Oswald tells no more. Such were the scenes which took place in Switzerland at the beginning of the sixteenth century, before the Reformation had humanized the manners of the people.

The uprightness of Oswald Myconius, and his desire of learning and virtue brought him into contact with Zwingle. The rector of the school of Bale at once acknowledged the superior genius of the curate of Glaris. In unaffected humility he shrunk from the praises of Zwingle and Erasmus. "You schoolmasters," the latter would often say "are, in my opinion, equal to kings." But the modest Myconius was of a different judgment. "I do but creep upon the earth," said

he; "from my childhood there has been a something low and small about me."

A preacher who had arrived in Bale, almost at the same time as Zwingle, was then exciting attention. Of mild and peaceful temper, he loved a tranquil life;—slow and circumspect in his actions, he was most happy in studious occupations, and in endeavours to promote good will among Christians. He was named John Hausschein, in Greek Œcolampadius, or "light of the house," and was born in Franconia, of rich parents, one year before the birth of Zwingle. His pious mother wished to devote to learning and to God himself the only child that providence had left her. His father at first destined him to commerce, and afterwards to jurisprudence; but on Œcolampadius's return from Bologna, (where he had studied law) the Lord, whose purpose it was to make him a light in the Church, called him to the study of Theology, He was preaching in his native town when Capito, who had made his acquaintance at Heidelberg, obtained his election as preacher at Bale. He there proclaimed Christ with an eloquence which was the admiration of his hearers. Erasmus admitted him to intimacy. Œcolampadius was charmed with the hours he spent in the society of this distinguished genius. "We must seek," said the prince of scholars, "we must seek but one thing in Holy Scripture, namely, Jesus Christ." He presented to the young preacher in token of his friendship the first chapters of St. John's Gospel. Œcolampadius would often kiss this pledge of so valued a friendship, and appended it to his crucifix, "in order," said he, "that I may always remember Erasmus in my prayers."

Zwingle returned to his mountain-home with his mind and heart full of all he had seen and heard at Bale. "I should not be able to sleep," said he, writing to Erasmus, "without holding some discourse with you. There is nothing I am so proud of as having seen Erasmus." Zwingle had received a new impulse. Such visits have at times great effects on a Christian's conduct. The disciples of Zwingle, Valentin, Jost, Louis, Peter, and Egidius Tschudi; his friends, the bailiff Aebli, the curate Binzli of Wesen, Fridolin Brunner, and the celebrated professor Glareanus, were delighted to watch his growth in wisdom and knowledge. The old respected him as a courageous defender of his country; —the faithful pastors as a zealous minister of the Lord. Nothing was transacted in the country without his advice. All the better sort looked to him as destined one day to restore the ancient virtues of their country.

Francis the First having ascended the throne, and preparing to avenge on Italy the honour of France, the Pope in alarm, sought to gain over the cantons. Thus, in 1515, Ulric again saw the plains of Italy covered by the battalions of his fellow-countrymen. But the discord which the intrigues of the French introduced among the army of the confederates grieved his spirit. Often might he be seen, in the midst of the camp, haranguing, in words of energy and wisdom, an audience armed from head to foot and ready for battle. On the 8th of September, five days before the battle of Marignan, he preached in the square of Monza, where the Swiss troops who adhered to their standards were assembled. "If the advice of Zwingle had then been followed," says Werner Steiner of Zug, "what miseries would our country have been spared!" But all ears were closed against the accents of concord, peace, and submission. The overpowering eloquence of the Cardinal Schinner electrified the confederates, and made them rush impetuously to the fatal plains of Marignan. The flower of the Swiss youth perished. Zwingle, who had failed in his attempts to avert these calamities, exposed himself in the cause of Rome to the greatest danger. His hand grasped a sword! Melancholy mistake of Zwingle. He, a minister of Christ, more than once forgot that it was his duty, to fight only with the weapons of the Spirit, and he was doomed to see accomplished in his own case in a most striking manner, that prophecy of the Lord, *They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.*

Zwingle and the Swiss failed to save Rome from defeat. The Venitian ambassador, at the court of Rome, was the first to learn the news of the defeat at Marignan. Overjoyed he repaired early to the Vatican. The Pope left his apartments, though scarcely attired, to give him audience. Leo the Tenth on hearing the intelligence made no secret of his fears. In a moment of alarm he saw nothing but Francis the First, and lost all hope:—"My Lord ambassador," said he tremblingly to Zorsi, "we must throw ourselves into the king's arms and cry for mercy." Luther and Zwingle, when in circumstances of peril, knew another refuge and invoked another mercy.

This second visit to Italy was not unattended with advantage to Zwingle. He took notice of the differences between the Ambrosian ritual, in use at Milan, and that of Rome. He collected and compared with each other the most ancient canons of the Mass. Thus his spirit of inquiry found employment amid the tumult of camps. At the same time the sight of the children of his native land, drawn from their mountains, and delivered up to slaughter like their cattle, filled him with indignation. "The blood of the confederates," said he, "is counted of less value than their sheep and oxen." The faithlessness and ambition of the Pope, —the avarice and ignorance of the clergy,—the licentiousness and immorality of the monks,—the pride and luxury of the prelates,—the corruption and venality that spread on all sides among his countrymen,—all these evils were forced more than ever on his notice, and helped to deepen more than ever his conviction of the necessity of a reformation in the Church.

Zwingle from that time preached the word of God with more distinctness. He expound

ed the portions of the Gospels and Epistles chosen for public worship; ever comparing Scripture with Scripture. He spoke with force and animation, and pursued with his auditors the same course that God was pursuing with him. He did not expose, as Luther did, the wounds of the Church; but, according as his study of the Bible discovered to him any profitable instruction, he imparted it to his flock. He laboured to persuade them to receive the truth into their hearts; and then depended upon it for the effect it was destined to produce. "If the people see clearly what is true," thought he, "they will at once discern what is false."—This maxim is good in the commencement of a reformation, but a time arrives when error must be boldly denounced. Zwingle well knew this. "The spring," said he, "is the season for sowing our seed."—It was then seed time with him.

Zwingle has marked this period as the dawn of the Swiss Reformation. Four years before, he had bent over God's book; and he now raised his head and turned toward the people to impart to them the light he had received from it. It was a new and important epoch in the development of the religious revolution of these countries; but it is a mistaken conclusion to infer that Zwingle's reformation preceded Luther's. Zwingle may possibly have preached the Gospel a year previous to the theses of Luther, but the Gospel was preached by Luther himself four years before those celebrated propositions. If Luther and Zwingle had done nothing but preach, the Reformation would not have so soon spread through the Church. The one and the other was neither the first monk, nor the first priest who taught a purer doctrine than the scholastic teachers; but Luther was the first who boldly and publicly raised the standard of truth against prevailing error, and invited general attention to the fundamental doctrine of the Gospel, *salvation by grace;* thus introducing his generation to that path of knowledge, faith, and life, from which a new world has arisen, and commencing a real and saving change. The great battle, of which the signal was given in the theses of 1517, was the true parent of the Reformation, and gave to it both its soul and its form. Luther was the earliest of the Reformers.

A spirit of inquiry was beginning to breathe in the Swiss mountains. One day the curate of Glaris, being in the lovely country of Mollis, at the house of Adam the curate of the place in company with Binzli, curate of Wesen, and Varchon, curate of Kerensen, the party of friends found an old liturgy in which they read these words,—"After the child is baptized, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and the cup is to be given him.' —"Then," remarked Zwingle, "the Supper was at that time given under both kinds!" The liturgy in question was about two centuries old. This was a grand discovery for the priests of the Alps.

The defeat at Marignan produced the consequences that were to be expected in the remoter cantons. The victorious Francis I. lavished gold and flattery to win over the confederates; and the Emperor adjured them by their honour, by the tears of widows and orphans, and the blood of their brethren, not to sell their services to their murderers. The French party prevailed in Glaris, and his residence in the country became from that time a burthen to Ulric.

At Glaris, Zwingle might have remained a man of his own age. Party intrigue, political prejudices, the Empire, France, the Duke of Milan, might have almost absorbed his life. God never leaves in the tumult of the world those whom he is training for the people. He leads them aside,—he sets them in solitude, where they may feel themselves in his presence, and gather inexhaustible instruction. The Son of God himself, the type in that particular of his dealings with his servants, passed forty days in the desert. The time had come when Zwingle was to be delivered from the turmoil of his political agitation, which by constant passage through his soul would have quenched the Spirit of God. It was time that he should be disciplined for another stage than that whereon figured courtiers and factions, and on which he might have been tempted to waste an energy worthy of better aims. His country stood in need of a very different service. It was necessary that a new life should at this time descend from heaven, and that he who was to be the instrument in communicating it to others should himself unlearn the things of time. These two spheres are entirely distinct;—a wide space separates these two worlds; and before passing from the one to the other, Zwingle was to halt for a while on a neutral territory, a middle and preparatory ground, there to be taught of God. God at this time took him from the centre of the factions of Glaris, and led him, for his noviciate, to the solitude of a hermitage. Thus was the hopeful promise of the Reformation, which ere long was to be transplanted to another soil, and to cover the mountains with its shadow, shut up in the narrow enclosure of the walls of an abbey.

About the middle of the ninth century, a wayfaring monk, Meinrad of Hohenzollern, had passed between the lakes of Zurich and Wallstetten, and resting on a little hill in front of an amphitheatre of fir trees, had constructed there his cell. Outlaws had imbrued their hands in the blood of the saint. For a long time the blood-stained cell was deserted But towards the end of the tenth century, a convent and church, in honour of the Virgin, was built on this sacred spot. On the eve of the day appointed for its consecration, the Bishop of Constance and his priests were at prayers in the church—when a heavenly chaunt, proceeding from some invisible beings, suddenly resounded in the chapel. They listened prostrate and amazed. Next day, as the bishop was about to consecrate the chapel, a voice three times repeated, "Stop! Stop! God himself has consecrated

it." Christ in person, it was said, had pronounced his blessing on it during the night; the hymns heard were those of the angels, apostles, and saints; and the Virgin had appeared for an instant like a flash of lightning on the altar. A bull of Leo VIII. forbade the faithful to doubt the truth of this legendary tale. From that time a vast crowd of pilgrims poured incessantly to our Lady of the Eremites for the consecration of the angels. Delphi and Ephesus in former ages, and Loretto in modern times, have alone equalled the renown of Einsidlen. It was in this singular scene that Ulric Zwingle was, in 1516, called to be priest and preacher.

Zwingle did not hesitate. "I am neither swayed by ambition, nor the love of gain," said he, "but driven by the intrigues of the French." Motives of a higher kind concur to decide him. On the one hand being more retired, having more quiet, and a charge of less extent, he will have more time for study and meditation. On the other hand, this resort of pilgrims will afford him opportunity for diffusing to the most distant lands the knowledge of Christ.

The friends of the gospel at Glaris loudly expressed their grief. "What worse could have befallen Glaris," said Peter Tschudi, one of the most distinguished citizens of the canton, "than to lose so valuable a man." His parishioners, seeing his inflexibility, resolved to continue to him the name of pastor of Glaris, with a part of the stipend, and the power of returning to it whenever he would.

Conrad of Reichberg, a gentleman descended from an ancient family, of serious, open-hearted, intrepid, and sometimes stern manners, was one of the best known huntsmen of the country whither Zwingle was going. He had established on one of his estates a stud for the breeding of horses, which became famous in Italy. This man was the *Abbot* of Our Lady of the Eremites. Reichberg held in equal aversion the pretensions of Rome, and theological controversy. When one, on occasion of a visitation of the order, made some remarks: "I am master here and not you," answered he abruptly; "go about your business." Another time, when Leo Juda was discussing some subject at table with the administrator of the convent, the hunting Abbot exclaimed: "Let me put an end to your disputings:—I say with David,—*Have mercy upon me, O God! according to thy loving kindness: Enter not into judgment with thy servant!* —and I want to know nothing more."

The Baron Theobald de Geroldsek was administrator of the monastery. He was of mild character, sincerely pious, and fond of learning. His favourite scheme was to collect in his convent a society of learned men. With this view he had invited Zwingle. Eager for instruction, he entreated his new friend to direct his studies. "Read the Holy Scriptures," answered Zwingle, "and for the better understanding them, consult St. Jerome." "And yet," he continued, "a time is coming (and soon too, with God's help,) when Christians will think little of St. Jerome or any other teacher, but the Word of God." The conduct of Geroldsek exhibited evidence of his progress in the faith. He gave permission to the nuns of a nunnery attached to Einsidlen to read the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and some years after he took up his abode at Zurich, in Zwingle's neighbourhood, and died on the plain of Cappel. The same attraction soon united to Zwingle the worthy Œxlin, Lucas, and other inmates of the abbey walls. These studious men, remote from the clamours of party, were accustomed to read together the Scriptures, the Fathers, the masterpieces of antiquity, and the writings of the restorers of learning. It often happened that friends from distant parts joined their interesting circle. One day Capito, among others, arrived on a visit to Einsidlen. The two friends, renewing the connexion formed at Baden, together went round the convent and its wild environs,—absorbed in conversation touching the Scripture and the will of God. On one point they were agreed;—it was *that the Pope must fall!* Capito was at that time a braver man than he was at a later date.

In this quiet retreat, Zwingle had rest, leisure, books, and friends; and he grew in understanding and in faith. Then it was (May 1507,) that he applied himself to a task that was very useful to him. As in early times, the kings of Israel with their own hands transcribed the law of God, so Zwingle copied out the Epistles of St. Paul. There were then none but cumbrous editions of the New Testament, and Zwingle wished to be able to carry it always about him.* He learnt by heart the whole of the Epistles; then the remaining books of the New Testament; and after that portions of the Old. Thus did his heart cleave more and more to the supreme authority of God's Word. Not satisfied with acknowledging its supremacy he formed the resolution to subject his life to it in sincerity. Gradually his walk became in every thing more Christian. The purpose for which he had been brought into this wilderness was then accomplishing. Doubtless it was not till his visit to Zurich that the Christian life penetrated his soul with power; but already at Einsidlen his progress in sanctification was evident. At Glaris he had been seen to take part in worldly amusements;—at Einsidlen he was more noticeable for purity of manners and freedom from every stain and from every kind of worldliness: he began to see the great spiritual interests of the people, and by slow degrees learned what God would teach him.

Providence had besides other purposes in bringing him to Einsidlen. He was to have a nearer view of the superstitions and corruptions which had invaded the Church. The image of the Virgin, carefully preserved in the monastery, it was alleged had the power of working miracles. Over the gate of the abbey might be read this pompous inscription

* This manuscript is in the library of Zurich.

—"Here may be obtained complete remission of sins." A multitude of pilgrims from all parts of Christendom flocked to Einsidlen, that they might obtain this *grace* for their pilgrimage. The church, the abbey, the whole valley, was crowded on occasion of the fête of the Virgin, with her devout worshippers. But it was especially on the grand fête of the consecration of the angels, that the crowd thronged the hermitage. Long files, to the number of several thousands of both sexes, climbed the steep sides of the mountain leading to the oratory, singing hymns, or counting the beads of their chaplets. These devout pilgrims forced their way into the church, believing themselves nearer to God *there* than any where else.

Zwingle's residence at Einsidlen had similar effects to those attending Luther's visit to Rome, in admitting him to a closer view of the corruptions of the Papacy. It was there his education, as a Reformer, was completed. The seriousness his soul had acquired soon manifested itself in outward action. Affected at the sight of so many evils, he resolved to oppose them energetically. He did not falter between his conscience and his interest. He boldly stood up, and his powerful eloquence fearlessly attacked the superstition of the crowd that surrounded him. "Think not," said he, speaking from his pulpit, "that God is in this temple more than in any other part of creation. Wherever he has fixed your dwelling he encompasses you, and hears you as much as at our Lady at Einsidlen. What power can there be in unprofitable works, weary pilgrimages, offerings, prayers to the Virgin and the saints, to secure you the favour of God? What signify the multiplying of words in prayer? What efficacy in the cowl, or shaven crown, or priestly garments falling, and adorned with gold! God looks upon the heart—and our heart is far off from God."

But Zwingle was resolved to do more than resist superstition; he sought to satisfy the ardent desire after reconciliation with God, which urged on some of the pilgrims that flocked to the chapel of our Lady of Einsidlen. "Christ," he cried, like the Baptist from another wilderness of Judea; "*Christ*, who offered himself on the cross once for all, is the sacrifice and victim which satisfies for all eternity, for the sins of all believers." Thus Zwingle went forward. From the hour, when so bold a style of preaching was heard in the most venerated sanctuary in Switzerland, the banner of resistance to Rome was more distinctly visible above its mountains: and there was a kind of earthquake of reformation which moved its very foundations.

In truth, an universal astonishment took possession of men's minds at the sound of the eloquent priest's sermons. Some withdrew with horror; others fluctuated between the faith of their fathers and the doctrine that was to give them peace; many were led to that Jesus who was declared to be full of mercy, and took away with them the tapers they had brought to present to the Virgin. A crowd of pilgrims returned to their native places, everywhere announcing the tidings they had heard at Einsidlen. "Christ ALONE saves us, and he saves EVERYWHERE!" It often happened that troops of pilgrims, astonished at what they thus heard recounted, turned back without completing their pilgrimage. The worshippers of Mary were every day fewer. It was from their offerings the revenue of Zwingle and of Geroldsek was drawn. But the bold witness for the truth was too happy to see himself impoverished, while thus, spiritually, making many rich.

On Easter Sunday, 1518, among the numerous hearers of Zwingle was a learned man, of gentle character and active charity, named Gaspard Hedio, a doctor of divinity at Bale. Zwingle preached on the history of the man taken with palsy, (Luke v.) in which occurs our Lord's declaration: "*The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins*," a passage well suited to strike the crowd assembled in the church of the Virgin. The preacher's discourse moved, delighted, and inspired the whole assembly; and in an especial manner the doctor of Bale. Long afterwards Hedio would express his admiration:—"How beautiful and profound! how grave and convincing! how moving and agreeable to the Gospel was that discourse!" said he. "How it reminds one of the ενεργεια, (force) of the ancient doctors." From that moment Hedio admired and loved Zwingle. He longed to go to him and open his heart; he lingered about the abbey without daring to make advances, restrained, as he tells us, by a sort of superstitious fear. Mounting his horse, he slowly departed from our Lady's chapel, looking back on a spot which held so great a treasure, with the warmest regret.

In this manner did Zwingle preach; less powerfully, no doubt, but with more moderation, and no less success than Luther; he avoided precipitation, and gave less offence to men's minds than the Saxon monk; he trusted to the power of Truth for results. The same prudence marked his intercourse with the dignitaries of the Church. Far from directly opposing them, like Luther,—he continued long on friendly terms with them. They treated him with respect, not only on account of his learning and talents, (and Luther would have been entitled to equal attention from the Bishops of Mentz and Brandeburg) but still more on account of his devotion to the Pope's political views, and the influence that such a man as Zwingle must needs possess in a republic.

In fact, several cantons, weary of the Pope's service, were on the point of a rupture. But the Legates hoped to retain many on their side by gaining Zwingle, as they had gained over Erasmus, by pensions and honours. The Legates, Ennius and Pucci, often visited Einsidlen, where, from the proximity of the democratic cantons, their negociations with those states were most easy. But Zwingle, far from sacrificing truth to the solicitations

and bribes of Rome, allowed no opportunity to pass of defending the Gospel. The famous Schinner, who was then on ill terms with his diocese, spent some time at Einsidlen. "The whole Papacy," remarked Zwingle, in conversation with him, "rests on bad foundations. Do you begin and clear away errors and corruptions, or else you will see the whole fabric come tumbling to the ground with frightful noise."

He spoke with the same frankness to the Legate Pucci. Four times did he return to the charge. "By God's help," said he, "I mean to preach the Gospel,—and that will shake Rome:" and then he went on to explain what was needed in order to save the Church. Pucci promised every thing, but did nothing. Zwingle declared his intention to throw up the Pope's pension, but the Legate entreated him to retain it. As he had no desire to appear in open hostility against the head of the Church, Zwingle continued in receipt of it for three years. "But do not think," said he, "that for any money I will suppress a single syllable of truth." Pucci, in alarm, procured the nomination of the Reformer as acolyte of the Pope. It was a step to further honours. Rome sought to intimidate Luther by solemn judgments;—and to win Zwingle by her favours. Against one she hurled excommunications; to the other she cast her gold and splendours. They were two different methods for attaining the same end, and sealing the daring lips which presumed, in opposition to the Pope's pleasure, to proclaim the word of God in Germany and Switzerland. The last device was the most skilfully conceived,—but neither was successful. The enlarged hearts of the preachers of the Gospel were shewn to be above the reach of vengeance or seduction.

About this time, Zwingle conceived great hopes of another Swiss prelate. This was Hugo of Landenberg, Bishop of Constance. Landenberg gave directions for a general visitation of the churches,—but being a man of very feeble character, he allowed himself to be overruled, sometimes by Faber his vicar, at others by a bad woman, from whose influence he could not extricate himself. He sometimes seemed to honour the Gospel;—and yet, if any one preached it boldly, he looked upon the preacher as a disturber. He was one of those men too often met with in the church, who, preferring truth to error, are nevertheless more tender of error than concerned for truth; and are frequently found at last opposed to those in whose ranks they ought to be contending. Zwingle applied to Hugo;—but in vain. He was doomed to experience, as Luther had done, that it was useless to invoke the assistance of the heads of the Church; and that the only way to revive Christianity was to act the part of a faithful teacher of God's word. The opportunity for this was not long delayed.

In 1518, a barefooted Carmelite arrived on the heights of St. Gothard, in those elevated passes which have been with difficulty opened across the steep rocks that separate Switzerland from Italy. This man had been brought up in an Italian convent, and was the bearer of Papal indulgences, which he was commissioned to sell to the good Christian people of the Helvetic league. Brilliant successes under two preceding Popes had made him notorious for this shameful traffic. Companions of his journey, whose business it was to puff off his wares, accompanied his advance across snows and ice-fields, as old as creation itself. The caravan, miserable in its appearance, and a good deal resembling a troop of adventurers in quest of booty, went forward to the sound of the dashing streams that form by their confluence the rivers Rhine, Reuss, Aar, Rhone, Tessino, and others,—silently meditating the spoiling of the simple Swiss. Samson,—for that was the name of the Carmelite, attended by his company, arrived first at Uri, and commenced their trade. They had soon made an end with these poor country folks, and removed thence to the canton of Schwitz. It was there Zwingle was residing; and there it was that the contest between these servants of two widely different masters was to begin. "*I am empowered to remit all sins!*" said the Italian monk (the Tetzel of Switzerland) to the people of Schwitz. "Heaven and earth are subject to my authority; and I dispose of Christ's merits to whoever will purchase them,—by bringing me their money for their indulgence."

When tidings of this discourse reached Zwingle, his zeal was kindled, and he preached vehemently. "Christ," said he, "the Son of God, says, *Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* What audacious folly and madness is it then to say, contradicting him: 'Buy letters of indulgence,—apply to Rome,—give your money to the monks,—sacrifice to the priests! —if you do these things, I will absolve you from your sins.' Christ is the one offering! Christ is the only sacrifice! Christ is the only way!"

Throughout Schwitz people soon spoke of Samson as a cheat and impostor. He took the road to Zug; and, for the moment, the two champions missed each other.

Scarcely had Samson taken his departure from Schwitz, when a citizen of that canton named Stapfer, who was much respected, and afterwards public secretary, was suddenly reduced, with his family, to a state of total destitution. "Alas!" said he, addressing himself in his perplexity to Zwingle, "I know not how to satisfy my hunger and the wants of my poor children." Zwingle could give when Rome would take; and he was as ready to do good works, as he was to oppose those who inculcated them as means by which we are saved. He daily supplied Stapfer with support. "It is God," said he, intent on taking no credit to himself, "it is God who begets charity in the believer, and gives at once the first thought, the resolve, and the work itself: it is God who does it by his own

power." Stapfer's affection for him lasted till death; and four years after this, when he filled the post of Secretary of Schwitz, he turned to Zwingle under the feeling of a higher want, and with noble candour said, "Since it was you who once supplied my temporal need, how much more may I expect you may give me that which shall satisfy the famine of my soul."

The friends of Zwingle multiplied daily. It was no longer at Glaris, Bale, and Schwitz, that persons were found whose hearts were with him:—at Uri, there was Schmidt the secretary; at Zug, Colin Muller, and Werner Steiner, his old companion in arms at Marignan; at Lucerne, Xyloctect and Kilchmeyer; at Bienne, Wittembach; and in other parts not a few. But the curate of Einsidlen had no more devoted friend than Oswald Myconius. Oswald had quitted Bale in 1516 to take the direction of the cathedral school at Zurich. At this period that city possessed neither learned men nor schools. Oswald laboured, in conjunction with several benevolent persons, to reclaim the people of Zurich from their ignorance, and initiate them in ancient learning. He at the same time defended the uncompromising truth of holy Scripture, and declared that if the Pope or the Emperor should enjoin what was contrary to the Gospel, it was man's duty to obey God alone, who is above Emperor or Pope.

Seven centuries before, Charlemagne had added a college of canons to that same cathedral, the school attached to which was placed under Oswald Myconius. These canons having declined from their first institution, and wishing to enjoy their benefices in the sweets of indolence, had adopted the custom of electing a preacher, to whom they delegated the duty of preaching and the cure of souls. This post became vacant shortly after the arrival of Oswald, who immediately thought of his friend. What a blessing it would be to Zurich! Zwingle's manners and appearance were prepossessing;—he was a handsome man, of polite address, and pleasing conversation, already remarked for his eloquence, and distinguished among all the confederated Swiss for his brilliant genius. Myconius spoke of him to the provost of the chapter, Felix Frey, who was prepossessed by the manners and talents of Zwingle; —to Utinger, an old man much respected, and to the canon Hoffman, a man of upright and open character, who having for a long time opposed the foreign service of the Swiss, was favourably inclined toward Ulric. Other inhabitants of Zurich had, on different occasions, heard Zwingle at Einsidlen, and had returned home full of admiration. The approaching election of a preacher for the cathedral ere long put every body in Zurich in motion. Various interests were started:—many laboured night and day to promote the election of the eloquent preacher of our Lady of the Eremites. Myconius apprized his friend of it. "On Wednesday next," answered Zwingle, "I am going to dine at Zurich, and we will talk it over." He came accordingly. Calling on one of the canons the latter inquired: "Could you not come amongst us and preach the word of God?"—"I could," answered Zwingle, "but I will not come unless invited;" and forthwith he returned to his monastery.

This visit alarmed his enemies. They persuaded several priests to offer themselves as candidates for the vacant post. A Suabian, named Lorenzo Fable, even preached a sermon in proof of his talent; and a report prevailed that he was chosen. "True it is, then," said Zwingle when he heard it, "no prophet is honoured in his own country; since a Suabian is preferred before a Swiss. I see what popular applause is worth." Immediately afterwards Zwingle received intelligence from the secretary of Cardinal Schinner that the election had not taken place; nevertheless the false report that had reached him piqued the curate of Einsidlen. Finding one so unworthy as Fable aspiring to fill the office, he was the more bent on obtaining it, and wrote to Myconius on the subject. Oswald answered the following day. "Fable will continue *Fable*: the good folks who will have to decide the election, have learned that he is the father of six sons, and is besides possessed of I can't tell how many benefices."

Zwingle's opponents were not discouraged; true, all agreed in extolling his distinguished acquirements; but some said, "he is too passionately fond of music;" others, "he is fond of company and pleasure;" others again, "he was in his youth very intimate with people of loose morals." One man even charged him with having been guilty of seduction. This was mere calumny:—yet Zwingle, although more innocent than the ecclesiastics of his age, had more than once, in the first years of his ministry, given way to the passions of youth. It is not easy to estimate the effect upon the soul of the atmosphere in which it lives. There existed under the Papacy, and among the clergy, disorders that were established, allowed, and recognised, as agreeable to the laws of nature. A saying of Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., gives some notion of the wretched state of public morals at this period. Licentiousness had become almost every where allowed.

Oswald exerted all his activity in his friend's favour. He laboured to the utmost to clear his character, and happily succeeded. He visited the burgomaster Roust, Hoffman, Frey, and Utinger. He extolled the probity, the frankness, and deportment of Zwingle, and confirmed the favourable impression that he had made on the people of Zurich. But little credence was given to the assertions of his adversaries. The men of most weight gave their judgment that Zwingle should be the preacher of Zurich. The canons whispered the same thing. "You may hope for success," wrote Oswald with emotion, "for I have hopes of it." At the same time he apprised him of the charges of his enemies Although Zwingle was not yet altogether a new man, his was the soul of one whose cor-

science is awakened, and who may fall into sin, but never without struggle and remorse. Often had he determined to live a holy life,—alone among his order,—in the world. But when he heard himself accused he would not boast of exemption from sin. Accordingly he wrote to the canon Utinger. "With none to walk with me in the path of holiness (many even of those about me being offended at it,) I did alas! fall;—and, as St. Peter says, turned again, like a dog, to my own vomit. God knows with what shame and anguish I have dragged forth into light these sins from the depths of my heart, and spread them before that mighty God, to whom I, however, confess my wretchedness more freely than to mortal man." But while Zwingle acknowledged himself a sinner, he vindicated himself from the odious charges brought against him, and affirmed that he had ever abhorred the thought of adultery, or the seduction of the innocent; —melancholy excesses! then too common:—"I call to witness," he added, "all with whom I ever lived."

On the 11th of December the election took place. Zwingle was chosen by a majority of seventeen out of twenty-four votes. The time had come for the Reformation to arise in Switzerland. The chosen instrument that Providence had been for three years preparing in the seclusion of Einsidlen was ready, and was to be transferred to another scene. God, who had made choice of the rising university of Wittemberg, situate in the heart of Germany, under the protection of the wisest of princes, *there* to call Luther,—made a choice of Zurich, esteemed the chief town of Helvetia, there to fix Zwingle. At Zurich he would be in communication not merely with the most intelligent and simple-minded, the most resolute and energetic, of the Swiss population, but also with the various cantons that lay around that ancient and influential state. The hand that had taken up a poor herdsman of mount Sentis, and placed him in a preparatory school,—now established him, mighty in word and in deed, in the face of all his nation, that he might become the instrument of its regeneration. Zurich was to become the focus of illumination for the whole of Switzerland.

To the inmates of Einsidlen, the day on which they received the tidings of Zwingle's nomination was a day of rejoicing and grief intermingled. The society which had been formed there was about to be broken up by the removal of its most valuable member; and who could tell whether superstition might not again assert her sway over that ancient haunt of the pilgrim? The Council of Schwitz transmitted to Ulric an address, expressive of their sentiments, in which they styled him "their reverend, learned, and very gracious master and worthy friend." "Choose for us at least a successor worthy of yourself," said Geroldsek to Zwingle. "I have a little *lion* for you, he replied, who is both simple-hearted and wise; a man conversant with the mysteries of Holy Writ." "I will have him," said the administrator immediately. This was Leo Juda, that mild yet intrepid man, with whom Zwingle had contracted so close a fellowship at Bale. Leo Juda accepted a charge which brought him nearer to his beloved Ulric. The latter, after embracing his friends, bade farewell to the solitude of Einsidlen, and pursued his journey to that delightful region, where the cheerful and goodly city of Zurich is seated, amidst an amphitheatre of gentle hills, whose sides are clothed with vineyards, and their feet bedecked with meadows and orchards, while over their wooded crests are descried the lofty summits of the distant Albis. Zurich, the political centre of Switzerland, where the leading men of the nation were frequently assembled, was a point from which the Helvetic territory might be acted on, and the seeds of truth scattered over the whole of the cantons. Accordingly the friends of literature and of the Gospel hailed the election of Zwingle with their heartiest acclamations. At Paris, especially, the Swiss students, who were a numerous body there, were transported with joy at the tidings. But if at Zurich, Zwingle had the prospect of a mighty victory opened to him, he had also to expect an arduous conflict. Glareanus wrote to him from Paris: "I foresee that your learning will excite a bitter hostility against you; but take courage, and, like Hercules, you will overcome all the monsters you have to encounter."

It was on the 27th of December, 1518, that Zwingle arrived at Zurich; he alighted at the hotel of Einsidlen. His welcome was a cordial and honourable one The chapter immediately assembled to receive him, and he was invited to take his place among his colleagues. Felix Frey presided; the canons, whether friendly or hostile to Zwingle, were seated indiscriminately round their principal. There was a general excitement throughout the assembly; every one felt, though probably he knew not why, that this new appointment was likely to have momentous results As the innovating spirit of the young priest was regarded with apprehension, it was agreed that the most important of the duties attached to his new office should be distinctly pointed out to him. "You will use your utmost diligence," he was gravely admonished, "in collecting the revenues of the chapter—not overlooking the smallest item. You will exhort the faithful, both from the pulpit and in the confessional, to pay all dues and tithes, and to testify by their offerings the love which they bear to the Church. You will be careful to increase the income that arises from the sick, from masses, and in general from all ecclesiastical ordinances." The chapter added: "As to the administration of the sacraments, preaching and personally watching over the flock,—these also are among the duties of the priest. But for the performance of these, you may employ a vicar to act in your stead,—especially in preaching. You are to administer the sacraments only to persons of distinction, and when especially

called upon:—you are not allowed to administer them indiscriminately to people of all ranks."

What regulations were these for Zwingle to subscribe to! Money! money! nothing but money! Was it then for this that Christ had appointed the ministry? Prudence, however stepped in to moderate his zeal: he knew that it is impossible for the seed to be dropped into the earth, and the tree to grow up, and the fruit to be gathered all at once. Without offering any remarks on the charge that had been delivered to him, he modestly expressed the gratitude he felt for having been made the object of so honourable a choice, and then proceeded to explain what were his intentions. "The history of Jesus," said he, "has been too long kept out of the people's view. It is my purpose to lecture upon the whole of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, drawing from the fountains of Scripture alone, sounding all its depths, comparing text with text, and putting up earnest and unceasing prayers, that I may be permitted to discover what is the mind of the Holy Spirit. It is to the glory of God, to the praise of his only Son, to the salvation of souls, and their instruction in the true faith, that I desire to consecrate my ministry." Language, so new to their ears, made a deep impression on their chapter. Some heard it with joy; but the greater part signified their disapproval of it. "This method of preaching is an innovation," cried they; "one innovation will soon lead to another;—and where can we stop?" The canon Hoffman, especially, thought it his duty to prevent the fatal effects of an appointment which he had himself promoted. "This expounding of Scripture," said he, "will do the people more harm than good."—"It is no new method," replied Zwingle, "it is the old one. Recollect St. Chrysostom's homiles upon Matthew, and St. Augustine's upon John. Besides, I will be cautious in all that I say, and give no one cause to complain."

In abandoning the exclusive use of detached portions of the Gospels merely, Zwingle was departing from the practice that had prevailed since the days of Charlemagne, and restoring the Holy Scriptures to their ancient rights; he was connecting the Reformation, even in the beginning of his ministry, with the primitive times of Christianity, and preparing for future ages a deeper study of the Word of God. But more than this: the firm and independent posture which he assumed in relation to the Church, gave intimation that his aim was extraordinary: his character as a Reformer began now to manifest itself distinctly to the eyes of his countrymen; and the Reformation consequently moved a step onward.

Hoffman, having failed in the chapter, addressed a written request to the principal, that he would prohibit Zwingle from disturbing the people in their faith. The principal sent for the new preacher, and spoke to him in a very affectionate tone. But no human power could seal his lips. On the 31st of December, he wrote to the Council of Glaris, that he entirely relinquished the cure of souls, which, by their favour, he had hitherto retained; and for the future he dedicated himself entirely to Zurich, and the work which God was preparing for him in that city.

On Saturday, the first of January, 1519, Zwingle, having on that day completed his thirty-fifth year, ascended the pulpit of the cathedral. The church was filled by a numerous assemblage of persons desirous to see a man who had already acquired celebrity, and to hear that new Gospel of which every one was beginning to speak. "It is to Christ," said Zwingle, "that I wish to guide you,—to Christ, the true spring of salvation. This divine word is the only food that I seek to minister to your hearts and souls." He then announced that on the following day, the first Sunday of the year, he would begin to explain the Gospel according to Saint Matthew. On the morrow, accordingly, the preacher, and a still more numerous auditory, were assembled in their places. Zwingle opened the Gospel, the book that had so long been sealed, and read the first page. Passing under review the history of the Patriarchs and prophets (from the first chapter of Matthew,) he expounded it in such a manner, that all exclaimed in astonishment and delight—"We never heard the like of this before."

He continued in this way to explain the whole of St. Matthew according to the Greek original. He showed how the explanation and the application of the Bible were both to be found in the very nature of man. Setting forth the sublimest truths of the gospel in familiar language; his preaching adapted itself to every class,—to the wise and learned, as well as the ignorant and simple. He magnified the infinite mercies of God the Father, while he besought his hearers to put their trust in Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. At the same time that he called them to repentance by the most persuasive appeals, he combated the errors which prevailed among his countrymen by the most vigorous reasoning. He raised a fearless voice against luxury, intemperance, extravagance in dress, injustice to the poor, idleness, mercenary service in war, and the acceptance of pensions from foreign princes. "In the pulpit," says one of his contemporaries, "he spared no one, neither Pope, nor Emperor, nor Kings, nor Dukes, nor Princes, nor Lords, not even the Confederates. All the strength and all the joy of his own heart were in God; therefore he exhorted the whole city of Zurich to trust in none but Him." "Never before had any man been heard to speak with so much authority," says Oswald Myconius, who watched the labours of his friend with joy and ardent hope.

It was impossible that the Gospel could be proclaimed in Zurich without effect. A great and continually increasing multitude of every class, but especially of the lower orders, flocked to hear it. Many of the citizens of Zurich had ceased to attend public worship

"I derive no benefit from the discourses of these priests," was the frequent observation of Füsslin, a poet and historian, as well as a councillor of state;—"they do not preach the things pertaining to salvation; for they understand them not. Avarice and voluptuousness are the only qualities I discover in them." Henry Räuschlin, the state-treasurer, a diligent reader of the Scriptures, entertained the same sentiments. "The priests," said he, "gathered together by thousands at the Council of Constance .... to burn the best man among them all." These distinguished men, attracted by curiosity, came to hear Zwingle's first lecture. The emotions which the preacher awakened in their minds, were successively depicted in their countenances. "Glory be to God," said they as they left the church; "this is a preacher of the truth. He will be our Moses to lead us forth from Egypt. From that hour they became the intimate friends of the Reformer. "Ye rulers of this world," said Füsslin, "cease to persecute the doctrine of Christ. After Christ the Son of God had been put to death, fishermen were raised up to publish his Gospel. And so now, if you destroy the preachers of the truth, you will see glass workers, and millers, and potters, and founders, and shoemakers, and tailors, starting up to teach in their stead."

At first there was but one cry of admiration throughout Zurich, but when the first burst of enthusiasm had subsided, the enemy took heart again. Many well-meaning men, alarmed by the thought of a Reformation, gradually fell away from Zwingle. The violence of the monks, which for a brief space had been suppressed, now broke out anew, and the college of the canons resounded with complaints. Zwingle remained immovable. His friends, as they contemplated his courage, recognised in their teacher the true spirit of the apostolic age. Among his enemies there were some who jeered and mocked at him, others who resorted to insulting threats; but he endured all with the patience of a Christian. "If we would win souls to Christ," he often remarked, "we must learn to shut our eyes against many things that meet us in our way." An admirable saying, which ought not to pass unnoted.

His character, and his habitual deportment towards his fellow-men, contributed as much as his public ministrations to gain all hearts. He was at once a true Christian and a true republican. The equality of mankind was with him no unmeaning phrase; it was inscribed on his heart, and his life was in accordance with it. He had neither that pharisaical pride nor that monkish coarseness by which men of simple and of refined taste are alike disgusted; all acknowledged the attraction of his manner, and found themselves at ease in his society. Bold and energetic in the pulpit, he was affable to those whom he met in the streets or public walks; he was often seen in the places where the civic companies or trading bodies held their meetings, explaining to the burghers the leading articles of the Christian faith, or holding familiar conversation with them. He accosted peasants and patricians with the same cordiality. "He invited the country-folks to dinner," says one of his most violent enemies, "walked with them, talked to them about God, and often put the devil into their hearts, and his own writings into their pockets." His example had such weight, that even the town-councillors of Zurich would visit those rustic strangers, supply them with refreshment, go about the city with them, and pay them all possible attention.

He continued to cultivate music, though "with moderation," as Bullinger assures us; nevertheless the adversaries of the Gospel took advantage of this, and called him "the evangelical lute-player and piper." Faber, on one occasion, reproved him for indulging in this recreation. "My dear Faber," replied Zwingle, with manly frankness, "thou knowest not what music is. I do not deny that I have learned to play the lute and the violin, and other instruments; and at worst, they serve me to quiet little children when they cry; but as for thee, thou art too holy for music!—and dost thou not know, then, that David was a cunning player on the harp, and how he chased the evil spirit out of Saul? Oh! if thy ears were but awake to the notes of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition and greediness of wealth, by which thou art possessed, would in like manner depart from thee." Perhaps there was something of weakness in Zwingle's attachment to music; yet it was in a spirit of open heartedness, and evangelical liberty, that he cultivated an art which religion has always connected with her loftiest exercises. He composed the music of several of his Christian lyrics, and was not ashamed sometimes to touch his lute for the amusement of the little ones of his flock. He displayed the same kindly disposition in his demeanour towards the poor. "He ate and drank," says one of his contemporaries, "with all who invited him, he treated no one with disdain,—he was full of compassion for the poor, and always composed and cheerful in good or evil fortune. No calamity ever daunted him, his speech was ever hopeful,—his heart ever stedfast." Thus did Zwingle continually enlarge the sphere of his influence,—sitting alternately at the poor man's scanty board, and the banquet table of the great, as his Master had done before him,—and never, in any situation, omitting an opportunity to further the work with which God had entrusted him.

From the same motive he was indefatigable in study. From sun-rise until the hour of ten he employed himself in reading, writing, or translating; the Hebrew especially, during that portion of the day occupied much of his attention. After dinner he gave audience to those who had any communication to make to him, or stood in any need of his advice; he walked out in company with his friends, and visited his people. At two o'clock he resumed his walk. He took a short turn after supper

and then began writing letters, which often engaged him till midnight. He always read and wrote standing, and never allowed the customary allotment of his time to be disturbed, except for some very important cause.

But the efforts of one man were not enough. He received a visit about this time from a stranger named Lucian, who brought him some of the works of the German Reformer. Rhenanus, a scholar then resident at Bale, and an unwearied propagator of Luther's writings in Switzerland, had sent this man to Zwingle. It had occurred to Rhenanus that the hawking of books might be made a powerful means of spreading the doctrines of the Gospel. "Ascertain," said Rhenanus to Zwingle, "whether this Lucian possesses a sufficient share of discretion and address; if it shall appear that he does, let him go from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, nay from house to house,—all over Switzerland, carrying with him the writings of Luther, and especially the exposition of the Lord's Prayer, written for the laity. The more it is known, the more purchasers will it find. But be sure to let him take no other books in his pack, for if he have none but Luther's, he will sell them the faster." To this expedient was many a Swiss family indebted for the gleam of light that found an entrance into their humble dwelling. There was one book, however, which Zwingle should have caused to be circulated before any of Luther's—the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

An opportunity of displaying his zeal in a new field of service was soon afforded him. Samson, the famous dealer in indulgences, was journeying by slow stages toward Zurich. This vender of disreputable wares had arrived from Schwitz at Zug on the 20th of September, 1518, and had remained at Zug three days. An immense crowd had gathered about him in that town. Those of the poorest class were the most eager of the throng, and thus prevented the rich from making their way to him. This did not suit the monk's purpose, and accordingly one of his attendants kept crying out to the populace:—"Good people, do not press forward so hard. Clear the way for those who have money. We will do our best afterwards to satisfy those who have none." From Zug, Samson and his company went on to Lucerne,—from Lucerne to Underwalden,—and thence, passing through a cultivated region of the Alps, with its rich interjacent villages,—skirting the everlasting snows of the Oberland,—and displaying their Romish merchandise for sale in every inhabited spot of the loveliest district of Switzerland,—they arrived at length in the neighbourhood of Berne. At first, the monk received an intimation that he would not be allowed to enter the city; but eventually, by the aid of some interested auxiliaries within, he succeeded in gaining admission, and spread out his stall in St. Vincent's church. He there began to cry up his wares more loudly than ever. "Here," said he to the rich, "are indulgences on parchment, for one crown!—There," addressing himself to the poor, "are absolutions on common paper, for two batz only!" One day, a knight of high name, Jacob von Stein, presented himself before him, mounted on a prancing dapple-grey charger. "Give me," said the knight, "an indulgence for myself; for my troop, which is five hundred strong;—for all the vassals on my domain of Belp; and for all my ancestors; and I will give you in return this dapple grey horse of mine." It was a high price to ask for a *horse*. Nevertheless, the charger pleased the barefooted Carmelite. The bargain was struck, the beast was led into the monk's stable, and all those souls were duly declared to have been delivered forever from the pains of hell. On another occasion, a burgher obtained from him for thirteen florins an indulgence, by virtue of which, his confessor was authorized to absolve him, among other things, from every kind of perjury Samson was held in such reverence, that the councillor, Von May, an old man of enlightened mind, having dropped some expressions against him, was obliged to ask pardon of the haughty monk on his knees.

The last day of his stay had now arrived. A deafening clamour of bells gave warning to the inhabitants of Berne that the monk was about to take his departure. Samson was in the church, standing on the steps of the high altar. The canon, Henry Lupulus, Zwingle's former master, officiated as his interpreter. "When the wolf and the fox come abroad together," said the canon Anselm, addressing the Schultheiss von Watteville, "the wisest plan for you, worshipful Sir, is to gather your sheep and your geese with all speed into a place of safety." But the monk cared little for such remarks as these, which, moreover, seldom reached his ears. "Fall on your knees," said he to the superstitious crowd; "repeat three *pater nosters* and three *ava marias*, and your souls will instantly be as pure as they were at the moment of your baptism." The multitude fell on their knees forthwith. Then determined to outdo himself, Samson cried out, "I deliver from the torments of purgatory and hell the souls of all the people of Berne who have departed this life, whatsoever may have been the manner or the place of their death." These mountebanks, like those who perform at fairs, always reserved their most astounding feat for the last.

Samson, now heavily laden with coin, directed his course towards Zurich, through the Argan and Baden. As he proceeded on his journey, this Carmelite, who had made so sorry a figure when he first crossed the Alps, displayed an increasing pomp and pride of retinue. The bishop of Constance, having taken umbrage because he had not applied to him to legalize his bulls, had forbidden all the curates of his diocese to open their churches to him. At Baden, however, the curate did not venture to persevere in obstructing the holy traffic. The monk's effrontery rose to a higher pitch. Pacing round the church-yard at

the head of a procession, he used to fix his eyes on some object in the air, while his acolytes were chaunting the hymn for the dead, and pretending that he saw the liberated souls flying up from the church-yard towards heaven, to cry out: "*Ecce volant!* Behold! they fly!" One day a man, residing in the neighbourhood, found his way into the tower of the church and mounted to the belfry; presently a quantity of white feathers floated in the air, and fell thickly on the astonished procession: "Behold! they fly!" cried the waggish citizen of Baden, from his lofty perch, still shaking more feathers, out of a pillow that he had unripped. Many of the bystanders laughed heartily at the jest. Samson, on the contrary, was greatly incensed,—nor could he be appeased until assurances were given him that the man was at times disordered in his intellect. He left Baden quite crest-fallen.

Pursuing his journey, he arrived about the end of February, 1519, at Bremgarten, whither he had been invited by the Schultheiss, and the second curate of the town, both of whom had seen him at Baden. The dean of Bremgarten, Bullinger, was a man, than whom none, in all that country, stood higher in public estimation. He was but ill-informed, it is true, as to the errors of the Church, and imperfectly acquainted with the word of God;—but his frank disposition, his overflowing zeal, his eloquence, his liberality to the poor, his willingness to do kind offices for his humble neighbours, made him universally beloved. In his youth he had formed a connection of a conscientious kind with the daughter of a councillor of the same town. Such was the custom with those members of the priesthood, who wished to avoid a life of profligacy. Anna had brought him five children, and his numerous family had in no degree diminished the consideration in which the Dean was held. There was not in all Switzerland a more hospitable house than his. Being much addicted to the chase, he was often seen, surrounded by ten or a dozen dogs, and accompanied by the lords of Hallwyll, the abbott of Mury, and the partricians of Zurich, scouring the fields and forests in his vicinity. He kept open house, and not one among all his guests was a blither man than himself. When the deputies, who were sent to the Diet, passed through Bremgarten, on their way to Baden, they never failed to take their seats at the Dean's table. "Bullinger," said they, "keeps court like some powerful baron."

Strangers, when they visited the house, were sure to remark a boy of intelligent aspect, whom they found among its inmates. This was Henry, one of the Dean's sons. The child in his earliest years passed through many imminent perils. He had been seized with the plague, and reduced to such extremity, that he was thought to be dead,—and preparations were making for his burial, when, to the joy of his parents, he gave signs that he was yet alive. At another time, a vagrant enticed him from the house, and was carrying him off, when some passers-by recognised and rescued him. At the age of three years, he already knew the Lord's prayer and the Apostles' creed; and would often steal into the church, mount his father's pulpit, gravely stand up there, and repeat at the full pitch of his voice, "I believe in God the Father, &c., &c." When he was twelve years old, his parents sent him to the grammar school of Emmeric,—not without feelings of strong apprehension, for those were dangerous times for an inexperienced boy. Instances were frequent of students, to whom the discipline of a university appeared too severe, absconding from their college in troops, carrying children along with them, and encamping in the woods,—whence they sent out the youngest of their party to beg, or else, with arms in their hands attacked travellers, plundered them, and then consumed the fruit of their rapine in debauchery. Henry was happily preserved from evil in his new and distant abode. Like Luther, he gained his subsistence by singing at the doors of houses, for his father was resolved that he should learn to depend on his own resources. He had reached the age of sixteen when he first opened a New Testament. "I there found," said he, "all that is necessary for man's salvation, and from that hour I came to the conclusion that we must follow the Holy Scriptures alone, and reject all human additions. I neither trust the Fathers, nor myself; but I explain Scripture by Scripture, adding nothing, and taking nothing away." God was in this way training up the youth, who was afterwards to be the successor of Zwingle. He is the author of that manuscript chronicle from which we so frequently quote.

It was about this time that Samson arrived at Bremgarten, with all his train. The stout-hearted Dean, not in the least intimidated by this little army of Italians, gave notice to the monk that he must not vend his merchandise within his jurisdiction. The Schultheiss, the town-council, and the second pastor, all friends of Samson, were assembled in a room of the inn, where the latter had taken up his quarters, and clustered in much perplexity round the irritated monk. The Dean entered the chamber. "Here are the Pope's bulls!" said the monk, "open your church to me!"

THE DEAN. "I will suffer no one, under colour of unauthenticated letters like these (for the bishop has not legalized them,) to squeeze the purses of my parishioners."

THE MONK, *in a solemn tone.* "The Pope is above the bishop. I charge you not to deprive your flock of so marvellous a grace."

THE DEAN. "Were it to cost me my life,—I will not open my church."

THE MONK, *in great anger.* "Rebellious priest! in the name of our most holy lord, the Pope, I pronounce against thee the greater excommunication,—nor will I grant thee absolution until thou hast paid a penalty of three hundred ducats for this unheard of presumption."

THE DEAN, *turning to go out again.* "I

am prepared to answer for myself before my lawful judges; as for thee, and thy excommunication, I have nothing to do with either."

THE MONK, *transported with rage*—"Headstrong beast that thou art! I am going straight to Zurich, and there I will lodge my complaint with the deputies of the Confederation."

THE DEAN.—"I can show myself there as well as thou, and thither will I go."

While these things were passing at Bremgarten, Zwingle, who saw the enemy gradually draw nigh, was preaching with great vigour against indulgences. The vicar, Faber of Constance, encouraged him in this, and promised him the support of the bishop. "I know," said Sampson, on his road to Zurich, "that Zwingle will speak against me, but I will stop his mouth." Assuredly, Zwingle felt too deeply the sweetness of the pardoning grace of Christ to refrain from attacking the paper pardons of these presumptuous men. Like Luther, he often trembled on account of sin; but in the Saviour he found deliverance from his fears. Humble, yet strong-minded, he was continually advancing in the knowledge of the Lord. "When Satan," said he, "attempts to terrify me, crying aloud: Lo! this and that thou hast left undone, though God has commanded it!—the gentle voice of the Gospel brings me instant comfort, for it whispers: What thou canst not do (and of a truth thou canst do nothing),—*that* Christ does for thee, and does it thoroughly." "Yes!" continued the pious evangelist, "when my heart is wrung with anguish by reason of my impotence, and the weakness of the flesh, my spirit revives at the sound of these joyful words: Christ is thy sinlessness! Christ is thy righteousness! Christ is the Alpha and the Omega; Christ is the beginning and the end; Christ is all; he can do all! All created things will disappoint and deceive thee; but Christ, the sinless and the righteous, will accept thee."—"Yes, it is He," exclaimed Zwingle, "who is our righteousness, and the righteousness of all those who shall appear as righteous forever before the throne of God!"

Confronted by truths like these, the indulgences could never stand: Zwingle, therefore, hesitated not to attack them. "No man," said he, "has power to remit sins,—except Christ alone, who is very God and very man in one. Go, if thou wilt, and buy indulgences. But be assured, that thou art in nowise absolved. They who sell the remission of sins for money, are but companions of Simon the magician, the friends of Balaam, the ambassadors of Satan."

The worthy Dean Bullinger, still heated by his altercation with the monk, arrived before him at Zurich. He came to lay a complaint before the Diet against the shameless trafficker, and his fraudulent trade. Deputies sent by the bishop on the same errand were already on the spot, with whom he made common cause. Assurances of support were proffered him on all hands. The same spirit which animated Zwingle was now breathing over the whole city. The council of state resolved to prohibit the monk from entering Zurich.

Sampson had arrived in the suburbs, and alighted at an inn. Already he had his foot in the stirup to make his entry into the city, when he was accosted by messengers from the council, who offered him the honorary wine-cup, as an agent of the Pope, and at the same time intimated to him that he might forego his intention of appearing in Zurich. "I have somewhat to communicate to the Diet, in the name of his Holiness," replied the monk. This was only a stratagem. It was determined, however, that he should be admitted; but as he spoke of nothing but his bulls, he was dismissed, after having been forced to withdraw the excommunication he had pronounced against the Dean of Bremgarten. He departed in high dudgeon; and soon after the Pope recalled him into Italy. A cart, drawn by three horses, and loaded with coin, obtained under false pretences from the poor, rolled before him over those steep roads of the St. Gothard, along which he had passed eight months before, indigent, unattended, and encumbered by no burden save his papers.

The Helvetic Diet showed more resolution at this time than the Diet of Germany. The reason was, that no bishops or cardinals had seats in it. And accordingly the Pope, unsupported by those auxiliaries, was more guarded in his proceedings towards Switzerland than towards Germany. Besides this, the affair of the indulgences, which occupies so prominent a place in the narrative of the German Reformation, forms but an episode in the history of the Reformation in Switzerland.

Zwingle's zeal overlooked all considerations of personal ease or health; but continued toil at last rendered relaxation necessary. He was ordered to repair to the baths of Pfeffers. "Oh!" said Herus, one of the pupils resident in his house, who in this parting salutation gave utterance to a feeling which was shared by all to whom Zwingle was known, "had I a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, as Virgil says—or rather, had I the eloquence of Cicero, never could I express how much I owe you, or how much pain I suffer from this separation." Zwingle, however, was constrained to go. His journey to Pfeffers led him through the frightful gorge formed by the impetuous torrent of the Jamina. He descended into that "infernal gulf," to use the phrase of Daniel the hermit, and reached the baths of which he was in quest,—a site continually shaken by the din of the tumbling torrent, and moistened by the cloud of spray that rises from its shattered waters. In the house in which Zwingle was lodged, it was necessary to burn torches at noonday; and it was the belief of the neighbourhood that fearful spectres might sometimes be descried gliding to and fro amidst the darkness: and yet even here he found an opportunity of serving his Master. His affability won the hearts of many of the invalids assembled at the baths

Of this number was the celebrated poet, Philip Ingentinus, a professor of Friburg, in the Brisgau, who from that time became a strenuous supporter of the Reformation.

God was watching over his work, and it was his will to hasten it. The defect of Zwingle consisted in his strength. Strong in bodily constitution, strong in character, strong in talent, he was destined to see all his strength laid low in the dust, that he might become such an instrument as God loves best to employ. There was a baptism with which he yet needed to be baptized,—the baptism of adversity, infirmity, weakness, and pain. Luther had received it in that season of anguish when piercing cries burst forth from his narrow cell, and echoed through the long corridors of the convent at Erfurth. Zwingle was to receive it by being brought into contact with sickness and death. In the history of the heroes of this world,—of such men as Charles XII. or Napoleon,—there is always a critical moment which shapes their career and ensures their future glory; it is that in which a consciousness of their own strength is suddenly imparted to them. And a moment not less decisive than this,—though stamped with an impress *altogether different*,—is to be found in the life of every heroic servant *of God*;—it is that moment in which he first recognises his absolute helplessness and nothingness;—then it is that the strength of God is communicated to him from on high. A work such as that which Zwingle was called to perform is never accomplished in the natural strength of man; it would in that case come to naught, just as a tree must wither which is planted in its full maturity and vigour. The plant must be weak, or its roots will never strike; the grain must die in the earth, or it cannot bring forth much fruit. God was about to lead Zwingle, and with him the work which seemed to be dependent on him for success,—to the very gates of the grave. It is from amidst the dry bones, the darkness and the dust of death, that God delights to raise His instruments, when He designs to scatter light and regeneration and vitality over the face of the earth.

While Zwingle was buried among the stupendous rocks that overhang the headlong torrent of the Jamina, he suddenly received intelligence that the plague, or the "*great death*," as it was called, had visited Zurich. This terrible malady broke out in August, on St. Lawrence's day, and lasted till Candlemas, sweeping away during that period no fewer than two thousand five hundred souls. The young people who resided under Zwingle's roof had immediately quitted it, according to the directions he had left behind him. His house was deserted therefore—but it was his time to return to it. He set out from Pfeffers in all haste, and appeared once more among his flock, which the disease had grievously thinned. His young brother Andrew, who would gladly have stayed to attend upon him, he sent back at once to Wildhaus, and from that moment gave himself up entirely to the victims of that dreadful scourge. It was his daily task to testify of Christ and his consolations to the sick.* His friends, while they rejoiced to see him still unharmed, while the arrows of pestilence were flying thick around him, were visited nevertheless with many secret misgivings on his account. "Do good," was the language of a letter written to him from Bâle, by Conrad Brunner, who himself died of the plague a few months afterwards; —"but at the same time be advised to take care of your own life." The caution came too late; Zwingle had been seized by the plague. The great preacher of Switzerland was stretched on a bed from which it was probable he might never rise. He now turned his thoughts upon the state of his own soul, and lifted up his eyes to God. He knew that Christ had given him a sure inheritance; and pouring forth the feelings of his heart in a hymn full of unction and simplicity,—the sense and the rhythm of which we will endeavour to exhibit, though we should fail in the attempt to copy its natural and primitive cast of language, — he cried aloud:

Lo at my door
Gaunt death I spy;
Hear, Lord of life,
Thy creature's cry.

The arm that hung
Upon the tree,
Jesus, uplift—
And rescue me.

Yet, if to quench
My sun at noon
Be thy behest,
Thy will be done!

In faith and hope
Earth I resign,
Secure of heaven,—
For I am thine!

The disease in the mean time gained ground; his friends in deep affliction beheld the man on whom the hopes of Switzerland and of the Church reposed ready to be swallowed up by the grave. His bodily powers and natural faculties were forsaking him. His heart was smitten with dismay; yet he found strength sufficient left him to turn towards God, and to cry:

Fierce grow my pains:
Help, Lord, in haste!
For flesh and heart
Are failing fast.

Clouds wrap my sight,
My tongue is dumb,
Lord, tarry not,
The hour is come!

In Satan's grasp
On hell's dark brink
My spirit reels,
Ah, must I sink?

* M. de Chateaubriand had forgotten this fact, and a thousand similar ones, when he remarked that "the Protestant pastor abandons the helpless on the bed of death, and is never seen rushing into the grasp of the pestilence." (Essay on English Literature.)

No, Jesus, no!
Him I defy,
While here beneath
Thy cross I lie.

The Canon Hoffman, sincerely attached to the creed which he professed, could not bear the idea of seeing Zwingle die in the errors which he had inculcated. He waited on the principal of the chapter. "Think," said he, "of the peril of his soul. Has he not given the name of fantastical innovators to all the doctors who have taught for the last three hundred and eighty years and upwards—Alexander of Hales, Saint Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and all the canonists? Does he not affirm that the doctrines they have broached are no better than dreams into which they have fallen, with their hoods drawn over their eyes, in the gloomy corners of their cloisters? Alas! it would have been better for the city of Zurich had he ruined our vintages and harvests for many a year; and now that he is at death's door I beseech you save his poor soul!" It would appear that the principal, more enlightened than the canon, did not think it necessary to convert Zwingle to St. Bonaventura and Albertus Magnus. He was left undisturbed

Great was the consternation that prevailed throughout the city. The believers cried to God night and day, earnestly entreating that He would restore their faithful pastor. The alarm had spread from Zurich to the mountains of Tockenburg. Even in that elevated region the plague had made its appearance. Seven or eight persons had fallen a prey to it in the village: among these was a servant of Nicholas, Zwingle's brother. No tidings were received from the Reformer. "Let me know," wrote young Andrew Zwingle, "what is thy state, my beloved brother! The abbot, and all our brothers salute thee." It would seem that Zwingle's parents were already dead, since they are not mentioned here.

The news of Zwingle's illness, followed by a report of his death, was circulated throughout Switzerland and Germany. "Alas!" exclaimed Hedio, in tears, "the deliverer of our country, the trumpet of the Gospel, the magnanimous herald of the truth is stricken with death in the flower and spring-tide of his age!" When the intelligence reached Bâle that Zwingle was no more, the whole city resounded with lamentations.

But that glimmering spark of life which had been left unquenched, began now to burn more brightly. Though labouring still under great bodily weakness, his soul was impressed with a deep persuasion that God had called him to replace the candle of His word on the deserted candlestick of the Church. The plague had relinquished its victim. With strong emotion Zwingle now exclaimed:—

My Father God,
Behold me whole!
Again on earth
A living soul!

Let sin no more
My heart annoy,
But fill it, Lord,
With holy joy.

Though now delayed,
My hour must come,
Involved, perchance,
In deeper gloom.*

It matters not;
Rejoicing yet
I'll bear my yoke
To heaven's bright gate.†

As soon as he was able to hold a pen, (it was about the beginning of November,) he wrote to his family. Unspeakable was the joy which his letter imparted to all his relatives, but especially to his younger brother, Andrew, who himself died of the plague in the course of the following year, leaving Ulric to lament his loss with tears and cries, surpassing the measure,—as he himself remarks,—even of a woman's passion. At Bâle, Conrad Brunner, Zwingle's friend, and Bruno Amerbach, the celebrated printer,—both young men,—had been carried to the grave after three days' illness. It was believed in that city that Zwingle also had perished. There was a general expression of grief throughout the university. "He whom God loves," said they, "is made perfect in the morning of life." But what was their joy when tidings were brought, first by Collinus, a student from Lucerne, and afterwards by a merchant of Zurich, that Zwingle had been snatched from the brink of the grave. The vicar of the Bishop of Constance, John Faber, that early friend of Zwingle, who was afterwards his most violent opponent, wrote to him on this occasion:—"Oh, my beloved Ulric! what joy does it give me to learn that thou hast been delivered from the jaws of the cruel pestilence. When thy life is in jeopardy, the Christian commonwealth has cause to tremble. The Lord has seen it good by this trial to incite thee to a more earnest pursuit of eternal life."

This was indeed the end which the Lord had in view in subjecting Zwingle to trial; and the end was attained, but in another way than Faber contemplated. This pestilence of the year 1519, which committed such frightful ravages in the north of Switzerland, became an effectual agent in the hands of God for the conversion of many souls. But on no one did it exercise so powerful an influence as on Zwingle. The Gospel, which he had heretofore embraced as a mere doctrine, now became a great reality. He rose from the dark bor

* These words were fulfilled in a remarkable manner, twelve years afterwards, on the bloody field of Cappel.

† Although these three fragments of poetry have their respective date attached to them, "at the beginning,—in the middle,—at the end—of the sickness," and truly represent the feelings of Zwingle at the different epochs, it is probable that they were not thrown into the form into which we now find them, until after his recovery.—(See Bullinger, MS.)

ders of the tomb with a new heart. His zeal became more ardent, his life more holy, his preaching more free, more Christian, more persuasive. This was the epoch of Zwingle's complete emancipation: henceforward he devoted himself entirely to God. But, along with the Reformer, the Reformation, also, of Switzerland received new life. The scourge of God, "the great death," while it ranged over those mountains, and swept along those valleys, impressed a character of deeper holiness on the movement which was taking place within their bosom. The Reformation, as well as Zwingle, was immersed in the waters of sanctified affliction, and came forth endued with a purer and more vigorous vitality. It was a memorable season in the dispensations of God for the regeneration of the Swiss people.

Zwingle derived an accession of that strength of which he stood so much in need, from his renewed communion with his friends. With Myconius especially he was united by the bonds of a strong affection. They walked side by side, each supporting the other, like Luther and Melancthon. Oswald was happy at Zurich. His position there was a constrained one, it is true; but the virtues of his modest wife made him amends for all his discomforts. It was of her that Glareanus said, "Could I meet a young woman resembling her, I would prefer her to a king's daughter." The enjoyment which Zwingle and Myconius found in their reciprocal friendship was sometimes broken in upon, however, by the voice of a faithful monitor. That monitor was the canon Xyloctect, who was continually calling on Myconius to return to Lucerne, the place of his birth. "Zurich is not thy country," said he, "but Lucerne. Thou sayest that the Zurichers are thy friends; I acknowledge it: but canst thou tell how it will fare with thee when the shadows of evening begin to fall on thy path? Remember thy duty to thy country: such is my desire, my entreaty, and, if I may so speak, my command!" Following up his words by acts, Xyloctect caused Myconius to be elected rector of the collegiate school of his native city. Oswald then hesitated no longer; he saw the finger of God in this nomination, and, great as was the sacrifice demanded of him, he resolved to make it. Might it not be the will of the Lord to employ him as His instrument in publishing the doctrine of peace in the warlike canton of Lucerne? But how shall we describe the parting between Zwingle and Myconius? On either side, their farewell was accompanied with tears. "Thy departure," observed Ulric in a letter written to Oswald shortly afterwards, "has been such a discouragement to the cause which I defend, as can only be compared to that which would be felt by an army drawn up in order of battle, were it suddenly deprived of one of its wings. Alas! now I feel the value of my Myconius, and can perceive how often, when I dreamed not of it, he has upheld the cause of Christ."

Zwingle felt the loss of his friend the more acutely, by reason of the debilitated state to which the plague had reduced him. "It has enfeebled my memory," he complains, in a letter dated 30th November, 1519, "and prostrated my spirits." While he was yet scarcely convalescent, he had resumed all his labours. "But," said he, "I often, in preaching, lose the thread of my discourse. My whole frame is oppressed with languor, and I am little better than a dead man." Besides this, Zwingle's opposition to indulgences had aroused the animosity of those who supported them. Oswald encouraged his friend by the letters he wrote to him from Lucerne. Was not the Lord, at this moment, giving a pledge of his readiness to help, by the protection which he afforded in Saxony to the mighty champion who had gained such signal victories over Rome? "What thinkest thou," said Myconius to Zwingle, "of the cause of Luther? For my part, I have no fear either for the Gospel or for him. If God does not protect his truth, by whom else shall it be protected? All that I ask of the Lord is, that he will not withdraw his hand from those who have nothing so dear to them as his Gospel. Go on as thou hast begun, and an abundant reward shall be bestowed upon thee in heaven."

The arrival of an old friend at this time brought some comfort to Zwingle, in his grief for the removal of Myconius. Bunzli, who had been Ulric's master at Bâle, and who had since succeeded the Dean of Wesen, the Reformer's uncle, arrived at Zurich in the first week of the year 1520, and Zwingle and he formed the resolution of taking a journey to Bâle together, to see their common friends. Zwingle's visit to Bâle was not unproductive of good. "O, my dear Zwingle," wrote John Glother, at a later period, "never shall I forget thee. My gratitude is thy due for the kindness displayed by thee during thy stay at Bâle, in visiting me as thou didst,—me, a poor schoolmaster, a man without name, without learning, without merit, and in a low condition. My affections thou hast won by that elegance of manners, that indescribable fascination, by which thou subduest all hearts,—and, I might almost say, the very stones." But Zwingle's earlier friends derived still greater benefit from his visit. Capito and Hedio, with many others, were electrified by his powerful discourses; and the former, adopting the same course at Bâle which Zwingle had pursued at Zurich, began to expound St. Matthew's Gospel to an auditory which continually increased in numbers. The doctrine of Christ manifested its power in searching and warming the heart. The people received it with joy, and hailed the revival of Christianity with eager acclamations. The Reformation had already dawned. A proof of this was soon seen in a conspiracy of priests and monks, which was formed against Capito. Albert, the young Cardinal-archbishop of Mentz, who was desirous to attach so learned a man to his person, took advantage of this circumstance, and invited him to his court. Capito, seeing the difficulties with which he was surrounded, accepted the invitation. The people thought themselves aggrieved, their indignation was roused again-

the priests, and the city was thrown into commotion. Hedio was spoken of as Capito's successor; but some objected to his youth, and others said, "He is his disciple." "The truth," said Hedio, "is of too pungent a quality. There are susceptible ears, which it cannot fail to wound, and which are not to be wounded with impunity. No matter; I will not be turned aside from the straight road." The monks redoubled their efforts. "Beware," was their language in the pulpit, "of giving credence to those who tell you that the sum of Christian doctrine is to be found in the Gospels, and in the Epistles of St. Paul. Scotus has rendered greater service to Christianity than Paul himself. All the learning that has been preached and published has been stolen from Scotus. The utmost that certain persons have been able to achieve in their attempts to gain a reputation for themselves, has been to mix up a few words of Greek and Hebrew with his matter, so as to perplex and darken the whole."

The tumult continued to increase; there was reason to fear that after Capito's departure, the opposition would become still more powerful. "I shall be left almost alone, weak and insignificant as I am," said Hedio, "to struggle with those formidable monsters." In this emergency he betook himself to God for succour;—and in a letter to Zwingle, expressed himself thus:—"Support my courage by frequent letters. Learning and religion are now between the hammer and the anvil. Luther has been condemned by the universities of Louvain and Cologne. If ever the Church was in imminent peril, she is so at this hour!"

Capito quitted Bâle for Mentz on the 28th of April; and Hedio succeeded him. Not content with the public assemblies which were held in the church, where he continued the lectures on Saint Matthew, he resolved, as he wrote to Luther, to institute, in the ensuing month of June, private meetings in his own house, that he might impart more familiar instruction in the Gospel to such as should desire it. This powerful method of communicating religious knowledge, and awakening the concern and affection of believers for divine things, could not fail on this, as on every occasion, to excite the concurrent opposition of worldly-minded laymen, and an arrogant priesthood,—classes which are equally inimical, though on different grounds, to every attempt to worship God anywhere but within the enclosure of certain walls. But Hedio was not to be driven from his purpose.

About the period when he conceived this praiseworthy design at Bâle, there arrived at Zurich one of those characters, who, in revolutionary times, are often thrown up like a foul scum upon the agitated surface of society.

The senator Grebel, a man highly respected at Zurich, had a son named Conrad, a young man of remarkable talents, a determined enemy to ignorance and superstition, —which he assailed with the keenest satire; vehement and overbearing in his manners, sarcastic and acrimonious in his speech, destitute of natural affection, addicted to dissolute habits, frequent and loud in professions of his own integrity, and unable to discover anything but evil in the rest of mankind. We mention him here because he was destined afterwards to a melancholy celebrity. Just at this time, Vadianus contracted a marriage with one of Conrad's sisters. The latter, who was then a student at Paris, where his own misconduct prevented him from making any progress, having a desire to be present at the nuptials, suddenly appeared about the beginning of June, in the midst of his family. The prodigal son was welcomed by his poor father with a gentle smile; by his tender mother with many tears. The tenderness of his parents could not change that unnatural heart. Some time afterwards, on the recovery of his worthy but unfortunate mother from an illness which had nearly proved fatal, Conrad wrote to his brother-in-law Vadianus. "My mother is well again; and has taken the management of the house once more into her own hands. She sleeps, rises, begins to scold, breakfasts, scolds again, dines, resumes her scolding, and never ceases to torment us from morning to night. She bustles about, overlooking kettle and oven, gathering and strewing, toils continually, wearies herself to death, and will soon have a relapse." Such was the man who subsequently attempted to lord it over Zwingle, and who acquired notoriety as the leader of the fanatical Anabaptists. Divine providence may have permitted such characters to appear at the epoch of the Reformation, in order that the contrast furnished by their excesses might display more conspicuously the wise, Christian, and moderate spirit of the Reformers.

Every thing indicated that the struggle between the Gospel and the Papacy was about to commence. "Let us stir up the wavers," said Hedio, in a letter to Zwingle, "there is an end to peace; and let us fortify our own hearts; we have implacable enemies to encounter." Myconius wrote in the same strain; but Ulric replied to these warlike appeals with admirable mildness. "I could wish," said he, "to conciliate those stubborn men by kindness and gentleness of demeanour, rather than to get the better of them in angry controversy. For if they call our doctrine (though ours it is not) a doctrine of devils, that is not to be wondered at; I receive it as a token that we are the ambassadors of God. The devils cannot remain silent in Christ's presence."

Desirous as he was to follow the path of peace, Zwingle was not idle. Since his illness his preaching had become more spiritual and more fervent. More than two thousand of the inhabitants of Zurich had received the word of God into their hearts,—confessed the evangelical doctrine,—and were qualified to assist in its propagation.

Zwingle's faith is the same as Luther's; but it rests more upon argument than his. Luther is carried forward by the internal im

pulse, Zwingle by the attraction of the light revealed to him. In Luther's writings we find a deeply seated personal conviction of the preciousness of the cross of Christ to his own soul; and this earnest, unfaltering conviction gives life and energy to all that he says. The same thing, undoubtedly, is found in the writings of Zwingle, but not in the same degree. His contemplations have been fixed rather on the Christian system as a whole; he reveres it for its surpassing beauty, for the light which it sheds upon the soul of man, for the everlasting life which it brings into the world. In the one the affections are the moving power,—in the other the understanding; and hence it happens that persons not experimentally acquainted with the faith which animated these two distinguished disciples of the Lord, have fallen into a gross error, and represented the one as a mystic, the other as a rationalist. The one is more pathetic, it may be, in the exposition of his faith—the other is more philosophic; but the same truths are embraced by both. Secondary questions, perhaps, they do not always regard under the same aspect; but that faith which is one, that faith which renews and justifies all who possess it,—that faith which no confession, no formulary of doctrine, can ever adequately express,—is the property of each alike. The opinions of Zwingle have often been so erroneously stated, that it seems necessary to give a summary of the doctrine which he then preached to the people who flocked in crowds to hear him in the cathedral of Zurich.

Zwingle beheld in the fall of the first man a key to the entire history of the human race. 'Before the fall," said he, in one of his discourses, "man had been created with a free will, so that if he had been willing he might have fulfilled the law; his nature was pure; the disease of sin had not yet tainted it;—his life was in his own hands. But having desired to be 'as God,'—he died;—and not he alone, but all that are born of him. All men, then, being dead in Adam, must ever remain so, until the Spirit, which is God himself, raises them out of death."*

The people of Zurich, who listened eagerly to the impressive preacher, were overwhelmed with sorrow when their eyes were first opened to the sinful condition of mankind; but the word of consolation was next administered, and they were taught the remedy by which the life of man is renewed. "Christ, very man and very God,' said the eloquent descendant of the shepherds of the Tockenburg, "has purchased for us an everlasting deliverance. He who died for us is the eternal God: his passion, therefore, is an eternal sacrifice, and has a perpetual efficacy; it satisfies the divine justice forever upon behalf of all who rely upon it with a firm and unshaken faith." —"Where *sin* is," said the Reformer again, "*death* must needs follow. But Christ had no sin, neither was there guile found in his mouth; nevertheless he suffered death.—*Wherefore?* but because he suffered it in Our stead. He was content to die, that he might restore us to life; and forasmuch as he had no sins of his own, the Father, in his infinite mercy, laid upon him the iniquity of us all." —"The will of man," argued the Christian orator, "had rebelled against the Most High; it was necessary, therefore, for the re-establishment of the eternal order of things, and the salvation of man, that the human will should, in Christ, give place to the divine." It was a frequent remark of his that the expiatory death of Jesus Christ had taken place for the benefit of the faithful, or the people of God.

The souls that hungered after salvation in the city of Zurich found comfort in these good tidings; but there were some errors of ancient growth which their minds still harboured, and which it was needful to extirpate. Following out the great truth that salvation is the gift of God, Zwingle pleaded powerfully against the pretended merit of human works. "Since eternal salvation," said he, "proceeds solely from the merits and the death of Christ, the notion of merit in our works is no better than vanity and folly,—not to call it senseless impiety. If we could have been saved by our own works, Christ's death would have been unnecessary. All who have ever come to God have come to him by the death of Jesus."

Zwingle was not ignorant of the objections which this doctrine excited amongst a portion of his auditory. There were some who waited on him for the purpose of stating those objections. He answered them from the pulpit thus: "Some persons, rather speculative than pious, perhaps, object that this doctrine makes men reckless and dissolute. But what need we care for the objections and plans that may be conjured up by the speculations of men. All who believe in Christ are assured that whatever comes from God is necessarily good. If then the Gospel is of God, it is good. And what other power is there that could bring in righteousness, truth, and love among the children of men?"—"O God, most merciful, most righteous, Father of all mercies!" cried he in a transport of devotion, "with what marvellous love hast thou embraced us,—even us thy enemies. How great and how full is the hope thou hast imparted to us, who merited no other portion than despair? To what a height of glory hast thou vouchsafed, in thy beloved Son, to exalt our meanness and nothingness! Surely it is thy purpose by this unspeakable Love, to constrain us to *love thee* in return."

Pursuing this idea, he next showed that love to the Redeemer was a law more powerful than the commandments. "The Christian," said he, "being delivered from the law, depends entirely on Christ. Christ is his reason, his counsel, his righteousness, his sanctification, his whole salvation. Christ

* These expressions and others which we have already quoted, or shall proceed to quote, are extracted from a work published by Zwingle in 1523, in which he reduced into a compendium the doctrine which he had then been preaching for several years. "Hic recensere cœpi," he says, quæ ex verbo Dei predicavi."

lives and moves in him. Christ alone leads him on his way, and he needs no other guide." Then making use of a comparison well adapted to the comprehension of his hearers, he added: "When a government forbids its citizens, under pain of death, to receive any pension or largess from the hands of foreigners, how gentle and easy is that law to those who, for the sake of their fatherland and liberty, would, of their own accord, abstain from so unworthy an act! But on the contrary, how harsh and oppressive does it appear to those who care for nothing but their selfish gains! Even so it is that the righteous man lives free and joyful in his love of righteousness, while the unrighteous man walks painfully under the burden of the law that condemns him."

In the cathedral of Zurich, that day, there were many old soldiers who could appreciate the truth of these words;—and can we deny that love is the most powerful of lawgivers? Are not all its requisitions immediately fulfilled? Does not the beloved object live in our hearts, and there enforce obedience to all that he has enjoined? Accordingly Zwingle, assuming a still bolder tone as he proceeded, testified to the people of Zurich that love to the Redeemer was the only motive that could impel man to the performance of actions acceptable to God. "Works done out of Christ are worthless," said the Christian teacher, "since every good work is done by him,—in him,—and through him, what is there that we can lay claim to for ourselves? Wheresoever there is faith in God, *there* God himself abides, —and wheresoever God is, *there* is awakened a zeal which urges and constrains men to good works. See to it, only, that Christ be in thee, and thou in Christ,—and fear not but he will work in thee. Of a truth the life of a Christian man is but one continual good work, begun and carried forward and brought to completion—by God alone."

Deeply impressed with the greatness of that love of God which is from everlasting, the herald of grace adopted a strain of impassioned earnestness in the invitations which he addressed to the irresolute and fearful. "How is it," said he, "that you fear to draw nigh to that tender Father who has chosen us? Why has he chosen us of his free mercy? Why has he called us? Why has he drawn us to himself? to this end only, think you, that we should shrink from approaching him?"

Such was the doctrine put forth by Zwingle. It was the doctrine preached by Jesus Christ himself. "If Luther preaches Christ, he does what I do," said the preacher of Zurich. "He has led to Christ many more souls than I:—be it so. Yet will I bear no other name than that of *Christ*, whose soldier I am, and who alone is my head. Never has a single line been addressed by me to Luther, or by Luther to me. And why?—that it might be manifest to all how uniform is the testimony of the Spirit of God,—since we, who have had no communication with each other, agree so closely in the doctrine of Jesus Christ."

The success which attended on Zwingle's preaching corresponded to its fidelity. The spacious cathedral was too small to contain the multitude of his hearers. All believers united in praising God for the new life which had begun to quicken the inanimate body of the Church. Many strangers from every canton, who came to Zurich, either to attend the Diet, or for other purposes, embraced the new doctrines, and carried the precious seeds of truth into all the valleys of Switzerland. From populous cities and from hamlets hidden in the glen, one cry of rejoicing gratitude arose to heaven. "Switzerland," said Nicholas Hageus, in a letter written from Lucerne, "has heretofore given birth to many a Cæsar, and Scipio, and Brutus; but scarcely could she number among her offspring one or two to whom Christ was truly known, and who had learned to nourish souls with the divine word instead of doubtful disputations. Now that Divine Providence has given to Switzerland Zwingle for a preacher, and Oswald Myconius for a professor, religion and sacred literature are reviving in the midst of us. O happy Helvetia, wouldst thou only rest from war, satisfied with the glory thou hast already won in arms, and cultivate in future that truer glory which follows in the train of righteousness and peace!" —"It was reported," said Myconius, in a letter to Zwingle, "that thy voice could not be heard at the distance of three paces. But we find now how false a tale it was; for thou art heard over all Switzerland." "It is a noble courage with which thou hast armed thyself," said Hedio, writing from Bâle; "I will follow thee as far as I have strength." —"I have listened to thy teaching," wrote Sebastian Hofmeister of Schaffhausen, in a letter dated from Constance: "God grant that Zurich, the head of our confederacy, may be healed of its disease, that so the whole body may be restored to soundness.

But Zwingle met with adversaries as well as admirers. "Wherefore," said some, "does he concern himself with the political affairs of Switzerland?"—"Why," said others, "does he repeat the same things so often in his religious instructions?" In the midst of these conflicting judgments, the soul of Zwingle was often overcome with dejection. It seemed to him that a general confusion was at hand, and that the fabric of society was on the point of being overturned. He began to apprehend that it was impossible for good to make its appearance in one quarter, but evil must spring up to counteract it in another. If at one moment hope shone in his mind, it was instantly succeeded by fear. But he soon recovered from his depression. "The life of man here below is a warfare," said he; "he who would inherit glory must face the world as an enemy, and, like David, force the haughty Goliath, exulting in his strength, to bite the dust."—"The Church," said he again, using the very expression which Luther had employed, "has been purchased by blood, and by blood must it be restored.[181] The

more numerous are the stains that defile it, the more numerous also must be the Herculean arms employed to cleanse away that Augean filth I fear little for Luther," added he, "though he be assailed by the thunderbolts of the Romish Jupiter."

Zwingle had need of rest; he repaired to the waters of Baden. The curate of the place, who had been one of the Pope's body-guard, a man of good character, but destitute of learning, had earned his benefice by carrying the halberd. Tenacious of his military habits, he passed the day and a portion of the night in jovial company, while Stäheli, his vicar, was unwearied in performing all the duties of his calling. Zwingle sent for this young minister. "I have need," said he, "of helpers in Switzerland;"—and from that moment, Stäheli became his fellow-labourer. Zwingle, Stäheli, and Luti, who was afterwards a pastor at Winterthur, lived under the same roof.

Zwingle's self-devotion was not to miss its reward. The word of Christ, which he preached so diligently, was ordained to bring forth fruit. Many of the Magistrates had been converted; they had found comfort and strength in God's holy word. Grieved to observe with what effrontery the priests, and especially the monks, in their addresses from the pulpit, uttered anything that came uppermost in their minds, the Council issued an ordinance by which they were enjoined to "deliver nothing in their discourses but what they should have drawn from the sacred fountains of the Old and New Testaments." It was in 1520 that the civil power thus interfered for the first time in the work of the Reformation,—fulfilling the duty of the Christian magistrate, as some affirm; because the first duty of a magistrate is to uphold religion, and to protect the paramount and vital interests of the community;—depriving the Church of its liberty, say others,—bringing it under subjection to the secular power, and opening the way for that long train of calamities which has since been engendered by the union of Church and State. We will not here attempt to decide that great controversy by which more than one nation is agitated at the present day. Let it suffice us to have marked its origin at the epoch of the Reformation. But there is that in the fact itself which we must also mark;—the act of those magistrates was itself an effect produced by the preaching of the word of God. The Reformation in Switzerland was now emerging from the sphere of individual conversions, and becoming a national work. It had first sprung up in the hearts of a few priests and scholars; it was now spreading abroad, and lifting itself on high, and assuming a station of publicity. Like the waters of the sea it rose by degrees, until it had overspread a wide expanse.

The monks were confounded,—they were enjoined to preach only the word of God, and that word the majority of them had never read! Opposition provokes opposition. This ordinance became the signal for more violent attacks against the Reformation. Plots were now formed against the curate of Zurich, and his life was in danger. One evening, when Zwingle and his assistants were quietly conversing in their house, they were disturbed by the hasty entrance of some burghers, who inquired;—"Have you strong bolts on your doors?" and added, "Be on your guard to-night."—"We often had alarms of this kind," adds Stäheli, "but we were well armed, and there was a watch set in the street for our protection."

Elsewhere, however, measures of most atrocious violence were resorted to:—an old inhabitant of Schaffhausen, named Gaster, a man distinguished for his piety, and for an ardour few, at his age, possess, having himself derived much comfort from the light which he had found in the Gospel, endeavoured to communicate it to his wife and children. In his zeal, which perhaps was not duly tempered with discretion, he openly attacked the relics, the priestcraft, and the superstition with which that canton abounded. He soon became an object of hatred and terror even to his own family. Perceiving at length that evil designs were entertained against him, the old man fled, broken-hearted, from his home, and betook himself to the shelter of the neighbouring forest. There he continued for some days, sustaining life upon such scanty food as the wilds afforded him, when suddenly, on the last night of the year 1520, torches flashed through the whole extent of the forest, while yells of infuriated men, mingled with the cry of savage hounds, echoed fearfully through its deepest recesses. The Council had ordered the woods to be scoured to discover his retreat. The hounds caught scent of their prey, and seized him. The unfortunate old man was dragged before the magistrate, and summoned to abjure his faith; steadfastly refusing to do so, he was beheaded.

But a little while after the New Year's day that witnessed this bloody execution, Zwingle was visited at Zurich by a young man about twenty-eight years of age, tall of stature, and of an aspect which denoted candour, simplicity, and diffidence. He introduced himself by the name of Berthold Haller. Zwingle immediately recognised the celebrated preacher of Berne, and embraced him with that affability which rendered his address so fascinating. Haller, whose native place was Aldingen, in Wurtemberg, had studied first at Rotwell, under Rubellus, and subsequently at Pforzheim, where he had Simler for his master, and Melancthon for a fellow-pupil. The Bernese about that time manifested a desire to make their republic the seat of letters, as it was already powerful in arms. Rubellus and Haller, the latter of whom was then twenty-one years of age, repaired to Berne accordingly Haller soon became a canon there, and was afterwards appointed a preacher of the cathedral. The Gospel proclaimed by Zwingle had found its way to Berne. Haller believed: and from that time he felt a wish to have personal intercourse with the gifted man, whom he already revered as a father. His journey

to Zurich, undertaken with this view, had been announced by Myconius. Such were the circumstances of the meeting between Haller and Zwingle. Haller, whose characteristic was meekness of disposition, confided to Zwingle the trials with which he was beset; and Zwingle who was eminently endowed with fortitude, communicated to Haller a portion of his own courage. "My spirit," said Berthold, "is overwhelmed. I cannot endure such harsh treatment. I am resolved to give up my pulpit, seek a retreat with Wittembach, at Bâle, and employ myself for the future in the private study of the Scriptures."—"Alas!" replied Zwingle, "a feeling of discouragement often takes possession of me likewise, when I am unjustly assailed. But Christ awakens my conscience by the powerful stimulus of his threatenings and promises. He rouses my fears by declaring:—*Whosoever shall be ashamed of me before men, of him will I be ashamed before my Father*;—and then he gives me comfort by adding:—*Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father*. O, my dear Berthold, be of good cheer! Our names are written above in characters that can never be effaced, as citizens of the heavenly city. For my part I am ready to die for Christ. Let those wild bears' cubs of yours," he added, "only once give ear to the doctrine of Jesus Christ, and you will see how gentle they will become.* But you must address yourself cautiously to the work, lest they turn and rend you." Haller's courage rose again. "My soul," said he to Zwingle, "has cast off her slumber. I must needs preach the Gospel. Christ must again be received within those walls from which he has so long been banished. Thus was Berthold's lamp kindled afresh by Ulric's,—and the timid Haller could now unshrinkingly encounter the savage brood of bears "that gnashed their teeth," says Zwingle, "and longed to devour him."

But it was in another quarter that the persecution was to begin in Switzerland. The warlike canton of Lucerne was about to take the field, like a champion sheathed in mail, and ready for the charge. The military spirit had full sway in this canton, which was much addicted to foreign alliances; and the great men of the city would knit their brows if they heard so much as a pacific whisper breathed to damp the martial ardour of their country. It happened, however, that some of Luther's writings found their way into the city, and there were certain citizens who set themselves to peruse them. With what horror they were seized as they read on! It seemed to them that none but an infernal hand could have traced those lines; their imagination was excited, their senses were bewildered, and they fancied that the room was filled with devils gathering thickly round them, and glaring on them with a sardonic leer. They shut the book, and cast it from them in affright.

* The reader is aware that a *bear* is the armorial device of the Canton of Berne.

Oswald, who had heard these singular visions related, never spoke of Luther except to his most intimate friends; contenting himself with simply setting forth the gospel of Christ. The cry nevertheless was raised through the whole city:—"To the stake with Luther and the schoolmaster (Myconius!")—"I am assailed by my enemies," said Oswald to a friend of his, "as a ship is beaten by the tempest." One day, early in the year 1520, he was unexpectedly summoned to appear before the Council. "You are strictly enjoined," said the magistrates, "never to read Luther's writings to your pupils,—never to mention his name in their hearing,—never even to think of him yourself." The lords of Lucerne were disposed, we perceive, to confine their jurisdiction within no narrow bounds. Shortly after this, a preacher delivered a fierce philippic against heresy from the pulpit.—A powerful effect was produced upon the auditory; all eyes were turned upon Oswald, for against whom else could the preacher have meant to direct his discourse? Oswald remained quiet in his seat, as if the matter had not concerned him. But when he and his friend, the canon Xyloctect, amongst the rest of the congregation, were retiring from the church, one of the councillors, came up to them, with an air that betrayed his internal discomposure, and said in an angry tone:—"How now, ye disciples of Luther, why do ye not defend your Master?" They made no reply. "I live," said Myconius, "in the midst of savage wolves but I have this consolation that the greater part of them have lost their fangs. They would bite if they could, and since they cannot bite they howl."

The Senate was now convened, for the tumult among the people was increasing. "He is a Lutheran!" said one of the councillors. "He broaches new doctrines!" said another. "He is a seducer of youth!" said a third. "Let him appear! let him appear!" The poor schoolmaster appeared accordingly, and had to listen to fresh interdicts and threats. His guileless spirit was wounded and depressed. His gentle wife could only comfort him by the tears of sympathy which she shed. "Every one is against me," said he, in the anguish of his heart. "Whether shall I turn me in the storm, or how escape its fury? Were it not for the help that Christ gives me, I should long since have sunk under this persecution."—"What matters it," said Doctor Sebastine Hofmeister, writing to him from Constance, "whether Lucerne will give you a home or not? The earth is the Lord's. The man whose heart is steadfast finds a home in every land. Were we even the vilest of men, our cause is righteous, for we teach the word of Christ."

Whilst the truth was struggling against so much opposition at Lucerne, it was gaining ground at Zurich. Zwingle was unwearied in his labours. Desirous of studying the whole of the Scriptures in the original languages, he had applied himself diligently to the acquisition of the Hebrew under the di

rection of John Boscherstein, a disciple of Reuchlin. But in studying the Scriptures, his object was to make their contents known. The peasants who brought their produce on Fridays to the market of Zurich showed great eagerness to become acquainted with the word of God. To meet their desire, Zwingle, in December, 1520, had commenced the practice of expounding every Friday a portion of the Psalms, previously making that portion the subject of his private meditations. The Reformers always connected deep study with laborious ministry;—the ministry was the end, the study was but the means. They were equally diligent in the closet and the public assembly. This union of learning with Christian love is one of the characteristics of the period. In his Sunday exercises, Zwingle after having commented on St. Mathew's narrative of the life of our Saviour, proceeded to show in a course of lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, how the doctrine of Christ had been published to the world. He next explained the rules of the Christian life, as they are set forth in the Epistle to Timothy;—he drew arguments for the refutation of errors in the doctrine from the Epistle to the Galatians,—and to this he joined the two Epistles of St. Peter, in order to prove to the despisers of St. Paul, that one and the same spirit animated both the apostles; he ended with the Epistle to the Hebrews, that he might exhibit in their full extent the benefits which flow from the gift of Jesus Christ, as great high-priest of believers.

But Zwingle devoted not his attention solely to men of mature age; he laboured also to kindle a holy fire in the bosom of the young. One day in the same year, (1521,) as he sat in his closet, occupied in studying the Fathers of the Church, the most striking passages of whose works he was collecting, and carefully classing them in a large volume, the door was opened by a young man, whose countenance and mien strongly prepossessed him in his favour. This was Henry Bullinger, who had come to visit him on his way home from Germany, impelled by an earnest desire to form an acquaintance with a teacher of his native land, whose name was already celebrated in Christendom. The comely youth fixed his eyes by turns on the Reformer and his books; it seemed as though he felt an instant call to follow his example. Zwingle received him with the cordiality that won the hearts of all who accosted him. This first visit had a powerful influence on the whole life of the student after he returned to his father's roof. Another young man had also attracted Zwingle's regard; this was Gerold Meyer von Knonau. His mother, Anna Reinhardt, who afterwards filled an important part in Zwingle's history, had been greatly admired for her beauty, and was still distinguished for her virtues. A youth of noble family, John Meyer von Knonau, who had been brought up at the court of the Bishop of Constance, his kinsman, had conceived an ardent affection for Anna; but she was of plebeian birth. The elder Meyer von Knonau refused his consent to their union; and when he found that it had taken place, he disinherited his son. In 1513 Anna was left a widow with one son and two daughters; and the education of her poor orphans now became the sole object of her life. The grandfather was inexorable. One day, however, the widow's maid-servant having taken out young Gerold, a graceful, lively child, just three years old, and having stopped with him in the fish-market, old Meyer, who was sitting at the window,* happened to observe him, followed his movements with his eyes, and asked whose child it was, so fresh, and beautiful, and joyous. "It is your own son's child!" was the reply. The old man's heart was moved; its icy crust was melted in a moment: the past was forgotten, and he hastened to clasp in his arms the bereaved wife and children of his son. Zwingle felt a father's love for the young, the noble, and courageous Gerold, whose destiny it was to perish in his prime, at the Reformer's side, with his hand upon his sword, and surrounded, alas! by the dead bodies of his enemies. Thinking that Gerold could not pursue his studies with advantage at Zurich, Zwingle, in 1521, sent him to Bâle.

The young von Knonau did not find Zwingle's friend Hedio at the University. Capito, being obliged to attend the Archbishop Albert to the coronation of Charles V., had sent for Hedio to take his place at Mentz. Bâle had thus within a brief space been deprived of its two most faithful preachers; the church in that city seemed to be left desolate; but other men now came forward. The church of William Roubli, the curate of St. Albans, was thronged by an auditory of four thousand persons. He inveighed against the mass, purgatory, and the invocation of saints; but he was a man of a contentious spirit, greedy of popular admiration,—the antagonist of error rather than the champion of truth. On Corpus Christi day he joined the great procession; but, instead of the relics which it was the practice to exhibit, a magnificently decorated copy of the Holy Scriptures was carried before him, bearing this inscription in large letters: "The Bible: this is the true relic; all the rest are but dead men's bones." Courage adorns the servant of God, but ostentation ill befits him. The work of an Evangelist is to preach the Bible, not to make a pompous parade of it. The irritated priests laid a charge against Roubli before the Council. A crowd immediately assembled in the square of the Cordeliers. "Protect our preacher," was the cry of the burghers, addressing the Council. Fifty ladies of distinction interceded in his

* Lüget dess Kindts grossvater zum fänster uss, und ersach das kind in der fischer bränten, (Kufe,) so frăch (frisch) und frölich sitzen. . . . . (Archives des Meyer von Knonau, quoted in a biographical notice of *Anna Reinhardt*, Erlangen, 1835, by M. Gerold Meyer von Knonau.) I am indebted to the kindness of this friend for the elucidation of several obscure passages in Zwingle's history.

behalf; but Roubli was compelled to quit Bâle. At a later period he was implicated, like Grebel, in the disorders of the Anabaptists. The Reformation, in the course of its development, never failed to cast out the chaff that was mingled with the good grain.

But now, in the lowliest of chapels, an humble voice was heard, that distinctly proclaimed the truths of the Gospel. It was the voice of the youthful Wolfgang Wissemburger, the son of a counsellor of state, and chaplain to the hospital. Those of the inhabitants of Bâle whose eyes were opened to their own spiritual necessities, were induced to gather round the meek-tempered chaplain, rather than the arrogant Roubli. Wolfgang began to read the mass in German. The monks renewed their clamours: but this time they failed, and Wissemburger was left free to preach the Gospel—"because," says an old chronicler, "he was a burgher, and his father was a counsellor." These early advantages, gained by the Reformation at Bâle, gave token of greater success to follow. Moreover, they were of the utmost importance, as they affected the progress of the work throughout the whole of the confederated cantons. Zurich no longer stood alone. The enlightened city of Bâle had begun to listen to the new doctrine with delight. The foundations of the renovated temple were widening. The Reformation in Switzerland had reached another stage of its growth.

Zurich, however, was still the centre of the movement. But, in the course of the year 1521, events of political importance occurred, which brought bitter grief to the heart of Zwingle, and in a measure distracted the attention of his countrymen from the preaching of the Gospel. Leo X.—who had proffered his alliance simultaneously to Charles V. and to Francis I.—had at length determined in favour of the Emperor. The war between the two rivals was about to break out in Italy. "We shall leave the Pope nothing but his ears," said the French general Lautrec. This sorry jest increased the anger of the Pontiff. The King of France claimed the assistance of the Swiss Cantons, which, with the exception of Zurich, were all in alliance with him; it was afforded at his call. The Pope conceived the hope of engaging Zurich on his side; and the Cardinal of Sion, ever ready for intrigue, and relying on his own dexterity and eloquence, immediately visited the city, to procure a levy of soldiers for his master. But he had to encounter a vigorous opposition from his old friend Zwingle. The latter was indignant at the thought of the Swiss selling their blood to foreigners; his imagination pictured to him the Zurichers on the plains of Italy, under the standard of the Pope and the Emperor, rushing with levelled pikes against the other confederates, who were gathered under the banners of France; and in the contemplation of that fratricidal scene, his patriotic and Christian soul was filled with horror. He lifted up his admonitory voice in the pulpit. "Will you rend asunder and destroy the confederation?" cried he. "We give chase to the wolves who ravage our flocks; but we set no guard against such as prowl around us to devour our brethren! O! there is good reason why their robes and hats are red: if you only twitch those garments of theirs, ducats and crowns will fall out; but if you grasp them tightly, you will find them dripping with the blood of your brothers, your fathers, your sons, your dearest friends." In vain did Zwingle record his energetic protest. The Cardinal with his red hat prevailed, and two thousand seven hundred Zurichers marched out under the command of George Berguer. Zwingle was deeply afflicted. His efforts, however, were not wholly unproductive of good. A long period was to elapse before the banners of Zurich should again be unfurled and carried through the city gates at the call of a foreign prince.

Mortified by the ill-success of the cause which he had espoused as a citizen, Zwingle devoted himself with renewed zeal to the diffusion of the Gospel. He preached with greater energy than ever. "I will never desist," said he, "from my labours to restore the primitive unity of the Church of Christ." He opened the year 1522 with the first of a series of discourses in which he pointed out the difference between the precepts of the Gospel and those of men. When the season of Lent arrived, his exhortations assumed a still more impressive tone. Having laid the foundations of the new edifice, he was solicitous to clear away the ruins of the old one. "For the space of four years," said he to the crowd assembled in the cathedral, "ye have gladly received the holy doctrines of the Gospel. The love of God has glowed within your bosoms,—ye have tasted the sweetness of the heavenly manna,—it is impossible that ye should now find savour or sustenance in human traditions." He proceeded to argue against the obligation to abstain from flesh at particular seasons. "There are some," he cried in a strain of unstudied eloquence, "who pretend that to eat flesh is a fault,—nay, a heinous sin,—though God has never forbidden it,—but who yet regard it as no sin at all to sell human flesh to the foreigner, and deliver their brethren to be butchered!" This bold language could not fail to awaken the indignation and anger of those among his auditory who supported the military compacts with foreign states; they inwardly vowed that they would never forget it.

While he preached thus fearlessly, Zwingle still continued to say mass; he observed the rules established by the Church, and even abstained from flesh on the appointed days He recognised the necessity of enlightening the minds of the people in the first place But there were some turbulent spirits who acted with less prudence. Roubli, who had found an asylum at Zurich, allowed himself to be hurried blindly along by the impulse of an overcharged zeal. He, but lately the curate of Saint Albans,—a Bernese captain,—and Conrad Huber, a member of the Great

Council,—were accustomed to meet together at Huber's house, for the express purpose of eating flesh on Fridays and Saturdays, an exploit in which they greatly prided themselves. The question of abstinence began to engross the public attention. A native of Lucerne, who was on a visit in Zurich, said to a citizen with whom he was familiar:—"You do wrong,—you worthy confederates of Zurich,—to eat flesh during Lent." The Zuricher: "But you also, good folks of Lucerne, take the liberty of eating it on days when it is forbidden." The Lucernese: "We purchased our license from the Pope." The Zuricher: "And we ours from the butcher. . . . If it is an affair of money, the one, surely, is as good as the other." The Council having been called upon to punish those who transgressed the ecclesiastical ordinances, requested the opinion of the curates on this matter. Zwingle replied that the practice of eating flesh on all days alike was in itself harmless; but that it was right to abstain from adopting it, until the question should have been decided by some competent authority. The other members of the clerical body concurred in the same opinion.

The enemies of the truth took advantage of this fortunate circumstance. Their influence was fast declining,—Zwingle's ascendancy becoming paramount,—it was necessary to strike a prompt and vigorous blow. They addressed an urgent appeal to the Bishop of Constance. "Zwingle," cried they, "is the destroyer, not the pastor, of the Lord's flock."

The ambitious Faber, Zwingle's former friend, had recently undertaken a journey to Rome, and returned full of zeal for the Papacy. To the notions which he had imbibed during his sojourn in that imperious court, we must ascribe the first outbreak of the religious troubles in Switzerland. The time had now arrived for a decisive struggle between gospel-truth and the retainers of the Roman Pontiff. Until the truth has been exposed to hostile efforts, its innate power is never fully elicited. It was under the cold shadow of opposition and persecution that Christianity in its earlier growth acquired the strength by which its enemies were eventually discomfited. And at the epoch of the great revival which forms the subject of this history, it was the will of God that His truth should march onward in the same rugged and thorny track. The high-priests then, as in the days of the Apostles, set themselves against the new doctrine. But for these assaults, it might, perhaps, have remained concealed in the secret chamber of a few believing hearts. But God's purpose was to manifest it to the world. Opposition had the effect of clearing new avenues for its passage, launching it on a new career, and fixing on it the eyes of the entire nation. It operated like the gust of wind that scatters the seed to a distance, which otherwise, perhaps, might have lain inert and unprofitable in the spot where it fell. The tree under whose salutary foliage the tribes of Helvetia were to find rest and shelter had been planted, indeed, in the depths of her valleys; but the storm was needed to give its roots a firmer hold of the soil, and to enlarge the covert of its branches. The partisans of the Papacy no sooner caught a glimpse of the flame that had been kindled at Zurich, than they hastened, while it was yet smouldering, to stifle it; but their efforts served only to fan it into vigour.

On the 7th of April, 1522, in the after part of the day, three ecclesiastics intrusted with a mission from the Bishop of Constance, entered the walls of Zurich. Two of them had an austere and angry cast of countenance, the third was of gentler aspect. These persons were Melchior Battli, the bishop's coadjutor, Doctor Brendi, lastly John Vanner, the preacher of the cathedral, a man of evangelic piety, who was silent throughout the whole affair.* It was already late in the evening when Luti ran to Zwingle to tell him the news. "Officers have arrived from the bishop," said he, "some great blow is to be struck; all who favour the old customs are in commotion. A notary is now going round to give notice of an assembly of the clergy to be held at an early hour to-morrow in the Chapter-house."

The assembly was held accordingly on the following morning; when the Coadjutor rose and delivered a speech, which his opponents characterized as violent and arrogant; he studiously refrained, however, from mentioning Zwingle by name. Some priests who had lately been won over to the Gospel, and who were yet weak in their faith, were overawed:—their paleness, their silence, their sighs testified that they had lost all courage. Zwingle stood up and delivered a speech which his adversaries made no attempt to answer. At Zurich, as in the other cantons, the most violent enemies of the new doctrine were to be found in the smaller Council. The deputies having been baffled in the meeting of the clergy now carried their complaint before the magistrates; Zwingle was absent; they had therefore no reply to fear. The result appeared decisive. The Gospel and its champion were on the point of being condemned without a hearing. Never was the Reformation in Switzerland in more imminent peril. It seemed destined to be smothered in its cradle. In this emergency, the councillors who were friendly to Zwingle appealed to the jurisdiction of the Great Council,—it was their only remaining resource, and God was pleased to make it availing for the preservation of the Gospel. The Two Hundred were convened. The partisans of the Papacy used every endeavour to exclude Zwingle from that assembly. Zwingle struggled hard to obtain ad-

* (Zw. Opp. p. 8.)—J. J. Hottinger (iii. 77.) Ruchat (i. 134, 2d edition,) and others say, that Faber was at the head of the deputation. Zwingle gives the names of the three deputies, and makes no mention of Faber. The authors first cited have no doubt confounded two distinct offices of the Roman hierarchy,—the coadjutor and the vicar-general.

mission. He knocked at every door, as he himself tells us, and left not a stone unturned; —but all in vain. "It is impossible!" said the Burgomasters: "The Council has signed an order to the contrary."—"Thereupon," says Zwingle, "I desisted, and with heavy sighs laid the matter before Him who hears the groanings of the prisoner, beseeching him to succour his Gospel." The patient and submissive expectation of a servant of God is never disappointed.

On the ninth of April the Two Hundred were assembled. "We must have our pastors here," said those members at once, who were friendly to the Reformation. The smaller Council objected; but the great Council determined that the pastors should be present at the accusation, and might even reply to it, if they should think fit. The deputies from Constance were ushered in first,—and then the three curates of Zurich, Zwingle, Engelhard, and the aged Roeschli.

After the adverse parties who were thus brought face to face had regarded each other for a while with scrutinizing glances, the Coadjutor rose to speak. "If his heart and his head had only been matched with his voice," says Zwingle, "he would have excelled Apollo and Orpheus in sweetness, and the Gracchi and Demosthenes in power."

"The civil constitution," said the champion of the Papacy, "and the Christian religion itself are threatened with ruin. Men have appeared amongst us teaching newly-invented doctrines, that are equally abominable and seditious." He went on for some time in the same strain, and then fixing his eyes on the assembled senators before whom he stood: "Continue in the Church," said he, "continue in the Church. Out of the Church none can be saved. The ceremonies of the Church alone can bring unlearned Christians to the knowledge of salvation: and the pastors of the flock have nothing to do but to explain the signification of these ceremonies to the people."

When the Coadjutor had finished his speech and resumed his seat for a moment, he again rose, and was preparing with his colleagues to leave the council-hall, when Zwingle earnestly addressed him.—"Reverend Coadjutor!" said he, "and you, Sirs, who bear him company! I beseech you to stay until I have answered this charge."

THE COADJUTOR.—"It is not our commission to dispute with any one."

ZWINGLE.—"I wish not to dispute, but to state unreservedly what my doctrine has been up to this hour."

THE BOURGOMASTER ROUST, addressing the deputies from Constance: "I pray you listen to what the curate has to say in reply."

THE COADJUTOR.—"I know too well the man I have to deal with. Ulric Zwingle is too violent for any discussion to be held with him."

ZWINGLE.—"Was there ever an instance before of an innocent man being so vehemently attacked, and then denied a hearing? In the name of that faith which we all profess,—in the name of the baptism which each of us has received,—in the name of Christ, the author of salvation and eternal life, —I adjure you to listen to me! If you cannot as deputies,—do so, at least, as Christians!"

After having discharged her idle volley, Rome was hastily retreating from the field of battle. The Reformer was anxious only to be heard; the Papal envoys thought but of escaping. A cause thus advocated was already gained by the one party, and lost by the other. The Two Hundred could no longer contain their indignation;—a murmur ran through the whole assembly; again the Burgomaster remonstrated with the deputies. A last, abashed and silenced, they returned to their seats. Then Zwingle spoke as follows:—

"The Reverend Coadjutor talks of doctrines that are seditious and subversive of civil authority. Let him learn that Zurich is more tranquil and more obedient to the laws than any city in Switzerland,—a blessing which all good Christians attribute to the Gospel. What influence so powerful as that of Christianity to maintain good order in a community? As for ceremonies, what purpose do they serve but to disfigure the lineaments of Christ and his followers? No,—it is not by vain observances like these that the unlearned multitude can be brought to the knowledge of the truth. There is another and a better way. It is the way that Christ and his apostles have marked out for us,—even the Gospel itself. Let us not be told that the people cannot understand the Gospel. Whosoever believes must needs understand. The people can believe; therefore they can understand. This is an operation of the Holy Spirit,—not of the human intellect. With regard to abstinence, let him who thinks forty days insufficient,—fast, if he will, all the year round:—it concerns not me! All that I contend for is, that no one should be compelled to fast; and that the Zurichers ought not, for the neglect of this petty observance, to be accused of withdrawing themselves from the communion of Christians . . ."

"I never said that!" cried the Coadjutor. "No!" said his colleague, Doctor Brendi, "he did not say that." But the Senate unanimously confirmed the assertion of Zwingle.

"Worthy fellow-citizens," continued Zwingle, "let not this accusation move you. The foundation of the Church is the same rock, the same Christ—that gave Peter his name, because he confessed him faithfully. In every nation whosoever believes with all his heart in the Lord Jesus is accepted of God. Here, truly, is the Church, out of which no one can be saved. To explain the Gospel, and to obey it,—such is the sum of our duty as the ministers of Christ."

"Let those who live upon ceremonies make it their business to explain them!"—This was probing the wound to the quick.

A flush passed over the Coadjutor's face, but he remained silent. The assembly of the

Two Hundred broke up. On the same day they came to the resolution, that the Pope and the cardinals should be requested to explain the controverted point, and that in the mean time abstinence from flesh should be observed during Lent. This was leaving the matter as it stood, and meeting the bishop by an expedient to gain time.

The effect of this controversy was to forward the work of the Reformation. The champions of Rome, and those of the new doctrines, had encountered each other, in the presence, it might be said, of the whole people, and the issue had not been to the advantage of the former. This was the first conflict in a warfare which was destined to be long and difficult, and marked by many vicissitudes of humiliation and rejoicing. But victory won at the commencement of a contest inspires an army with courage, and strikes terror into the enemy. The Reformation had gained a vantage-ground, from which it was not to be dislodged. The Council, indeed, found it necessary to proceed with caution; but the people loudly proclaimed the defeat of Rome. "Never," said they, in the exultation of the moment, "never again can she rally her scattered forces." "You have shown the spirit of St. Paul himself," said one of Zwingle's correspondents, "in this manful attack on those whited walls,—those false apostles and their Ananias. The servants of Antichrist can now only gnash their teeth against you!"—From the heart of Germany there came voices that hailed him—"the glory of regenerated theology!"

But in the mean time the enemies of the truth were collecting all their strength. If the Gospel was to be suppressed at all, there was no time to be lost, for it would soon bid defiance to their efforts. Hoffman impeached the Reformer in a written discourse of great length, which he addressed to the chapter. "Even though the curate," said he, "could bring forward witnesses to prove that certain offences or disorders had been committed by ecclesiastics in such and such a convent, or street, or tavern, it would be a breach of duty to name the delinquents! Why does he insinuate—(it is true I have scarcely ever heard him myself) that he alone derives his doctrine from the fountain-head, while others draw theirs from puddles and kennels? Is it not impossible,—seeing the difference of men's minds—that all preachers should preach alike?"

Zwingle defended himself in a full assembly of the chapter, scattering his adversary's charges, "as a bull with his horns scatters a wisp of straw to the wind." The affair which had appeared so serious, ended in a peal of laughter at the canon's expense. But Zwingle did not stop here;—on the 17th of April he published a treatise "*on the free use of meats.*"[223]

The Reformer's unconquerable firmness was a cause of rejoicing to all who loved the truth, and particularly to the evangelical Christians of Germany, afflicted as they were by the long imprisonment at Wartburg, of that eminent apostle who had first appeared in the bosom of the Church. Already there were instances of pastors and believing laymen who had been driven into exile by the rigorous edict which Charles, under the influence of the Papacy, had issued at Worms,—and who had found an asylum at Zurich. "Oh, how it gladdens my heart!" was the language of a letter written to Zwingle by Nesse, the professor of Frankfort, whom Luther had visited on his way to the Diet:—"how it gladdens my heart to hear with what boldness you are preaching Christ Jesus! Strengthen by your exhortations, I beseech you, those whom the cruelty of unworthy prelates has banished from our bereaved churches."

But it was not in Germany alone that the friends of the Reformation were exposed to the deadly machinations of their adversaries. Not a day passed but secret meetings were held at Zurich, to devise some method of getting rid of Zwingle. One day he received an anonymous letter, which he immediately communicated to his two vicars. "You are beset with snares on every side," said the writer; "a potent poison has been prepared to deprive you of life. Partake of no food but in your own house; eat no bread but what your own cook has baked. There are those within the walls of Zurich who are leagued for your destruction. The oracle which has revealed this to me, is better entitled to credit than that of Delphi. I am your friend; my name you shall know hereafter."

On the morning following the day on which Zwingle received this mysterious epistle, just as Stäheli was entering the Water-church, a chaplain stopped him and said—"Leave Zwingle's house with all speed; a catastrophe is at hand!" Some unknown fanatics, who despaired of seeing the Reformation checked by words, had betaken themselves to the dagger. When mighty revolutions are in progress, and the foul dregs of society are heaved upon its agitated surface, we often see the assassin playing a conspicuous part. Zwingle was preserved however, for God watched over him.

But while the plots of the murderers were baffled, the legitimate engines of the Papacy were again put in motion. The bishop and his counsellors were determined to renew the war. Tidings to this effect reached Zwingle from every quarter. The Reformer, still leaning on the word of God, replied with high minded intrepidity; "I fear them as a lofty crag fears the roaring waves that dash against the base" . . σὺν τῷ θεῷ. "God being my helper," added he. On the 2nd of May, the Bishop of Constance issued a mandate, in which, without any mention of Zurich, or of Zwingle, he complained that evil-disposed persons were reviving doctrines which had long since been condemned, and that learned and unlearned men were alike everywhere irreverently discussing the most exalted mysteries. John Vanner, preacher of the cathedral of Constance, was the first who was individually attacked. "I choose," said he

"rather to be a Christian, though I incur the hatred of many, than to purchase the friendship of the world by forsaking Christ!"

But it was at Zurich that the death-blow must be dealt against the infant heresy. Faber and the bishop knew that Zwingle had many enemies among the canons. They resolved to take advantage of this circumstance. Towards the end of May a letter from the bishop was received at Zurich, addressed to the principal and chapter. "Sons of the Church," said the prelate, "let those perish who will perish! but let none entice *you* to abandon the Church." At the same time, the bishop charged the canons to prevent those pernicious doctrines which were giving birth to dangerous sects from being preached among them, or made the subject of discussion either in private or in public. When this letter was read in the chapter, all eyes were turned upon Zwingle. He could not but know what that look implied. "You think," said he, "I perceive, that this letter has reference to me; be pleased to deliver it to me then, and, by God's help, I will answer it."

Zwingle's answer was imbodied in a work, bearing the title of *Archeteles*, which signifies the "beginning and the end;" "for," said he, "I hope that this my first reply will also be my last." In this production, he speaks in a very respectful manner of the bishop, and ascribes all the hostility of which he had to complain to the malevolence of a few designing men. "What, after all, is my offence?" he asks. "I have endeavoured to open men's eyes to the peril of their souls; I have laboured to bring them to the knowledge of the only true God, and Christ Jesus his Son. To this end I have employed no subtle arguments, but the word of truth and soberness, such as my brethren of Switzerland could understand." Then exchanging his defensive posture for that of an assailant, he significantly adds: "Julius Cæsar, when he felt that he had received a mortal wound, exerted his remaining strength to gather his robe around him, that he might fall with dignity. The downfall of your ceremonies is at hand; be it your care to give their fate what decency you may, —and to speed the inevitable transition from darkness to light."

This was all the effect produced by the bishop's letter to the chapter of Zurich. Since every milder expedient proved ineffectual, it became necessary now to strike a vigorous blow. Faber and Landenberg cast their eyes around them, and fixed them at last on the Diet, the Council of the Helvetic nation. Deputies from the bishop presented themselves before that assembly; they stated that their master had issued a mandate forbidding the priests of his diocese to attempt any innovation in matters of doctrine; that his injunction had been set at naught; and that he consequently appealed to the heads of the Confederation to aid him in reducing the rebels to obedience, and in maintaining the true and ancient faith. The enemies of the Reformation had the ascendancy in this supreme assembly of the nation. But a little before, it had issued a decree by which all priests were required to desist from preaching, on the ground that their discourses tended to stir up dissensions among the people. This decree of the Diet, its first act of interference with the Reformation, had not hitherto been enforced; but now, being bent on rigorous measures, the assembly summoned before it Urban Weiss, the pastor of Fislispach, near Baden, who was accused by public report of preaching the new doctrine and rejecting the old. The proceedings against Weiss were suspended for a while, at the intercession of a numerous body of citizens, security having first been exacted from him to the amount of a hundred florins, which were collected by his parishioners.

But the Diet had taken a side in the contest; this was evident, and the monks and priests began to recover their courage. At Zurich they had assumed a haughtier aspect immediately on the promulgation of the first decree. Several members of the Council were accustomed to visit the three convents every morning and evening, and even to take their meals there. The monks lectured their well-meaning guests, and urged them to procure an ordinance from the government in their favour. "If Zwingle will not hold his peace," said they, "we will cry out louder than he." The Diet had openly espoused the cause of the oppressors: the Council of Zurich knew not how to act. On the 7th of June it published an ordinance forbidding any one to preach against the monks; but no sooner had this ordinance been voted, than "a sudden noise was heard in the council-chamber," says Bullinger's Chronicle, "so that all present looked at each other in dismay." Tranquillity was not restored; on the contrary, the contest which was carried on in the pulpits grew warmer every day. The Council appointed a committee before whom the pastors of Zurich and the readers and preachers of the convents were respectively summoned to appear in the Principal's dwelling-house. After a keen debate, the Burgomaster enjoined both parties to refrain from preaching any thing that might breed discord. "I cannot submit to this injunction," said Zwingle; "I claim the right of preaching the Gospel freely, without any condition whatsoever, agreeably to the former ordinance. I am bishop and pastor of Zurich; it is to me that the care of souls has been confided. I am under the obligation of an oath, from which the monks are exempt. They are the party who ought to give way,— not I. If they preach what is false, I will contradict them, were it even in the pulpit of their own convent. If I myself preach any doctrine contrary to the Holy Gospel, then I desire to be rebuked, not only by the chapter, but by any private citizen, and, moreover, to be punished by the Council." —"And we," said the monks, "on our part, demand permission to preach the doctrines of St. Thomas." The committee of the Council, after mature deliberation, determined "that Thomas Aqui

nas, Scotus, and the other doctors should be laid aside, and that preachers should confine themselves to the Holy Gospel." Again, therefore, the truth was triumphant. But the anger of those who supported the Papacy was inflamed to a higher pitch. The Italian canons could not conceal their fury. They cast insulting glances at Zwingle in the chapter, and seemed to be thirsting for his blood.

These tokens of hostility could not intimidate Zwingle. There was one place in Zurich where, thanks to the Dominicans, no ray of light had hitherto entered; this was the nunnery of Oetenbach. The daughters of the first families of Zurich were accustomed to take the veil there. It seemed unjust that these poor females, shut up within the walls of their convent, should alone be debarred from hearing the word of God. The Great Council ordered Zwingle to visit them. The Reformer accordingly mounted the pulpit which none but the Dominicans had hitherto occupied, and delivered a sermon "On the clearness and certainty of the word of God." Heafterwards published this remarkable discourse, which produced a great effect, and still further contributed to exasperate the monks.

An event now occurred which enlarged the sphere of this religious animosity, and communicated it to many a heart which had as yet been a stranger to its influence. The Swiss, under the command of Stein and Winkelried, had suffered a bloody defeat at Bicocca. They had made a gallant attack on the enemy; but the artillery of Pescara and the lanzknechts of that same Freundsberg whom Luther had encountered at the door of the Council-hall at Worms, had overthrown officers and standards, and whole companies at once had been mowed down and exterminated. Winkelried and Stein, with many inferior chiefs, who bore the illustrious names of Mulinen, and Diesbach, and Bonstetten, and Tschudi, and Pfyffer, had been left on the field of battle. Schwitz, in particular, had been bereft of the bravest of her sons. The mangled remnant of that disastrous conflict returned to Switzerland, carrying mourning in their train. A cry of unmingled lamentation resounded from the Alps to the Jura, from the Rhone even to the Rhine.

But no one felt this calamity more keenly than Zwingle. He immediately addressed a letter to the canton of Schwitz, to dissuade the citizens of that state from engaging again in foreign service. "Your ancestors," said he, with all the warmth of a true-hearted Switzer, "contended with their enemies in defence of their liberties; but never did they imbrue their hands in Christian blood. These foreign wars bring upon our country incalculable evils. The anger of God descends upon the States, and Swiss liberty is almost lost between the interested caresses and mortal hatred of foreign Princes." Zwingle gave the right hand to Nicolas von Flue, and supported the appeal of that friend of peace. This remonstrance, being presented at a general assembly of the people of Schwitz, produced such an impression, that it was decreed that provisionally the state would decline any alliance for the next twenty-five years. But it was not long before the French party procured the revocation of this noble resolution; and from that time Schwitz was, of all the cantons, the most opposed to Zwingle and his efforts. Even the disgraces that the same party drew upon their country served but to increase their hatred of the bold preacher who was striving to avert them. A violent opposition was formed against Zurich and Zwingle. The usages of the Church, and the recruiting services, attacked at the same moment, mutually supported each other against the rising wind which threatened both with downfall. Meanwhile enemies were multiplying from without. It was no longer the Pope alone, but the other foreign princes, who vowed irreconcilable hatred to the Reformation. Its effect went to deprive them of those Swiss halberds which had added so many triumphs to their ambition . . . On the side of the Gospel there remained—God—and the excellent of the earth:—it was more than enough. Divine Providence was besides bringing to its support men of different countries who were persecuted for their faith.

On Saturday the 12th of July, the inhabitants of Zurich witnessed the arrival in their streets of a monk, of tall, thin, and gaunt stature, habited in the gray frock of the Cordeliers, of foreign appearance and mounted on an ass; his bare feet almost touching the ground. In this manner he arrived from the road leading to Avignon, not knowing a word of German. However, by means of Latin he contrived to make himself understood. Francis Lambert (for that was his name) inquired for Zwingle, and handed to him a letter from Berthold Haller: "The Franciscan father who is the bearer of this," wrote the Bernese curate, "is no other than apostolic preacher to the convent-general at Avignon. For the last five years he has been teaching the true Christian doctrine; he has preached in Latin to our clergy at Geneva, at Lausanne, before the bishop, at Friburg, and latterly at Berne, touching the church, the priesthood, the sacrament of the mass, the traditions of the Roman bishops, and the superstitions of religious orders. To me, such teaching from a Cordelier, and a Frenchman, (both characters that, as you know, suppose a host of superstitions,) seemed a thing unprecedented." TheFrenchman himself recounted to Zwingle that the writings of Luther having been discovered in his cell, he had been obliged to leave Avignon at a moment's warning; how he had first preached the Gospel in the city of Geneva, and afterwards at Lausanne, on the banks of the same lake. Zwingle, quite overjoyed, threw open to him the church of our Lady,—assigning him a seat in the choir, before the high altar. There Lambert delivered four sermons, in which he attacked with vigour the errors of Rome; but in his fourth discourse he defended the invocation of the saints and of Mary.

"Brother! Brother! you are mistaken,"

exclaimed a loud voice. It was Zwingle's. Canons and chaplains leaped for joy on seeing a dispute arising between the Frenchman and the heretical curate: "He has publicly attacked you," said they to Lambert; "require of him a public discussion." The monk of Avignon did so;—and on the 22d of July, at ten o'clock, the two disputants met in the conference-hall of the canons. Zwingle opened the Old and New Testament in Greek and Latin. He discussed and expounded until two o'clock, when the Frenchman, clasping his hands together and raising them towards heaven, broke forth in these words: "I thank thee, O God, that by this thy gifted minister, thou hast granted to me so clear a discovery of the truth."—"Henceforth," he added, turning to the assembly, "in all my trials I will invoke none but God alone, and throw aside my beads. To-morrow I purpose to continue my journey. I am going to Bâle to see Erasmus of Rotterdam, and thence to Wittemberg to see the Augustine Martin Luther." Accordingly he took his departure on his ass. We shall meet with him again. This man was the first who went forth from France for the sake of the Gospel into Switzerland and Germany; the humble forerunner of many thousands.

Myconius had no such consolations. On the contrary, it was his lot to see Sebastian Hofmeister, who had come from Constance to Lucerne, and had there preached the Gospel boldly,—compelled to quit the city. On this, Oswald's melancholy increased—a fever consumed him; the physicians gave their opinion that if he did not remove he would die. "Nowhere do I more wish to be than with you," wrote he to Zwingle, "and nowhere have I less wish to be than at Lucerne. Men torment me, and the climate destroys me. People say that my disease is the punishment of my iniquity. It is in vain to speak or do any thing, they turn every thing to poison. . . . . There is One above, on whom alone my hope rests."

This hope was not delusive.—It was about the end of March, and Annunciation-day was approaching. The day before its eve a solemn fast was observed, in memory of a conflagration that in 1340 had reduced to ashes the greater part of the city. A crowd of people from the environs were collected together at Lucerne, and several hundred priests were assembled. A noted preacher usually preached; and on this occasion Conrad Schmid, of Kusnacht, commander of the Johannites, arrived to take the duty. A great crowd filled the church,—but what was their astonishment, when the commander, abandoning the customary Latin oration, spoke in plain German, that all could understand; declared with authority and holy zeal the love of God in sending His Son into the world, and eloquently showed that our works cannot save us, and that God's promises are in truth the essence of the Gospel. "God forbid," cried the commander, in the hearing of the astonished congregation, "that we should recognise a hand so full of sin as the Roman bishop, and thereby reject Jesus Christ. If the Bishop of Rome dispenses the bread of the Gospel, let us acknowledge him as a pastor—not as our head; and if he does not dispense it, let us in no way whatever recognise him." Oswald could not restrain his joy.

"What a man!" he exclaimed,—"What a discourse!—what majesty and authority!—how full of the spirit of Christ!" The effect was almost universal. To the agitation which pervaded the town succeeded a solemn silence; but all this was transient,—if a nation closes the ear to God's call, his calls are every day less frequent, and ere long they are altogether withdrawn. This was the fate of Lucerne.

While truth was there proclaimed from the pulpit,—at Berne, the Papacy was assailed in the festive meetings of the people. A layman of reputation, Nicolas Manuel, famed for his talents, and afterwards promoted to high office in the state, indignant at seeing his countrymen mercilessly plundered by Sampson, composed some carnival dramas, in which he keenly satirized the extortion, haughtiness, and pomp of the Pope and clergy. . . On the *mardi gras*, or Shrove-Tuesday of *their lordships*, (their lordships were then the clergy, and the clergy usually began their Lent eight days before other people,) nothing was talked of in Berne but a drama or *mystery*, called—*the Feeders upon the Dead*, which some young folks were to act in the Rue de la Croix. The people flocked to the spot.—As literary productions, these dramatic sketches of the early part of the sixteenth century possess some interest,—but it is in a very different point of view that we recal them: we would prefer doubtless not to have to adduce on the part of the Reformation attacks of this nature; as truth triumphs by far different weapons: history, however, does not create, but faithfully transmits what she finds.

And now the acting begins, much to the satisfaction of the impatient crowd gathered together in the Rue de la Croix. The Pope appears, attired in splendid habiliments, and seated on a throne. Around him stand his courtiers and body-guard, and a mixed assemblage of dignified and inferior clergy;—beyond them are nobles, laymen, and beggars. Shortly after, a funeral procession appears;—it is a wealthy farmer whom they are carrying to his grave. Two of his kinsmen walk slowly in front of the coffin, with handkerchiefs in their hands. The procession being arrived in the Pope's presence, the bier is lowered, the acting begins:—

FIRST RELATIVE.

The noble army of saints,
Take pity on our lot;
Alas! our cousin is dead,
In the prime of his life.

ANOTHER RELATIVE.

No cost will we spare
For priests, friars, or nuns,
Though a hundred crowns we should drain;

Determined are we;
His spirit to free,
From dire purgatorial pain.

The SACRISTAN coming out of the crowd near the Pope, and hurrying to the curate, Robert Ne'er-Enough:

My Lord curate, let me drink your health;
A rich farmer is just dead!

THE CURATE.

One, say you. One is not enough.
One dead! 'tis for *ten* that I call;
The more die off, the more blithely we live,
This death is the best trick of all!

THE SACRISTAN.

Ah! if I had but my heart's desire,
I'd pass my time in tolling of knells;
For unlike field labour the dead never tire,
But pay well, and tell no tales.

THE CURATE.

If tolling a bell opes the gate of heaven,
I know not—but what does that matter?
It brings me in barbel, pike, salmon, and trout;
And my larder grows, day by day, fatter.

THE CURATE'S NIECE.*

'Tis all very well—but I put in *my* claim,
And this soul must to-day *me* provide
With a comely new gown of white, black, pink, or green,
And a neat pretty kerchief beside.

Cardinal LOFTYLOOK,—wearing the red hat, and standing near the Pope —

Did we not love the bloody prize of Death,
Would we have led to slaughter, in their prime,
Those armed trains,
On battle plains,
In wars our pride has kindled in our time?
The blood of Christians yields to Rome her wealth!
Hence do I wear a hat of sanguine red,
Made fat with pomp and riches by the dead!

BISHOP WOLFS-BELLY.

By papal right I mean to live and die.
I wear rich silks, and spend luxuriously;
I lead in battle, or I hunt at will!
If we in the *first* church were living still,
My cloak were what a peasant round him flings!
But we were shepherds then, and now we're kings!
Yet 'mongst the shepherds I to *pass* intend.

A VOICE.

How so?

BISHOP WOLFS-BELLY.

At the sheep-shearing time, my friend!
Shepherds and wolves are we to our fat flocks,
They must feed us, or fall beneath hard knocks.
Marriage to curates doth the Pope deny:
'Tis well:—but who among them will comply?
Not e'en the best of them. That's better still!
What matter scandals?—Bribes my coffers fill.
Thus shall I better sport a princely train:
The smallest coin indeed I ne'er disdain.
A priest with money takes a wife discreetly:
Four florins yearly . . . seal my eyes completely.
Brings she him children,—he must bleed again . . .
Two thousand florins in a year I gain:
If they were virtuous I should starve, be sure.
Thanks to the Pope! him kneeling I adore.
'Tis in his faith I'll live,—his church defend,
And ask no other God till life shall end!

THE POPE.

Men think that to a haughty priest 'tis given
T' unclose or shut at will the gate of heaven.
—Preach well the conclave's chosen one's decree,
And we are kings—and laymen slaves shall be:
But if the Gospel standard be displayed,
All's over with us!—for 'tis nowhere said
That men should give their money to the priest
Perhaps too, if the Gospel were obeyed,
We should pass life in poverty and shade . . .
Instead of these caparisoned proud steeds,
With these rich carriages my household needs,
My holiness would ride a duller beast.
No,—We'll find means to guard the goodly gains
Our predecessors left,—and quell rash aims.
'Tis ours to will, and the world's part to bow;
To me as to a God its nations vow;
Crushed by my weight when I ascend its throne,
I give its good things to my pack alone.
And unclean laymen must not touch our treasure;
Three drops of holy water 'll filt his measure!

We will not follow out this literal rendering of Manuel's dramatic effusion. The vexation of the clergy on learning these efforts of the Reformers, their anger against those who would thus put a stop to these disorders,—is painted in vivid colours. The dissoluteness the mystery brought prominently forward was too general for each one not to be struck by the truth of the picture. The people were in commotion. Many were the satirical jests of the spectators as they broke up from the *spectacle* in the Rue de la Croix; but some were more gravely affected, and these spoke of the liberty of the Christian, and the Pope's despotism,—contrasting the simplicity of the Gospel with Romish pageantry. Rapidly the popular contempt broke forth in the public streets. On Ash-Wednesday the people paraded the indulgences through the city, accompanying them with satirical songs. A heavy blow had been struck, in Berne, and throughout Switzerland, at the ancient edifice of Popery.

Shortly after this dramatic representation, another comedy took place at Berne; but in this last invention had no share. The clergy, the council, and the burghers, had assembled before the upper gate, expecting the skull of St. Ann, which the celebrated knight Albert von Stein, had gone to fetch from Lyons. After waiting some time, Stein arrived, bearing the precious relic, wrapped in a covering of silken stuff. On its passage through Lausane, the bishop of that place had fallen on his knees before it. The holy trophy was carried in procession to the church of the Dominicans. Bells were rung,—the procession entered, and the skull of the Virgin's mother was solemnly deposited on the altar dedicated to her, beneath a screen of costly lattice-work. But in the height of the rejoicing, came a letter from the Abbot of the convent at Lyons, (where the remains of the saint were preserved,) announcing that the monks had tricked the knight, by imposing on him an unclean skull picked up from among the bones of the cemetery. This imposition on the celebrated city of Berne deeply offended its inhabitants.

The Reformation was making progress in

* In the German the term is more gross, *Pfaffenmetze.*

other parts of Switzerland. In 1521, Walter Klarer, a young man of Appenzel, returned from the university of Paris to his own canton. The writings of Luther fell into his hands, and in 1522 he preached the Gospel with all the fervour of a young Christian. An innkeeper named Rausberg, a member of the Council of Appenzel, threw open his house to the friends of truth. A famous captain Bartholomew Berweger, who had fought in the ranks for Julius II. and Leo X. being lately returned from Rome, instantly set about persecuting the new doctrine. But recollecting one day that he had seen much that was wrong at Rome, he began to read his Bible and hear the preachers;—his eyes were opened, and he embraced the Gospel. Observing that the crowds that came could no longer find room in the churches: "Why not preach in the open fields and in the public squares?" said he—in spite of much opposition, the hills, meadows, and mountains of Appenzel, from that time often resounded with the tidings of salvation.

This doctrine, ascending the course of the Rhine, even reached as far as ancient Rhetia. One day a stranger coming from Zurich, passed the river, and presented himself at the door of a saddler of Flasch, the first town in the Grisons. Christian Anhorn listened with amazement to the conversation of his guest. "Preach then," said the whole village to the stranger, whose name was James Burkli;—and Burkli took his stand before the altar. A body of armed men, with Anhorn at their head, surrounded him to protect him from any sudden attack; and thus he proclaimed the Gospel. The report of his preaching spread abroad, and on the next Sunday an immense crowd assembled. Very soon a great number of the inhabitants of that country desired to partake of the Lord's supper, according to Christ's appointment. But one day the tocsin was suddenly heard in Mayenfield;—the people ran together in alarm, the priests depicted the dangers that threatened the Church, and—followed by this fanatic population,—hurried to Flasch. Anhorn, who was working in the fields surprised by the ringing of bells at so unusual an hour, returned home in haste, and secreted Burkli in a deep pit that had been dug in his cellar. The house was already surrounded; the doors were burst open, and strict search made for the heretical preacher; but in vain. At length they left the place.

The word of God had spread through the ten jurisdictions of the league. The curate of Mayenfield, on returning from Rome, (whither he had fled in indignation at the progress of the Gospel,) exclaimed—"Rome has made an evangelist of me!" and became from that time a zealous Reformer. Ere long, the Reformation extended itself in the league of what was called "the house of God." "Oh, if you could but see how the inhabitants of the Rhetian Alps cast away from them the yoke of Babylon!" wrote Salandronius to Vadian.

Revolting disorders hastened the day when Zurich and its neighbouring country should finally throw off the yoke. A married schoolmaster desiring to take priest's orders obtained his wife's consent and was separated from her. The new curate finding himself unable to fulfil his vow of celibacy quitted the place of his wife's residence from regard to her, and settling himself in the diocese of Constance, there formed a criminal connection. His wife hearing of it went to him. The poor priest was melted at the sight of her, and dismissing the woman who had usurped her rights, took home his lawful wife. Instantly the procurator-fiscal made out his report,—the Vicar-general was in motion,—the councillors of the consistory met in deliberation, and . . . . enjoined the curate to renounce his wife, or his benefice! The poor wife left her husband's house in tears; her rival resumed her place in triumph. The church was satisfied, and from that moment left the adulterous priest undisturbed.

Shortly after a curate of Lucerne seduced a married woman, and cohabited with her. The husband repairing to Lucerne availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the priest's absence to recover his wife. As he was returning, the seducer met them in the way;—he instantly fell upon the injured husband, and inflicted a wound, of which the latter died. All good men saw the necessity of re-establishing the law of God, which declares marriage "honourable to all." (Heb. xiii. 4.) The ministers of the Gospel had discovered that the law of celibacy was altogether of human authority, imposed by the Popes, contrary to God's word, which in describing a faithful bishop, represents him as a husband and a father. (1 Tim. iii. 2—4.) They also saw that of all the corruptions which had gained a footing in the church, not one had led to more profligacy and scandals. Hence they not only thought it lawful, but even a part of their duty to God to reject it. Several among them at this period returned to the apostolic usage. Xyloctect was already a husband. Zwingle also married about this time. Among the women of Zurich none was more respected than Anna Reinhardt, widow of Meyer von Knonau, mother of Gerold. From Zwingle's coming among them, she had been constant in her attendance on his ministry; she lived near him, and he had remarked her piety, modesty, and maternal tenderness. Young Gerold, who had become almost like a son to him, contributed further to bring about an intimacy with his mother. The trials that had already befallen this Christian woman,—whose fate it was to be, one day, more severely tried than any woman whose history is on record,—had formed her to a seriousness which gave prominency to her Christian virtues. She was then about thirty-five, and her whole fortune consisted of 400 florins. It was on her that Zwingle fixed his eyes for a companion for life. He felt the sacredness and intimate sympathy of the marriage tie; and termed it "a most holy alliance." —"As Christ," said he, "died for those who are His, and give himself entirely for them, so should those

who are united together by marriage, do and suffer all things one for the other." But Zwingle, when he took Anna Reinhardt to wife, did not make his marriage public. This was beyond doubt a blameable weakness in one who in other things was so resolute. The light he and his friends possessed on the subject of celibacy was by no means general. The weak might have been stumbled. He feared lest his usefulness in the church might be destroyed by making known his marriage, and he sacrificed much of his happiness to these fears—excusable, perhaps, but such as he ought to have disregarded.*

Meanwhile, interests of a higher kind were engaging the thoughts of the friends of truth. The Diet, as we have seen, urged on by the enemies of the Reformation, had enjoined the preachers of the Gospel to abstain for the future from preaching doctrines that disturbed the people. Zwingle felt that the moment for action had arrived, and with characteristic energy he invited such ministers of the Lord as were favourable to the Gospel, to meet him at Einsidlen. The strength of Christians is neither in force of arms, flames, scaffold, party policy, or man's power. It is found in a simple but unanimous and courageous confession of the great truths which must one day prevail over the world. Those who serve God are specially called on to hold up these heavenly truths, in presence of all the people, unawed by the clamours of enemies. These truths carry in themselves the assurance of their triumph, and idols fall before them as before the ark of God. The time had come when God would have the great doctrine of salvation thus confessed in Switzerland; it was fit that the gospel standard should be planted on an elevated spot. Providence was on the point of drawing forth from their unknown seclusion humble but intrepid men, and causing them to give a noble testimony in the face of the whole nation.

Towards the end of June and beginning of July, 1522, pious ministers were seen from every side journeying to the famous chapel of Einsidlen, on a new pilgrimage. From Art in the canton of Schwitz, came its curate, Balthasar Trachsel; from Weiningen near Baden, the curate Stäheli; from Zug, Werner Steiner; from Lucerne, the canon Kilchmeyer; from Uster, the curate Pfister; from Hongg, near Zurich, the curate Stumpff; from Zurich itself, the canon Fabricius, the chaplain Schmid, the preacher of the hospital, Grosmann, and Zwingle. Leo Juda, curate of Einsidlen, joyfully received these ministers of Christ into the ancient abbey. Since Zwingle's residence, the place had become a kind of citadel of truth,—a refuge for the righteous. So in the solitary field of Grutli, two hundred and fifteen years before, had gathered together three-and-thirty patriots, fearlessly determined to burst asunder the yoke of Austria. At Einsidlen the great aim was to cast away the yoke of man's authority in the things of God! Zwingle proposed to his friends to address an urgent petition to the cantons and the bishop; claiming a free preaching of the Gospel, and also the abolition of compulsory celibacy, the source of so many disorders. All agreed in his suggestions. Ulric had himself prepared addresses. That to the bishop was first read. It was on the 2d of July, 1522. All signed it. A hearty affection united the preachers of the Gospel. Many others there were who sympathized with those who had met at Einsidlen; such were Haller, Myconius, Hedio, Capito, Œcolampadius, Sebastian Meyer, Hoffmeister, and Vanner. This brotherly unity is one of the loveliest features of the Swiss Reformation. The excellent men we have mentioned ever acted with one heart, and their mutual affection lasted till death.

The men assembled at Einsidlen saw plainly that nothing but the energy of faith could combine in one work the members of the confederation divided by the foreign capitulations. But their views rose above this. "The heavenly teaching, said they to their ecclesiastical superior in their address, dated 2d July, "that truth which God the Creator has made known in his Son to mankind immersed in sin, has long been veiled from our eyes by the ignorance, not to say the evil intentions, of a handful of men. But Almighty God has decreed to reinstate it in its primitive purity. Join then with those who desire that the great body of Christians should return to their Head, that is Christ . . . For our parts we are resolved to proclaim his Gospel with unwearied perseverance, and yet with a prudence that shall leave no ground of complaint against us. Favour this undertaking;

* The most respectable biographers, and those who have followed them, place Zwingle's marriage two years later, namely, in April, 1524. Without intending here to state all the reasons which have satisfied me that this is an error, I will notice the most conclusive. A letter from Zwingle's intimate friend, Myconius, bearing date 22d July, 1522, has these words: *Vale cum uxore quam felicissime.* Another letter from the same friend, written toward the end of that year, has likewise the words: *Vale cum uxore.* That the date of these letters is quite correct is proved by the very contents of them. But what is still stronger, a letter written from Strasburg by Bucer at the moment when Zwingle's marriage was made public, the 14th of April, 1524, (the date of the year is wanting, but it is evident that this letter is of that year,) contains several passages which show Zwingle to have been married a considerable time before; the following are some of these, besides what is cited in the preceding note. Professum *palam* te maritum legi. Unum hoc desiderabam in te.—Quæ multo facilius quam *connubii, tui confessionem* Antichristus posset ferre.—Αγαμον, ab eo, quod cum fratribus . . . episcopo Constantiensi congressus es, nullus credidi.—Qua ratione id *tam diu* celares . . . non dubitarim, rationibus huc adductum, quæ apud virum evangelicum non queant omnino repudiari . . . &c. (Zw. Epp. 335.) Zwingle, then, did not marry in 1524, but he then made public his marriage contracted two years before. The learned editors of Zwingle's letters observe—Num forte jam Zwinglius Annam Reinhardam clandestino in matrimonio habebat? (p. 210,) which appears to me to be not a doubtful point, but a fact sufficiently established.

startling, perhaps, but not rash. Take your stand like Moses, in the way, at the head of the people getting up out of Egypt, and by your own hands overturn all obstacles to the triumphant march of truth."

After this spirit-stirring appeal, the ministers of the Gospel assembled at Einsidlen came to the subject of celibacy. Zwingle had for himself nothing to seek on that head: —he had as his partner such a minister's wife as Saint Paul has sketched, "grave, sober, faithful in all things." (1 Tim. iii. 2.) But his thoughts were for those of his brethren whose consciences were not, as his, set free from human ordinances. He longed for that time when those servants of God might live openly and without fear in the circle of their families, "having their children in subjection with all gravity."—"You are not ignorant," said the men of Einsidlen, "how deplorably hitherto the laws of chastity have been violated by the clergy. When in the consecration of ministers to the Lord, the question is put to him who speaks on behalf of the rest: —Are the persons you present to us righteous men?—he answers:—They are righteous. Are they well instructed?—They are well instructed. But when he is asked: are they *chaste?* His answer is: As far as man's weakness permits." —"The New Testament everywhere condemns illicit intercourse, while it everywhere sanctions marriage." Here follow a great number of citations from Scripture.—"It is for this reason we entreat you, by the love of Christ, by the liberty he has obtained for us, by the distress of weak and unstable souls, by the wounds of so many ulcerated consciences,—by every motive, divine and human, to consent that what has been enacted in presumption may be annulled in wisdom; lest the noble fabric of the Church crumble into dust with frightful crash, spreading ruin far and wide. Look around you. Behold how many storms threaten society. If prudence does not come to our rescue, the fate of the clergy is decided."

The petition addressed to the Confederation was at greater length. "Worthy Sirs!" thus spoke the allies of Einsidlen: "We are all Swiss, and acknowledge you as our fathers. Some among us have given proof of our fidelity in the field of battle, in pestilence, and other calamities. It is in the name of chastity that we address you. Which of you does not know that we should better consult the lust of the flesh by declining to subject ourselves to the conditions of lawful wedlock. But it is indispensable to put an end to the scandals which afflict the Church of Christ. If the tyranny of the Roman Pontiff should persist in oppressing us,—O! noble heroes, fear nothing! The authority of God's word, the rights of Christian liberty, and the sovereign power of grace, will encompass and protect us. We are of one land and of one faith; we are Swiss; and the virtue of our race has ever displayed its power in unflinching defence of all who are unjustly oppressed."

Thus did Zwingle and his friends boldly uplift the standard of the truth and freedom in Einsidlen itself, that ancient bulwark of superstition, which even in our days is still one of the most noted sanctuaries of Roman observances. They appealed to the chiefs of the State and of the Church. Like Luther, they publicly placarded their theses;—but it was at the doors of the episcopal palace and of the council of the nation. The friends at Einsidlen separated: calm, joyous, and full of confidence in that God to whom they had committed their cause; and passing, some by the way of the field of battle of Morgarten, others over the chain of the Albis, and the rest by other valleys or mountain paths, they returned each one to his post. "Truly there was something sublime for those times," says Henry Bullinger, "that these men should have thus dared to step forward, and taking their stand around the Gospel, expose themselves to every kind of danger. But God has preserved them all, so that no evil has happened unto them, for God ever protects those who are his." And in truth there *was* a sublimity in this proceeding. It was a decisive step in the progress of the Reformation, one of the most brilliant days of the religious regeneration of Switzerland. A holy bond was compacted at Einsidlen. Humble and brave men had taken "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, and the shield of faith." The gauntlet had been thrown down, —and the challenge given, not by one man only,—but by men of different cantons,—prepared to peril their lives on the issue.

The battle was evidently approaching. Every thing betokened that it would be vigorously contested. As early as the 7th of July, the magistrate of Zurich, willing to do the Romanists a pleasure, summoned before him Conrad Grebel and Claus Hottinger, two intemperate men, who seemed desirous to overpass the limit of a prudent reformation. "We prohibit you," said the burgomaster Roust, "from speaking against the monks, or on the points in controversy." At that moment a loud clap was heard in the room, says an old chronicle. The work of God was so manifest in events, that men saw in every thing the sign of His intervention. Every one, in astonishment, looked round the apartment, without being able to discover the cause of the mysterious sound.

But it was in the convents that indignation was at its height. Every meeting held therein for discussion or amusement witnessed some new attack. One day, on occasion of a grand festivity in the convent of Fraubrunn, the wine mounting to the heads of the guests, they began to break out in bitter speeches against the Gospel. That which chiefly irritated these friars and priests was the evangelic doctrine, that in the Christian Church there can properly be no priestly caste raised above other believers. Among the guests, there was but one who was a favourer of the Reformation, and he was a layman named Macrin, schoolmaster of Soleure. At first he took no

part in the discourse, but changed his seat from one table to another. At length, unable to endure the shouts of the guests, he arose and said aloud,—"Well: all true Christians *are* priests and sacrificers, according to that word of St. Peter, (1 Pet. ii. 9. Rev. i. 6:) ye are kings and priests." At this speech the Dean of Burgdorff, one of the loudest in company, a huge man of powerful lungs and sonorous voice, burst into a loud laugh, and mingling jest with insult,—"So then," said he, "you Greeklings and accidence-mongers are the royal priesthood? . . Noble sacrificers!* beggar kings! . . . priests without prebends or livings!" And all with one accord turned against the presumptuous layman.

It was, however, at Lucerne that the bold measure of the men at Einsidlen was to produce the greatest sensation. The Diet had met in that town, and from all sides came complaints against the over-zealous preachers who obstructed the regular sale of Swiss blood to foreign nations. On the 22d July, 1522, as Oswald Myconius sat at dinner in his house in company with the canon Kilchmeyer, and several favourers of the Gospel, a young lad, sent by Zwingle, came to the door. He was the bearer of the two famous petitions of Einsidlen, together with a letter from Zwingle, in which he desired Oswald to circulate them in Lucerne. "My advice is," added the Reformer, "that it should be done quietly and gradually, rather than all at once, for we need to *learn* every thing,—even our wives,—for Christ's sake."

The critical moment for Lucerne was approaching;—the bomb had fallen; the shell was about to burst. The friends read the petition, "May God bless this beginning!" exclaimed Oswald, raising his eyes to heaven. He then added: "This prayer should from this moment be the constant burden of our hearts." The petitions were forthwith circulated,—perhaps more actively than Zwingle desired. But the moment was without example. Eleven men, the *elite* of the clergy, had placed themselves in the breach;—it was requisite to enlighten men's minds, to decide the wavering and carry with them the co-operation of the most influential members of the Diet.

Oswald, in the midst of his exertions, did not forget his friend. The young messenger had told of the attacks that Zwingle had to endure from the monks of Zurich. "The words of the Holy Ghost are invincible," wrote Myconius in reply, the same day. "Armed with the shield of the Holy Scriptures, you have overcome, not in one conflict only, or in two, but in three; and now a fourth is commencing. Hold fast those mighty weapons, whose edge is harder than a diamond. Christ needs for the defence of those who are his, nothing but his word. Your conflicts communicate unconquerable courage to all who have devoted themselves to Jesus Christ."

The two petitions did not produce the effect expected from them in Lucerne. Some men of piety approved them,—but they were few in number. Many, fearing to compromise themselves, would neither commend nor blame them. Others said, "These people will make nothing of it." The priests murmured against them, and the populace broke forth in open hostility. The passion for military adventure had again shown itself in Lucerne, after the bloody defeat of Bicocca, and nothing but war was thought of. Oswald, who attentively watched these varying impressions, felt his resolution fail. The reign of Gospel light in Lucerne and Switzerland, which his hopes had dwelt upon with joy, seemed to vanish. "Our countrymen are blind as to heavenly things;" said he, fetching a deep sigh, "there is nothing to be hoped from the Swiss for the glory of Christ."

In the Council and at the Diet, exasperation was at its height. The Pope, France, England, the Empire, were all in motion round Switzerland, since the defeat of Bicocca, and the retreat of the French under command of Lautrec from Lombardy. Was it because the political interests of the moment were not sufficiently complicated that these eleven men must bring forward their petitions, thereby adding controversies of *religion?* The deputies of Zurich alone inclined to favour the Gospel. The canon Xyloctect, trembling for the safety of himself and his wife,—for he had married into one of the chief families of the neighbourhood,—had with tears declined the invitation to Einsidlen to sign the address. The canon Kilchmeyer had evinced more courage, and ere long he had need of it.—"Sentence is impending over me," he wrote on the 13th of August, to Zwingle. "I await it with firmness . ." As he was writing, the officer of the Council entered his apartment, and delivered him a summons to appear on the following morning. "If I am cast into prison," said he, continuing his letter, "I claim your help; but it will be easier to transport a rock from our Alps, than to move me as much as a hand's breadth from the word of Jesus Christ." Regard to his family, and the resolution that had been come to, that the storm should be directed against Oswald,—saved the canon!

Berthold Haller had not signed the petitions, perhaps because he was not a Swiss by birth. But, without flinching, he, as Zwingle had done, expounded the Gospel of St. Matthew. A great crowd thronged the cathedral church of Berne. The word of God wrought more mightily than Manuel's dramas had done on the people. Haller was summoned to the town-hall,—the people escorted him thither, and continued collected in the great square. Opinions were divided in the

* Estote ergo Græculi ac Donatistæ regale sacerdotium . . . (Zw. Epp. 230.) *Donatistæ*, from Donatus, the author of the Latin Grammar then in use in the schools.

Council. "It is a matter that concerns the bishops," said the most influential persons; "we must hand over the preacher to my Lord Bishop of Lausanne." Haller's friends were alarmed at these words, and sent him word to retire with all possible despatch. The people gathered round and bore him company, and a considerable number of burghers remained in arms in front of his dwelling, ready to form a rampart for their humble pastor, with their bodies. The Bishop and Council drew back at the aspect of this bold demonstration, and Haller was saved! But he was not the only champion of truth at Berne. Sebastian Meyer refuted the Bishop of Constance's pastoral letter, and more especially the charge that the disciples of the Gospel taught a new doctrine, and that the ancient only is the true. "To have gone wrong for a thousand years," said he, "cannot make us right for a single hour: otherwise it would have been the duty of the heathen to continue in their religion. And if the most ancient doctrines are to be preferred, then fifteen hundred years are more than five centuries,—and the Gospel is more ancient than the decrees of the Popes."

At this time the magistrates of Friburg intercepted certain letters addressed to Haller and Meyer, by a canon of Friburg, named John Hollard, a native of Orbe. They proceeded to throw him into prison, stripped him of his appointment, and finally banished him. One John Vannius, a chorister of the cathedral, shortly after declared himself in favour of the Gospel; for in this war as soon as one soldier falls, another steps forward to occupy his place in the ranks. "How is it possible," asked Vannius, "that the muddy water of the Tiber should flow side by side with the pure stream that Luther has drawn from St. Paul's source?" But the chorister also had his mouth shut. "Among all the Swiss," said Myconius, writing to Zwingle, "there are hardly any more averse from sound doctrine than the people of Friburg."

There was nevertheless one exception, namely, Lucerne,—and Myconius experienced this. He had not signed the celebrated petitions; but if not *he*, his friends did so;—and a victim was required. The ancient literature of Greece and Rome, thanks to his efforts, was beginning to shine upon Lucerne;—from various quarters, people resorted thither to hear the learned professor; and the peacefully disposed listened with delight to softer sounds than those of halberds, swords, and cuirasses, which previous to this time had been the only sounds in that warlike city. Oswald had sacrificed every thing for his country; he had quitted Zurich and Zwingle; he had injured his health; his wife was infirm, and his son of tender years; —if Lucerne should reject him, nowhere could he hope for an asylum! But these considerations had no power over the merciless spirit of party,—and the things that should have moved them to compassion, inflamed their anger. Hurtenstein, burgomaster of Lucerne, an old and brave soldier, who had acquired distinction in the wars of Suabia and Burgundy, urged the Council to dismiss the schoolmaster from his post,—and wished, together with the master, to expel his Greek and Latin, and his preaching, from the canton. He succeeded. On leaving the Council, in which it had been decided to dismiss Myconius, Hurtenstein encountered Berguer, the deputy of Zurich:—"We send you back your schoolmaster," said he, ironically; "get ready a comfortable lodging for him." "We will not let him lie in the streets," instantly replied the courageous deputy. But Berguer promised more than he could perform.

The words dropped by the burgomaster were too true, and they were soon confirmed to the distressed Myconius. He is deprived of his occupation,—banished:—and the only crime laid to his charge is that he is a disciple of Luther. He turns his eyes on the right hand and on the left, and nowhere does he discern shelter. He beholds himself and his wife and child, weak and ailing, driven from their home,—and all around him, his country rocked by a violent tempest that is rending and destroying whatever ventures to stand against it,—"Here," said he to Zwingle, "is your poor Myconius discharged by the Council of Lucerne. Where shall I go? . . . . I know not . . . . Assailed as you yourself are, how can you shelter me? . . . . I look, therefore, in my tribulation to God, as my only hope. Ever abounding, ever merciful, he suffers none who make their prayer to Him to go empty away.—May he supply my wants!"

So spake Oswald.—He waited not long before a word of consolation came to him. There was one man in Switzerland who had been schooled in trials of faith. Zwingle hasted to raise and cheer his friend. "So rude are the blows by which the enemy would level God's house," said Zwingle, "and so repeated the assaults, that it is no longer the rains descending, and the wind blowing, according to the Lord's prediction, (Matt. vii. 27,) but hail and thunder-storm. If I did not discern the Lord keeping the vessel, I should long since have let go the helm;—but I see him in the height of the tempest, strengthening the cordage, shifting the yards, spreading the sails, nay more, commanding the very winds. Would it not then be the action of a faint heart, and unworthy of a man, were I to abandon my post and seek in flight a death of shame? I commit myself entirely to his sovereign goodness. Let him govern all,—let him remove impediments,—let him appear or delay, hasten or stay,—rend, swallow up, or plunge us to the bottom of the deep; we will not fear. We are vessels that belong to Him. He can make us to honour or to dishonour, according to his pleasure!" After these breathings of lively faith, Zwingle continued: "My advice to you is to present yourself before the Council, and there pronounce a speech worthy of Christ, and of yourself—that is to

say, suited to melt and not to irritate the hearers. Deny that you are a Lutheran, but profess yourself a disciple of Jesus Christ. Let your pupils accompany you, and speak for you:—and if this does not prevail, come to your friend, come to Zwingle, and look upon our city as your own hearth."

Oswald, emboldened by these words, followed the noble counsel of the Reformer; but all his efforts were fruitless. The witness for truth was doomed to quit his country, and they of Lucerne were so active in decrying him, that everywhere the magistrates opposed the offering him an asylum: "Nothing remains for me," said the confessor of Jesus Christ, heart-broken at the aspect of so much enmity, "but to beg the support of my miserable existence from door to door." The day soon arrived when the friend of Zwingle, and his most effective fellow-labourer, the first among the Swiss who united the office of instructor in learning with the love of the Gospel, the Reformer of Lucerne, and afterwards one of the chiefs of the Helvetic church, was compelled with his feeble partner, and infant child, to leave that ungrateful city where, out of all his family, only one of his sisters had received the love of the Gospel. He passed its ancient bridge. He caught sight of those mountains which seemed to rise from the bosom of lake Waldstetten to the clouds. The canons Xyloctect and Kilchmeyer, the only friends the Reformation could as yet number among his countrymen, followed close behind him. And in the moment when this poor man, in company with the helpless sufferers dependent upon him for support, turned towards the lake, and, shedding tears for his infatuated country, bade adieu to the sublime natural grandeur of his birthplace,—the *Gospel* itself departed from Lucerne, and there Rome reigns unto this day.

The Diet itself, then sitting at Baden, stimulated by the severity resorted to against Myconius,—irritated by the petitions from Einsidlen, which, being printed and circulated, produced everywhere a strong sensation,—and persuaded by the bishop of Constance, who urged them to strike a final blow at their innovators, had recourse to persecution, enjoined the authorities of the baillages to "give information against all, whether priests or laymen, who should impugn the established faith," and in blind haste proceeded to arrest the preacher who happened to be nearest, namely, Urban Weiss, pastor of Fislispach, (who had before this been released on bail,) and sent him to Constance, to the bishop, who kept him a long while in confinement. "In this manner," says Bullinger's Chronicle, "began the confederate states' persecution of the Gospel, and all this happened at the instigation of the clergy, who in all ages have dragged Jesus Christ before the judgment seats of Herod and Pilate."

Zwingle was not destined to escape trial,—and he was at this time wounded in the tenderest point. A rumour of his doctrine and his struggles had passed the Santis, penetrated the Tockenburg, and reached the heights of Wildhaus. The family of herdsmen from which he sprang were deeply moved by what they heard. Of Zwingle's five brothers some had not ceased to follow their mountain occupations; while others, to the great grief of their brother, had at times taken up arms, left their flocks, and served foreign princes. All were in consternation at the reports brought to their chalets. In imagination they beheld their brother seized, dragged before his bishop at Constance, and a pile of fagots lighted for his destruction, on the spot where John Huss had perished. The high-spirited shepherds could ill brook the thought of being called the brothers of a heretic. They wrote to Ulric, communicating their distress and alarm. Zwingle answered them: "As long as God shall enable me, I will perform the task that he has assigned me, without fearing the world and its proud tyrants. I know all that may befall me. There is no danger, no evil, that I have not long and carefully considered. My strength is weakness itself, and I know the power of my enemies; but I likewise know that I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me. Were I to hold my peace, another would be raised up and constrained to do what God is doing by my means,—while I should be judged by God! O, my dear brethren, banish far from your thoughts all these apprehensions. If I have a fear, it is that I have been more gentle and tractable than suits the times we live in. 'What shame,' say you, 'will fall upon all our family, if you are burnt or in any other way put to death?' O, my beloved brethren, the Gospel derives from the blood of Christ this wondrous property, that the fiercest persecutions, far from arresting its progress, do but hasten its triumph! They alone are faithful soldiers of Christ who are not afraid to bear in their own bodies the wounds of their Master. All my efforts have no other end than to make known to men the treasures of blessedness that Christ has purchased for us; that all men may turn to the Father, through the death of his Son. If this doctrine should offend you, your anger cannot stop my testimony. You are my brothers, yes, my own brothers, sons of my father, who have hung on the same breasts . . . but if you were not my brethren in Christ, and in the work of faith, then would my grief be so overpowering that nothing would exceed it. Farewell. I will never cease to be your attached brother, if you will not cease to be the brethren of Jesus Christ."

The confederated Swiss seemed to rise as one man against the Gospel. The petitions from Einsidlen had been the signal of that movement. Zwingle, affected at the fate of his beloved Myconius, saw, in his misfortunes, but the beginning of sorrows. Enemies within and without the city,—a man's foes, 'those of his own house,'—furious opposition from monks and priests,—strong mea-

uies of repression by the Diet and Councils, —riotous, perhaps murderous assaults, from partisans of the foreign service,—the upper valleys of Switzerland, the cradle of the Confederation, pouring forth phalanxes of invincible soldiers, to reinstate Rome, and quench the nascent revival of faith at the risk of their lives! Such was the prospect the prophetic mind of the Reformer beheld with trembling. And what a prospect! was indeed this revival to be crushed in its very beginning? Then it was that Zwingle, anxious and troubled in mind, spread before his God the deep anguish of his soul. "O Jesus," he exclaimed, "thou seest how the wicked and the blasphemer stun thy people's ears with their clamours. Thou knowest how from my youth up I have abhorred controversy, and yet, against *my* will, thou hast never ceased to impel me to the conflict. Therefore, do I call upon Thee with confidence to finish what thou hast begun! If in any thing I have builded unwisely, let thy hand of power cast it down. If I have laid any other foundation beside Thee, let thy mighty arm overturn it. O thou vine full of all sweetness to whom the Father is the husbandman,—and we are branches, abandon not thy suckers. Hast thou not promised to be with us unto the end of the world?"

It was on the 22d of August, 1522, that Ulric Zwingle, the Swiss Reformer, beholding the thunder-cloud descending from the mountains on the frail bark of the Faith, thus poured forth to God the troubles and desires of his soul.

BOOK IX.

Aspect of the Church—Effects of Luther's Teaching—Wisdom of God—Agitation of the People—Luther and Melancthon—Tidings of Luther's Safety—The Imperial Edict powerless—The "Knight George"—A safe Solitude—Luther's Sickness—Alarm of his Friends—The Confessional—Luther's Health—Feldkirchen's Marriage—Marriage of Priests—And of Friars—Monkery—Luther on Monastic Vows—Dedication to his Father—Sale of Indulgences resumed—Luther's Letter to Spalatin—Luther to the Cardinal Elector—Effect of the Reformer's Letter—Albert to Luther—Joachim of Brandenburg—"The Last shall be First"—Luther's Fitness for the Work—Of Translating the Scriptures—Luther and Satan—Luther quits the Wartburg—The Sorbonne—Luther's visit to Wittemberg—Progress of the Reformation—The Monk Gabriel—Interference of the Elector—Frederic's Caution—Attack on Monkery—Thirteen Monks quit the Convent—The Cordeliers threatened—Decision of Monastic Vows—Carlstadt's zeal—The Lord's Supper—Town Council of Wittemberg—Errors of Popery—Fanatics of Zwickau—The new Prophet—Nicolas Hussman—Melancthon and Stubner—Melancthon's Perplexity—Carlstadt's Zeal—Contempt of Learning—Occupations of the Elector—Luther's Dejection—His test of Inspiration—Edict of the Diet—Luther leaves the Wartburg—Primitive Church—Two Swiss Students—A strange Knight—Supper at the Inn—Luther on his Journey—Letter to the Elector—Reception at Wittemberg—Meditation—Luther preaches—Faith and Love—God's Way—Luther on the Lord's Supper—Effect of Luther's Sermons—Luther's Moderation and Courage—Stubner and Cellarius—Order restored—Scripture and Faith—The Visionary Pen—Publication of the New Testament—Effects of Luther's Translation—The "Loci Communes"—Original Sin—Free Will—Knowledge of Christ—Effect of Melancthon's Tract—Henry VIII.—Catherine of Arragon—Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More—Cardinal Wolsey—Henry VIII. writes against Luther—Royal Theology—The King's Vanity—Luther's Indignation—His Reply to Henry VIII.—Literary Courtesy—More's Attack upon Luther—Henry's Attachment to More—Henry's Letter—Spread of the Reformation—The Augustine Monks—The Franciscans—The People and the Priests—The new Preachers—Power of the Scriptures—Religion and Literature—The Press—Spread of Luther's Writings—Luther at Zwickau—Duke Henry—Ibach at Rome—Diffusion of the Light—University of Wittemberg—Principles of the Reformation—Transition State of the Church.

It was now four years since the Church had heard again proclaimed a Truth which had formed part of her earliest teaching. The mighty word of a *Salvation by Grace*,—once "fully preached" throughout Asia, Greece, and Italy, by Paul and his companions, and discovered many ages after, in the pages of the Bible, by a monk of Wittemberg,—had resounded from the plains of Saxony, as far as Italy, France, and England; and the lofty mountains of Switzerland had echoed its inspiring accents. The springs of truth, liberty, and life were again opened: multitudes had drunk gladly of the water; but those who had freely partaken of them had retained the same external appearance, and while all *within* was new, every thing *without* remained unchanged.

The constitution of the Church, its ritual, and its discipline had undergone no alteration. In Saxony—even at Wittemberg—and wherever the new opinions had spread, the papal ceremonies held on their accustomed course; the priest before the altar offering the host to God was believed to effect a mysterious transubstantiation; friars and nuns continued to present themselves at the convents to take upon them the monastic vows; pastors lived single; religious brotherhoods herded together; pilgrimages were undertaken; the faithful suspended their votive offerings on the pillars of the chapels; and all the accustomed ceremonies, down to the minutest observances, were celebrated as before. A voice had been heard in the world, but as yet it was not embodied forth in action. The language of the priest accordingly presented the most striking contrast with his ministrations. From his pulpit he might be heard to thunder against the mass as idolatrous, and then he might be seen to come down to the altar, and go scrupulously through the prescribed form of the service. On every side, the recently recovered Gospel sounded in the midst of the ancient rites. The officiating priest himself was unconscious of his inconsistency, and the populace, who listened with avidity to the bold discourses of the new preachers, continued devoutly observant of their long established customs, as though they were never to abandon them. All things continued unchanged at the domestic hearth, and in the social circle, as in the house of God. A new faith was abroad, but new works were not yet seen. The vernal sun had risen, but winter still bound the earth; neither flower, nor leaf, nor any sign of vegetation was visible. But this aspect of things was deceptive; a vigorous sap was secretly circulating beneath the surface, and was about to change the face of the world.

To this wisely-ordered progress, the Reformation may be indebted for its triumphs. Every revolution should be wrought out in men's minds before it takes the shape of action. The contrast we have remarked did not at first fix Luther's attention. He seemed to expect that while men received his writings with enthusiasm, they should continue devout observers of the corruptions those writings exposed. One might be tempted to believe that he had planned his course beforehand, and was resolved to change the opinions of men before he ventured to remodel their forms of worship. But this would be ascribing to Luther a wisdom, the honour of which is due to a higher Intelligence. He was the appointed instrument for a purpose he had no power

to conceive. At a later period he could discern and comprehend these things, but he did not devise or arrange them. God led the way: the part assigned to Luther was to follow.

If Luther had begun by external reformation—if he had followed up his words by an attempt to abolish monastic vows, the mass, confession, the prescribed form of worship,—assuredly he would have encountered the most formidable resistance. Mankind need time to accommodate themselves to great changes. But Luther was not the imprudent and daring innovator that some historians* have depicted. The people, seeing no change in their daily devotions, followed undoubtingly their new leader—wondering at the assaults directed against a man who left unquestioned their mass, their beads, and their confessor; and disposed to ascribe such enmity to the petty jealousy of secret rivals, or to the hard injustice of powerful enemies. And yet the opinions that Luther put forth fermented in the minds of men, moulded their thoughts, and so undermined the stronghold of prejudice that it, ere long, fell without being attacked. Such influence is, indeed, gradual. Opinions make their silent progress, like the waters which trickle behind our rocks, and loosen them from the mountains on which they rest: suddenly the hidden operation is revealed, and a single day suffices to lay bare the work of years, if not of centuries.

A new era had dawned upon the Reformation: already truth was recovered in its teaching; henceforward the teaching of the truth is to work truth in the Church and in society. The agitation was too great to allow of men's minds remaining at their then point of attainment; on the general faith in the dogmas so extensively undermined, customs had been established which now began to be disregarded, and were destined, with them, to pass away.

There was a courage and vitality in that age, which prevented its continuing silent in presence of proved error. The sacraments, public worship, the hierachy, vows, constitutional forms, domestic and public life, all were on the eve of undergoing modification. The bark, slowly and laboriously constructed, was on the point of being lowered from the stocks, and launched on the open sea. It is for us to follow its progress through many shoals.

The captivity of Luther in the castle of Wartburg separates these two periods. That Divine Providence which was about to give a mighty impulse to the Reformation, had prepared the means of its progress, by leading apart into profound seclusion the man chosen to effect it. For a while, the work was as much lost sight of as the instrument of it: but the seed must be committed to the earth, if it is to bring forth fruit; and from this captivity, which might have seemed to close the Reformer's career, the Reformation was destined to go forth to new conquests, and spread rapidly through the world.

Until this period, the Reformation had indeed centered in the person of Luther. His appearance before the Diet of Worms was unquestionably the sublimest hour of his life. His character at that time seemed almost without a blemish; and this it is that has led some to the remark, that if God, who hid the Reformer for ten months within the walls of the Wartburg, had at that moment forever removed him from the eyes of men, his end would have resembled an apotheosis. But God designs no apotheosis for His servants,—and Luther was preserved to the Church, that in him, and by his errors, the Church might learn that the faith of Christians should rest only on the word of God. He was hurried away and placed at a distance from the stage on which the great revolution of the sixteenth century was going on. The truth which he had for years so energetically proclaimed, continued to produce its effect upon Christendom; and the work of which he had been the weak instrument, bore thenceforward the impress, not of man—but of God himself.

All Germany was moved by the news of Luther's captivity. Rumours, the most contradictory, were circulated in the provinces. Men's minds were more agitated by the absence of the Reformer than they could possibly have been by his presence. On one side, it was affirmed that some of his friends, passing from the French territory, had carried him off, and lodged him in safety beyond the Rhine. In another place, it was said that assassins had taken his life. Even in the smallest villages, inquiries were heard concerning Luther. Travellers were questioned, and groups of the curious assembled in the market-places. Sometimes a stranger, passing through, recounted how the Reformer had been carried off; depicting the brutal horsemen hastily tying their prisoner's hands behind him, dragging him after them on foot, till his strength was spent, and deaf to his cries, though the blood forced its way from his fingers. His body, said some, has been seen pierced through and through. Such narratives drew forth exclamations of grief and horror. "Never more shall we behold him!" said the gathered crowds; "never again shall we hear that bold man whose voice stirred the depths of our hearts!" Luther's partisans, moved with indignation, swore to avenge his death. Women and children, men of peace, and aged people, foreboded new disturbances. The alarm of the Romish party was altogether unexampled. The priests and friars, who had been at first unable to conceal their joy, believing their own triumph secured by the death of one man, and had carried themselves haughtily, would now willingly have hid themselves from the threatening anger of the populace. Those who had given free vent to their rage, so long as Luther was at large, now trembled with alarm, though Luther was in captivity. Aleander, especially, was as if thunderstruck. "The

* Hume, &c.

only way of extricating ourselves," wrote a Roman Catholic to the Archbishop of Mentz, "is to light our torches, and go searching through the earth for Luther, till we can restore him to the nation that *will* have him." It might have been thought that the pallid ghost of the Reformer, dragging his chain, was spreading terror around, and calling for vengeance. Luther's death, it was predicted, would occasion the effusion of torrents of human blood:

Nowhere was there a stronger feeling displayed than in Worms itself. Bold remonstrances were heard both from nobles and people. Ulric Hütten and Hermann Busch filled the air with their plaintive lamentations and calls to war. Loud accusations were brought against Charles V. and the Nuncios. The entire nation had espoused the cause of the monk whose energy of faith had made him its leader.

At Wittemberg, his colleagues and friends, and especially Melancthon, were at first lost in sadness. Luther had been the means of communicating to the young student the treasures of that divine knowledge which from that hour had taken possession of his whole soul. It was Luther who had given substance and life to that intellectual culture which Melancthon brought with him to Wittemberg. The depth of the Reformer's doctrine had impressed the young Grecian, and his bold advocacy of the claims of the unchanging Word against human traditions had called forth his enthusiasm. He had associated himself with him in his labours, and taking up the pen, with that finished style which he had imbibed in the study of ancient literature, he had made the authority of Fathers and of Councils to bend before the sovereignty of God's Word.

The prompt decision that Luther displayed in the trying occasions of life, Melancthon manifested in his pursuit of learning. Never were two men more strongly marked with diversity and agreement. "Scripture," said Melancthon, "satisfies the soul with holy and wondrous delight—it is a heavenly ambrosia!" "The word of God," exclaimed Luther, "is a sword—an instrument of war and destruction,—it falls on the children of Ephraim like the lioness that darts from the forest." Thus one saw in Scripture chiefly its power to comfort;—and the other, a mighty energy opposed to the corruption of the world. But to both it was the sublimest of themes. In so far, there was a perfect agreement in their judgment. "Melancthon," observed Luther, "is a miracle in the estimation of all who know him. He is the most dreaded enemy of Satan and the schoolmen, for he knows all their 'foolishness, and he knows Christ as the rock.' That young Grecian goes beyond me even in divine learning,—he will do you more good than many Luthers!" And he went on to say he was ready to give up an opinion if Philip disapproved it. Melancthon, on his part, full of admiration for Luther's knowledge of Scripture, ranked him far above the Fathers. He took pleasure in excusing the jesting which Luther was reproached for resorting to, and would, on such occasions, compare him to an earthen vase which holds a precious treasure in an unsightly vessel. "I would be careful how I blame him," said he.

But behold the two friends so intimately united in affection, now parted one from the other. The two fellow-soldiers no longer march side by side to the rescue of the Church. Luther is absent,—and lost perhaps forever! The consternation at Wittemberg was extreme:—as that of an army, gloomy and dejected, at sight of the bleeding corpse of the general who was leading it on to victory.

Suddenly news arrived of a more cheering character. "Our well-beloved father still lives," exclaimed Philip, exultingly, "take courage and stand firm." But ere long melancholy prognostications returned. Luther was indeed living, but in close imprisonment. The edict of Worms, with its menacing proscriptions, was circulated by thousands throughout the empire, and even in the Tyrolese mountains. Was not the Reformation on the very eve of destruction by the iron hand impending over it? The gentle spirit of Melancthon recoiled with a thrill of horror.

But above the hand of man's power, a mightier hand was making itself felt, and God was rendering powerless that dreaded edict. The German princes, who had long sought occasion to reduce the authority which Rome exercised in the empire, took alarm at the alliance between the Emperor and the Pope, lest it should work the ruin of their liberty. Whilst, therefore, Charles, in journeying in the Low Countries, might see with a smile of irony the bonfires in which flatterers and fanatics consumed the writings of Luther in the public squares,—those writings were read in Germany with continually increasing eagerness, and numerous pamphlets in favour of the Reformation every day attacked the papal authority.

The Nuncios could not control themselves when they found that the edict, which it had cost them so much to obtain, produced so feeble an effect. "The ink of the signature," said they, "has scarcely had time to dry, when, behold, on all sides, the imperial decree is torn to pieces." The populace were more and more won to the cause of the extraordinary man who, without heeding the thunderbolts of Charles and of the Pope, had made confession of his faith with the courage of a martyr. It was said, "Has he not offered to retract if refuted? and no one has had the hardihood to undertake to refute him. Does not that show that he has spoken the truth?" Thus it was that the first emotions of fear were followed at Wittemberg and throughout the empire by a movement of enthusiasm. Even the Archbishop of Mentz, beholding the burst of national sympathy, durst not give permission to the Cordeliers to preach against the Reformer. The university, which might have been expected to yield to the storm,

raised its head. The new doctrines had taken too deep root to suffer by Luther's absence, and the halls of the academies were crowded with auditors.

Meanwhile, the Knight George, for this was the name of Luther so long as he was in the Wartburg, was living solitary and unknown. "If you were to see me," wrote he to Melancthon, "truly you would take me for a knight; even *you* would scarcely know me again." Luther, on his arrival, passed a short time in repose enjoying a leisure which had not yet been allowed him. He was at large within the fortress; but he was not permitted to pass outside it. All his wishes were complied with, and he had never been better treated. Many were the thoughts that occupied his mind, but none of them had power to disturb him. By turns he looked down upon the forests that surrounded him, and raised his eyes to heaven—"Strange captivity!" he exclaimed,—"a prisoner by consent, and yet against my will." "Pray for me," he wrote to Spalatin: —"I want nothing save your prayers: don't disturb me by what is said or thought of me in the world. At last I am quiet." This letter, like many of that period, is dated from the island of *Patmos*. Luther compared the Wartburg to the island celebrated as the scene of the banishment of St. John by the Emperor Domitian.

After the stirring contests that had agitated his soul, the Reformer enjoyed repose in the heart of the gloomy forests of Thuringen. There he studied evangelic truth,—not for disputation, but as the means of regeneration and of life. The Reformation, in its beginning, was of necessity polemic;—other circumstances required new labours. After eradicating with the hoe the thorns and brambles, the time was arrived for peaceably sowing the word of God in men's hearts. If Luther had been all his life called to wage conflicts, he would not have effected a lasting work in the Church. By his captivity he escaped a danger which might have ruined the cause of the Reformation,—that of always attacking and demolishing, without ever defending or building up.

This secluded retreat had one effect, perhaps still more beneficial. Lifted by his nation, like one raised upon a shield, he was but a hand's breadth from the abyss beyond, and the least degree of intoxication might have precipitated him headlong. Some of the foremost promoters of the Reformation in Germany, as well as in Switzerland, had made shipwreck on the shoals of spiritual pride and fanaticism. Luther was a man very subject to the weaknesses of our nature; and, as it was, he did not entirely escape these besetting dangers. Meanwhile, the hand of the Almighty, for a while, preserved him from them, by suddenly removing him from the intoxication of success, and plunging him in the depth of a retirement unknown to the world! There his soul gathered up itself to God, there it was again tempered by adversity;—his sufferings, his humiliation, obliged him to walk, at least for a time, with the humble;—and the principles of the Christian life thenceforward developed themselves in his soul with fresh energy and freedom.

Luther's tranquillity was not of long duration. Seated in solitude on the walls of the Wartburg, he passed whole days lost in meditation. At times, the Church rose before his vision, and spread out all her wretchedness; at other times, lifting his eyes to heaven, he would say, "Canst Thou have made all men in vain?" Then letting go his confidence, he would add, dejectedly, "Alas! there is no one in this closing day of wrath to stand as a wall before the Lord, and save Israel!"

Then recurring to his own lot, he dreaded being charged with having deserted the field of battle; the thought was insupportable. "Rather," exclaimed he, "would I be stretched on burning coals than stagnate here half dead." Transported in thought to Worms—to Wittemberg—into the midst of his adversaries—he regretted that, yielding to his friends' entreaties, he had withdrawn himself from the world. "Ah," said he, "nothing on earth do I more desire than to face my cruel enemies."

Some gentler thoughts, however, brought a truce to such complainings. Luther's state of mind was not all tempest; his agitated spirit recovered at times a degree of calm and comfort. Next to the assurance of the Divine protection, one thing consoled him in his grief —it was the recollection of Melancthon. "If I perish," he wrote, "the Gospel will lose nothing —you will succeed me as Elisha succeeded Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit." But calling to mind the timidity of Melancthon, he ejaculated—"Minister of the Word! keep the walls and towers of Jerusalem till our enemies shall strike you down. We stand alone on the plain of battle; after me they will strike *you* down."

This thought of the final onset of Rome on the infant Church threw him into renewed anxieties. The poor monk,—a prisoner and alone,—had many a struggle to pass through in his solitude; but suddenly he seemed to get a glimpse of his deliverance. He thought he could foresee that the assaults of the papal power would rouse the nations of Germany; and that the soldiers of the Gospel, victorious over its enemies, and gathered under the walls of the Wartburg, would give liberty to its captive. "If the Pope," said he, "should stretch forth his hand against all who are on my side, there will be a violent commotion; the more he urges on our ruin, the sooner shall we see an end of him and his adherents! And as for me . . . . I shall be restored to your arms. God is awakening many, and He it is who impels the nations. Only let our enemies take up our affair and try to stifle it in their arms,—and it will grow by their pressure, and come forth more formidable than ever."

But sickness brought him down from these lofty heights to which his courage and faith would at times rise. He had already, when

at Worms, suffered much; and his disorder had increased in solitude. The food of the Wartburg was altogether unsuited to him; it was rather less ordinary in quality than that of his convent, and it was found needful to give him the poor diet to which he had been accustomed. He passed whole nights without sleep; anxieties of mind were added to pain of body. No great work is accomplished without struggle and suffering. Luther, alone on his rock, endured in his vigorous frame a suffering that was needed, in order to the emancipation of mankind. "Sitting, at night, in my apartment," says he, "I uttered cries like a woman in travail." Then, ceasing to complain, and touched with the thought that what he was undergoing was sent in mercy from God, he broke forth in accents of love: "Thanks to Thee, O Christ, that thou wilt not leave me without the precious relics of thy holy cross!" But soon, feeling indignation against himself wrought in his soul, he exclaimed, "Hardened fool that I am; wo is me! my prayers are few; I wrestle but little with the Lord; I bewail not the state of the Church of God; instead of being fervent in spirit, my passions take fire: I sink in sloth, in sleep, and in indolence." Then not knowing to what to ascribe his feelings, and accustomed to expect blessings through the affectionate remembrance of his friends, he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "O, my friends, do you then forget to pray for me? that God can thus leave me to myself."

Those who were about him, as also his Wittemberg friends, and those at the Elector's court, were anxious and alarmed at his mental suffering. They trembled in the prospect of the life that had been snatched from the fires of the Pope, and the sword of Charles, so sadly sinking and expiring. The Wartburg then would be Luther's tomb! "I fear," said Melancthon, "lest his grief for the condition of the Church should bring him down to the grave. He has lighted a candle in Israel; if he dies, what hope is left us? Would that by the sacrifice of my worthless life, I could retain in this world one who is surely its brightest ornament. O, what a man!" he exclaimed, (as if already standing beside his grave,) "surely we never valued him as we ought."

What Luther termed the shameful indolence of his prison life was, in reality, diligence beyond the strength of ordinary mortals. "Here am I," said he, on the 14th of May, "lapped in indolence and pleasures. [He doubtless refers to the quality of his food, which was at first less coarse than what he had been used to.] I am going through the Bible in Hebrew and Greek. I mean to write a discourse in German, touching auricular confession; also to continue the translation of the Psalms, and to compose a collection of sermons, as soon as I have received what I want from Wittemberg. My pen is never idle." Even this was but a part of Luther's labours.

His enemies thought that, if not dead, at least he was effectually silenced; but their exultation was short, and, ere long, no doubt could exist that he still lived. A multitude of tracts, composed in the Wartburg, followed each other in rapid succession; and everywhere the well-known voice of the Reformer was enthusiastically responded to. Luther, at the same moment, put forth such writings as were adapted to build up the Church, and controversial tracts which disturbed his opponents in their fancied security. For nearly a whole year, he, by turns, instructed, exhorted, rebuked, and thundered from his mountain height, and his astonished adversaries might well inquire whether indeed there was not something supernatural in so prodigious an activity—"He could not have allowed himself any rest," says Colchæus. But the solution of the whole mystery was to be found in the rashness of the Romish party. They were in haste to profit by the decree of Worms, to put an end to the Reformation; and Luther, sentenced—placed under the ban of the empire,—and a prisoner in the Wartburg, stood up in the cause of sound doctrine, as if he were still at large and triumphant. It was especially at the tribunal of penance that the priests strove to rivet the fetters of their deluded parishioners;—hence it is the Confessional that Luther first assails. "They allege," says he, "that passage in St. James, 'confess your sins to one another;' a strange confessor this—his name is '*one another!*' Whence it would follow that the confessors ought also to confess to their penitents; that every Christian should *in his turn* be pope, bishop, and priest, and that the pope himself should make confession before all."

Scarcely had Luther finished this tract, when he commenced another. A divine of Louvain, named Latomos, already known by his opposition to Reuchlin and Erasmus, had impugned the Reformer's statements. Twelve days after, Luther's answer was ready, and it is one of his masterpieces. He first defends himself against the charge of want of moderation. "The moderation of this age," says he, "consists in bending the knee before sacrilegious pontiffs and impious sophists, and saying, 'Gracious Lord, most worthy master.' Then, having so done, you may persecute who you will to the death; you may convulse the world,—all that, shall not hinder your being a man of moderation! Away with such moderation, say I. Let me speak out, and delude no one. The shell may be rough, perhaps, but the nut is soft and tender."

The health of Luther continued to decline; he began to think of leaving the Wartburg. But what to do; to appear in open day at the risk of his life? In the rear of the mountain on which the fortress was built, the country was intersected by numerous footpaths, bordered by tufts of wild strawberries. The massive gate of the castle was unclosed, and the prisoner ventured, not without fear, to gather some of the fruit. Gradually, he became more venturesome, and, clothed in his

knight's disguise, and attended by a rough-mannered but faithful guard from the castle, he extended his excursions in the neighbourhood. One day, stopping to rest at an inn, Luther laid aside his sword, which encumbered him, and took up some books that lay near. His natural disposition got the better of his prudence. His attendant took the alarm lest an action so unusual in a man of arms, should excite a suspicion that the doctor was not really a knight. Another time, the two companions descended the mountain, and entered the convent of Reichardsbrunn, in which, but a few months before, Luther had rested for a night, on his way to Worms.* Suddenly, one of the lay-brothers uttered an exclamation of surprise—Luther had been recognised. His keeper, seeing how the matter stood, hurried him away, and it was not till they were galloping far from the cloisters, that the monk recovered from his astonishment.

The life of the Doctor of Wittemberg, in his assumed character of knight, had, indeed, at times, a something about it truly theological. One day, the snares were made ready—the fortress gates thrown open—the sporting dogs let loose. Luther had expressed a wish to partake of the pleasures of the chase. The huntsmen were in high spirits; the dogs scoured the hills, driving the hares from the brushwood; but as the tumult swelled around him, the Knight George, motionless in the midst of it, felt his soul fill with solemn thoughts. Looking round him, his heart heaved with sorrow. "Is it not," said he, "the very picture of the Devil, setting his dogs, the bishops, those messengers of Antichrist, and sending them out to hunt down poor souls?" A young leveret had been snared: rejoicing to liberate it, Luther wrapped it in his mantle, and deposited it in the midst of a thicket; but scarcely had he left the spot, when the dogs scented it, and killed it. Drawn to the place by its cry, Luther uttered an exclamation of grief—"O Pope! and thou, too, O Satan! it is thus that *ye* would compass the destruction of the souls that have been rescued from death!"

Whilst the Doctor of Wittemberg, dead to the world, was seeking to recruit his spirits by these occupations in the vicinity of the Wartburg, the great work was progressing, as if by its own power. The Reformation, in fact, was beginning to take effect. It was no longer limited to teaching; it now began to affect and mould the life.

Bernard Feldkirchen, the pastor of Kemberg, and the first, under Luther's direction, to expose the errors of Rome,† was also the first to throw off the yoke of her institutions:—he married!

There is, in the German character, a strong love of family and domestic enjoyments:—hence, of all the injunctions of the Papal authority, none had had more lamentable results than the imposition of celibacy. Made obligatory on the heads of the clergy, this practice had prevented the fiefs of the church from passing into hereditary possessions. But extended by Gregory VII. to the inferior orders, its effects had been indeed deplorable. Many of the priests, in evading the obligation imposed upon them, by shameful disorders, had drawn down hatred and contempt on their profession; while those who had submitted to Hildebrand's law, were indignant that the Church, which lavished power, riches, and earthly possessions on its higher dignitaries, should impose on its humbler ministers, who were ever its most useful supporters, a denial so opposed to the Gospel.

"Neither the Pope, nor the Councils," said Feldkirchen, and another pastor, named Seidler, who followed his example, "can have a right to impose on the Church a command that endangers soul and body. The obligation to observe God's law compels us to throw aside traditions of men." The re-establishment of marriage was, in the sixteenth century, a homage paid to the moral law. The ecclesiastical power, in alarm, instantly issued its mandates against the two priests. Seidler, who lived in the territory of Duke George, was given up to his superiors, and died in prison. But the Elector Frederic refused to surrender Feldkirchen to the Archbishop of Magdeburg. "His Highness," said Spalatin, "declines to act the part of a police-officer." Feldkirchen, therefore, continued to preside over his flock, though a *husband* and a *father!*

The first emotion of the Reformer, on receiving intelligence of these events, was one of joy. "I am all admiration," says he, "of the new bridegroom of Kemberg, who moves on fearlessly in the midst of all this hubbub." Luther was satisfied that priests *ought* to marry. But this question led directly to another—the marriage of friars—and on this point Luther had to pass through one of those internal struggles, of which his life was full; for every reform was of necessity to be wrought out by a mental conflict. Melancthon and Carlstadt,—the one a layman, the other in priest's orders,—thought that the liberty of contracting the marriage bond ought to be as free to the friars as to the priests. Luther, himself a monk, did not at first agree with them in judgment. One day, when the commandant of the Wartburg had brought him some theses of Carlstadt, touching celibacy, "Good Heaven!" he exclaimed, "will our Wittemberg friends allow wives even to monks!" The thought overwhelmed him, and disturbed his spirit. For himself, he put far from him the liberty he claimed for others. "Ah," said he indignantly, "at least they will not make *me* take a wife." This expression is doubtless unknown to those who assert that Luther's object in the Reformation was that he might marry. Bent upon the truth, not from any desire of self-pleasing, but with upright intentions, he undertook the defence of that which appeared to him to be right, although it might be at variance with the gene-

* See page 196. † p. 60.

ral tendency of his doctrine. He worked his way through a mingled crowd of truths and errors, until the errors had altogether fallen, and truth alone remained standing in his mind.

There was indeed a broad distinction discernable between the two questions. The marriage of priests did not draw after it the downfall of the priesthood; on the contrary, it was of itself likely to win back popular respect to the secular clergy: but the marriage of friars involved the breaking up of the monastic institutions. The question then really was, whether it was right to disband the army that acknowledged themselves the soldiery of the Pope. "The priests," said Luther, writing to Melancthon, "are ordained by God, and therefore they are set above the commandments of men; but the friars have of their own accord chosen a life of celibacy,—they therefore are not at liberty to withdraw from the obligation they have laid themselves under."

The Reformer was destined to advance a step further, and by a new struggle to carry also this post of the enemy. Already he had trampled under his feet many Romish corruptions; nay, even the authority of Rome herself. But monkery was still standing—monkery, which had in early times carried the spark of life to many a desert spot, and, passing through successive generations, now filled so many cloisters with sloth and luxury, seemed to find a voice and advocate in the castle of Thuringen, and to depend for life or death upon the agitated conscience of one man! Luther struggled for a while: at one moment on the point of rejecting it,—at another disposed to acknowledge it. At last, no longer able to support the contest, he threw himself in prayer at the feet of Christ, exclaiming, "Do thou teach us—do thou deliver us—establish us with thy free spirit, in the liberty thou hast given us! for surely we are thy people!"

And truly there was no long tarrying; a great change took place in the Reformer's thoughts, and again it was the great doctrine of *Justification by Faith* which gave victory.

This weapon, which had put down indulgences, baffled Romish intrigues, and humbled the Pope himself, dethroned monkery also from the place it held in the mind of Luther and of all Christendom. Luther was led to see that the monastic institutions were in flagrant opposition to the doctrines of Free Grace, and that the life led by the monks was entirely grounded on the assertion of human merit. Convinced, from that instant, that the glory of Christ was at stake, his conscience incessantly repeated—"Monkery must yield." So long as *Justification by Faith* is clearly held by the Church, not one of her members will become a monk. This persuasion continued to gain strength in his mind, and as early as the beginning of December, he addressed to the bishops and deacons of the Church of Wittemberg, the following theses—his declarations of war against monkery:—

"Whatsoever is not of *faith*, is sin.—Rom xiv. 23.

"Whoever binds himself by a vow of celibacy, of chastity, of service to God—without *faith*—vows, profanely and idolatrously, a vow to the devil himself.

"To make such vows is worse than to be priests of Cybele, or vestals of Pagan worship; for the monks make their vows in the thought that they shall be justified and saved by them; and that which should be ascribed to the alone mercy of God is thus ascribed to human deservings. Such convents ought to be razed to the foundation, as being abodes of the devil. There is but one Order that is holy, and makes men holy, and that is—Christianity or Faith.

"To make the religious houses really useful, they should be converted into schools, wherein children might be brought up to manhood; instead of which, they are establishments where grown men are reduced to second childhood for the rest of their lives."

We see that Luther at this period would have tolerated the convents as houses of education; but, ere long, his attack upon them became more unsparing.

The immorality and shameful practices that disgraced the cloisters recurred forcibly to his thoughts. "It is my great aim," he wrote to Spalatin, on the 11th of November, "to rescue the young from the hellish fires of celibacy;" and he proceeded to compose a tract against monastic vows, which he dedicated to his father. "Do you desire," said he, in his dedication to the old man at Mansfeld, "do you still feel a desire to extricate me from a monk's life? You have the right to do so, for you are still my father, and I am still your son. But it is not needed: God has been beforehand with you, and has himself delivered me from it by his mighty arm. What does it matter if I should lay aside the tonsure or the cowl? Is it the cowl,—is it the tonsure that constitutes a monk? 'All things are yours,' said St. Paul, 'and you are Christ's.' I belong not to the cowl, but the cowl to me; I am a monk, and yet no monk; I am a new creature, not of the Pope, but of Jesus Christ! Christ alone, and no mere go-between, is my bishop, my abbot, my prior, my lord, my master,—and I acknowledge no other! What matters it to me if the Pope should sentence and put me to death; he cannot summon me from the grave, and take my life a second time. That great day is nigh when the kingdom of abominations shall be overthrown. Would to God the Pope would do his worst, and put us all to death; our blood would cry to heaven against him, and bring down swift destruction on him and his adherents."

Luther himself was already transformed: he felt himself no longer a friar. It was no outward circumstances, no human passions, no haste of the flesh that had brought about the change. A struggle had been gone through: Luther had at first sided with monkery, but truth had descended into the arena, and monkery was overthrown. The

triumphs of human passion are short-lived, but those of truth are decisive and durable.

Whilst Luther was thus preparing the way for one of the greatest changes which the Church was destined to pass through, and the Reformation was beginning to manifest its effects on the lives of Christians,—the partisans of Rome, with that blind infatuation common to those who have long held power, were pleasing themselves with the thought, that because Luther was in the Wartburg, the Reformation was forever at an end. They thought, therefore, quietly to resume their former practices, which had been for an instant interrupted by the monk of Wittemberg. Albert, the Archbishop and Elector of Mentz, was one of those weak persons who, when hings are nearly balanced, are found on the side of truth; but whenever their own interest is concerned, are quite willing to take up with error. His great aim was that his court should equal in splendour that of any of the German princes, that his equipages should be as rich, and his table as well served: the trade in indulgences was to him an admirable resource for the promotion of his favourite object. Accordingly, no sooner was the decree against Luther issued from the Imperial Chancellor's court, than Albert, who was then at Halle, attended by his courtiers, called together the vendors of indulgences, whose activity had been paralysed by the Reformer's preaching, and endeavoured to encourage them by such words as—"Do not fear, we have silenced him; go shear the flock in peace; the monk is in prison, under bolts and bars; and this time he will be clever indeed if he disturbs us at our work." The market was again opened, the wares spread out for sale, and again the churches of Halle resounded with the harangues of the mountebanks.

But Luther still lived; and his voice had power to pass beyond the walls and gratings behind which he was concealed. Nothing could have roused him to a higher pitch of indignation. "What!" thought he, "violent discussions have taken place, I have braved every danger, the truth has triumphed, and now they dare to trample it in the dust, as if it had been refuted. They shall again hear that voice which arrested their guilty traffic." "I will take no rest," wrote Luther to Spalatin, "till I have attacked the *idol* of Mentz, and its whoredoms at Halle." He went instantly to work, caring little for the mystery in which some sought to envelope his seclusion in the Wartburg. He was like Elijah in the desert, forging new thunderbolts to hurl against the impious Ahab. On the 1st of November, he completed a tract "Against the new *Idol* of Halle."

The Archbishop had received information of Luther's intentions. Urged by his apprehensions, he, toward the middle of December, despatched two of his attendants, Capito and Auerbach, to Wittemberg, to ward off the blow. "It is indispensable," said they to Melancthon, who received them courteously, "it is quite indispensable that Luther should moderate his impetuosity." But Melancthon, though himself of gentler spirit, was not of the number of those who imagine wisdom to consist in perpetual concession, retracting, and silence. "God is making use of him," he replied, "and this age requires a bitter and pungent salt." On this, Capito, addressing himself to Jonas, endeavoured, through him, to influence the Elector's councils.

The report of Luther's design had already spread thither, and produced great consternation. "What!" said the courtiers, "rekindle the flame that it cost so much trouble to subdue! The only safety for Luther is to withdraw into the shade; and see how he exalts himself against the greatest prince in the empire." "I will not suffer Luther to write against the Archbishop of Mentz, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity," said the Elector.

When these words were reported to Luther, he was indignant. It is not enough, then, to confine his body, they would enchain his spirit, and the truth itself. Do they imagine he hides himself from fear? or that his retreat is a confession of defeat? On the contrary, he contends that it is a victory gained. Who then in Worms had dared to rise up against him, in opposition to the truth? Accordingly, when the captive of the Wartburg had finished reading Spalatin's letter, apprizing him of the Elector's intention, he threw it aside, resolving to return no answer. But he could not contain his feelings; he again took it in hand. "And so, the Elector will not suffer, &c.!" wrote Luther in reply, "and I on my part will not suffer that the Elector should *not* allow me to write. Rather will I be the utter ruin of yourself, the Elector, and the whole world. If I have stood up against the Pope, who created your Cardinal, is it fitting that I should give way to his creature? Truly, it is very fine to hear you say we ought not to disturb the public peace, while you permit the disturbance of the *Peace* that is from God. It shall not be so, Spalatin! O Prince it shall not stand! I send, with this, a tract I had written against the Cardinal, before I received your letter;—please to hand it to Melancthon."

The reading of this manuscript alarmed Spalatin;—he again urged on the Reformer the imprudence of a publication that would oblige the Imperial government to lay aside its affected ignorance of what had become of him, and to proceed to punish a prisoner who assailed the chief dignitary of the Church and Empire. If Luther persisted, the general tranquillity would be disturbed, and the cause of the Reformation endangered. Luther, therefore, consented to delay the publication, and even gave Melancthon leave to strike out the more severe passages. But growing indignant at his friend's timidity, he wrote to Spalatin,—"The Lord still lives—He reigns,—the Lord whom you counsellors of the court cannot trust, unless He so shapes his work, as that there be nothing left to trust Him in!"

—and he forthwith resolved to write direct to the Cardinal.

It is the Episcopal authority itself that Luther calls to the bar of judgment in the person of the German primate. His words are those of a bold man, burning with zeal in behalf of truth, and feeling that he speaks in the name of God himself.

"Your Electoral Highness," wrote he, from the depth of his retirement, "has seen fit again to set up at Halle the *idol* that engulfs the treasure and the souls of poor Christians. You think, perhaps, that I am disabled, and that the power of the Emperor will easily silence the protest of a feeble monk. . . . . But know this,—I will fearlessly discharge the duty that Christian charity lays me under, dreading not the gates of hell!—and much less, popes, bishops, or cardinals.

"Therefore, I humbly implore your Electoral Highness to call to remembrance the origin of this business, and how from one little spark came so fearful a conflagration. Then also, the world reposed in fancied security. 'That poor mendicant friar,' thought they, 'who, unaided, would attack the Pope, has undertaken a task above his strength.' But God interposed his arm, and gave the Pope more disturbance and anxiety than he had known since first he sat in the temple of God, and lorded it over God's church. That same God still lives—let none doubt it. He will know how to bring to nothing the efforts of a Cardinal of Mentz, though he should be backed by four emperors—for it is His pleasure to bring down the lofty cedars, and humble the pride of the Pharaohs.

"For this cause I apprize your Highness that if the idol is not removed, it will be my duty, in obedience to God's teaching, publicly to rebuke your Highness, as I have done the Pope himself. Let not your Highness neglect this notice. I shall wait fourteen days for an early and favourable answer. Given in my wilderness retreat, on Sunday after St. Catherine's day, 1521. Your Highness' devoted and humble, MARTIN LUTHER."

This letter was forwarded to Wittemberg, and from thence to Halle, where the Cardinal Elector was then resident; for no one dared venture to intercept it, foreseeing the storm such an act of audacity would have called forth. But Melancthon accompanied it by a letter to the prudent Capito, wherein he laboured to give a favourable turn to so untoward a step.

It is not possible to describe the feelings of the young and pusillanimous Archbishop on the receipt of the Reformer's letter. The forthcoming work against the *idol* of Halle was like a sword suspended over his head. And yet what must have been, at the same, the irritation produced by the insolence of the low-born and excommunicated monk, who dared address such language to a prince of the house of Brandenburg, and a primate of the German Church. Capito besought the Archbishop to comply with Luther's advice. Fear, pride, and conscience, which he could not stifle, struggled long in Albert's soul. At length, dread of the threatened writing, joined, perhaps, to a feeling of remorse, prevailed. He stooped to humble himself, and put together such an answer as seemed likely to appease the man of the Wartburg, and scarcely had the fourteen days expired, when Luther received the following letter, more surprising even than his own terrifying epistle.

"My dear Doctor,—I have received and read your letter, and have taken it in good part, as being well intended: but I think the cause that has induced you to write to me in such a strain has for a long time past had no existence. It is my desire, by God's help, to comport myself as a pious bishop, and a Christian prince; and I confess that for this, God's grace is necessary to me. I deny not that I am a sinful man, liable to sin, and apt to be led astray, and even sinning and going astray every day of my life. I know that, without God's grace, I am but worthless and loathsome mire, like others; if not worse. In replying to your letter, I would not omit to express the favour I bear you; for it is my most earnest desire, for Christ's sake, to show you all kindness and favour. I know how to receive the rebuke of a Christian and a brother. By my own hand. ALBERT."

Such was the strain in which the Elector Archbishop of Mentz and Magdeburg, commissioned to represent and maintain in Germany the constitution of the Church, wrote to the excommunicated prisoner of the Wartburg! In thus replying, did Albert obey the better dictates of his conscience, or was he swayed by his fears? On the former supposition, it is a noble letter; on the latter it is contemptible. We would rather suppose it to have proceeded from a right motive. However that may be, it at least shows the vast superiority of the *servant of God* above the greatness of this world. Whilst Luther, solitary, a captive, and under sentence, derived from his faith an unconquerable courage, the Cardinal-archbishop, surrounded on all sides with the power and favour of the world, trembled in his chair. Again, and again, does this reflection present itself, and it affords the solution of the strange enigma offered by the history of the Reformation. The Christian is not called to calculate his resources, and count the means of success. His one concern is to know that his cause is the cause of God;—and that he himself has no aim but his Master's glory. Doubtless he has an inquiry to make, but it has reference only to his motives; the Christian looks in upon his heart,—not upon his arm: he regards right,—not strength. And that question once well settled,—his path is clear. It is for him to go boldly forward, though the world and all its armies should withstand his progress; in the firm persuasion that God himself will fight against the opposers.

Thus did the enemies of the Reformation pass at once from the harshest measures to pitiable weakness: they had done this at Worms, and these sudden changes are con-

finually recurring in the conflict between truth and error. Every cause destined to succumb, carries with it an internal *malaise*, which occasions it to stagger and fluctuate between opposite extremes. Steadiness of purpose and energy could not sanctify a bad cause, but they might serve at least to gild its fall with what the world calls glory.

Joachim I., Elector of Brandenburg, Albert's brother, was an example of that decision of character so rare in our own times. Immovable in his principles, decisive in action, knowing when needful how to resist the encroachments of the Pope, he opposed an iron hand to the progress of the Reformation. Long before this, when at Worms, he had urged that Luther should be refused a hearing, and brought to punishment, notwithstanding the safe-conduct with which he was furnished. Scarcely was the edict of Worms issued, when he directed that it should be rigorously enforced in his states. Luther could appreciate so decided a character, and, drawing a distinction in favour of Joachim, when, speaking of his other adversaries, remarked, "we may *still* pray for the Elector of Brandenburg." This disposition in the prince seemed to communicate itself to his people. Berlin and Brandenburg long continued closed to the reformed doctrines. But that which is slowly received is firmly held; whilst countries, which then hailed the Gospel with joy, as Belgium and Westphalia, were ere long seen to abandon it. Brandenburg,—which was the latest of the German states to enter on the way of faith,—was destined, at a later period, to stand foremost in the cause of the Reformation.

Luther was not without suspicion that the Cardinal's letter was dictated by some insidious design suggested by Capito. He returned no answer; he declared to the latter, that so long as the Archbishop, unequal as he was to the care of a petty parish, should hold to his pretensions as Cardinal, and his episcopal state, instead of discharging the humble duty of a minister of the Gospel, he could not be in the way of salvation. Meanwhile, and at the very time that Luther contended against error, as if he were still in the thick of the conflict, he was at work in his retirement as though regardless of all that was happening outside its walls. The time had arrived when the Reformation was to pass from the closet of divines into the private life of nations; and, nevertheless, the great engine by which this advance was to be effected was not yet brought forth. This mighty and wonder-working engine, from whence a storm of missiles was to be discharged against Rome, battering down its walls,—this engine, which was to upheave the burden under which the Papacy then held down the almost stifled Church, and to communicate to mankind an impulse which, ages after, would still be felt, was ordained to go forth from the old castle of the Wartburg, and enter, with the Reformer, on the world's stage on the same day that closed his captivity

The further the Church was removed from the days in which Jesus, its true light walked on this earth, the more did it need the candle of God's word to transmit to after times the unclouded knowledge of Jesus Christ. But that Divine Word was unknown to that age. Some fragments of translations from the Vulgate, made in 1477, 1490, and 1518, had been but coldly received, and were almost unintelligible, as well as, from their high price, beyond the reach of the common people. The giving the Scriptures to the Church in Germany in the vernacular tongue, had even been prohibited. Added to which, the number of those who could read, became considerable, only when there existed in the German language a book of strong and general interest.

Luther was ordained to present his nation with the written word. That same God who had relegated St. John in Patmos, that he might there write what he had seen, had shut up Luther in the Wartburg, that he should there translate his Word. The great labour, which it would have been difficult for him to take in hand in the distracting occupations of Wittemberg, was to set the new edifice on the solid rock, and, after the lapse of so many ages, recall Christians from scholastic subtleties to the pure and unadulterated fountains of redemption and salvation. The wants of the Church loudly called for this service, and Luther's deep experience had fitted him to render it. In truth, he had found, in the faith, that rest for his own soul, which his fluctuating conscience and monkish prejudice had so long sought in merits and holiness of his own. The ordinary teaching of the Church, the theology of the schools knew nothing of the consolations which *faith* gives: but the Scriptures set them forth powerfully,—and it was in the Scriptures that he had discovered them. *Faith in God's word* had given him liberty! By faith he felt himself freed from the dogmatic authority of Church, hierarchy, tradition, the notions of the schools, the power of prejudice, and commandments of men! These manifold bonds which had for ages chained down and silenced all Christendom, were burst asunder, and he could raise his head freed from all authority save that of the Word. This independence of man,—this subjection to God, which he had learned in the Holy Scriptures,—he was anxious to communicate to the Church. But for this purpose it was needful that he should give to it God's own Revelations. There was a necessity that some strong hand should unclose the portals of that arsenal whence Luther had drawn his weapons, and that its recesses, which had for ages been unexplored, should be laid open to all Christian people against the day of trial.

Luther had, before this time, translated some fragments of the Holy Scripture. The seven penitential psalms* had first occupied his pen. John the Baptist,—Jesus Christ,—and the Reformation—alike commenced by calling men to repentance. It is, indeed, the principle of every regeneration in human na-

* Ps. 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 147

ture. These earlier essays had been eagerly bought up, and had awakened a general demand for more; and the desire on the part of the people was by Luther regarded as a call from God. He resolves to meet it. He was a captive enclosed within lofty walls; but what of that! he would devote his leisure to render the Word of God into the language of his nation. Soon shall we see that Word descending with him from the Wartburg—circulating among the families of Germany, and enriching them with spiritual treasure, that had hitherto been shut up within the hearts of a few pious persons. "Would that that book alone," he exclaimed, "were in all languages—before the eyes—in the ears—and in the hearts of all." Admirable words, which a well-known society* engaged in translating the Bible into the vernacular dialect of every nation under heaven, has, after a lapse of three centuries, undertaken to realize. "Scripture," says he again, "Scripture 'without comment' is the sun whence all teachers receive their light."

Such are the true principles of Christianity and of the Reformation. Adopting these memorable words, we are not to seek light from the Fathers to interpret Scripture,—but to use Scripture to interpret the writings of the Fathers. The Reformers, as also the Apostles, hold forth the alone word of God as *light*, whilst they exhalt the one offering of Christ as the only *righteousness*. To mingle commandments of men with this supreme authority of God, or any righteousness of man's own, with this perfect righteousness of Christ, is to corrupt the two great fundamental truths of the Gospel. Such were the two leading heresies of Rome: and the doctrines that certain teachers would introduce into the bosom of the Reformation, though not carried to such a length, have the same tendencies.

Luther, taking up the Greek originals of the inspired writers, entered on the difficult task of rendering them into his native tongue. Important moment in the history of the Reformation! thenceforth it was no longer in the hands of the Reformer. The Bible was brought forward—and Luther held a secondary place. *God* showed himself; and man was seen as nothing. The Reformer placed the Book in the hands of his contemporaries: thenceforward, each could hear God speaking to him,—and, as for himself, he mingled in the crowd, placing himself among those who came to draw from the common fountain of light and life.

In translating the Holy Scriptures, Luther had found that consolation and strength which met his need. Weak in body—solitary—depressed in spirit by the machinations of his enemies, and sometimes by the indiscretions of his friends—and sensible that his life was wasting in the gloom of the old castle, he had, at times, to pass through awful struggles. In those days, men were much disposed to carry into the visible world the conflicts that the soul sustains with its spiritual enemies. Luther's vivid imagination easily gave bodily shape to the emotions of his soul, and the superstitions of the middle ages had still some hold upon his mind, so that it might be said of him, as was said of Calvin, in reference to his judgment in regard to heretics, that he had in him the remains of Popery. To Luther, Satan was not simply an invisible, though really existing, being; he thought that adversary of God was accustomed to appear in bodily form to man, as he had appeared to Jesus Christ. Although we may more than doubt the authenticity of the details given on such topics in his Table Talk and elsewhere,* history must yet record this weakness in the Reformer. Never had these gloomy imaginations such power over him as in his seclusion in the Wartburg. At Worms, when in the days of his strength, he had braved the power of the devil,—but now, that strength was broken, and his reputation tarnished. He was thrown aside: Satan had his turn—and in bitterness of soul, Luther imagined he saw him rearing before him his gigantic form—lifting his finger as if in threatening, grinning triumphantly, and grinding his teeth in fearful rage. One day, in particular, as it is reported, whilst Luther was engaged in translating the New Testament, he thought he saw Satan, in detestation of his work, tormenting and vexing him, and moving round him like a lion ready to spring upon his prey. Luther, alarmed and aroused, snatching up his inkstand, threw it at the head of his enemy. The apparition vanished, and the ink-bottle was dashed to pieces against the wall.†

His stay at the Wartburg began now to be insupportable to him. He was indignant at the timidity of his protectors. Sometimes he remained all day lost in silent and deep meditation, and, awakening from it, he would utter the exclamation—"Ah! would I were at Wittemberg!" At length, he could no longer restrain himself:—"Enough," thought he, "enough of policy." He must again see his friends—hear from their lips how things were going on, and talk over all with them. True, he risked falling into the power of his enemies; but nothing could deter him. Toward the end of November, he secretly quitted the Wartburg, and set out for Wittemberg.

A storm had just then burst forth against him. The Sorbonne had at length spoken out. This celebrated school of Paris—next in authority in the Church to the Pope himself—the ancient and venerable source whence theological teaching had gone forth, had just issued its verdict against the Reformation The following were among the propositions it condemned:—Luther had said, "God ever pardons sin freely, and requires nothing from

* The Bible Society.

* M. Michelet, in his memoirs of Luther, devotes no less than thirty pages to the various accounts of this incident.

† The keeper of the Wartburg regularly points out to travellers the mark made by Luther's ink stand.

us in return, save that for the time to come we live according to righteousness." He had added—"The most mortal of all mortal sins is this: to wit, that a man should think that he is not guilty of damnable and mortal sin in the sight of God." He had also declared, that the practice of burning heretics was contrary o the will of the Holy Ghost. To these several propositions, as well as to many others which it quoted, the Faculty of Theology, in Paris, had replied by the word, "Heresy—let it be accursed."

But there was a youth, a stripling of twenty-four years of age, of diffident and retiring manners, who ventured to take up the gauntlet that the first college in Europe had thrown down. It was no secret at Wittemberg, what was to be thought of those lofty censures:—it was known that Rome had allowed free course to the machinations of the Dominicans, and that the Sorbonne had been misled by the influence of two or three fanatical teachers who were designated in Paris by satirical nicknames. Accordingly, in his apology, Melancthon did not confine himself to defending Luther, but with the fearlessness which characterizes his writings, he carried the war into his adversaries' camp. "You say, 'he is a Manichean'—'he is a Montanist:' you call for fire and fagot to repress his madness. And who, I pray you, is Montanist? Luther, who would have men believe Scripture only? or yourselves, who would claim belief for the thoughts of men rather than for the word of God?"

And truly the attaching more importance to man's teaching than to God's word was in substance the heresy of Montanus, as it is the real character of the Pope, and, indeed, of all who rank church authority or mystical impulses above the plain words of the Sacred Writings. Accordingly, the young master of arts, who had been heard to say—"I would rather die than relinquish the faith of the Gospel," did not stop there. He charged the doctors of the Sorbonne with having darkened the light of the Gospel,—put out the doctrine of Faith,—and substituted a vain philosophy in place of true Christianity. The publication of this writing of Melancthon changed the position of the parties. He proved unanswerably that the heresy was in Paris and in Rome, and the Catholic truth at Wittemberg.

All this while, Luther, little regarding the censures of the Sorbonne, was journeying in his disguise as a knight toward the university city. Various rumours reached him in his journey, of a spirit of impatience and insubordination having manifested itself among certain of his adherents. He was deeply grieved at it. At last he arrived at Wittemberg without having been recognised on the road thither, and stopped at the door of Amsdorff. Immediately his friends were secretly called together. Among the first was Melancthon, who had so often said, "I would rather die than be separated from him." They met. What an interview! what joy! The captive of the Wartburg, surrounded by his friends, enjoyed the sweets of Christian friendship. He learned the spread of the Reformation,—the hopes of his brethren,—and, delighted with what he saw and heard, he kneeled down and prayed, gave thanks, and then, with brief delay, set forth and returned to the Wartburg.

His joy was well founded. The work of the Reformation made, just then, a prodigious advance. Feldkirchen, ever in the van, had mounted the breach; the whole body of those who held the new doctrines were in motion, and the energy which carried the Reformation from the range of teaching into the public worship, to private life, and the constitution of the Church, revealed itself by another explosion—more threatening to the papal power than that which had already happened.

Rome, having rid herself of the Reformer, thought she had extinguished the new heresy; but it was not long before a great change took place. Death removed the Pontiff who had put Luther under ban. Troubles broke out in Spain, and compelled Charles V. to recross the Pyrenees. War was declared between that prince and Francis the First; and (as if this were not enough to engross the Emperor's attention) Solyman invaded Hungary. Charles, thus attacked on all sides, found himself compelled to leave unmolested the monk of Worms and his religious novelties.

It was about this time, that the bark of the Reformed Faith, which, driven in every direction by the winds, had been well nigh swamped, righted itself, and rode above the waters.

It was in the convent of the Augustines, at Wittemberg, that the Reformation showed itself. We cannot wonder at this: the Reformer, it is true, was not within its walls, but no human power could expel from it the spirit that had animated him.

Strange doctrines had for some time been occasionally heard in the church where Luther had so often preached. A zealous monk, who filled the office of college preacher, loudly urged on his hearers the necessity of a Reformation. As if Luther, whose name was on every one's lips, had reached too commanding an elevation and esteem, God seemed to be making choice of men no way known for any strength of character or influence to bring in the Reformation, for which the renowned doctor had opened a way. "Christ," said the preacher, "instituted the Sacrament of the Altar, in remembrance of his death, and not to make it an object of worship. To bow down to it is idolatry. The priest who communicates alone or in private is guilty of a sin. No prior has the right to require a monk to say mass alone. Let one, two, or three officiate, and all the rest receive the Lord's Sacrament under both kinds."

Such was the change called for by the monk Gabriel; and his bold words were heard with approbation by his brother monks, particularly those who came from the Low Countries. As disciples of the Gospel, why should they not conform in everything to its directions? Had not Luther himself, in writing to Melancthon,

in the month of August, remarked—"Henceforth, I will say no more private masses!" Thus the friars, the very soldiers of the hierarchy, when made free by the Word of God, boldly took part against Rome.

In Wittemberg they encountered an unbending resistance from the Prior, and here they yielded,—at the same time protesting that to support the mass was to oppose the Gospel of God.

The Prior had carried the day. One man's authority had prevailed over all the rest. It might have been thought that this stir among the Augustines was but a capricious act of insubordination, such as was often occurring in the convents; but in reality the Spirit of God itself was then moving Christian hearts. A single voice proceeding from the seclusion of a monastery, found a thousand echoes; and that which men would have confined to the knowledge of the inhabitants of the convent spread beyond its walls, and began to show itself in the heart of the city.

Rumours of the differences among the monks were soon circulated in the town: the burghers and students sided some with, and others against the mass. The Elector's court interposed. Frederic, in some surprise, despatched his Chancellor, Pontanus, to Wittemberg, with orders to reduce the monks to obedience, putting them, if necessary, upon bread and water; and on the 12th October, a deputation of Professors, among whom was Melancthon, repairing to the convent, exhorted the monks to desist from all innovations, or at least to wait the course of events. This did but rekindle their zeal; and all, with exception of their Prior, being of one mind in their faith, they appealed to Scripture, to the spiritual discernment of believers, and to the impartial judgment of divines,—and two days after handed in a declaration in writing.

The Professors proceeded to examine the question more closely, and perceived that the monks had truth on their side. Having come to convince others, they were convinced themselves! What was to be done? Conscience pleaded—their perplexity was continually increasing; and at last, after long hesitation, they came to a courageous decision.

On the 20th of October, the university reported to the Elector, after setting forth the abuses of the mass: "Let your Electoral Highness," said they, "put an end to all corruptions; lest, in the day of judgment, Christ should apply to us the rebukes he once pronounced upon Capernaum."

Thus, it was no longer a handful of obscure monks who spoke,—it was the university, accredited by the most judicious, as having, for years past, been the great school of national instruction: and thus, the very agency employed to quell the spirit of the Reformation was about to diffuse it far and wide.

Melancthon, with that decision which he carried into learning, put forth fifty-five propositions calculated to enlighten the minds of inquirers.

"Just," said he, "as gazing on a cross is no good work, but the bare contemplation of a sign that reminds us of Christ's death."

"Just as to behold the sun is not to do any good work, but merely to look upon that which reminds us of Christ and his Gospel."

"So, to partake of the Lord's Supper is not to do a good work, but merely to make use of a sign which recalls to remembrance the grace bestowed upon us through Christ."

"But here is the difference; namely, that the symbols invented by men do *only* remind us of what they signify—whilst the signs given by God, not merely recall the things themselves, but assure our hearts in the will of God."

"As the sight of a cross does not justify, so the mass cannot justify."

"As the gazing on a cross is no sacrifice for our own or others' sins, just so the mass is no sacrifice."

"There is but one sacrifice,—but one satisfaction,—Jesus Christ. Beside him there is none other."

"Let such bishops as do not withstand the profanations of the mass be anathema."

Thus spake the pious and gentle-spirited Philip.

The Elector was astounded. His intention had been to restore order among a few refractory friars, and lo! the entire university, with Melancthon at their head, stand up to defend them. To wait the course of events, was ordinarily, in his view, the most eligible course. He had no relish for abrupt changes, and it was his wish that all opinions should be left to work their own way. "Time alone," thought he, "throws light upon all things, and brings all to maturity." And yet the Reformation was advancing in spite of all his caution with rapid strides, and threatened to carry all before it. Frederic made indeed some efforts to arrest it. His authority,—the influence of his personal character,—and such arguments as appeared to him most conclusive, were all called into exercise: "Do not be hasty," said he, to the divines, "you are too few in number to effect such a change. If it is well founded in Scripture, others will be led to see it, and you will have the whole Church with you in putting an end to these corruptions. Speak of these things,—discuss and preach them as much as you will, but keep up the established services."

Such was the war waged relative to the mass. The monks had boldly mounted to the assault;—the divines, after a moment of indecision, had supported them. The prince and his counsellors alone defended the citadel. It has been said that the Reformation was brought about by the power and authority of the Elector; but so far from this being the case, we see the assailants drawing off their forces, in deference to the voice of the revered Frederic, and the mass, for a while, continuing to hold its place.

The heat of battle was already beginning to rage in another part of the field. The monk Gabriel did not relax in his fervid ap-

peals from the pulpit of the Augustines. It was against the condition of monkery itself he now dealt his powerful strokes; and if the strength of Romish doctrines was principally in the mass, the monastic order formed the main support of her priestly hierarchy. Hence, these two posts were the first to be stormed. "No one," exclaimed Gabriel, according to the Prior's report, "not even a single inmate of a convent, keeps God's commandments."

"No one who wears a cowl can be saved. Whoso enters a cloister enters into the service of the Devil. Vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience to a superior, are contrary to the spirit of the Gospel."

These strange expressions were reported to the Prior, who took care not to be present in church to hear them.

"Gabriel," said his informants, "Gabriel insists that every possible means should be taken to clear out the cloisters; that when the friars are met in the street, they should be twitched by the cloak, and pointed out to ridicule; and that if that does not rout them from their convent, they should be expelled by main force. He cries, 'Break open the monasteries, destroy them, raze them to their foundations, that no trace of them may remain, and that on the ground they cover not one stone may be left of walls that have sheltered such sloth and superstition.'"

The friars were astonished; their consciences whispered that the charge brought against them was but too true;—that the life of a monk was not agreeable to the will of God;—and that no man could have a claim to their implicit and unlimited obedience.

In one day, thirteen Augustine monks quitted the convent, and throwing aside the habit of their order, assumed the dress of the laity. Such of them as had the advantage of instruction, continued their course of study, in the hope of being one day useful to the Church; and such as had profited little by study, sought a livelihood by working with their own hands, according to the precept of the Apostle, and after the example of the worthy burghers of Wittemberg. One, who had some knowledge of carpentry, applied for the freedom of the city, resolving to marry and settle.

If Luther's entrance into the convent of the Augustines at Erfurth had laid the seeds of the Reformation, the departure of the thirteen monks from the convent of the Augustines of Wittemberg was the signal of its taking possession of the nations of Christendom. For a period of thirty years, Erasmus had exposed the unprofitableness, fatuity, and vices of the friars; and all Europe had gone with him in his ridicule and contempt. Thirteen men of resolute character returned to their place in society;—and there, in service to their fellow men, sought to fulfil God's commandments. The marriage of Feldkirchen was one of humiliation to the hierarchy;—the emancipation of these thirteen Augustines followed close upon it, as a second. Monkery, which had established itself in the day when the Church entered on her long period of bondage and error, was doomed to fall whenever the time came which should restore liberty and truth.

This bold step occasioned a general ferment in Wittemberg. All marvelled at the men who thus came forward to share the labours of the common people, and welcomed them as brethren:—at the same time, cries were heard against those who obstinately clung to their indolent seclusion within the walls of their monastery. The monks, who adhered to the prior, trembled in their cells, and the prior himself, carried away by the general feeling, suspended the performance of private masses.

In a moment so critical, the least concession necessarily precipitated the course of events. The order issued by the prior caused a strong sensation in the town and in the University, and produced an unforeseen explosion. Among the students and burghers of Wittemberg were some of those turbulent spirits whom the least excitement inflames, and urges to criminal excesses. These men were indignant that the same masses, which were suspended by the devout Prior, should still be performed in the parish church; and on the 3d December, as mass was about to be chanted, they suddenly made their way to the altar bore off the books, and compelled the officiating priests to seek safety in flight. The Council and the University assembled to take severe measures against the authors of these disturbances. But the passions, once roused, are not easily calmed. The Cordeliers had taken no part in the Reformation that had begun to show itself among the Augustines. Next day the students affixed to the gates of their monastery a threatening placard. Soon after, forty of their number forced their way into the chapel, and without proceeding to violence, gave such free expression to their ridicule, that the monks dared not to proceed with the mass. In the evening, notice came advising the friars to be on their guard. "The students," it was said, "have planned to break into the monastery." The monks, in alarm, and seeing no way of defence against these real or supposed attacks, sent in haste to ask protection of the Council. Soldiers were placed on guard, but the enemy did not make his appearance. The University arrested the students who had taken part in these disturbances. They were found to be from Erfurth, and already noted for their insubordination The penalty annexed to their offence by the laws of the University was imposed upon them.

Nevertheless, it was felt that a necessity had arisen for a careful examination of the lawfulness of monastic vows. A chapter, composed of the Augustine monks of Thuringen and Misnia assembled at Wittemberg in December following. Luther's judgment was acquiesced in. They declared, on the one hand, that monastic vows were not sinful, but, on the other hand, that they were not obligatory. "In Christ," said they, "there is nei

her layman nor monk,—each one is free to leave the monastery or to abide in it. Let whoever leaves it, beware how he abuses his liberty; let him who abides in it, obey his superiors,—but with the obedience of love;" and they proceeded to prohibit mendicity, and the saying masses for money: they also determined that the more instructed monks should devote themselves to teaching the Word of God, and that the rest should labour with their own hands for the support of their brethren.*

Thus the question of Vows seemed to be settled, but that of the Mass was still undecided. The Elector continued to oppose the stream, and to defend an institution which he saw still standing in every nation where Christianity was professed. The moderation of this mild sovereign could not, however, for any length of time, hold in the public mind. Carlstadt, above all, took part in the general ferment. Zealous, upright, and fearless; prompt, like Luther, to sacrifice every thing for the truth; he had not the Reformer's wisdom and moderation: he was not free from vanity, and with a disposition that led him to go deeply into every question, he yet had but little power of judgment, and no great clearness of ideas. Luther had delivered him from the teaching of the schools, and had led him to study the Scriptures; but Carlstadt had not had patience to acquire a knowledge of the original languages, and had not, as his friend had done, acknowledged the sufficiency of God's word. Hence he was often taking up with singular interpretations. As long as Luther was at his side, the influence of the master restrained the disciple within due bounds; but Carlstadt was freed from this wholesome restraint. In the university,—in the chapel,—throughout Wittemberg,—the little tawny-complexioned Carlstadt, who had never excelled in eloquence, gave utterance to thoughts, at times, profound, but often enthusiastic and exaggerated. "What infatuated folly!" he exclaimed, "for men to think that the Reformation must be left to God's working. A new order of things is opening. The strength of man must be brought in, and wo to him who shall hold back instead of mounting the breach in the cause of the mighty God!"

The Archdeacon's speech communicated his own impatience to his auditory. "Whatever the Pope has set up is impious," exclaimed some men of sincere and upright minds, under the influence of his harangues. "Let us not make ourselves accomplices in these abominations by allowing them to exist. That which God's word condemns ought to be swept from the face of Christendom, without regarding the commandments of men. If the heads of the state and of the church will not do their duty, let us at least do ours. Let us leave thinking of negotiation, conferences, theses, and discussions, and let us apply the true remedy to so many evils. We want a second Elijah to throw down the altars of Baal!"

* Corp. Ref. i. p. 456.—The editors assign to this decree the date of October, before the monks had forsaken their convent.

The restoration of the Supper of the Lord in this moment of ferment and enthusiastic excitement, could not, doubtless, wear that character of solemnity and sacredness which was given to it by the Son of God in his institution of it "the night that he was betrayed." But if God was now using the weakness and passions of men, it was, not the less, His own hand which was engaged in re-establishing in the midst of His church the feast of His own love.

As early as the October previous, Carlstadt had privately celebrated the Lord's Supper, according to Christ's appointment, with twelve of his friends. On the Sunday before Christmas Day, he announced from the pulpit that, on New Year's Day, he would distribute the elements under the two kinds, bread and wine, to all who should come to the altar; that he intended to omit all unnecessary ceremonies, and should perform the service without cope or chasuble.

The Council, in perturbation, requested the counsellor Bergen to interfere, and prevent so disorderly a proceeding, whereupon Carlstadt resolved not to wait the time fixed. On Christmas Day, 1521, he preached, in the parochial church, on the duty of abandoning the mass, and receiving the sacrament under both kinds. The sermon being ended, he came down, took his place at the altar, and after pronouncing, in German, the words of institution, said solemnly, turning towards the people,—"If any one feels the burden of his sins, and is hungering and thirsting for the grace of God, let him draw near, and receive the body and blood of the Lord." Then, without elevating the host, he distributed to each one the bread and wine, saying, "This is the cup of my blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant."

Conflicting feelings reigned in the assembly. Some, in the sense that a further grace of God was given to the Church, drew near the altar in silent emotion. Others, attracted principally by the novelty of the occasion, approached in some confusion, and with a kind of impatience. Not more than five communicants had presented themselves in the confessional; the rest took part only in the public confession of sins. Carlstadt gave to all the general absolution, laying upon them no other penance than this, "*Sin no more.*" In conclusion, the communicants sang the *Agnus Dei*.

Carlstadt met with no opposition. The changes we are narrating had already obtained general concurrence. The Archdeacon administered the Lord's Supper again on New Year's day, and also on the Sunday following, and from that time the regular observance of it was kept up. Einsidel, one of the Elector's council, having rebuked Carlstadt for seeking his own exaltation, rather than the salvation of his hearers—"Noble Sir," answered he, "I would meet death in any form rather than desist from following the Scripture. The word has come to me so quick and powerful... wo is me if I do not preach." Soon after this Carlstadt married.

In the month of January, the town-council of Wittemberg issued regulations for the celebration of the Supper according to the amended ritual. Steps were also taken to restore the influence of religion upon public morals; for it was the office of the Reformation to re-establish, simultaneously, faith, Christian worship, and general morality. It was decreed that public beggars should be no longer tolerated, whether friars or others; and that in each street some man, well reported of for piety, should be commissioned to take care of the poor, and to summon before the University or Council such as were guilty of disorders.

So fell that grand bulwark of Romish dominion, the Mass. Thus it was that the Reformation passed beyond the sphere of teaching, into that of public worship. For three centuries the mass and the doctrine of transubstantiation had been regularly established.* Throughout that long period, all things within the Church had a new tendency impressed upon them, and every thing conspired to favour the pride of man and the honour paid to the priest. The holy sacrament had been adored; regular festivals had been instituted in honour of the most stupendous of miracles; the worship of Mary had risen high in the scale of public estimation; the priest, who, in the consecration of the elements, was supposed to receive mysterious power to change them into the very body of Christ, had been separated from the class of laity, and, to use the words of Thomas Aquinas, had become a "mediator between God and man;" celibacy had been proclaimed as an inviolable law; auricular confession was enforced upon the people, and the cup of blessing denied them; for how, indeed, should common people be ranged on the same line with priests, honoured with the most solemn of all ministrations. The Mass cast reproach upon the Son of God; it was opposed to the perfect remission through his cross, and the spotless glory of his everlasting kingdom: but, whilst it disparaged the glory of the Lord, it exalted the priest, whom it invested with the inconceivable power of reproducing, in hand, and at will, the Sovereign Creator of all things! Thenceforward the Church seemed to exist—not to preach the Gospel, but only to reproduce Christ in the flesh! The Roman Pontiff, whose obedient vassals, at their pleasure, created the body of God himself, took his seat as God, in the temple of God, and asserted his claim to a spiritual treasury, from whence to draw forth at will indulgences for the pardon of men's sins.

Such were the gross errors which, for a period of three centuries, had established themselves in the Church in connection with the mass. The Reformation, by abolishing this thing of man's setting up, swept away all the abuses blended with it. The proceeding of the Archdeacon was therefore full of important results. The costly shows that amused the people, the worship of the Virgin, the pride of the clergy, and the papal authority, were all shaken. The glory was withdrawn from the priests, and returned to rest on Jesus, and the Reformation advanced a step farther.

Nevertheless, prejudiced observers might have seen nothing in all that was going on, but what might be deemed the effect of passing enthusiasm. Facts were needed, that should give proof of the contrary, and demonstrate that there was a deep and broad distinction between a Reformation based on God's word and any mere fanatical excitement.

Whenever a great ferment is working in the Church, some impure elements are sure to mingle with the testimony given to truth; and some one or more pretended reforms arise out of man's imagination, and serve as evidences or countersigns of some *real* reformation in progress. Thus, many false Messiahs, in the first century of the Church, were an evidence that the true Messiah had already come. The Reformation of the sixteenth century could not run its course without presenting the like phenomenon, and it was first exhibited in the little village of Zwickau.

There were dwelling at Zwickau a few men, who, being deeply moved by the events passing around them, looked for special and direct revelations from the Deity, instead of desiring, in meekness and simplicity, the sanctification of their affections. These persons asserted that they were commissioned to complete that Reformation which, in their view, Luther had but feebly begun. "What is the use," asked they, "of such application to the Bible? Nothing is heard of but the Bible. Can the Bible preach to us? Can it suffice for our instruction? If God had intended to instruct us by a book, would he not have given us a Bible direct from heaven? It is only the Spirit that can enlighten! God himself speaks to us, and shows us what to do and say." Thus did these fanatics, playing into the hands of Rome, impugn the fundamental principle on which the whole Reformation is based: namely, the perfect sufficiency of the word of God.

Nicolas Storch, a weaver, publicly declared that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him by night, and after revealing to him matters he was not allowed to divulge, had uttered the words, "Thou shalt sit on my throne!" A senior student of Wittemberg, named Mark Stubner, joined Storch, and forthwith abandoned his studies; for, according to his own statement, he had received immediately from God the ability to interpret Holy Scripture. Mark Thomas, also a weaver, associated himself with them; and another of the initiated, by name Thomas Munzer, a man of fanatical turn of mind, gave to the new sect a regular organization. Resolving to act according to the example of Christ, Storch chose from among his followers twelve apostles and seventy disciples. All these loudly proclaimed, as we have lately heard it asserted by a sect of our own days, that Apostles and Prophets were at last restored to the Church.

Ere long, the new prophets, in accordance

* By the Council of Lateran, in 1215.

with this plan of adhering to the example of those of holy writ, began to declare their mission. "Wo, wo!" they exclaimed; "a church under human governors, corrupted like the bishops, cannot be the church of Christ. The ungodly rulers of Christendom will soon be cast down. In five, six, or seven years, a time of universal desolation will come upon the earth. The Turk will get possession of Germany; the clergy, not even excepting those who have married, shall be slain. The ungodly sinners shall all be destroyed; and when the earth shall have been purified by blood, supreme power shall be given to Storch, to install the saints in the government of the earth. Then shall there be one Faith and one Baptism. The day of the Lord draweth nigh, and the end of all things is at hand. Wo! wo! wo!" Then publicly declaring that infant baptism was of no avail, the new prophets called upon all to draw near, and receive at their hands a true baptism, in token of their entrance into the new Church of God.

Such preaching made a deep impression on the popular mind. Not a few devout persons were startled by the thought that prophets were again given to the Church, and those on whom the love of the marvellous had most power, threw themselves into the open arms of the eccentric preachers of Zwickau.

But scarcely had this heresy, which had shown itself of old in the days of Montanism, and again in the middle ages, drawn together a handful of separatists, when it encountered in the Reformation a strong opposing power. Nicolas Haussman, to whom Luther gave that noble testimony—"*What we teach, he acts.*" was at this time the pastor of Zwickau. This good man was not led away by the pretensions of the false prophets. Supported by his two deacons, he successfully resisted the innovations Storch and his followers were seeking to introduce. The fanatics, repelled by the pastors of the church, fell into another extravagance: they formed meetings in which doctrines subversive of order were publicly preached. The people caught the infection, and disturbances were the consequence; a priest, bearing the sacrament, was pelted with stones, and the civil authority interfering committed the most violent of the party to prison. Indignant at this treatment, and intent upon justifying themselves and obtaining redress, Storch, Mark Thomas, and Stubner, repaired to Wittemberg.

They arrived on the 27th December, 1521. Storch, leading the way with the port and bearing of a Lanzknecht, and Mark Thomas and Stubner following behind. The disorder that reigned in Wittemberg was favourable to their designs. The youth of the academies, and the class of citizens already roused and excited, were well prepared to give ear to the new teachers.

Making sure of co-operation, they waited upon the University Professors, to receive their sanction: "We," said they, "are sent by God to teach the people. The Lord has favoured us with special communications from Himself; we have the knowledge of things which are coming upon the earth. In a word, we are Apostles and Prophets, and we appeal, for the truth of what we say, to Doctor Luther." The Professors were amazed.

"Who commissioned you to preach?" enquired Melancthon of Stubner, who had formerly studied under him, and whom he now received at his table—"The Lord our God."—"Have you committed anything to writing?—"The Lord our God has forbidden me to do so." Melancthon drew back, alarmed and astonished.

"There are indeed spirits of no ordinary kind in these men," said he; "but *what* spirits? . . . none but Luther can solve the doubt. On the one hand let us beware of quenching the Spirit of God, and on the other, of being seduced by the spirit of the devil."

Storch, who was of a restless disposition, soon left Wittemberg; Stubner remained behind. Actuated by an ardent desire to make proselytes, he went from house to house, conversing with one and another, and persuading many to acknowledge him as a prophet of God. He especially attached himself to Cellarius, a Suabian, a friend of Melancthon, and master of a school attended by a considerable number of young persons. Cellarius admitted, with blind confidence, the claims of the new Apostles.

Melancthon's perplexity and uneasiness continued to increase. It was not so much the visions of the prophets of Zwickau, as their doctrine concerning *Baptism* that disturbed him. To him it seemed agreeable to reason,—and he thought it deserved to be examined into,—"for," observed he, "nothing should be lightly received or rejected."

Such was the spirit of the Reformation. In this hesitation and struggle of Melancthon, we have an evidence of his uprightness, which does him more honour than a determined opposition could have done.

The Elector himself, whom Melancthon termed the light of Israel," had his doubts. "Prophets and Apostles in the electorate of Saxony, as of old time in Jerusalem! It is a solemn question," said he, "and as a layman, I cannot decide it. But rather than fight against God, I would take to my staff, and descend from my throne!"

On reflection, he intimated by his counsellors, that Wittemberg had quite sufficient trouble in hand: that it was most likely the claims of the men of Zwickau were a temptation of the devil, and that the wisest course appeared to be to allow the whole matter to settle down,—that nevertheless whenever his Highness should clearly perceive what was God's will, he would not confer with flesh and blood, but was ready to endure every thing in the cause of truth.

Luther received in the Wartburg intelligence of the ferment at the court of Wittemberg. His informants apprized him of strange persons having made their appearance, and that, as to their message, it was not known from whence it came. The

thought instantly occurred to him, that God had permitted these deplorable events in order to humble his servants, and to rouse them to seek higher degrees of sanctification. "Your Highness," said he, in a letter to the Elector, "your Highness for many a year collected reliques far and wide; God has heard your prayers, and sent you, at no cost or trouble of your own, a *whole cross*, with nails, spears and scourges. God prosper the newly acquired relic. Only let your Highness spread out your arms, and endure the piercing of the nails in your flesh. I always expected that Satan would send us this plague."

Nevertheless, there was nothing, according to his judgment, more urgent than to secure to others the liberty he claimed for himself. He would have no divers weights or measures: "Pray, let them alone; don't imprison them," wrote he to Spalatin; "let not our prince embrue his hands in the blood of the prophets that have risen up." Luther was far beyond the age in which he lived, and even beyond many of the Reformers in the matter of toleration.

Affairs were daily growing more serious in Wittemberg.

Carlstadt did not receive many things taught by the new teachers, and especially their anabaptist doctrine; but there is something contagious in religious enthusiasm, which a head like his could with difficulty withstand. From the time the men of Zwickau arrived in Wittemberg, Carlstadt had accelerated his movements in the direction of violent changes: "It is become necessary," cried he, "that we should exterminate all the ungodly practices around us. He brought forward all the texts against image worship, and with increased vehemence declaimed against Romish idolatry —"People kneel," said he, "and crawl before those idols; burn tapers before their shrines, and make offerings to them. Let us arise, and drag the worshippers from their altars!"

Such appeals were not lost upon the populace. They broke into churches, carried off the images, breaking them in pieces, and burning them. Better would it have been to have awaited their abolition by authority; but the cautious advances of the leaders of the Reformation were thought to compromise its security.

It was not long before one who listened to these enthusiasts might have thought there were no real Christians in all Wittemberg, save only those who refused to come to confession, persecuted the priests, and ate meat on fast days. The bare suspicion that he did not reject, one and all, the ceremonies of the Church, as inventions of the devil, was enough to subject a man to the charge of being a worshipper of Baal. "We must form a church," they exclaimed, "that shall consist of the Saints alone!"

The burghers of Wittemberg presented to the Council certain regulations which it was compelled to sanction. Several of these regulations were conformable to Christian morals. The closing of places of amusement was particularly insisted upon.

But soon after this, Carlstadt went still greater lengths; he began to pour contempt upon human learning; and the students heard their aged tutor advising them, from his rostrum, to return to their homes, and resume the spade, or follow the plough, and cultivate the earth, because man was to eat bread in the sweat of his brow! George Mohr, master of the boys' school of Wittemberg, carried away by a similar madness, called from his window to the burghers outside to come and remove their children. Where, indeed, was the use of their pursuing their studies, since Storch and Stubner had never been at the University, and yet were prophets? A mechanic was just as well, nay perhaps better, qualified than all the divines in the world to preach the Gospel!

Thus it was that doctrines were put forth directly opposed to the Reformation. The revival of letters had opened a way for the reformed opinions. Furnished with theological learning, Luther had joined issue with Rome; —and the Wittemberg enthusiasts, similar to those fanatical monks exposed by Erasmus and Reuchlin, pretended to trample under foot all human learning! Only let Vandalism once establish its sway, and the hopes of the world were gone; and another irruption of barbarians would quench the light which God had kindled among Christian people.

It was not long before the results of these strange lessons began to show themselves. Men's minds were diverted from the Gospel, or prejudiced against it: the school was almost broken up, the demoralized students burst the bands of discipline, and the states of Germany recalled such as belonged to their several jurisdictions. Thus the men who aimed at reforming and infusing new vigour into every thing had brought all to the brink of ruin. "One more effort," thought the partisans of Rome, who, on all sides were again lifting their heads, "and all will be ours!"

The prompt repression of these fanatical excesses was the only means of saving the Reformation. But who should undertake the task? Melancthon? He was too young, too deficient in firmness, too much perplexed by this strange conjuncture of circumstances. The elector? He was the most pacific man of his age. To build his castles of Altenburg, Weimar, Lochau, and Coburg, to adorn the churches with fine pictures by Lucas Cranach, to improve the chantings in his chapels, to advance the prosperity of his university, and promote the happiness of his subjects; to stop in his walks and distribute little presents to playful children,—such were the tranquil occupations of his life; and now, in his declining years, to engage in conflict with fanatics, and oppose violence to violence, how could the gracious and pious Frederic take such a step?

The evil, therefore, was gaining ground, and no one stept forward to arrest its progress. Luther was absent far from Wittemberg. Con-

fusion and ruin impended over the city. The Reformation beheld, proceeding, as it were, from its own bosom, an enemy more to be dreaded than Popes and Emperors. It was as if on the brink of an abyss.

"Luther! Luther!" was the cry from one end of Wittemberg to the other. The burghers were clamorous for his reappearance. Divines felt their need of the benefit of his judgment; even the prophets appealed to him. All united in entreating him to return.

We may guess what was passing in the Reformer's mind. The harsh usage of Rome seemed nothing when compared with what now wrung his heart. It is from the very midst of the Reformation that its enemies have gone forth. It is preying upon its own vitals; and that teaching, which, by its power, had sufficed to restore peace to his troubled heart, he beholds perverted into an occasion of fatal dissensions in the Church.

"If I knew," said Luther, at an earlier period, "that my doctrine had injured one human being, however poor and unknown,—which it could not, for it is the very Gospel,—I would rather face death ten times over than not retract it. And lo! now, a whole city, and that city Wittemberg itself, is sinking fast into licentiousness." True, indeed, the doctrine he had taught had not been the cause of all this evil; but from every quarter of Germany voices were heard that accused him as the author of it. Some of the bitterest feelings he had ever known oppressed his spirit at this juncture, and his trial was of a different kind. Was this then, he asked himself, to be the issue of the great work of Reformation? Impossible! he utterly rejected the doubts that presented themselves. God has begun the work—God will fulfil it. "I prostrate myself in deep abasement before the Eternal," said he, "and I implore of Him that His name may rest upon this work, and that if any thing impure has mingled in the doing of it, He will remember that I am but a sinful man."

The letters written to Luther, conveying reports of the inspiration of the pretended prophets and their exalted communion with the Lord, did not occasion a moment's hesitation. He well knew the deep struggles and prostrations of the spiritual life; at Erfurth and at Wittemberg, he had had experience of the mighty power of God, which rendered him but little disposed to credit the statement that God had appeared visibly and discoursed with his creature.

"Ask them," said he, in writing to Melancthon, "if they have known those spiritual heavings, those pangs of God's new creation, those deaths and hells which accompany a real regeneration. And if they speak only of soft and tranquil impressions, piety, and devotion as they phrase it, don't believe them; not even though they should assert that they have been caught up into the third heaven! In order that Christ should enter into his glory, it behoved him to pass through the suffering of death: thus the believer must pass through the tribulation of his sin before he enters into his *Peace*. Would you learn when, where, and how, God speaks to men? Listen to the word. '*As a lion He has broken all my bones, —I am cast out from before His face, and my life is brought down to the gates of death.*' No, no, the Divine Majesty (as they term Him) does not speak face to face with man, for '*no man*,' says He, '*can see my face and live.*'"

But his firm conviction that the prophets were under a delusion did but aggravate Luther's grief. The solemn truth of Salvation by Grace seemed to have quickly lost its attraction, and men were turning aside after fables. He began to understand that the work was not so easy as he had once fondly thought. He stumbled at this first stone placed in his path by the fickleness of the human heart. Grief and anxiety weighed heavily on his spirit. He desired, though at the hazard of his life, to remove the stumbling-block out of the way of the people, and he resolved to return to Wittemberg.

It was a moment of considerable danger. The enemies of the Reformation thought themselves on the very eve of destroying it. George of Saxony, who would neither connect himself with Rome nor with Wittemberg, had written, as early as the 15th October, 1521, to Duke John, the Elector's brother, to induce him to side with those who opposed the progress of the Reformation. "Some," wrote he, "deny the immortality of the soul, others, and those friars too! drag the relics of St. Anthony through the streets, and throw them into the gutters. All this comes of Luther's teaching. Entreat your brother either to make a public example of the impious authors of these disorders, or, at least, publicly to declare his opinion of them. Our gray hairs warn us that we are near the end of our course, and that we ought speedily to put an end to such evils."

After this, George took his departure to be present at the sittings of the Imperial Government at Nuremberg. On arriving, he used every means to procure the adoption of severe measures. The result was, that, on the 21st of January, the Diet published an edict, in which they complained bitterly that the priests were accustomed to say mass without being habited in priest's garments,—that they pronounced the words of consecration in German, —administered it to such as had not confessed themselves,—passed it into the hands of laymen, without even troubling themselves to ascertain whether the communicant came to it fasting.

The Imperial Government directed the Bishops, accordingly, to look after and punish severely the innovators within their respective dioceses; and the Bishops were not slow in following these directions.

It was just at this moment that Luther decided to appear again upon the stage. He clearly saw the critical position of affairs, and foreboded wide-spreading calamity. "A time of trouble," said he, "is coming upon the empire, which will sweep before it princes

magistrates, and bishops. People's eyes are opened; they cannot be driven by main force; Germany will be deluged with blood. Let us take our stand as a wall of defence to our country in the day of God's anger."

So thought Luther: but he perceived a danger yet more imminent. At Wittemberg, the fire, instead of expiring, was burning every day more fiercely. From the summits of the Wartburg, Luther might discern in the horizon the lurid glare that gives notice of devastation flashing at intervals through the gloom. Who but himself can apply a remedy in the crisis? What should prevent his throwing himself into the heat of the conflagration, and exerting his influence to arrest its progress? He foresees his enemies preparing to strike him down, but his purpose is not shaken. Nor is he deterred by the Elector's entreaty that he would keep within the Wartburg, and there quietly prepare his justification at the approaching Diet. A more urgent necessity is pressing upon his soul; and it is to justify the Gospel itself. "The news from Wittemberg," wrote he, "is every day becoming more alarming. I am on the point of setting out. That state of things absolutely requires it."

Accordingly, on the 3d of March, he finally decided on leaving the Wartburg. He bade farewell to its gray turrets and gloomy forests. He passed beyond those walls, within which the anathemas of Leo and the sword of Charles were alike powerless. He trod the path that wound to the foot of the mountain. The world which lay stretched before him, and on which he was once more about to appear, would soon perhaps ring with the clamours of those who sought his life. It matters not. On he goes rejoicing; for it is in the name of the Lord that he is bending his steps towards the haunts of men.

Time had been busy. Luther was leaving the Wartburg for another cause and in a different character from that in which he had first entered it. He had arrived there as one who had attacked the received tradition, and its established teachers. He was quitting it for the *defence* of the doctrine of the Apostles against a new class of adversaries. He had entered the Wartburg as an innovator who had assailed the ancient hierarchy,—he was leaving it in the spirit of a conservator, that he might defend the faith of Christians. Until this period, Luther had seen in the success of his efforts but the triumph of the great truth of Justification by Faith; and, armed with this single weapon, he had beat down long-standing superstitions. But if there had been a time for removing that which had encumbered the soil, a season must needs come for building up. Hidden under the ruins with which his assaults had strewed the plain, behind discredited letters of indulgence, broken tiaras and trampled cowls, beneath the many Romish errors and corruptions that his mind surveyed as the slain upon a battle-field, he discerned and brought forth to light the primitive Catholic Church, reappearing still the same, and, as it were, emerging from a protracted struggle, with unchangeable doctrine and heavenly accents. He could appreciate the vast difference between Rome and that true Church which he hailed and embraced with joy. Luther wrought no new thing on the earth, as has been falsely charged upon him; he did not build for his own age an edifice that had no associations with the past; he discerned and let in the light upon those earlier foundations which were then overrun with thorns and brambles; while he persevered in reconstructing the temple, he did but build on the fundamental truths taught by the Apostles. Luther was aware that the ancient and primitive Apostolic Church must, on one hand, be restored and opposed to that papal power which had so long oppressed it, —and, on the other hand, be defended against enthusiasts and unbelievers, who affected to disown it, and were seeking to set up some new thing, regardless of all that God had done in past ages. Luther was, from that hour, no longer the representative of a single great truth—that of *Justification by Faith*, though, to the last, he gave to it the highest place; the whole theology of Christianity now occupied his thoughts:—and while he believed that, in its essence, the Church is the Congregation of Saints, he was careful not to despise the visible Church, and he therefore recognised those who were outwardly called, as constituting, in a certain sense, the kingdom of God. Accordingly, a great change took place in Luther, and in his entrance into divine truth, and in that regenerative process which God was carrying on in the world. The hierarchy of Rome, acting upon him, might have goaded the Reformer to one extreme, had not the sects, which, at this time, lifted their heads so daringly, recalled him to just and moderate views. His residence in the Wartburg divides these two periods of the history of the Reformation.

Luther rode slowly on in the direction of Wittemberg. It was Shrove Tuesday, and the second day of his journey. Towards evening, a terrific storm came on, and the roads were flooded. Two young Swiss, who were travelling the same way, were hastening for shelter to the city of Jena. They had studied at Bale, and were attracted to Wittemberg by the renown of its university. Journeying on foot, tired, and wet through, John Kessler, of Saint Gall, and his comrade, quickened their steps. The town was in all the bustle and buffoonery of the carnival; dances, masquerades, and tumultuous feasting engrossed the thoughts of the inhabitants; and the two travellers, on arriving, could find no room in any of the inns. After a while, they were directed to the Black Bear, outside the city gate. Harassed and depressed, they repaired thither. The landlord received them kindly. Ashamed of their appearance, they sat down near the open door of the public room, unwilling to go further. Seated at one of the tables, was a solitary man in the habit of a knight, his head covered with a red cap, and wearing

clothes, over which hung down the skirts of his doublet. His right hand rested on the pommel of his sword; his left grasped the hilt; a book lay open before him, and he seemed to be reading attentively. At the noise made by their entrance, the stranger raised his head and saluted them courteously, inviting them to approach and take a seat with him at the table; then, offering them a glass of beer, he said, alluding to their accent, "You are Swiss, I perceive; but from which of the Cantons?"—"From St. Gall."—"If you are going to Wittemberg, you will there meet one of your countrymen, Doctor Schurff." Encouraged by so much affability, they inquired, "Could you kindly inform us where Martin Luther now is?" "I know for certain," answered the knight, "that Luther is not at Wittemberg, but probably he will be there shortly. Philip Melancthon is there. If you'll be advised by me, apply yourselves to the Greek and Hebrew, that you may understand the Holy Scriptures." "If our lives are spared," observed one of the Swiss, "we will not return without seeing and hearing Doctor Luther; it is for that purpose we have made the journey. We hear he wants to abolish the clergy and the mass; and as our parents always intended to bring us up to the Church, we should like to know on what grounds he is acting." The knight was silent for a moment, and then inquired, "Where have you been studying hitherto?"—"At Bale."—"Is Erasmus still there? What is he doing?" They answered his questions, and a pause ensued. The two Swiss knew not what to make of their new acquaintance. "How strange," thought they, "that the conversation of a knight should be all about Schurff, Melancthon, and Erasmus, and the advantage of knowing Greek and Hebrew!" "Tell me, my friends," said the stranger, suddenly breaking silence, "what is said of Luther in Switzerland?"—"Sir," replied Kessler, "opinions concerning him are greatly divided, as is the case everywhere. Some extol him, and others pronounce him an abominable heretic."—"Ay, ay, the priests, no doubt," remarked the stranger.

The knight's cordiality had put the students completely at their ease. Their curiosity was excited to know what book he had been reading when they came in. The knight had closed the volume. Kessler's comrade ventured to take it up; what was his surprise at finding it to be the Hebrew Psalter! Laying it down, he said, as if to divert attention from this freedom, "Gladly would I give my little finger to understand that language."—"You will surely have your wish," was the stranger's reply, "if you will take the pains to acquire it."

A few minutes after, the landlord's voice was heard calling Kessler. The poor Swiss began to fear something was amiss; but the host whispered, "I hear you want to see Luther; well, it is he who is seated beside you." Kessler's first thought was that he was jesting. "You surely would not deceive me," said he. "It is he himself," replied the landlord; "but don't let him see that you know him." Kessler made no answer; but returned to the room and resumed his seat, eager to communicate the information to his companion. To do this was not easy; at last he leaned forward, as if looking towards the door, and, stooping close to his friend's ear, whispered, "The landlord says it is Luther himself."—"Perhaps," returned his companion, "he said Hütten."—"Probably so," said Kessler; "I may have mistaken the one name for the other, for they resemble each other in sound."

At that moment the trampling of horses' feet was heard outside: two travelling merchants, asking a night's lodging, entered the room, laid aside their spurs, and threw off their cloaks; and one of them deposited near him, on the table, an unbound book, which attracted the knight's notice. "What book may that be?" asked he. "It is a commentary on the Gospels and Epistles, by Doctor Luther, was the traveller's answer; "it has only just appeared."—"I shall get it shortly," remarked the knight.

Conversation was interrupted by the landlord's announcing that supper was ready. The two students, not wishing to incur the expense of a meal in company with the knight Ulric Hütten and two thriving merchants, took the landlord aside, and asked him to serve them with something apart. "Come along, my friends," said the innkeeper of the Black Bear; "sit ye down beside this gentleman; I will let you off easy."—"Come, come," said the knight, "I'll pay the score."

During supper, the mysterious stranger made many striking and instructive remarks. Both merchants and students listened in silence, more attentive to his words than to the dishes before them. In the course of conversation, one of the merchants exclaimed, "Luther must be either an angel from heaven or a devil from hell!" and he followed up his exclamation by the remark, "I would give ten florins for an opportunity of meeting him and confessing to him."

Supper being over, the merchants rose from their seats; the two Swiss remained in company with the knight, who, taking up a large glass of beer, and raising it to his lips, said gravely, after the custom of the country,—"Swiss, one glass more, for thanks." And as Kessler was about to take the glass, the stranger, replacing it, handed him one filled with wine:—"You are not used to beer,' said he.

This said, he rose from his seat, threw over his shoulders a military cloak, and, extending his hand to the students, said, "When you reach Wittemberg, salute Doctor Jerome Schurff from me."—"With pleasure," replied they; "but whose name shall we give?"—"Do you tell him only, that he who is coming sends him greeting." With these words he departed, leaving them delighted with his condescension and kindness.

Luther—for he it was—continued his journey. It will be remembered that he had been

placed under ban of the Empire; whoever met him might therefore seize his person. But in that critical moment, engaged, as he was, in an enterprise replete with dangers, he was calm and serene, and conversed cheerfully with those whom he met with on his way.

It was not that he deceived himself as to immediate results. He saw the horizon black with storms. "Satan," said he, "is enraged; and all around me are plotting death and destruction. But I go forward to throw myself in the way of the Emperor and the Pope, with no protector but God above. Go where I will, every man is at perfect liberty to put me to death wherever he may find me. Christ is Lord of all: if it be His will that my life should be taken, even so let it be."

That same day, being Ash Wednesday, Luther arrived at Borne, a small town in the neighbourhood of Leipsic. He felt that it became him to acquaint his prince with the bold step he was about to take, and accordingly wrote as follows, from the inn at which he had alighted:

"Grace and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ! Most serene Elector, gracious Prince, the reproach brought upon the Gospel by the events that have taken place at Wittemberg have so deeply grieved me, that I should have lost all hope, were I not assured that our cause is that of the truth.

"Your Highness knows full well,—or, if not, be it known to you,—I received the Gospel, not from man, but from heaven, by our Lord Jesus Christ. It was not from any doubt as to the truth, that I formerly requested public discussions; I did so in humility, and in the hope to win over others. But, since my humility is taken advantage of, to the hinderance of the Gospel, my conscience urges me, at this time, to change my course of action. I have sufficiently shown my deference to your Highness, by withdrawing from the public gaze for a whole year. Satan knows that it was not from cowardice that I did so. I would have entered Worms, though there had been as many devils in the town as there were tiles upon its roofs. Now, Duke George, whom your Highness mentions as if to scare me, is much less to be dreaded than a single devil. If what is passing at Wittemberg were occurring at Leipsic, (the Duke's usual place of residence,) I would instantly mount my horse and repair thither, even though—your Highness will, I trust, pardon the expression—it should rain Dukes George for nine days together, and every one should be nine times as fierce as he! What can he be thinking of in attacking me? Does he suppose that Christ, my Lord, is a man of straw? May God avert from him the awful judgment that hangs over him!

"Be it known to your Highness, that I am repairing to Wittemberg, under a protection more powerful than that of an Elector. I have no thought of soliciting the aid of your Highness; and am so far from desiring *your* protection, that it is rather my purpose to protect your Highness. If I knew that your Highness could or would take up my defence, I would not come to Wittemberg. No secular sword can advance this cause: God must do all, without the aid or co-operation of man. He who has most faith is the most availing defence; but, as it seems to me, your Highness is as yet very weak in faith.

"But since your Highness desires to know what to do, I will humbly answer: Your Electoral Highness has already done *too much*, and should do nothing whatever; God neither wants nor will endure that you or I should take thought or part in the matter. Let your Highness follow this advice.

"In regard to myself, your Highness must remember your duty as an Elector, and allow the instructions of his Imperial Majesty to be carried into effect in your towns and districts, offering no impediment to any who would seize or kill me; for none may contend against the powers that be, save only He who has ordained them.

"Let your Highness accordingly leave the gates open, and respect safe-conducts, if my enemies in person, or by their envoys, should come to search for me in your Highness's states. Every thing may take its course, without trouble or prejudice to your Highness.

"I write this in haste, that you may not feel aggrieved by my coming. My business is with another kind of person from Duke George, one who knows me, and *whom I know well*.

"Written at Borne, at the inn of the *Guide*, on Ash Wednesday, 1522.

"Your Electoral Highness's
"Very humble servant,
"Martin Luther."

In this way, Luther made his approach to Wittemberg: he wrote to his prince, but not, as we have seen, to excuse the step he had taken. An unshaken confidence animated his heart. He saw God's hand engaged in the cause, and that sufficed him. The heroism of faith was perhaps never more fully acted out. In one of the editions of Luther's works, we read opposite this letter, the remark—"This is a wonderful writing of the third and latest Elias."

It was on Friday, the 7th of March, that Luther re-entered Wittemberg, having been five days on his journey. Doctors, students, burghers, broke forth in rejoicings, for they had again among them the pilot who could best extricate the vessel from the reefs by which it was encompassed.

The Elector, who was then at Lochau, attended by his court, was much affected by the perusal of the Reformer's letter. In his desire to exculpate him before the diet, he wrote to Schurff: "Let Luther write to me, explaining his reasons for returning to Wittemberg and introduce the statement that he came without my consent." Luther complied.

"Behold me ready to bear your Highness's disapprobation, and the anger of the whole world. Are not the Wittembergers my own sheep? Has not God committed them to *my* care? and ought I not, if need be, to lay down

my life for them? Besides, I dread lest we should see, throughout Germany, a revolt by which God shall punish our nation. Let your Highness be well assured, the decrees of heaven are not like those of Nuremberg."* This letter was written on the same day that Luther reached Wittemberg.

The following day, being Easter Eve, Luther visited Jerome Schurff. He found Melancthon, Jonas, Amsdorff, Augustin Schurff, Jerome's brother, assembled. Luther put many questions to them, and while they recounted all that had taken place in his absence, two foreigners entered the room. The Swiss drew back timidly, on finding themselves in the midst of this company of learned Doctors; but they soon recovered their self-possession when they saw in the centre of the group, the knight whom they had met at the Black Bear. The latter, advancing, accosted them as old friends, and said, smiling, as he pointed to one of the company,—"That is Philip Melancthon, whom I mentioned to you." The two Swiss spent that day in the society of the assembled friends, on the strength of the meeting at Jena.

One absorbing thought engrossed the Reformer's mind, and damped the pleasure he would otherwise have felt at finding himself once more surrounded by his friends. Doubtless, the stage on which he had chosen to appear was an obscure one. He was about to raise his voice in a petty town of Saxony; and yet his object was, in reality, so important as to influence the destinies of the world, and be felt in its effects by many nations and people. The question to be decided was,—whether the teaching which he had derived from God's Word, and which was destined to produce so mighty an effect, would, in the trial, prove stronger than those disorganizing principles which threatened its extinction. It was now to be seen whether it was possible to reform without destroying,—to open a way to new developments without losing such as had already been evolved. To reduce to silence fanatics in the energy of the first bursts of enthusiasm,—to arrest the headlong course of a thoughtless multitude,—to calm their spirits, and restore order, peace, and reason,—to break the force of the torrent that beat against the as yet unsettled edifice of the Reformation,—such was the object of Luther's return to Wittemberg. But would his influence accomplish all this? Time must show.

The Reformer's heart thrilled at the thought of the struggle he was about to enter upon. He raised his head, as the lion shakes his brindled mane when roused to the fight. "The hour," said he, "is arrived, when we must trample under foot the power of Satan, and contend against the spirit of darkness. If our adversaries do not flee from us;—Christ will know how to compel them. We who put our trust in the Lord of life and death are lords both of life and of death?"

But at the same time the impetuous Reformer, as if restrained by a higher power, refused to employ the anathemas and thunders of the Word, and set about his work in the spirit of an humble pastor—a tender shepherd of souls. "It is with *the Word* we must contend," observed he, "and by *the Word* we must refute and expel what has gained a footing by violence. I would not resort to force against such as are superstitious;—nor even against unbelievers! Whosoever believeth let him draw nigh, and whoso believeth not stand afar off. Let there be no compulsion. Liberty is of the very essence of Faith."

The next day was Sunday. That day the Doctor, whom the lofty walls of the Wartburg had for nearly a year hidden from the public eye, is to appear in the pulpit of the church of Wittemberg. "Luther is come back." "Luther is to preach to-day." The news, repeated from one to another, had of itself no slight effect in giving a turn to the thoughts by which the multitude were deluded. People hurried to and fro in all directions; and on Sunday morning the church was filled to overflow with an attentive and impressed congregation.

Luther could comprehend the disposition of his hearers' minds. He ascended the pulpit. Behold him surrounded by the flock which had formerly followed him with one heart as a docile sheep, but which has broken from him in the spirit of an untamed heifer. His address was simple and noble,—energetic and persuasive; breathing the spirit of a tender father returning to his children, and inquiring into their conduct, while he communicates the reports that have reached him concerning them. He frankly commended their progress in the faith, and having thus prepared and gathered up their thoughts, he proceeded as follows:—

"But we need a something beyond Faith; and that is Love. If a man who carries a sword is alone, it matters not whether he draw it or keep it sheathed; but if he is in a crowd let him have a care lest he wound any of those about him.

"Observe a mother with her babe. She first gives it nothing but milk; and then the most easily digestible food. What would be the consequence were she to begin by giving it meat or wine?

"In like manner should we act toward our brother.—Have you been long at the breast?—If so, well;—only let your brother suck as long!

"Observe the Sun. He dispenses two gifts,—namely—*light* and *warmth*. The mightiest monarch cannot turn aside his rays:—they come straight on, arriving upon this earth by a direct course. Meanwhile his warmth goes out and diffuses itself in every direction. So it is that Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending;—whilst Love, like warmth, should beam forth on all sides, and bend to every necessity of our brethren."

Having thus engaged his hearers' attention, he proceeded to press them more closely:

"It is agreeable to Scripture, say you to

* L. Epp. ii. p. 143. Luther altered this expression at the Elector's request.

abolish the Mass. Be it so. But what order, what decency have you observed? It became you to offer up earnest prayers to God; to apply to the authorities; then, indeed, every one might have acknowledged that the thing was of the Lord."

Thus spake Luther. The fearless man who, at Worms, had stood forth against the princes of this world, made a deep impression on men's minds by these accents of wisdom and peace. Carlstadt and the prophets of Zwickau, from being extolled and all-powerful for a few weeks, and ruling to the disturbance of the public peace, had shrunk into insignificance beside the prisoner escaped from the Wartburg.

"The Mass," he continued, "is a bad thing. God is opposed to it. It ought to be abolished, and I would that everywhere the Supper of the Gospel were established in its stead. But let none be torn from it by force. We must leave results to God. It is not *we* that must work,—but His Word. And why so? you will ask. Because the hearts of men are not in my hand as clay in the hand of the potter. We have a right to speak, but none whatever to compel. Let us preach;—the rest belongs to God. If I resort to force, what shall I gain? Grimace, fair appearances, apeings, cramped uniformity, and hypocrisy. But there will be no hearty sincerity,—no faith,—no love. Where these are wanting,—all is wanting; and I would not give a straw for such a victory!

"Our first aim must be to win the heart; and to this end we must preach the Gospel. Then we shall find the Word impressing one to-day, another the next day; and the result will be, that each one will withdraw from the Mass, and cease to receive it. God does more by the simpler power of His word than you and I and the whole world could effect by all our efforts put together! God arrests the heart, and that once taken,—all is won!

"I say not this that you should restore the Mass. Since it is done away with, in God's name, let it not be revived. But was it right to go about it in such a manner? Paul, coming one day to the famous city of Athens, found there the altars of such as were no gods. He passed on from one to the other, observing them without touching one of them; but he made his way to the market-place, and testified to the people that all their gods were naught but images, graven by art and man's device. And that preached Word took possession of their hearts, and the idols fell, without his so much as touching them!

"I am ready to preach, argue, write,—but I will not constrain any one: for faith is a voluntary act. Call to mind what I have already done. I stood up against Pope, indulgences, and Papists; but without violence or tumult. I brought forward God's Word; I preached and wrote, and there I stopped. And whilst I laid me down and slept, or chatted with Amsdorff and Melancthon over our tankard of Wittemberg beer, the word I had preached brought down the power of the Pope to the ground, so that never prince or emperor had dealt it such a blow. For my part, I did next to nothing: the power of the Word did the whole business. Had I appealed to force, Germany might have been deluged with blood But what would have been the consequence? Ruin and destruction of soul and body. Accordingly, I kept quiet, and let the Word run through the length and breadth of the land. Know you what the devil thinks when he sees men resort to violence to spread the Gospel through the world? Seated behind the fire of hell, and folding his arms, with a malignant glance and horrid leer, Satan says, 'How good it is in yonder madmen to play into my hands.' But only let him see the Word of the Lord circulating, and working its way unaided on the field of the world, and at once he is disturbed at his work, his knees smite each other, he trembles, and is ready to die with fear."

On the Tuesday following, Luther again ascended the pulpit, and his powerful exhortation was once more heard, in the midst of an attentive audience. He preached again on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. He took a review of the destruction of images, the distinction of meats, the institution of the Supper, the restoration of the cup to the laity, and the abolition of the confessional. He showed that these points were of much less consequence than the Mass, and that the prime movers of the disorders of which Wittemberg had been the scene, had grossly abused their liberty. He passed by turns from accents of true Christian charity to bursts of holy indignation.

He especially declared himself against those who ventured lightly to partake of the Supper of the Lord. "It is not the mere *pressing with the teeth*," said he, "it is the inward and spiritual partaking realized by faith which makes us Christians, and without which all outward acts are but show and grimace. But that faith consists in the firm belief that Jesus is the Son of God; that having himself borne our sins and our iniquities on the cross, he is, himself, the alone and all-sufficient expiation; that he now appears continually in the presence of God, reconciling us to the Father; and has given to us the sacrament of his body for the strengthening of our faith in this unspeakable mercy. Only let me believe this, and God is my defence; with Him for my buckler, I defy sin, death, hell, and devils: they cannot harm me, nor even so much as ruffle a hair of my head! That spiritual bread is comfort to the afflicted, health to the sick, life to the dying, food to the hungry, and a treasury for the poor! The man who does not feel the burden of his sins, ought, therefore, to abstain from approaching the altar. What can *he* have to do there? Ah! let conscience be heard; let our hearts be broken with the sense of our sins, and we shall not come to that holy sacrament in a spirit of presumption."

Crowds continually filled the church; many came even from the neighbouring towns and

villages to hear this new Elijah. Among others Capito passed two days at Wittemberg, and heard the doctor preach twice. Never before had Luther and the cardinal's chaplain been so entirely agreed. Melancthon, magistrates, professors, and the whole population were overjoyed. Schurff, delighted with such a termination of so unpromising a state of things, hastened to communicate the intelligence to the Elector. He wrote to him on Friday, the 15th of March, after hearing Luther's sixth discourse. "Oh, what joy has Doctor Martin's reappearance diffused among us! His words, through divine mercy, every day bring back into the way of truth our poor, deluded people. It is manifest that the Spirit of God is with him, and that his coming to Wittemberg is by His special providence."

In truth, these sermons are models of popular eloquence; but not such as, in the days of Demosthenes, or even in those of Savonarola, had led captive the hearts of the people. The task of the preacher of Wittemberg was one of greater difficulty. It is far easier to rouse the fury of a wild beast than to charm it down. What was needed was to soothe a fanatic multitude, and to tame unruly passions; and in this Luther succeeded. In his first eight sermons, he allowed not a word to escape him against the originators of these disorders; no allusion likely to give pain,—not so much as a word by which their feelings could be wounded. But his moderation was his strength; and the more tenderly he dealt with the souls that had gone astray, the more perfectly did he vindicate that truth that was aggrieved. There was no withstanding the power of his eloquence. Men usually ascribe to timidity and cowardly compromise, exhortations that inculcate moderation. Here, how different was the case! In publicly standing forth before the inhabitants of Wittemberg, Luther braved the Pope's excommunication and the Emperor's proscription. He reappeared, notwithstanding the Elector's prohibition, who had intimated that he could not protect him. Even at Worms his courage had not been so signally proved. He was exposing himself to the most imminent dangers; and hence his call was responded to. The man who braved the scaffold might claim to be listened to when he inculcated submission. None better qualified to urge on his hearers the duty of obedience to God, than he who, in order that he might himself render such obedience, defied the most violent persecution of man. At Luther's appeal, difficulties disappeared—tumult subsided—sedition was silenced, and the burghers of Wittemberg returned quietly to their dwellings.

Gabriel Didymus who, of all the Augustine monks, had manifested most enthusiasm, hung upon the Reformer's words. "Don't you think Luther a wonderful teacher?" inquired one of his hearers, who was himself deeply affected. "Ah!" replied he, "I seem to be listening to the voice of an angel rather than a man." Didymus, soon after this, publicly confessed he had been deceived. "He is quite a changed man," said Luther.

It was not so at first with Carlstadt. Abandoning his studies, and frequenting the workshops of artisans, that he might there receive the true interpretation of the Scriptures, he was mortified at beholding his party losing ground on the reappearance of Luther. In his view it was arresting the Reformation in the midst of its career. Hence, his countenance wore a constant air of dejection, sadness, and dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, he sacrificed his self-love for the sake of peace, restrained his desire to vindicate his doctrine was reconciled, at least in appearance, to his colleague, and soon after resumed his studies in the university.

The most noted of the prophets were not at Wittemberg when Luther arrived there. Nicolas Storch was on a progress through the country. Mark Stubner had quitted the hospitable roof of Melancthon. Perhaps their spirit of prophecy had left them without "voice or answer," from the first tidings brought them that the new Elijah was turning his steps toward their Mount Carmel. Cellarius, the old schoolmaster, alone remained. Meanwhile, Stubner, hearing that his sheep were scattered, returned in haste to Wittemberg. Those who had remained faithful to "the heavenly prophecy" gathered round their master, repeated the substance of Luther's sermons, and pressed him with anxious inquiries as to what they ought to think and do. Stubner exhorted them to stand firm. "Let him come forth," interposed Cellarius; "let him give us the meeting; let him only afford us opportunity to declare our doctrine, and then we shall see . . . ."

Luther had but little wish to meet them. He knew them to be men of violent, hasty, and haughty temper, who would not endure even kind admonitions, but required that every one should, at the very first summons, submit to them as to a supreme authority. Such are enthusiasts in every age. Nevertheless as an interview was requested, Luther could not decline it. Besides, it might be doing service to the weak of the flock to unmask the imposture of the prophets. Accordingly the meeting took place. Stubner opened the conversation. He showed how he proposed to restore the Church and reform the world. Luther listened to him with great calmness. "Of all you have been saying," replied he, at last, gravely, "there is nothing that I see to be based upon Scripture. It is a mere tissue of fiction." At these words Cellarius lost all self-possession. Raising his voice like one out of his mind, he trembled from head to foot, and striking the table with his fist, in a violent passion, exclaimed against Luther's speech as an insult offered to a man of God. On this Luther remarked, "Paul declared that the signs of an apostle were wrought among the Corinthians, in signs and mighty deeds. Do you likewise prove your apostleship by miracles."—"We will do so," rejoined the prophets. "The God whom I

serve," answered Luther, "will know how to bridle your gods." Stubner, who had hitherto preserved an imperturbable silence, now fixing his eyes on the Reformer, said, in a solemn tone, "Martin Luther, hear me while I declare what is passing at this moment in your soul. You are beginning to see that my doctrine is true." Luther was silent for a few moments, and then replied, "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan." Instantly the prophets lost all self-command. They shouted aloud, "The Spirit, the Spirit." The answer of Luther was marked by the cool contempt and cutting homeliness of his expressions: "I slap your spirit on the snout!" said he. Hereupon their outcries redoubled. Cellarius was more violent than the rest. He stormed till he foamed at the mouth, —and their voices were inaudible from the tumult. The result was that the pretended prophets abandoned the field, and that very day they left Wittemberg.

Thus did Luther achieve the object for which he had left his retirement. He had taken his stand against fanaticism, and expelled from the bosom of the church the enthusiasm and disorder which had invaded it. If the Reformation with one hand dashed to the earth the dusty decretals of Rome, with the other it put away from it the pretensions of the mystics, and established on the territory it had acquired the living and sure Word of God. The character of the Reformation was thus distinctly seen. Its mission was to keep constantly a middle course between these extremes, remote alike from fanatical distortions and from the death-like slumber of the papal rule.

Here was an instance of a whole population passionately excited, and misled to such a degree as to have cast off all restraint, at once listening to reason, recovering calmness, and returning to their accustomed submission, so that the most perfect quiet again reigned in that very city which, but a few days before, had been like the troubled ocean.

The most absolute liberty was forthwith established at Wittemberg. Luther continued to reside in the convent, and to wear the monastic habit; but every one was free to lay it aside. In coming to the Lord's Supper, persons might either receive only the general absolution or they might apply for a special one. It was recognised as a principle to reject nothing but what contradicted a clear and express declaration of Scripture. It was no indifference that dictated this course. On the contrary, religion was recalled to its essential principle. Piety only withdrew from the accessary forms in which it had been wellnigh lost, that it might rest on its true basis. Thus was the Reformation itself preserved, and the church's teaching progressively developed in love and truth.

No sooner was order re-established, when the Reformer turned to his beloved Melancthon, and requested his co-operation in the final revision of the translation of the New Testament, which he had brought with him from the Wartburg. As early as the year 1519, Melancthon had laid down the grand principle that the Fathers must be explained conformably to the Scripture, and not Scripture according to the Fathers. Meditating daily on the books of the New Testament, he felt at once charmed by their simplicity, and solemnly impressed by the depth of their import. "In *them*, and them only," affirmed this adept in ancient philosophy, "do we find the true 'food of the soul.'" Gladly, therefore, did he comply with Luther's desire, and many were the hours the two friends, from that time, spent together, studying and translating the inspired Word. Often would they pause in their labours to give free expression to their wonder. "If Reason could speak," said Luther, "it would say, O, that I could once hear the voice of God! I should think it worth a journey to the very uttermost parts of the earth! Give ear, then, my fellow man—God, the creator of heaven and earth, now speaks to thee!"

The printing of the New Testament was begun and carried on with an activity beyond all example. One might have thought the very printers felt the importance of the work in hand. Three presses were constantly employed, and ten thousand sheets were struck off every day.

At last, on the 21st of September, appeared the complete edition of three thousand copies in two volumes, with the brief title, "The New Testament in German;—at Wittemberg." It bore no name of *man*. From that hour every German might obtain the Word of God at a small pecuniary cost.*

The new translation, written in the tone of the sacred books, in a language that was as yet in its virgin simplicity, and now first opening its full beauty, interested and delighted all classes, from the highest to the lowest. It was a national work—the people's book—nay, much more, it was the book of God. Even enemies could not withhold their commendation of this wonderful production, and there were some incautious partisans of the Reformation so carried away by the beauty of the new version, as to imagine they could recognise in it a second inspiration. It, indeed, served more than all Luther's own writings to diffuse a spirit of Christian piety. The great work of the sixteenth century was now placed on a rock whence nothing could dislodge it. The Bible, restored to the people, recalled the mind of man, which had for ages wandered in the endless labyrinths of scholastic teaching, to the heavenly springs of salvation. Hence, the success that attended this step was prodigious. All the copies were quickly disposed of. In December following, a second edition appeared; and by the year 1533, no less than seventeen editions had issued from the presses of Wittemberg; thirteen from Augsburg; twelve from Bale; one from Erfurth; one from Grimma; one from Leipsic; thirteen from Strasburg.

* A florin and a half, about a half-crown.

Even while the first edition of the New Testament was passing through the press, Luther was already at work on a translation of the Old Testament. This labour, begun in 1522, was continued without intermission. He issued it in detached portions, as he finished them, in order to gratify the impatience of the public demand, and to make the purchase easy to the poor.

From Scripture and Faith, two streams issuing from one and the same spring, the life of the Gospel has flowed, and still diffuses itself through the world. They bore directly against two established errors. Faith was met by the opposing Pelagian tendency of Catholicism. Scripture, in like manner, found arrayed against it the theory of tradition and the authority of Rome. Scripture led its reader to Faith, and Faith made him the disciple of the Word. "Man can do no meritorious work: the free grace of God, received through faith in Christ, alone saves him." Such was the doctrine proclaimed throughout Christendom. But this teaching must needs bring Christendom to the study of the Scripture. In truth, if faith in Christ is every thing in Christianity, and if the observances and ordinances of the Church are nothing, it is not to the Church's teaching, but to Christ's word that we must adhere. The bond that unites to Christ will be every thing to the believing soul. What signifies the outward link that connects him with a visible church, enslaved by the commandments of men? . . Thus, as the doctrine of the Bible had impelled Luther's contemporaries toward Jesus Christ, their love for Jesus Christ, in its turn, impelled them towards the Bible. It was not, as some in our days have supposed, from a philosophic necessity, or from doubt, or a spirit of inquiry that they reverted to Scripture, it was because they found *there* the words of *Him they loved*. "You have preached Christ," said they to the Reformer, "let us now hear him *himself*." And they caught at the sheets given to the world, as a letter coming to them from heaven.

But if the Bible was thus joyfully welcomed by such as loved the Lord Jesus Christ, it was scornfully rejected by such as preferred the traditions and ordinances of men. This publication by Luther was the signal of violent persecution. Rome trembled at the report brought thither. The pen which transcribed the sacred oracles was in truth that visionary pen which Frederic had beheld in his dream, reaching to the seven hills, and discomposing the Pope's tiara. The monk in his cell, the prince upon his throne, uttered a cry of anger. The ignorant priests were dismayed at the thought that burghers, and even rustics would now be able freely to discuss with them the precepts of the Lord. The King of England denounced the work to the Elector Frederic and to Duke George of Saxony. But before this, and as early as the November previous, the Duke had commanded all his subjects to deliver up every copy of Luther's New Testament into the hands of the magistrate. Bavaria, Brandenburg, Austria, and all the states in the interest of Rome passed similar decrees. In some parts, a sacrilegious bonfire, composed of the sacred books, was lighted in the public squares. Thus did Rome, in the sixteenth century, renew the efforts by which heathenism had attempted to uproot the religion of Jesus Christ, at the period when the reins were escaping from the hands of the Priests of Idol-worship. But what power can stay the triumphant progress of the Gospel? "Even after I had prohibited the sale," wrote Duke George, "many thousand copies were sold and read in my states."

God even used, for the purpose of making known His word, the very hands that were essaying to destroy it. The Romish divines, seeing they could not stop the circulation of the Reformer's work, themselves put forth a translation of the New Testament. It was no other than Luther's here and there altered by the new editors. No hinderance was offered to the reading of it. Rome had not yet experienced that wherever the Word of God took root, its own power began to totter. Joachim of Brandenburg gave license to his subjects to read any translation of the Bible, in Latin or in German, provided it were not from the presses of Wittemberg. The German nations, and more especially the people of Brandenburg, made, in this way, a decided advance in the knowledge of the truth.

The publication of the New Testament in the vernacular tongue, is among the memorable epochs of the Reformation. If the marriage of Feldkirchen had been the first step in the progress of its influence from the sphere of teaching to that of social life;—if the abolition of monastic vows had been the second, and the establishment of the Supper of the Lord a third stage of this transition, the publication of the New Testament was, perhaps, even more important than all the rest. It wrought an entire change in the aspect of society—not alone in the priest's presbytery—not merely in the monk's cell and the noble's closet, but more than this, in the interior of the dwellings of the nobles, citizens, and peasantry. When Christians began to read the Bible in their families, Christianity itself underwent a palpable change. Thence ensued changed habits,—improved morals,—other conversations,—in short, a new life. With the publication of the New Testament, it seemed as if the Reformation passed the threshold of the College, and took its proper place at the hearths of the people.

The effect that followed was incalculable. The Christianity of the Primitive Church was, by the publication of the Holy Scriptures, presented full before the eyes of the nation, recovered from the oblivion in which for centuries it had lain hid: and the sight was, of itself, enough to justify the charges that had been brought against Rome. The least instructed, provided they did but know how to read, women, artisans, (we are quoting from one of that age who was bitterly opposed to the Re-

formation,) studied the New Testament with eager delight. They carried it about with them, learned portions by heart, and saw in its precious pages the proof of the perfect accordance of that Reformation which was Luther's aim, with the revelation that God had given.

Meanwhile, it was in detached portions only that the teaching of the Bible and of the Reformation had till then been set forth. A certain truth had been declared in one tract—a certain error exposed in another. The field of the Church presented the appearance of a plain, on which, here and there, were seen, without order or arrangement, the ruins of the old, and the materials of a new structure; but as yet the new edifice was wanting. True it is, that the publication of the New Testament met this want. The Reformation might say, with that book in its hand, "Behold my system." But, as each individual may contend that his system is none other than that of the Bible, the Reformation seemed called to set forth in order what it found in Holy Scripture. This was a work Melancthon now contributed in its name.

In the development of his theology, Melancthon's steps had been deliberate; but they were taken with firmness, and the result of his inquiries was courageously made known to all. As early as 1520, he had declared that some of the seven sacraments were, in his judgment, mere imitations of Jewish feasts; and that he considered the asserted infallibility of the Pope as a proud pretension, directly at variance with Scripture and sound judgment. "We want more than a Hercules," remarked he, "to make a stand against such doctrines." Here we see that Melancthon had been led to the same conclusion as Luther by a more studious and calm process of conviction. The time had now come that he in his turn should publicly confess his faith.

In 1521, during his friend's captivity in the Wartburg, his celebrated "*Loci Communes*" had presented to Christian Europe a body of doctrine, based on solid grounds, and admirably compacted. The tracings of a simple and majestic outline appeared before the wondering minds of that generation. As the translation of the New Testament had justified the Reformation to the people, so Melancthon's *Loci Communes* served to justify it in the judgment of the learned.

For fifteen centuries the Church had existed on the earth without having seen such a work. Relinquishing the common argumentation of scholastic theology, the friend of Luther had at last given to Christendom a system of divinity derived entirely from Scripture. In it the reader was conscious of a breath of life, a quickness of understanding, a force of conviction, and a simplicity of statement, which strikingly contrasted with the subtle and pedantic method of the schools. The coolest judgments and the most exact divines were alike impressed with admiration.

Erasmus designated this work a wondrous army, ranged in order of battle against the pharisaic tyranny of false teachers; and while he confessed that on some points he did not agree with the author, he nevertheless added, that, having always loved him, he had never loved him so much as after reading this work. "So beautiful is the proof that it affords," said Calvin, when presenting it, at a subsequent period, to the French people, "that the most perfect simplicity is the noblest method of handling the Christian doctrine."

But no one experienced a finer joy than Luther; to the last this work was to him a theme of wonder. The occasional sounds his trembling hand had drawn, in the deep emotion of his soul, from the chords of prophets and apostles, were here blended together in entrancing harmony. Those solid masses of truth which he had hewn from the quarry of Holy Scripture, were here raised and compacted together in one majestic edifice. He was never tired of commending the work to the attention of the youths who came to study at Wittemberg. "If you would wish to become divines," said he, "read Melancthon."

In Melancthon's judgment, a deep sense of the wretched state to which man is reduced by *sin*, is the foundation on which we must build the teaching of Christian theology. This universal evil is the primary fact, the leading truth whence the science takes its departure; and it is *this* which forms the peculiar distinction of theology from the sciences which work their own advancement by the powers of reason.

The Christian divine, diving into the heart of man, revealed its laws and mysterious motions, as the philosopher in later times has disclosed the laws and attractions of material bodies. "Original sin," said he, "is an inclination born with us—an impulse which is agreeable to us—a certain influence which leads us into the commission of sin, and which has passed from Adam upon all his posterity. Just as there is found in fire a native energy which mounts upward; just as in the loadstone we observe a natural power of attracting steel, just so do we find in man a primary impulse impelling him to that which is evil. I admit freely that in Socrates, Xenocrates, Zeno, were seen temperance and chastity; these exterior virtues were found in men whose hearts were unpurified, and they proceeded out of the love of self; hence we should regard them, in reality, not as virtues, but as vices." Such language may sound harsh, but not so if we enter into Melancthon's real meaning. None more prompt than he to acknowledge virtues in the great men of antiquity, which entitled them to the esteem of men; but he laid down the solemn truth, that the highest law given by God to all his creatures is to *love Him above all things*. If, then, man is doing that which God commands,—does it, not from love to God, but from love of self,—can we think that God will accept him, thus daring to substitute *self* in place of His own infinite Majesty? And must it not be enough to vitiate any action, that it involves in it a direct rebellion against the sovereignty of God?

The Wittemberg divine proceeded to show how man is rescued from this wretched state. "The Apostle," said he, "invites thee to contemplate, at the Father's right hand, the Son of God, our great Mediator, ever living to make intercession for us; and he calls upon thee to believe assuredly that thy sins are pardoned, and thyself counted righteous and accepted by the Father, for the sake of that Son who died upon the cross."

A peculiar interest attaches to this first edition of the *Loci Communes*, from the manner in which the German divine speaks concerning Free Will. We find him recognising, even more clearly than had been done by Luther, (for he was more of a theologian,) that this doctrine could not be separated from that which constituted the very essence of the Reformation. Man's justification in the sight of God is by FAITH ALONE, was the first point. This faith wrought in man's heart by the ALONE GRACE OF GOD, was the second. Melancthon saw clearly that to allow any ability in the natural man *to believe*, would, in this second point, entirely set aside that grand doctrine of Grace which is asserted in the first. He was too discerning, too deeply instructed in the Scriptures, to be misled on so important a question. But he went too far: instead of confining himself to the religious bearing of the question, he entered upon metaphysics. He laid down a sort of fatalism, which might lead his readers to think of God as the author of evil, and which consequently has no foundation in Scripture. "Since whatever happens," said he, "happens by necessity, agreeably to the divine foreknowledge, it is plain that our will hath no liberty whatever."

But the principal object Melancthon had in view, was to present theology as a system of devotion.—The schools had so dried up the generally received creed, as to leave it destitute of life. The office of the Reformation was to reanimate this lifeless creed. In succeeding editions, Melancthon felt the necessity for great clearness in doctrinal statements. In 1521, however, it was not so much the case. "The knowledge of Christ," said he, "is found in the knowledge of the blessings derived through him. Paul, writing to the Romans, and desiring to sum up the Christian doctrine, does not set about treating philosophically of the Trinity, the Incarnation, Creation, active or passive. What, then, are his themes?—the Law, Sin, Grace. On our instruction in these, depends our knowledge of Christ."

The publication of this treatise was of singular service to the cause of truth. Calumnies stood refuted—prejudices were dissipated. Among the religious, the worldly, and the learned, the genius of Melancthon was admired, and his character esteemed and loved. Even such as had no personal knowledge of the author were conciliated to his creed by this work. The vigour and occasional violence of Luther's language had offended many; but in Melancthon, an elegance of composition, a discriminating judgment, and a remarkable clearness and arrangement were seen engaged in the exposition of those mighty truths tha had aroused the slumbering world. The work was rapidly bought up, and read with avidity His gentleness and modesty won all hearts, while his elevation of thought commanded their respect; and the higher classes, who had been hitherto so undecided, were captivated by a wisdom which had at last found so noble an utterance.

On the other hand, such of the opposers of the truth as had not been humbled by the energy of Luther, were, for a while, silenced and disconcerted by the appearance of Melancthon's tract. They had found another man as worthy as Luther to be a mark for their hatred. "Alas!" they exclaimed, "alas, for Germany! to what new extremity shall we be brought by this last birth!"

The *Loci Communes* passed through sixty-seven editions between 1521 and 1595, without including translations. Next to the Bible, this work may have mainly contributed to the establishment of the evangelical doctrine.

Whilst the "grammarian," Melancthon. was by this happy co-operation aiding the efforts of Luther, schemes of a violent character were again planning by his formidable enemies. At the news that he had effected his escape from the Wartburg, and appeared again on the world's stage, the rage of his former adversaries returned.

Luther had been rather more than three months at Wittemberg, when a rumour, repeated by common fame, brought him the intelligence that one of the greatest monarchs of Christendom had risen up against him. Henry VIII. head of the house of Tudor, a prince descended from the families of York and Lancaster, and in whom, after torrents of bloodshed, the red and white roses were at length united, the puissant king of England, who boldly advanced the obsolete authority of his crown over the continent, and more particularly over France—had put forth an answer to the poor monk of Wittemberg. "I hear much commendation of a little treatise by the king of England," wrote Luther to Lange, on the 26th of June, 1522.

Henry the Eighth was then in his thirty-first year,—"tall, strong-built and proportioned, and had an air of authority and empire," and a countenance that expressed the vivacity of his mind. Vehement in his temper, bearing down whatever stood in the way of his passions, and thirsting for distinctions, the defects of his character, were, for a time, mistaken for the impetuosity of youth—and there was no lack of flatterers to confirm him in them. Often would he resort, accompanied by his favourite companions, to the house of his chaplain, Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher of Ipswich. This man, who was gifted with great abilities, of excessive ambition, and unbounded audacity, being patronised by the Bishop of Winchester, the king's chancellor, had rapidly risen in his master's favour. He would often allure the young prince to his residence by the attraction of

riotous pleasures,* in which he would not have ventured to indulge within the walls of his own palace. This is recorded by Polydore Vergil, then sub-collector of the pope's revenues in England. In these orgies, the chaplain outdid the licentiousness of the younger courtiers. He sang, danced, laughed, played the buffoon, took part in indecent conversation, and fenced. He soon attained the highest seat at the council board, and the whole kingly power passing into his hands, he was enabled to stipulate with foreign princes for a reward for his influence in affairs.

Henry passed whole days in balls, banqueting, and justing—thus squandering the treasure which the avarice of his father had accumulated. Splendid tournaments succeeded each other without intermission. On these occasions, the king, who was easily distinguished from the other combatants by his manly beauty, took the lead.† If the contest seemed for a moment doubtful, his expertness or strength, or else the skilful policy of his antagonist decided the victory in his favour, and the arena resounded with shouts of applause. Such easy triumphs inflated the vanity of the young prince, and there was no pinnacle of earthly grandeur to which he would not have aspired. The Queen was often present on such occasions. Her grave deportment, melancholy look, and constrained and depressed manner, presented a marked contrast to the tumultuous glitter of such festivities. Henry VIII., soon after his accession, had, from political considerations, contracted marriage with Catherine of Arragon, five years older than himself, widow of his brother Arthur, and aunt to Charles V. While her husband followed his pleasures, the virtuous Catherine, whose piety was such as Spain has been noted for, was accustomed to leave her bed in the dead of the night to take a silent part in the prayers of the monks. She would kneel without cushion or carpet. At five, after taking a little rest, she would again rise, and assume the habit of St. Francis; for she had been admitted into the third order of that saint. Then, hastily throwing over her the royal garments, she was in church at six, to join in the holy offices.

Two beings, living in such different atmospheres, could not long continue united.

Catherine, however, was not the only representative of Romish devotion at the court of Henry VIII. John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, then nearly seventy years of age, and distinguished alike for his learning and strict morals, was the object of universal veneration. He had been, for a long period, the oldest counsellor of Henry VII., and the Duchess of Richmond, grandmother to Henry VIII., had, on her death-bed, confided to him the youth and inexperience of her grandson. The king, in the midst of his excesses, long continued to revere the aged bishop as a father.

A much younger man than Fisher, a layman and civilian, had, at this time, attracted general attention by his genius and noble character. His name was Thomas More. He was the son of one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench. In poor circumstances, of temperate habits, and unwearied application, he, at the age of twenty, had sought to mortify the passions of youth by wearing a hair-shirt, and by self-inflicted scourgings. One day, when summoned to the presence of Henry VIII., at a moment when he was attending mass, he replied—"The king's service must give way to the service of God." Wolsey introduced him to Henry, who employed him in various embassies, and lavished on him much kindness. He would often send for him to converse with him on astronomy, and at other times concerning Wolsey, or on disputed points of theology.

The king was, to say the truth, not altogether unacquainted with the doctrines of Rome. It even appears, that, had Prince Arthur lived to ascend the throne, Henry was destined to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury. In his mind and life were strangely blended Thomas Aquinas —St. Bonaventura—tournaments—banquetings—Elizabeth Blount, and others of his mistresses. Masses set to music by himself were chanted in his chapel.

From the time Henry VIII. first heard of Luther, his indignation broke forth; and no sooner did the decree of the Diet of Worms reach England than he gave orders that the Pontiff's bull against the Reformer's writings should be carried into execution. On the 12th of May, 1521, Thomas Wolsey, who, together with the rank of Chancellor of England, held that of Cardinal and Roman Legate, repaired in solemn procession to St. Paul's Church. Swollen by excess of pride, he assumed to rival the pomp of royalty itself. He was accustomed to seat himself in a gold chair, slept in a golden bed, and dined on a table covered with cloth of gold. On this occasion he displayed his utmost state. His household, to the number of 800 persons, comprising barons, knights, sons of the first families, who had entered his service as a step towards the service of the state, attended the haughty prelate. His garments shone with gold and silk, (he was the first ecclesiastic who had ventured to assume such sumptuous apparel.) Even the horse-cloths and harness were of the like costly materials. Before him walked a priest of lofty stature, bearing a silver pillar, surmounted by a cross. Behind him, another

* Domi suæ voluptatum omnium sacrarium fecit, quo regem frequenter ducebat. (Polyd. Vergilius, Angl. Hist. Bâle, 1570, fol. p. 633.)—Polydore Vergil seems to have been a sufferer by Wolsey's pride, and to have been, perhaps, inclined, on that account, to exaggerate that minister's errors.

† Eximia corporis forma præditus, in qua etiam regiæ majestatis augusta quædam species elucebat. (Sanderus de Schismate Anglicano, p. 4.)—The work of Sanders, the Pope's Nuncio, must be read with much suspicion, for unfounded and calumnious statements are not wanting in it—as has been remarked by Cardinal Quirini and the Roman Catholic doctor Lingard.—(See the History of England, by this last, vol. vi. p. 17?)

stately ecclesiastic, holding in his hand the archiepiscopal crozier of York; a nobleman at his side, carried his cardinal's hat. Others of the nobility—the prelates—the ambassadors of the Pope and of the Emperor joined the cavalcade, and were followed by a long line of mules, bearing chests overhung with rich and brilliant stuffs; and in this pompous procession the several parties that composed it were carrying to the pile the writings of the poor monk of Wittemberg. On reaching the church, the proud priest deposited his cardinal's hat on the altar itself. The virtuous Bishop of Rochester took his place at the foot of the cross, and with accents of strong emotion, preached earnestly against heresy. After this, the attendants drew near bearing the writings of the heresiarch, and they were devoutly consumed in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. Such was the first public announcement of the Reformation to the people of England.

Henry did not rest there. This prince, whose sword was ever uplifted against his adversaries, his wives, and his favourites, wrote to the Elector Palatine—"Surely, it is no other than the devil, who, by the agency of Luther, has kindled this wide-spreading conflagration. If Luther will not retract, let himself and his writings be committed to the flames."

But this was not all. Convinced that the progress of heresy was mainly ascribable to the extreme ignorance of the German princes, Henry conceived that the moment had arrived for the exhibition of his own learning. The recollection of the triumphs of his battle-axe did not permit him to doubt of the victory he should gain by his pen. But another passion, vanity,—ever large in little minds,—spurred on the royal purpose. He was mortified by the circumstance, that he had no title to set against that of *Most Christian* and *Catholic*, borne by the kings of France and Spain, and had for a long time solicited from the court of Rome a similar distinction. What course more likely to obtain it than an attack upon heresy! Henry, then, laid aside his royal dignity, and descended from his throne into the arena of theological dispute. He pressed into his service Thomas Aquinas, Peter Lombard, Alaxander of Hale, and Bonaventura, and gave to the world his "*Defence of the Seven Sacraments, against Martin Luther, by the most Invincible King of England and of France, Lord of Ireland, Henry, the Eighth of that name.*"

"I will put myself in the forefront of the Church, to save her," said the king of England in this book—"I will receive into my bosom the poisoned darts of her assailant; what I hear constrains me to this. All the servants of Jesus Christ, whatever be their age, sex or rank, should rise up against the common enemy of Christendom.

"Let us be doubly armed: with the heavenly armour to conquer with the arms of truth, him who fights with those of error; but also an earthly armour, so that, should he show himself obstinate in malice, the hand of the executioner may silence him; and thus, for once at least, he may be useful to the world, by the terrible example of his death."

Henry VIII. could not conceal the contempt which he entertained for his feeble adversary. "This man," says the royal theologian, "seems to be in pains of labour; he travails in birth; and lo! he brings forth but wind. Take away the audacious covering of proud words, with which he clothes his absurdities,—as an ape is clothed with purple,—and what remains?—a wretched and empty sophism."

The king defends, successively, the mass, penance, confirmation, marriage, orders, and extreme unction. He is not sparing of hard epithets towards his adversary; styling him sometimes an infernal wolf, at others a venemous serpent, or a limb of the devil, and even casts doubts on Luther's sincerity. In short, Henry VIII. crushes the mendicant monk with his royal anger, "and writes," says an historian, "as it were with his sceptre."

It must, however, be confessed, that the book was not ill written, considering the author and the age in which he wrote. The style is not altogether devoid of force. The public of the day set no bounds to its praises. The theological treatise of the powerful king of England, was received with a profusion of adulation. "The most learned work that ever the sun saw," is the expression of some. "It can only be compared with the works of Saint Augustine," said others. "He is a Constantine, a Charlemagne,—nay more," echoed others, "he is a second Solomon."

These flattering reports soon reached the continent. Henry had desired his ambassador at Rome, John Clarke, dean of Windsor, to present his book to the Sovereign Pontiff. Leo X. received the ambassador in full consistory. Clarke presented the royal work to him with these words, "The king my master assures you, now that he has refuted the errors of Luther with the pen, he is ready to combat his adherents with the sword." Leo, touched with this promise, answered, that the king's book could not have been composed but by the aid of the Holy Spirit, and conferred upon Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith"—still borne by the Sovereigns of England!

The reception which the work met with at Rome contributed not a little to attract the general attention. In a few months, many thousand copies, from different presses, got into circulation; so that, to use the words of Cochlæus, "the whole Christian world was filled with wonder and joy."

Such extravagant praises served to augment the already insufferable vanity of the head of the race of Tudor. He seemed himself to entertain no doubt, that he was inspired by the Holy Spirit.* Henceforward he could not endure contradiction. Papal authority was in

* He was brought to fancy it was written with some degree of inspiration. (Burnet in præf.)

his view, no longer at Rome, but at Greenwich,—and infallibility was vested in his own person. This proud assumption served greatly to promote, at a later period, the Reformation in England.

Luther read Henry's book with a smile, mingled with disdain, impatience, and indignation. The falsehoods and insults it contained, but above all the air of pity and contempt which the king affected, irritated the doctor of Wittemberg to the highest degree. The thought that the Pope had publicly approved the book, and that on all sides the enemies of the Gospel, were triumphing over the Reformation and the Reformer, as already overthrown, increased his indignation:—and why indeed, thought he, should he temporise? Was he not contending in the cause of One greater than all the kings of this earth? The gentleness that the Gospel inculcates seemed to him out of place. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. And indeed he went beyond all bounds:—persecuted, railed at, hunted down, wounded,—the furious lion turned upon his pursuers, and set himself determinedly to crush his enemy. The Elector, Spalatin, Melancthon, Bugenhagen, essayed in vain to appease him. They tried to dissuade him from replying; but nothing could stop him. "I won't be gentle toward the king of England," said he: "I know it is useless to humble myself, to compromise, entreat and try peaceful methods. I will show these wild beasts, who are every day running at me with their horns, how terrible I can be; I will turn upon my pursuers, I will provoke, and exasperate my adversary, until exhausting all his strength he falls and is for ever annihilated. 'If this heretic does not retract,' says the new Thomas, Henry VIII., 'he must be burnt!' Such are the weapons which are now employed against me: the fury and the faggots of stupid asses and hogs of the Thomas Aquinas brood.* Well, then, be it so! Let these swine come on, if they dare; aye, let them even burn me—here I am, awaiting them.—My ashes, after death, though cast into a thousand seas, shall rise up in arms, and pursue, and swallow up their abominable troop. Living, I will be the enemy of the Papacy,—and burnt, I will be its ruin! Go then, swine of St. Thomas, do what you will. Ever will you find Luther, like a bear upon your road, and like a lion upon your path. He will fall upon you from all sides, and give you no rest until he shall have ground your iron brains, and pulverized your brazen foreheads!"

Luther begins by reproaching Henry VIII. with having supported his statements merely by decrees and doctrines of man. "As to me," says he, "I do not cease my cry of 'The Gospel! the Gospel!—Christ! Christ!'—and my enemies are as ready with their answer,—'Custom! custom!—Ordinances! ordinances!—Fathers! fathers!'—'*That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God,*' says St. Paul. And the Apostle, by this thunder-clap from heaven, at once overturns and disperses, as the wind scatters the dust, all the foolish thoughts of such a one as this Henry! Alarmed and confounded, the Aquinases, Papists, Henrys, fall prostrate before the power of those words."

He proceeds to refute in detail the king's book, and exposes his arguments one after the other, with remarkable clearness, energy, and knowledge of the Scriptures, and of Church history; but also with a boldness and contempt, and at times a violence, which need not surprise us.

Towards the end, Luther's indignation is again aroused, that his adversary should only have drawn his arguments from the Fathers; for on them was made to turn the whole controversy: "To all the decisions of Fathers, of men, of angels, of devils, I oppose," says he, "not the antiquity of custom, not the habits of the many, but the word of the Eternal God,—the Gospel,—which they themselves are obliged to admit. It is to this book that I keep,—upon it I rest,—in it I make my boast,—in it I triumph, and exult over Papists, Aquinases, Henrys, sophists, and all the swine of hell. The King of Heaven is on my side,—therefore I fear nothing, though even a thousand Augustines, a thousand Cyprians, and a thousand such churches as that of which this Henry is Defender, should rise up against me. It is a small matter that I should despise and revile an earthly king, since he himself has not feared, by his writings, to blaspheme the King of Heaven, and profane his holy name by the most daring lies."

"Papists!" he exclaims in conclusion, "will you never have done with your vain attempts? Do, then, what ye list. Notwithstanding, it must still come to pass, that popes, bishops, priests, monks, princes, devils, death, sin,—and all that is not Jesus Christ, or in Jesus Christ,—must fall and perish before the power of this Gospel, which I, Martin Luther, have preached."

Thus spake an unfriended monk. His violence certainly cannot be excused, if we judge of it according to the rule to which he himself was ever appealing, namely, God's Word.—It cannot even be justified, by pleading in extenuation, the grossness of the age,—(for Melancthon knew how to observe courtesy of language in his writings,)—nor can we plead the energy of his character, if something is allowed for this, more must be ascribed to the violence of his passions. It is better, then, that we should give our judgment against it. Nevertheless, justice requires the remark, that in the sixteenth century this extravagant language was not so strange as it would be at this time. The learned were, like the nobles.

* Ignis et furor insulsissimorum asinorum et Thomisticorum porcorum. (Contra Henricum Regem, Opp. Lat. ii. p. 331.) There is something in this way of speaking which recalls to our mind the language of the great agitator of Ireland, except that there is more force and nobility of thought in the orator of the sixteenth century, than in him of the nineteenth (See *Revue Britannique*, Nov. 1835: 'The Reign of O'Connell'—'Soaped swine of civilised society," &c p. 30.)

a kind of estate. Henry, in attacking Luther, had put himself in the rank of a man of letters. Luther replied to him according to the law which obtained in the republic of letters; viz. that the truth of what is stated is to be considered, and not the condition in life of him who states it. Let it be added, also, that when this same king turned against the Pope, the insults heaped upon him by the Romish writers, and by the Pope himself, far exceeded all that Luther had ever fulminated against him.

Besides,—if Luther did call Doctor Eck an ass, and Henry VIII. a hog, he indignantly rejected the intervention of the secular arm; at the time that the former was writing a dissertation to show that heretics ought to be burned, and the latter was erecting scaffolds that he might follow out the precepts of the chancellor of Ingolstadt.

Great was the emotion at the king's court, when Luther's reply arrived. Surrey, Wolsey, and the rest of the courtiers put a stop to the fetes and pageantry at Greenwich, to vent their indignation in sarcasms and abuse. The aged Bishop of Rochester, who had looked on with delight at the young prince, formerly confided to his care, breaking a lance in defence of the Church, was stung to the quick by the monk's attack. He replied to it at the moment. His words gave a good idea of the age, and of the Church:—"Take us the little foxes that spoil the vines, says Christ in Solomon's Song; from this we learn," said Fisher, "that we ought to lay hands upon heretics, *before they grow big*. Luther is become a large fox, so old, so cunning, so mischievous, that it is very difficult to catch him. What do I say, a fox? He is a mad dog, a ravening wolf, a cruel she-bear; or rather, all these put together, for the monster includes many beasts within him."

Thomas More also descended into the arena to engage with the monk of Wittemberg.—Although a laic, his zeal against the Reformation amounted to fanaticism, if it would not have led him even to the shedding of blood. When young men of family take up the cause of the Papacy, they often, in their violence, outdo the clergy themselves. "Reverend brother, father tippler, Luther, apostate of the order of St. Augustine, (misshapen bacchanalian) of either faculty, unlearned doctor of sacred theology." Thus it is the Reformer is addressed by one of the most illustrious men of the age. Then he goes on to say, in explanation of the way in which Luther had composed his book against Henry VIII.:—"He assembled his companions, and bid them go each his own way to pick up scurrilities and insults. One frequented the public carriages and barges; another the baths and gambling houses; this one, the barber's shops and low taverns; that one, the manufactory and the house of ill fame. They took down in their pocket-books all that they heard of insolence, of filthiness, of infamy, and bringing back all these insults and impurities, they threw with them that dirty sink which is called '*Luther's wit.*'" Then he continues: "If he retracts these lies and calumnies, if he puts away these fooleries and this rage, if he swallows down his excrements again, . . . he will find one who will soberly discuss with him. But if he continues as he has begun, joking, taunting, fooling, calumniating, vomiting out sinks and sewers . . . let others do what they choose; for ourselves we prefer leaving the little man to his own anger and dirtiness."* Thomas More would have done better to restrain his own coarseness; Luther never descended to such a style, neither did he return it any answer.

This work increased Henry's attachment to More. He even used to go and visit him at his humble residence at Chelsea. After dinner,—his arm leaning on the shoulder of his favourite, the king would walk round the garden with him, while the astonished wife of his flattered host, concealed behind a lattice, with her children, could not but keep her eyes fixed on them. After one of these walks, More, who well knew the man he had to deal with, said to his wife, "If my head could gain for him a single castle in France, he would not hesitate a moment to take it off."

The king, thus defended by the Bishop of Rochester, and by his future chancellor, needed not any more to resume his pen. Confounded at the thought of being treated, in the face of Europe, as any common writer, Henry VIII. abandoned the dangerous position he had taken, and laying aside the pen of the theologian, had recourse to the more effectual measures of diplomacy.

An ambassador was despatched from his court at Greenwich, with a letter to the Elector, and to the Dukes of Saxony. "The true serpent cast down from heaven, even Luther," says Henry, "casts out a flood of poison upon the earth. He excites revolt in the Church of Jesus Christ, he abolishes its laws, insults the authorities, inflames the laity against the priesthood, both of these against the Pope, the people against kings, and asks nothing better than to see Christians fighting against, and destroying one another, and the enemies of our faith enjoying, with a savage grin, the scene of carnage.

"What is this doctrine, which he calls evangelical, other than the doctrine of Wicklif? Now, most honoured uncles, I know how your ancestors have laboured to destroy it; they pursued it, as a wild beast, in Bohemia, and driving it, till it fell into a pit, they shut it in there, and barricaded it. You will not, I am sure, let it escape through your negligence, lest, making its way into Saxony

* Cum suis . . . . . et stercoribus . . . relinquere, (Cochlæus, p. 63.) Cochlæus indeed glories in the citation of these passages, choosing what, according to his taste, he thinks the finest parts of the work of Thomas More. M. Nisard, on the contrary, confesses in his book on More, whose defence he undertakes with so much warmth and learning that, in this writing, the expressions dictated by the anger of the Catholic are such that the, translation of them is impossible.

should become master of the whole of Germany, and, with smoking nostrils, vomiting forth the fire of hell, spread that conflagration far and wide, which your nation has so often wished to extinguish in its blood.

"Therefore it is, most worthy lords, I feel obliged to exhort you, and even to beseech you, by all that is most sacred, promptly to extinguish the cursed sect of Luther. Shed no blood, if it can be avoided; but if this heretical doctrine lasts, shed it without hesitation, in order that this abominable sect may disappear from under the heaven."

The Elector and his brother referred the king to the approaching council. Henry VIII. was thus as far as ever from his object. "So renowned a name mixed up in the dispute," says Paolo Sarpi, "served to give it a greater zest, and to conciliate general favour towards Luther, as is usually the case in combats and tournaments, where the spectators have always a leaning to the weakest, and delight to exaggerate the merit of his actions."

In fact, an immense movement was in progress. The Reformation, which, after the Diet of Worms, had been thought to be confined, together with its great teacher, in the turret-chamber of a strong castle, was breaking forth on all sides in the empire, and even throughout Christendom. The two parties, until now, mixed up together, were beginning to separate, and the partisans of a monk, who had nothing on his side but the power of his words, were fearlessly taking their stand in the face of the followers of Charles V. and Leo X. Luther had only just left the Wartburg,—the Pope had excommunicated all his adherents,—the Imperial Diet had just condemned his doctrine,—the princes were active in putting it down throughout the greatest part of the German states,—the Romish priests were setting the public against it by their violent invective,—foreign nations were requiring that Germany should sacrifice a man whose attacks were formidable even at a distance,—and yet this new sect, few in number, and among whose numbers there was no organization, no acting in concert, nothing, in short, of concentrated power, was already, by the energy of the faith engaged in it, and the rapidity of its conquests of the minds of men, beginning to cause alarm to the vast, ancient, and powerful sovereignty of Rome. Everywhere was to be seen, as in the first appearance of spring-time, the seed bursting forth from the earth, spontaneously and without effort. Every day some progress might be remarked. Individuals, village populations, country towns, nay, large cities, joined in this new confession of the name of Jesus Christ. It was met by strong opposition and fierce persecution, but the mysterious power which animated these people was irresistible; and, though persecuted, they still went forward, facing the terrors of exile, imprisonment, or the stake, and were every where more than conquerors over their persecutors.

The monastic orders, which Rome had planted over the whole of Christendom, like nets for catching souls and retaining them in their meshes, were among the first to burst their fetters, and to propagate the new doctrine in every part of the Western Church. The Augustines of Saxony had gone along with Luther, and, like him, formed that intimate acquaintance with the Word of Truth, which, making God their portion, disabused their minds from the delusions of Rome and its lofty pretensions. But in other convents of this order, the light of the Gospel had also shone forth: sometimes, among the aged, who, like Staupitz, had preserved, in the midst of a leavened Christianity, the sound doctrines of truth, and were now asking of God that they might depart in peace, since their eyes had seen his salvation; sometimes, among the young, among those who had imbibed Luther's instructions with the characteristic eagerness of their years. At Nuremberg, Osnabruck, Dillingen, Ratisbon, in Hesse, in Wirtemburg, at Strasburgh, at Antwerp, the convents of the Augustines were returning to the faith of Christ, and by their courageous confession exciting the indignation of Rome.

But the movement was not confined to the Augustines. Men of decided character among the other orders followed their example; and, notwithstanding the clamours of their fellow-monks, who were unwilling to abandon their carnal observances, and undeterred by their anger and contempt, or by censure, discipline, and claustral imprisonment, they fearlessly lifted up their voices in favour of that holy and precious truth, which, after so many toilsome researches, so many distressing doubts, and inward conflicts, they had at last found. In the majority of the cloisters, the most spiritual, devout, and instructed monks declared themselves in favour of the Reformation. Eberlin and Kettenbach attacked, from the convents of the Franciscans at Ulm, the *service of bondage* of monkery, and the superstitious practices of the Church, with an eloquence that might have drawn a whole nation after it. They introduced in their petition, in the same sentence, a request for the abolition of the houses of the monks, and of those of prostitution. Another Franciscan, Stephen Kempe, preached the Gospel at Hamburg, and, though alone, set his face like a flint against the hatred, envy, threats, cunning, and violence of the priests,—enraged to see the congregations forsake their altars, and flock with enthusiasm to his preachings.

Sometimes it was the superiors themselves who were first won over to the Reformation. The Priors at Halberstadt, at Neuenwerk, at Halle, at Sagan, set the example, in this respect, to those under their authority; at least, they declared that if a monk felt his conscience burdened by his monastic vows, so far from insisting on his remaining in the convent, they would themselves carry him out on their shoulders.

In fact, in all parts of Germany might be

seen monks leaving, at the gates of their monastery, their frock and cowl. Of these, some had been expelled by the violence of their fellows, or of their superiors; others, of a gentle and peaceable spirit, could no longer endure the continually recurring disputes, insults, recriminations, and animosities, which pursued them from morning till night. Of all these, the greater number were convinced that the monastic vows were inconsistent with the will of God and the Christian life. Some had gradually been led to this conviction; others had reached it at once by considering a single text. The indolent, heavy ignorance which generally marked the mendicant orders communicated a feeling of disgust to men of more intelligent minds, who could no longer endure the society of such associates. A Franciscan, begging his way, one day presented himself, box in hand, at a blacksmith's shop, in Nuremberg. "Why don't you get your bread by working with your own hands?" inquired the blacksmith. Thus invited, the sturdy monk, tossing from him his habit, lifted the hammer, and brought it down again with force upon the anvil. Behold the useless mendicant transformed into the industrious workman! The box and monk's gown were sent back to the monastery.

It was not, however, the monks only, who ranged themselves under the standard of evangelical truth: a far greater number of priests proclaimed the new doctrine. But it needed not to be promulgated by human organs; it often acted upon men's minds and aroused them from their deep slumber, without the instrumentality of a preacher.

Luther's writings were read in the boroughs, cities, and hamlets; even the village schoolmaster had his fire-side audience. Some persons in each locality, impressed with what they had heard, consulted the Bible to relieve their uncertainty, and were struck with the marked contrast between the Christianity of Scripture and that which they had imbibed. Fluctuating for a while between Romanism and Holy Writ, they ere long took refuge in that living Word which had beamed into their minds with such new and cheering lustre. While these changes were passing in their minds, an evangelical preacher—he might be a priest, or, perhaps, a monk—would appear. He speaks with eloquence and authority, proclaiming that Christ has fully atoned for the sins of his people and proves from the sacred Word the vanity of human works and penance. Such preaching excited terrible opposition; the clergy, in numerous instances, aided by the magistrates, used every effort to bring back those whose souls were escaping from bondage. But there was in the new preaching an accordance with Scripture, and a secret, but irresistible energy, which won the heart and subdued the most rebellious. Risking the loss of property, and, if needful, the loss of life itself, men deserted the barren fanatical preachers of the Papacy, and enrolled themselves under the Gospel banner. Sometimes the people, irritated at the thought how long they had been duped, drove away the priests; but more frequently these latter, forsaken by their flocks, without tithes or offerings, went off, with desponding hearts, to earn a livelihood in distant places. Whilst the defenders of the ancient hierarchy withdrew in sullen dejection, pronouncing maledictions as they took leave of their former flocks,—the people, whom truth and liberty filled with transports of joy, surrounded the new preachers with acclamations, and in their eagerness to hear the Word, bore them, as in triumph, into the churches and pulpits.

A word of Power from God himself, was remoulding society. In many instances, the people, or the principal citizens, wrote to a man whose faith they knew, urging him to come and instruct them; and he, for the love of the truth, would, at their call, at once leave his worldly interests, his family, friends, and country. Persecution often compelled the favourers of the Reformation to abandon their dwellings;—they arrive in a place where the new doctrines have never yet been heard of; they find there some hospitable roof, offering shelter to houseless travellers; there they speak of the Gospel, and read a few pages to the listening townsmen, and perhaps, by the intercession of their new acquaintances, obtain leave to preach a sermon in the church. Immediately, the Word spreads like fire through the town, and no efforts can stay its progress. If not permitted to preach in the church, the preaching took place elsewhere, and every place became a temple. At Husum in Holstein, Herman Tast, then on his way from Wittemberg, and to whom the parochial clergy denied the use of the church, preached to an immense multitude, under the shade of two large trees adjoining the churchyard, not far from the spot where, seven centuries before, Anschar had first proclaimed the Gospel to a Heathen auditory. At Arnstadt, Gaspard Gittel, an Augustine friar, preached in the market-place. At Dantzic, the Gospel was proclaimed from an eminence outside the city. At Gosslar, a student of Wittemberg opened the new doctrines, in a plain planted with lime-trees, from which circumstance the evangelical Christians there obtained the appellation of the *Lime-tree Brethren*.

Whilst the priests were exposing, before the eyes of the people, their sordid avidity, the new preachers, in addressing them, said: "Freely we have received—freely do we give." The observation often dropt by the new preachers in the pulpit, that Rome had of old given to the nations a corrupted Gospel, so that Germany now first heard the Word of Christ in its divine and primitive beauty, made a deep impression upon all; and the grand thought of the equality of all men in the universal brotherhood of Jesus Christ, elevated the souls which had so long borne the yoke of the feudality and papacy of the middle ages.

Simple Christians were often seen with the

New Testament in hand, offering to justify the doctrine of the Reformation. The Catholics, who adhered to Rome, drew back in dismay; for the study of Holy Scripture was reserved to the priests and monks alone. The latter being thus compelled to come forward, discussion ensued; but the priests and monks were soon overwhelmed with the Scriptures quoted by the laity, and at a loss how to meet them. "Unhappily," says Cochlæus, "Luther had persuaded his followers that their faith ought only to be given to the oracles of Holy Writ." Often clamours were heard in the crowd, denouncing the shameful ignorance of the old theologians, who had till then been regarded by their own party as among the most eminently learned.

Men of the humblest capacity, and even the weaker sex, by the help of the knowledge of the Word, persuaded, and prevailed with many. Extraordinary times produced extraordinary actions. At Ingolstadt a young weaver read the works of Luther to a crowded congregation, in the very place where Doctor Eck was residing. The university council of the same town, having resolved to oblige a disciple of Melancthon to retract,—a woman, named Argula de Staufen, volunteered to defend him, and challenged the doctors to a public disputation. Women, children, artizans, and soldiers, had acquired a greater knowledge of the Bible than learned doctors or surpliced priests.

Christianity was presented in two-fold array, and under aspects strikingly contrasted. Opposed to the old defenders of the hierarchy, who had neglected the acquirement of the languages and the cultivation of literature, (we have it on the authority of one of themselves) were generous-minded youths, most of them devoted to study and the investigation of the Scriptures, and acquainted with the literary treasures of antiquity. Gifted with quickness of apprehension, elevation of soul, and intrepidity of heart, these youths soon attained such proficiency that none could compete with them. It was not only the vigour of their faith which raised them above their contemporaries, but an elegance of style, a perfume of antiquity, a sound philosophy, and a knowledge of the world, of which the theologians, *veteris farinæ* (as Cochlæus himself terms them) were altogether destitute. So that on public occasions, on which these youthful defenders of the Reformation encountered the Romish doctors, their assault was carried on with an ease and confidence that embarrassed the dulness of their adversaries, and exposed them before all to deserved contempt.

The ancient structure of the Church was thus tottering under the weight of superstition and ignorance, while the new edifice was rising from its foundations of faith and learning. The elements of a new life were diffused among the general body of the people. Listless dulness was every where succeeded by an inquiring disposition and a thirst for information. An active, enlightened and living faith, took the place of superstitious piety and ascetic meditations. Works of true devotedness, superseded mere outward observance and penances. The pulpit prevailed over the mummeries of the altar, and the ancient and supreme authority of God's word, was at length, re-established in the Church.

The art of printing, that mighty engine, the discovery of which marks the fifteenth century, came to the assistance of the efforts we are now recording; and its weighty missiles were continually discharged against the enemy's walls.

The impulse which the Reformation gave to popular literature, in Germany, was prodigious. Whilst the year 1513 saw only thirty-five publications, and 1517 but thirty-seven, the number of books increased with astonishing rapidity after the appearance of Luther's theses. We find, in 1518, seventy-one various publications recorded; in 1519, one hundred and eleven; in 1520, two hundred and eight; in 1521, two hundred and eleven; in 1522, three hundred and forty-seven; and in 1523, four hundred and ninety-eight. And where were all these books published? Almost invariably at Wittemberg. And who was the author of them? For the most part, Luther. The year 1522, saw one hundred and thirty publications from the pen of the Reformer alone; and the following year, one hundred and eighty-three; whilst in this latter year, the total number of Roman Catholic publications amounted to but twenty. Thus, the literature of Germany was formed *in the din of controversy*, as its religion arose in the midst of conflicts. Already it gave evidence of that learned, profound, bold, and stirring spirit that latter times have seen in it. The genius of the nation now, for the first time, displayed itself without mixture, and in the very hour of its birth it received a baptism of fire from christian enthusiasm.

Whatever Luther and his friends composed, others disseminated far and wide. Monks, who had been led to see the unlawfulness of the monastic obligations, and desirous of exchanging a life of indolence for one of activity, but too ignorant to be able themselves to proclaim the Word of God, traversed the provinces, and, visiting the hamlets and cottages, sold the writings of Luther and his friends. Germany was, ere long, overrun with these enterprising colporteurs. Printers and booksellers eagerly received whatever writings were directed to the defence of the Reformation, but would not look at those of the opposite party, as savouring generally of ignorance and barbarism. If any of these men, however ventured to sell a book in favour of Papacy, or to offer it for sale at Frankfort, or elsewhere, he drew upon himself a torrent of ridicule and sarcasm from dealers, publishers, and scholars. Vainly had the Emperor and the reigning princes fulminated severe edicts against the writings of the Reformers. As soon as an inquisitorial visit was determined on, the dealers, (who secretly obtained information of it) would conceal the books which it was intended to proscribe; and the people, ever eager to pos-

sess that of which authority would deprive them, would afterwards buy them up, and read them with redoubled ardour. It was not alone Germany that was the theatre of such incidents, the writings of Luther were translated into French, Spanish, English, and Italian, and were circulated among those nations.

If instruments so despised could yet inflict such disaster on the power of Rome, what was it when the monk of Wittemberg was heard to raise his voice! Shortly after the discomfiture of the strange prophets, Luther traversed the territory of Duke George, in a wagon, attired in plain clothes. His gown was carefully concealed, and the Reformer wore the disguise of a countryman. Had he been recognised, and so fallen into the hands of the exasperated Duke, it had, perhaps, been all over with him. He was on his way to preach at Zwickau, the birth-place of the pretended prophets. Scarcely was it known at Schneberg, Annaberg, and the neighbouring towns, when numbers flocked to hear him. Fourteen thousand persons arrived in the town, and as there was no edifice which could contain so great a multitude, Luther preached from the balcony of the Town-hall to twenty-five thousand auditors, who thronged the market-place, —and of whom several had climbed to the top of some stones that lay heaped together near the hall. The servant of Jesus Christ was expatiating with fervour on the election of grace, when suddenly a shriek proceeded from the midst of the rivetted auditory. An old woman of haggard mien, who had stationed herself on a large block of stones, was seen motioning with her lank arms as though she would control the multitude just about to fall prostrate at the feet of Jesus. Her wild yells interrupted the preacher. "It was the devil," says Seckendorf, "who took the form of an old woman, in order to excite a tumult." But vain was the effort; the Reformer's word put the evil spirit to silence; an enthusiasm communicated itself from one to another, looks and warm greetings were exchanged, the people pressed each other by the hand, and the friars, not knowing what to make of what they saw, and unable to charm down the tempest, soon found it necessary to take their departure from Zwickau.

In the castle of Freyberg resided Duke Henry, brother of Duke George. His wife the Princess of Mecklenburg, had, the preceding year, presented him with a son, who was christened Maurice. Duke Henry united the bluntness and course manners of the soldier to a passion for the pleasures of the table, and the pursuits of dissipation. He was, withal, pious after the manner of the age in which he lived; he had visited the Holy Land, and had also gone on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James at Compostella. He would often say, "When I was at Compostella, I deposited a hundred golden florins on the altar of the Saint, and I said to him,— 'O! St. James, it is to gain your favour I have made this journey. I make you a present of this money; but if those knaves (the priests) steal it from you, I can't help it; so take you care of it.'"

Two friars, (a Franciscan and a Dominican) disciples of Luther, had been for some time preaching the Gospel at Freyberg. The Duchess, whose piety had inspired her with a horror of heresy, attended their sermons, and was all astonishment at discovering that what she had been taught so much to dread, was the gracious word of a *Saviour*. Gradually, her eyes were opened; and she found peace in Jesus Christ. The moment Duke George learned that the Gospel was preached at Freyberg, he begged his brother to resist the introduction of such novelties. The Chancellor Stehelin and the canons seconded these representations with their fanatical zeal. A violent explosion took place at the court of Freyberg. Duke Henry sternly reprimanded and reproached his wife, and more than once the pious Duchess was known to shed tears over the cradle of her babe. By slow degrees, however, her gentle entreaties melted the heart of her husband. This man, so stern by nature, softened down. A sweet harmony was established between them: at length they were enabled to join in prayer beside their infant son. Great and untold destinies hovered above that son; and from that cradle, where the christian mother had so often poured out her sorrows, was to come forth one whom God in his own time would use as a defender of the Reformation.

The intrepidity of Luther had made a deep impression on the inhabitants of Worms. The Imperial Decree overawed the magistrates; the churches were all closed; but a preacher, taking his stand on a rudely constructed pulpit, in a square thronged with an immense multitude, proclaimed the glad tidings with persuasive earnestness. If the authorities showed a disposition to interfere, the people dispersed in an instant, hastily carrying off their pulpit; but no sooner had the officers of authority passed by, than they again erected their pulpit in some more retired spot, to which the multitude would again flock together to hear more of the Word of Jesus Christ. This temporary pulpit was every day set up in one spot or another, and served as a rallying point for the people who were still under the influence of the emotions awakened by the drama lately enacted in Worms.

At Frankfort on the Maine, one of the most considerable free cities of the empire, all was commotion. A courageous evangelist, Ibach, preached salvation by Jesus Christ. The clergy, among whom was Cochlæus, known by his writings and his opposition to the Reformation, irritated by the daring intrusion of such a colleague, denounced him to the Archbishop of Mentz. The Council, though with some timidity, nevertheless supported him; but without avail. The clergy expelled the evangelical minister, and obliged him to quit Frankfort. Rome appeared triumphant; all seemed lost; and private Christians began to fear that they were for ever deprived of the preaching of the Word: but at the very mo

ment when the citizens seemed disposed to submit to the tyranny of their priests, certain nobles suddenly declared themselves for the Gospel. Max of Molnheim, Harmut of Cronberg, George of Stockheim, and Emeric of Reiffenstein, whose estates lay near Frankfort wrote to the Council:—"We are constrained to make a stand against those spiritual wolves." And, in addressing the clergy, they said:—"Either embrace evangelical doctrines and recall Ibach, or we will pay no more tithes."

The common people, who listened gladly to the reformed opinions, emboldened by this language of the nobles, showed symptoms of agitation; and one day when Peter Mayer, the persecutor of Ibach, and who of all the priests was the most hostile to the new opinions, was on the point of preaching against heretics, a violent tumult broke forth, and Mayer in alarm retreated from the pulpit.—This popular movement decided the determination of the Council. An ordinance was published, enjoining all ministers to preach the pure Word of God, or to quit the town.

The light which shone forth from Wittemberg, as from the heart of the nation, was thus diffusing itself throughout the empire. In the west,—Berg, Cleves, Lippstadt, Munster, Wesel, Miltenberg, Mentz, Deux Ponts, and Strasburg, heard the 'joyful sound.' In the south,—Hof, Schlesstadt, Bamberg, Esslingen, Hall (in Suabia), Heilbrunn, Augsburg, Ulm, and many other places, welcomed it with joy. In the east,—the Duchy of Liegnitz, Prussia and Pomerania, received it with open arms. It the north,—Brunswick, Halberstadt, Gosslar, Zell, Friesland, Bremen, Hamburg, Holstein, and even Denmark, and other adjacent countries, moved at the sounds of the new teaching.

The Elector had declared that he would give full liberty to the bishops to preach in his dominions; but that he would not deliver any one into their hands. Accordingly, the evangelical preachers, persecuted in other countries, were soon driven to take refuge in Saxony. Among these were—Ibach, from Frankfort, Eberlin, from Ulm, Kanadoff, from Magdeburg, Valentine Musteus, whom the canons of Halberstadt had horribly mutilated, and other faithful ministers, from all parts of Germany flocked to Wittemberg, as to the only asylum of which they felt secure. Here they could hold converse with the leading Reformers, thereby strengthening themselves in the faith, and at the same time communicating the experience each one had gained, together with the information he had acquired. It is thus that the waters of our rivers return, borne in the clouds from the vast expanse of ocean, to feed the glaciers whence they first descended, to flow through the plain.

The work which was at this time developing itself at Wittemberg, composed, as has been seen, of various elements, became from day to day increasingly the work of that nation, of Europe, and of Christendom. The school which Frederic had founded, and into which Luther had introduced the Word of Life was the centre of that wide-spreading revolution which regenerated the Church; and from it the Reformation derived a true and a living unity, far above the semblance of unity that might be seen in Rome. The Bible was the supreme authority at Wittemberg, and there its doctrines were heard on all sides.—This academy, though the most recent of all in its origin, had acquired a rank and influence throughout Christendom which hitherto had exclusively appertained to the ancient University of Paris. The crowds of students which resorted to Wittemberg, from all parts of Europe, brought thither the report of the wants of the Church and of the people, and in quitting those walls, become sacred in their esteem, they bore with them, to the Church and people, that Word of Grace, which is for the healing and salvation of the nations.

In contemplating these happy results, Luther felt his confidence increased. He had seen a feeble effort, begun amidst so many fears and struggles, change the face of the christian world; and he himself was astonished at a result which he never anticipated when he first entered the lists against Tetzel. Prostrate before the God whom he adored, he confessed that the work was His; and he rejoiced in the assurance of victory which no power could prevent. "Our enemies threaten us with death," said he, to the Chevalier Harmut of Cronberg—"if their wisdom were equal to their folly, it is with life they would threaten us. What an absurdity and insult it is to affect to denounce death against Christ and Christians, who are themselves the conquerors of death! It is as if I would seek to affright a rider by saddling his courser, and helping him to mount. Do they not know that Christ is raised from the dead? So far as thay see, He is yet lying in the grave, nay—even in hell. But we know that He lives." He was grieved whenever he thought that any one should look upon him as the author of a work, of which the most minute details disclosed to him the finger of God. "Some there are," said he, "who believe because I believe. But *they* only truly believe, who would continue faithful even though they should hear (which may God forbid!) that I had denied Christ. True disciples believe—not in Luther—but in Jesus Christ. Even I myself care little for Luther. Let him be counted a saint or a cheat, what care I? It is not him that I preach; it is Christ. If the devil can seize Luther, let him do so! But let Christ abide with us, and we shall abide also."

Surely it is idle to explain such a principle as here speaks out, by the mere circumstances of human affairs. Men of letters might sharpen their wits, and shoot their poisoned arrows against pope and friars—the gathering cry for freedom, which Germany had so often sent forth against Italian tyranny, might again echo in the castles and provinces;—the people might again delight in the familiar voice of the Wittemberg nightingale heralding the spring that was everywhere bursting forth;—

out it was no change in mere outward circumstances, like such as is the effect of a craving for earthly liberty, that was then accomplishing. Those who assert that the Reformation was brought about by bribing the reigning princes with the prospect of convent treasure,—the clergy, with the license of marriage,—or the people with the boon of freedom, are strangely mistaken in its nature. Doubtless, a profitable use of resources which hitherto had maintained the monks in idleness,—doubtless, marriage and liberty, God's gifts, might conduce to the progress of the Reformation,—but the moving power was not in these things. An interior revolution was going on in the deep privacy of men's hearts: Christians were again learning to love and forgive, to pray, to suffer affliction, and, if need be, to die for the sake of that Truth which yet held out no prospect of rest on this side heaven! The Church was in a state of transition. Christianity was bursting the shroud in which it had so long been veiled, and resuming its place in a world which had wellnigh forgotten its former power. He who made the earth now "turned his hand," and the gospel,—emerging from eclipse,—went forward, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of priests and of kings,—like the Ocean, which, when the hand of God presses on its bosom, rises in majestic calmness along its shores, so that no power of man is able to resist its movement.

BOOK X.

Movement in Germany—War between Francis I. and Charles V.—Inigo Lopez de Reculde—Siege of Pampeluna—Loyala's Armed Vigil—Enters a Dominican Convent—Mental Distress—"Strong Delusions"—"Belief of a Lie"—Amusement of the Pope—Death of Leo X.—Character of Adrian VI.—The Pope attempts a Reformation—Opposition at Rome—Designs against Luther—Diet at Nuremberg—Osiander at Nuremberg—The Pope's Candour—Resolution of the Diet—Grievances—The Pope to the Elector—The Pope's Brief—The Princes fear the Pope—"The Fiery Trial"—"The Failing Mines"—The Augustine Convent—Mirisch and Probst—Persecution at Miltemburg—The Inquisitors and the Confessors—The Fate of Lambert—Luther's Sympathy—Hymn on the Martyrs—The Legate Campeggio—Evasion of the Edict of Worms—Alarm of the Pope—The Dukes of Bavaria—Conference at Ratisbon—Subtle Devices—Results of the Ratisbon League—The Emperor's Edict—Martyrdom of Gaspard Tauber—Cruelties in Würtemberg—Persecution in Bavaria—Fanaticism in Holstein—The Prior and the Regent—Martyrdom of Henry Zuphten—Luther and Carlstadt—Opinions on the Lord's Supper—Carlstadt leaves Wittemberg—Luther at Jena—Luther and Carlstadt—Luther at Orlamund—Interview at Orlamund—On the Worship of Images—Carlstadt banished—Carlstadt retires to Strasburg—Assembly at Spires—Abridgment of the Reformed Doctrine—Albert of Brandenburg—The Word of God not bound—All Saints' Church—Abolition of the Mass—Nature of Christianity—Letter to Councillors—On the Use of Learning—Religion and the Arts—Essence of Christianity—Music and Poetry—Abuses of Painting—Insurrection of the Peasantry—The Reformation and Revolt—Fanaticism—"The Spirit"—Münzer preaches Revolt—Liberty of Conscience—Luther's View of the Revolt—Luther to the Peasantry—Murder of Count Helfenstein—Warlike Exhortation—Gotz of Berlichingen—"Radical Reform"—Defeat of the Rebels—Münzer at Mülhausen—Anxieties at Wittemberg—The Landgrave takes up Arms—Defeat and Death of Münzer—Thirteenth Article—Luther calumniated—Rise of the New Church—The Revolt and the Reformation—The last Days of the Elector Frederic—The Elector and the Reformer—Duke George's Confederacy—The Nuns of Nimptsch—Catherine Bora—The deserted Convent—Luther's Thoughts on Matrimony—Luther's Marriage—Domestic Happiness—The Elector John—The Landgrave Philip—Poliander's Hymn—New Ordination—Diet at Augsburg—League of Torgau—The Evangelic Union—"The Rulers take Counsel together"—The Emperor's Message—The Reformation and the Papacy.

The Reformation, which had taken its rise in a few pious hearts, had worked its way into the public worship and the private life of the Church; it was to be expected that it would, as it advanced, penetrate into civil relationships. Its progress was constantly, from within,—*outward*. We are about to contemplate this great change taking possession of the political life of nations.

For a period of nearly eight centuries, Europe had formed one vast sacerdotal state. Its emperors and kings had been under the patronage of its popes. If France and Germany had afforded examples of energetic resistance to audacious pretensions, still Rome, in the result, had prevailed, and the world had seen temporal princes, consenting to act as executioners of her terrible sentences, contend in defence of her power against private Christians living under their rule, and shed, in her cause, the blood of the children of their people.

No infringement of this vast ecclesiastical polity but must affect, in a greater or less degree, established political relations.

Two leading desires then agitated the minds of the Germans. On one hand, the people aspired after a revival of the faith; on the other, they demanded a national government wherein the German states might be represented, and which should serve as a counterpoise to the Imperial power.*

The Elector Frederic had urged this demand at the time of the election of Maximi-

* Robertson, Charles V. vol. iii. p. 114.

lian's successor, and the youthful Charles had consented. A national government had, in consequence, been chosen, consisting of the Imperial chief and representatives of the various electors and circles.

Thus while Luther was reforming the Church, Frederic was engaged in reforming the State.

But when, simultaneously with a change in religion, important modifications of political relationships were introduced by the authorities, it was to be apprehended that the commonalty would exhibit a disposition to revolt,—thereby bringing into jeopardy the Reformation both of Church and of State.

This violent and fanatical irruption of the people, under certain chosen leaders, unavoidable where society is in a state of crisis,—did not fail to happen in the times we are recording.

Other circumstances there were which tended to these disorders.

The Emperor and the Pope had combined against the Reformation, and it might appear to be doomed to fall beneath the strokes of such powerful enemies. Policy—interest—ambition obliged Charles V. and Leo X. to extirpate it. But such motives are feeble defences against the power of Truth. A devoted assertion of a cause deemed sacred can be conquered only by a like devotedness opposed to it. But the Romans, quick to catch Leo's enthusiasm for a sonnet or a musical composition, had no pulse to beat response to the religion of Jesus Christ; or, if at times some graver thoughts would intervene, instead of their being such as might purify their hearts, and imbue them with the Christianity of the apostles, they turned upon alliances, or conquests, or treaties that added new provinces to the Papal states; and Rome, with cold disdain, left to the Reformation to awaken on all sides a religious enthusiasm, and to go forward in triumphant progress to new victories. The foe that she had sworn to crush, in the church of Worms, was before her in the confidence of courage and strength. The contest must be sharp: blood must flow.

Nevertheless, some of the dangers that threatened the Reformation seemed, just then, to be less pressing. The youthful Charles, standing one day, a little before the publication of the edict of Worms, in a window of his palace in conversation with his confessor, had, it is true, said with emphasis, laying his hand upon his heart, "I swear that I will hang up before this window the first man who, after the publication of my edict, shall declare himself a Lutheran." But it was not long before his zeal cooled. His plan for restoring the ancient glory of the empire, or, in other words, enlarging his own dominions, was coldly received; and, taking umbrage with his German subjects, he passed the Rhine, and retired to the Low Countries, availing himself of his sojourn there to afford the friars some gratifications that he found himself unable to give them in the empire. At Ghent, Luther's writings were burned by the public executioner with the utmost solemnity. More than fifty thousand spectators attended this auto-da-fé, and the presence of the emperor himself marked his approval of the proceedings.

Just at this time Francis the First, who eagerly sought a pretext for attacking his rival, had thrown down the gauntlet. Under pretence of re-establishing in their patrimony the children of John of Albret, king of Navarre, he had commenced a bloody contest, destined to last all his life:—sending an army to invade that kingdom, under command of Lesparra, who rapidly pushed his victorious advance to the gates of Pampeluna.

On the walls of this fortress was to be enkindled an enthusiasm which, in after years, should withstand the aggressive enthusiasm of the Reformer, and breathe through the Papal system a new energy of devotedness and control. Pampeluna was to be the cradle of a rival to the Wittemberg monk.

The spirit of chivalry, which had so long reigned in the Christian word, still survived in Spain. The wars with the Moors, recently terminated in that Peninsula, but continually recurring in Africa—and distant and adventurous expeditions beyond sea, kept alive in the Castilian youth the enthusiastic and simple valour of which Amadis had been the ideal exhibition.

Among the garrison of Pampeluna was a young man named Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde, the youngest of a family of thirteen. Recalde had been brought up at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic. Remarkable for a fine person, and expert in the use of sword and lance, he was ardently ambitious of chivalrous renown. Clothed in dazzling armour and mounted on a prancing steed, he took delight in exposing himself to the glittering dangers of the tournament, engaging in hazardous enterprises, taking part in the impassioned struggles of opposing factions, and manifesting as much devotion to St. Peter as to his lady-love. Such was the life led by the young knight.

The governor of Navarre, having gone into Spain to obtain succours, had left to Inigo and a few nobles the charge of defending Pampeluna. These latter, learning the superior numbers of the French troops, decided on retiring. Inigo entreated them to stand firm and resist Lesparra; but, not being able to prevail on them, he indignantly reproached them with their cowardice and perfidy, and then threw himself into the citadel, resolved to defend it at the sacrifice of his life.

When the French, who had been received with enthusiasm in Pampeluna, proposed to the commandant of the fortress to capitulate. "Let us endure every thing,' boldly exclaimed Inigo, "rather than surrender!" On this the French began to batter the walls with their formidable artillery, and in a short time they attempted to storm it. The bravery and exhortations of Inigo gave fresh courage to the Spaniards; they drove back the assailants by their arrows, swords, or halberds. Inigo led

them on. Taking his stand on the ramparts, with eyes flaming with rage, the young knight brandished his sword, and felled the assailants to the earth. Suddenly a ball struck the wall, just where he stood; a stone shivered from the ramparts, wounded the knight severely in the right leg, at the same moment as the ball, rebounding from the violence of the shock, broke his left. Inigo fell senseless. The garrison immediately surrendered; and the French, admiring the courage of their youthful adversary, bore him in a litter to his relatives in the castle of Loyola. In this lordly mansion, from which his name was afterwards derived, Inigo had been born of one of the most illustrious families of that country, eight years after the birth of Luther.

A painful operation became necessary. In the most acute suffering, Inigo firmly clenched his hands but uttered no complaint.

Constrained to a repose which he could ill endure, he found it needful to employ, in some way, his ardent imagination. In the absence of the romances which he had been accustomed to devour, they gave him the Life of Christ, and the Flores Sanctorum. The reading of these works, in his state of solitude and sickness, produced an extraordinary effect upon his mind. The stirring life of tournaments and battles, which had occupied his youth, to the exclusion of every thing beside, seemed as if receding and fading from view, while a career of brighter glory appeared to open before him. The humble labours of the saints, and their heroic patience were, all of a sudden, seen to be far more worthy of praise than all the high deeds of chivalry. Stretched upon his couch, and still under the effects of fever, he indulged in the most conflicting thoughts. The world he was planning to renounce, and that life of holy mortification which he contemplated, both appeared before him—the one soliciting by its pleasures, the other by its severities;—and fearful was the struggle in his conscience between these two opposing worlds. "What," thought he, "if I were to act like St. Francis or St. Dominic?" But the recollection of the lady to whom he had pledged his love recurred to his mind. "She is neither countess nor duchess," said he to himself, with a kind of simple vanity, "she is *much more* than either." But thoughts like these were sure to fill him with distress and impatience, while the idea of imitating the example of the saints caused his heart to overflow with peace and joy.

From this period his resolution was taken. Scarcely had he risen from his sick-bed, when he decided to retire from the world. As Luther had done, he once more invited to a repast his companions in arms, and then, without divulging his design, set out unattended, for the lonely cells excavated by the Benedictine monks, in the rocks of the mountains of Montserrat. Impelled, not by the sense of his sin, or of his need of the grace of God, but by the wish to become "knight of the Virgin Mary," and to be renowned for mortifications and works, after the example of the army of saints,—he confessed for three successive days, gave away his costly attire to a mendicant, clothed himself in sackcloth, and girded himself with a rope. Then, calling to mind the armed vigil of Amadis of Gaul, he suspended his sword at the shrine of Mary, passed the night in watching, in his new and strange costume; and sometimes on his knees, and then standing, but ever absorbed in prayer, and with his pilgrim's staff in hand, went through all the devout practices of which the illustrious Amadis had set the example. "Thus," remarks the Jesuit, Maffei, one of the biographers of the saint, "while Satan was stirring up Martin Luther to rebellion against all laws, divine and human, and whilst that heretic stood up at Worms, declaring impious war against the Apostolic See, Christ, by his heavenly providence, called forth this new champion, and binding him by after vows to obedience to the Roman Pontiff, opposed him to the licentiousness and fury of heretical perversity."

Loyola, who was still lame in one of his legs, journeyed slowly by circuitous and secluded paths till he arrived at Manresa. There he entered a convent of Dominicans, resolving in this retired spot to give himself up to the most rigid penances. Like Luther, he daily went from door to door begging his bread. Seven hours he was on his knees, and thrice every day did he flagellate himself. Again at midnight he was accustomed to rise and pray. He allowed his hair and nails to grow; and it would have been hard, indeed, to recognise in the pale and lank visage of the monk of Manresa, the young and brilliant knight of Pampeluna.

Yet the moment had arrived when the ideas of religion, which hitherto had been to Inigo little more than a form of chivalric devotion, were to reveal themselves to him as having an importance, and exercising a power of which, till then, he had been entirely unconscious. Suddenly, without any thing that might give intimation of an approaching change of feeling, the joy he had experienced left him. In vain did he have recourse to prayer and chanting psalms; he could not rest. His imagination ceased to present nothing but pleasing illusions,—he was *alone with his conscience*. He did not know what to make of a state of feeling so new to him; and he shuddered as he asked whether God could still be against him, after all the sacrifices he had made. Day and night, gloomy terrors disturbed him,—bitter were the tears he shed, and urgent was his cry for that peace which he had lost—but all in vain. He again ran over the long confession he had made at Montserrat. "Possibly," thought he, "I may have forgotten something." But that confession did but aggravate his distress of heart, for it revived the thought of former transgressions. He wandered about, melancholy and dejected, his conscience accusing him of having, all his life, done naught but heap sin upon sin, and the wretched man—a prey to overwhelming terrors—filled the cloisters with the sound of his sighs

Strange thoughts, at this crisis, found access to his heart. Obtaining no relief in the confessional, and the various ordinances of the church, he began, as Luther had done, to doubt their efficacy. But, instead of turning from man's works, and seeking to the finished work of Christ,—he considered whether he should not once more plunge into the vanities of the age. His soul panted eagerly for that world that he had solemnly renounced; but instantly he recoiled, awe-struck.

And was there, at this moment, any difference between the monk of Manresa and the monk of Erfurth? Doubtless, in secondary points; but their condition of soul was alike. Both were deeply sensible of their sins; both sought peace with God, and desired to have the assurance of it in their hearts. If another Staupitz, with the Bible in his hand, had presented himself at the convent of Manresa, perhaps Inigo might have been known to us as the Luther of the Peninsula. These two remarkable men of the sixteenth century, the founders of two opposing spiritual empires, which, for three centuries, have warred one against the other, were, at this period, *brothers;* and, perhaps, if they had been thrown together, Luther and Loyola would have rushed into each other's embrace, and mingled their tears and their prayers.

But, from this moment, the two monks were to take opposite courses.

Inigo, instead of regarding his remorse as sent to urge him to the foot of the cross, deluded himself with the belief that his inward compunctions were not from God, but the mere suggestions of the devil; and he resolved not to think any longer of his sins, but to obliterate them forever from his memory! Luther looked to Christ —Loyola did but turn inward on himself.

It was not long before visionary attestations came in confirmation of Inigo's self-imposed convictions. His own resolutions had been to him in place of the Lord's grace, and he had suffered the imaginations of his own heart to take the place of God's word. He had counted the voice of God, speaking to him in his conscience, as the voice of the devil; and hence, we see him, in the remainder of his history, the dupe of delusions of the power of darkness.

One day, Loyola chanced to meet an old woman; as Luther, when his soul was under trial and exercise, had received a visit from an old man. But the Spanish crone, instead of testifying of remission of sins to the penitent of Manresa, predicted certain appearances of Jesus. This was the sort of Christianity to which Loyola, like the prophets of Zwickau, had recourse. Inigo did not seek truth from the Holy Scriptures, but invented in their place certain direct communications from the world of spirits. He soon passed his whole time absorbed in ecstasy and abstraction.

Once, when on his way to the church of St. Paul, outside the city, he followed, lost in thought, the course of the Llobregat, and stopped, for a moment, to seat himself on its bank. He fixed his eyes on the river which rolled its deep waters in silence before him. He soon lost all consciousness of surrounding objects. Of a sudden, he fell into an ecstasy. Things were revealed to his sight, such as ordinary men comprehend only after much reading and long watching and study. He rose from his seat. As he stood by the bank of the river, he seemed to himself a new man. He proceeded to throw himself on his knees before a crucifix, erected near the spot, decided to devote his life in service to that cause, the mysteries of which had just been revealed to his soul.

From this time, his visions were more frequent. Sitting one day on the steps of St. Dominic, at Manresa, singing hymns to the Virgin, his thoughts were all of a sudden arrested, and, wrapt in ecstasy of motionless abstraction, while the mystery of the Holy Trinity was revealed before his vision, under symbols of glory and magnificence. His tears flowed—his bosom heaved with sobs of emotion, and all that day he never ceased speaking of that ineffable vision.

Such repeated apparitions had overcome and dissipated all his doubts. He believed, not as Luther, because the things of Faith were written in the Word of God,—but because of the visions he himself had had. "Even though no Bible had existed," say his apologists, "even though those mysteries should never have been revealed in Scripture, he would have believed them, for God had disclosed Himself to him." Luther, become a doctor of divinity, had pledged his oath to the sacred Scriptures—and the alone infallible rule of God's word was become the fundamental principle of the Reformation. Loyola, at the time we are recording, bound himself to dreams, and apparitions—and visionary delusions became the moving principles of his life, and the grounds of his confidence.

Luther's sojourn in the convent of Erfurth, and that of Loyola at Manresa explain to us the principle of the Reformation, and the character of modern Popery. We will not follow,—in his journey to Jerusalem, whither he repaired on leaving the convent,—the monk who was to be a means of re-animating the expiring power of Rome. We shall meet with him again in the further progress of this history.

Whilst these things were passing in Spain, Rome herself appeared to wear a graver aspect. The great patron of music, hunting, and feasting was removed from the throne of the Pontiff, and succeeded by a pious and grave monk.

Leo X. had been greatly pleased by the intelligence of the edict of Worms, and of Luther's captivity; and in sign of his triumph had caused the Reformer to be publicly burnt in effigy, together with his writings. It was the second or third time that the Papacy had indulged itself in this harmless satisfaction. At the same time, Leo, to show his gratitude to the emperor, united his army with the Im-

perial forces. The French were compelled to evacuate Parma, Placentia, and Milan; and Cardinal Giulio de Medici, cousin to the Pope, made a public entry into the latter city. The Pope appeared on the point of attaining the summit of human greatness.

The winter of the year 1521 was just commencing. It was customary with Leo X. to spend the autumn in the country. At that season he would leave Rome without surplice, and also, what, remarks his master of the ceremonies, was a yet greater impropriety, wearing boots! At Viterbo, he would amuse himself with hawking; at Corneto, he hunted; the lake of Bolsena afforded him the pleasures of fishing. Leaving these, he would pass some time at his favourite residence, Malliana, in a round of festivities. Musicians, improvisatori, and other Roman artists, whose talents might add to the charms of this delightful villa, there gathered round the sovereign pontiff. He was residing there, when news was brought him of the taking of Milan. A tumult of joy ensued in the town. The courtiers and officers could not contain their exultation: the Swiss discharged their carbines, and Leo incautiously passed the night in walking backward and forward in his chamber, and looking out of the window at the rejoicings of the people. He returned to Rome, exhausted in body, and in the intoxication of success. Scarcely had he re-entered the Vatican, when he was suddenly taken ill. "Pray for me," said he to his attendants. He had not even time to receive the last sacraments, and died, in the prime of life, at the age of forty-seven—in a moment of victory, and amid the sounds of public joy.

The crowd that followed the hearse of the Sovereign Pontiff gave utterance to curses. They could not pardon his having died without the sacraments,—leaving behind him the debts incurred by his vast expenditure. "Thou didst win the pontificate like a fox—heldst it like a lion—and hast left it like a dog," said the Romans.

Such was the mourning with which Rome honoured the Pope who excommunicated the Reformation; and one whose name yet serves to designate a remarkable period in history.

Meanwhile a feeble reaction against the temper of Leo and of Rome was already beginning in Rome itself. A few men of piety had opened a place of prayer in order to mutual edification,—not far from the spot in which tradition reports the first Christians of Rome to have held their meetings. Contarini, who had been present on Luther's appearance at Worms, took the lead in these little meetings. Thus, almost at the same time as at Wittemberg, a kind of movement toward a reformation manifested itself at Rome. Truly has it been remarked, that wherever there are the seeds of 'love to God,' there are also the germs of reformation. But these well-meant efforts were soon to come to nothing.

In other times, the choice of a successor to Leo X. would surely have fallen upon a Gregory VII. or an Innocent III., if men like them had been to be found; but now the Imperial interest was stronger than that of the Church, and Charles V. required a Pope who should be devoted to his interests.

The Cardinal de Medici, afterwards Clement VII., seeing that he had no chance of obtaining the tiara, exclaimed aloud—"Choose the Cardinal Tortosa, an old man whom every one regards as a saint." The result was, that this prelate, who was a native of Utrecht, and of humble birth, was actually chosen, and reigned under the name of Adrian VI. He had been professor at Louvain, and afterwards tutor to Charles. In 1517, through the Emperor's influence, he had been invested with the Roman purple. Cardinal de Vio supported his nomination. "Adrian," said he, "was very useful in persuading the doctors of Louvain to put forth their condemnation of Luther." The conclave, tired out and taken by surprise, nominated the ultramontane Cardinal. "But soon coming to their senses," observes an old chronicler, "they were ready to die with fear of the consequences." The thought that the native of the Netherlands might not accept of the tiara, brought them temporary relief; but it was soon dissipated. Pasquin represented the elect Pontiff under the character of a schoolmaster, and the Cardinals as boys under the discipline of the rod. The irritation of the populace was such that the members of the conclave thought themselves fortunate to escape being thrown into the river. In Holland, it was a subject of general rejoicing that they had given a head to the Church. Inscribed on banners, suspended from the houses, were the words, "Utrecht planted—Louvain watered—the Emperor gave the increase." One added underneath, the words,—"and God had nothing to do with it!"

Notwithstanding the dissatisfaction which was at first manifested by the inhabitants of Rome, Adrian VI. repaired thither in August, 1522, and was well received. It was whispered from one to another that he had five thousand benefices in his gift, and each reckoned on some advantage to himself. For a long time, the Papal chair had not been filled by such a man. He was upright, industrious, learned, pious, sincere, irreproachable in morals, and neither misled by favouritism nor blinded by passion. He brought with him to the Vatican, his old house-keeper whom he charged to continue to provide frugally for his daily wants in that palace which Leo had filled with luxury and dissipation. He was a stranger to the tastes of his predecessor. When they showed him the noble group of Laocoon, discovered only a few years before, and purchased by Julius II. at an enormous cost—he turned away, coolly observing, "They are the idols of the heathens:" and in one of his letters, he wrote, "I would far rather serve God in my priory at Louvain than be pope at Rome."

Adrian, alarmed by the danger to which the religion, which had come down to them through the middle ages, was exposed from

the spread of the Reformation; and not, like the Italians, fearing the discredit into which Rome and her hierarchy were brought by it,—earnestly desired to oppose and arrest its progress; and he judged that the best means to that end was to be found in a reformation of the Church by herself. "The Church," said he, "stands in need of a reformation; but we must take one step at a time." "The Pope," said Luther, "advises that a few centuries should be permitted to intervene between the first and the second step." In truth, the Church had for ages tended toward a reformation. It was now no time for temporizing. It was necessary to act!

Adhering to his plan, Adrian set about banishing from the city the profane, the perjurers, and the usurers. It was no easy task, for they composed a considerable proportion of the population.

At first the Romans derided him, but ere long they hated him. Priestly rule and the vast gains it brought, the power and influence of Rome, its games and its festivals, the luxury that everywhere reigned in it, all would be irretrievably lost, if there were a return to apostolic simplicity.

The restoration of discipline everywhere encountered strong opposition. "To produce the desired effect," said the chief Cardinal Penitentiaria, "it would be necessary to begin by reviving the 'first love' of Christians: the remedy is more than the patient can bear; it will be death to him. Take care, lest in your desire to preserve Germany you should lose Italy." And, indeed, it was not long before Adrian had even more to fear from Romanism than Lutheranism itself.

Those about him attempted to lead him back to the path he had abandoned. The old and practised Cardinal Soderinus of Volterra, the intimate friend of Alexander VI., of Julius II., and of Leo X., would often drop expressions well suited to prepare him for that part, to him so strange, which he was reserved to act. "Heretics," observed he, "have in all ages, declaimed against the morals of the Roman Court: and yet the Popes have never changed them. It has never been by reforms that heresies have been extinguished, but by crusades." "Oh, how wretched is the position of the Popes," replied the Pontiff, sighing deeply, "since they have not even liberty to do right."

On the 23d of March, 1522, and before Adrian's entry into Rome, the Diet assembled at Nuremberg. Already the bishops of Mersburg and Misnia had petitioned the Elector of Saxony to allow a visitation of the convents and churches in his states. Frederic, thinking that truth had nothing to fear, had consented, and the visitation took place. The bishops and doctors preached vehemently against the new opinions, exhorting, alarming and entreating, but their arguments seemed to have no effect; and when looking about them for more effectual methods, they requested the secular authorities to carry their directions into execution, the Elector's council returned for answer, that the question was one that required to be examined by the Word of God, and that the Elector, at his advanced age, could not engage in theological investigation. These expedients of the bishops did not reclaim a single soul to the fold of Rome; and Luther, who passed over the same ground, shortly afterwards, preaching from place to place, dispelled, by his powerful exhortation, the slight impression that had here and there been produced.

It was to be feared that the Archduke Ferdinand, brother to the Emperor, would do what Frederic had declined doing. That young prince, who presided at several sittings of the Diet, gradually acquiring decision of purpose, might, in his zeal, boldly unsheathe the sword that his more prudent and politic brother wisely left in the scabbard. In fact, Ferdinand, in his hereditary states of Austria, had already commenced a cruel persecution against those who were favourable to the Reformation. But God, on various occasions, made instrumental, in the deliverance of reviving Christianity, the very same agency that had been employed for the destruction of corrupt Christianity. The Crescent suddenly appeared in the panic-struck provinces of Hungary. On the 9th of August, after a siege of six weeks, Belgrade, the advanced post of that kingdom, and of the empire, was taken by assault by Soliman. The followers of Mahomet, after retiring from Spain, seemed intent on re-entering Europe from the East. The Diet of Nuremberg turned its attention from the Monk of Worms to the Sultan of Constantinople. But Charles V. kept both antagonists in view. In writing to the Pope from Valladolid, on the 31st October, he said, "We must arrest the progress of the Turks, and punish by the sword all who favour the pestilent doctrines of Luther."

It was not long before the thunder clouds, which had seemed to pass by and roll eastward, again gathered over the Reformer. His reappearance and activity at Wittemberg had revived the bygone hatred. "Now that we know where to lay hands on him," said Duke George, "why not carry into effect the sentence of Worms?" It was confidently affirmed in Germany, that Charles V. and Adrian had in a meeting at Nuremberg concerted the measures to be adopted. "Satan feels the wound that has been inflicted on him," said Luther, "and thence his rage. But Christ has already put forth his power, and will ere long trample him under foot, in spite of the gates of hell."

In the month of December, 1522, the Diet again assembled at Nuremberg. Everything announced that, as Soliman had been the great enemy that had fixed attention in the spring session, Luther would be its principal object during the winter sittings. Adrian VI., by birth a German, hoped to find that favour from his own nation which a Pope of Italian origin could not expect. He, in consequence, commissioned Chieregati, whom he had known in Spain, to repair to Nuremberg. At

the opening of the Diet, several of the princes spoke strongly against Luther. The Cardinal Archbishop of Salzburg, who was high in the confidence of the Emperor, urged the adoption of prompt and vigorous measures, before the arrival of the Elector of Saxony. The Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, inflexible in his purpose, and the Chancellor of Treves, jointly insisted that the edict of Worms should be carried into effect. The rest of the princes were in great part undecided, and divided in opinion. The dilemma in which the church was placed, filled its faithful adherents with anguish. "I would give one of my fingers," exclaimed the Bishop of Strasburg, in an open assembly of the Diet, "I would give one of my fingers to be no priest."

Chieregati, supported by the Cardinal of Salzburg, insisted that Luther should be put to death. "It is necessary," said he, speaking in the Pope's name, and holding the Pope's brief in his hand, "It is indispensable that we should sever from the body that gangreened member. Your forefathers punished with death John Huss and Jerome of Prague, at Constance, but both these are now risen up in Luther. Follow the glorious example of your ancestors, and by the help of God, and of St. Peter, gain a signal victory over this serpent of hell."

On hearing the brief of the pious and mild Adrian read in the assembly, the majority of the princes were not a little alarmed. Many began to see more in Luther's arguments; and they had hoped better things from the Pope. Thus then Rome, though under the presidency of Adrian, cannot be brought to acknowledge her delinquency, but still hurls her thunderbolts, and the fields of Germany are again about to be deluged with blood. Whilst the princes maintained a gloomy silence, the prelates, and such members of the Diet as were in the interest of Rome, tumultuously urged the adoption of a decision. "Let him be put to death," cried they,—as we learn from the Saxony envoy who was present at this sitting.

Very different were the sounds heard in the churches of Nuremberg. The chapel of the hospital, and the churches of the Augustines, St. Sebald and St. Lorenzo, were crowded with multitudes flocking to hear the preaching of the Gospel. Andrew Osiander preached powerfully at St. Lorenzo's. Many princes attended, especially Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, who, in his quality of Grand Master of the Teutonic order, took rank immediately next to the archbishops. Monks, abandoning the religious houses in the city, applied themselves to learn various trades, in order to gain their livelihood by their labour.

Chieregati could not endure such daring disobedience. He insisted that the priests and refractory monks should be imprisoned. The Diet, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the ambassadors of the Elector of Saxony and the Margrave Casimir, decided to seize the persons of the monks, but consented to communicate previously to Osiander and his colleagues the Nuncio's complaint. A committee, under the direction of the fanatical Cardinal of Salzburg, was charged with the matter. The danger was imminent—the conflict was on the point of commencing, and it was the great Council of the nation that provoked it.

Yet the people interposed. Whilst the Diet was engaged in deliberating what should be done with these ministers, the town council was considering what steps should be taken in regard to the decision of the Diet. The council came to a resolution which did not overstep the limits assigned to it by the laws,—that if force were employed to deprive them of their preachers, recourse should be had to force to set them at liberty. Such a resolution was full of significance. The astonished Diet returned an answer to the Nuncio that it was not lawful to arrest the preachers of the free city of Nuremberg without previously convicting them of heresy.

Chieregati was strangely disconcerted by this fresh insult to the supreme authority of the Papacy. "Very well," said he, haughtily addressing himself to Ferdinand, "do you then do nothing,—leave me to act,—I will seize the preachers in the Pope's name." When the Cardinal Archbishop Albert, of Mentz, and the Margrave Casimir were apprized of this startling determination, they came in haste to the Legate, imploring him to abandon his intention. The latter was, at first, inflexible, affirming that, in the bosom of Christendom, obedience to the Pope could not be dispensed with. The two princes retired:—"If you persist in your intention," said they, "we require you to send us notice, for we will quit the city before you venture to lay hands on the preachers." The Legate abandoned his project.

Despairing of success by authoritative measures, he now decided to have recourse to expedients of another kind, and, with this purpose, communicated to the Diet the Pontiff's intentions and orders, which he had hitherto kept private.

But the well-intentioned Adrian, little used to the ways of the world, did injury even by his candour to the cause he had at heart. "We are well aware," said he, in the 'resolutions' forwarded to his Legate, "that for many years past, the holy city has been a scene of many corruptions and abominations. The infection has spread from the head through the members, and has descended from the Popes to the rest of the clergy. It is our desire to reform that court of Rome, whence so many evils are seen to flow,—the whole world desires it, and it is in order that we may do this, that we consented to ascend the throne of the pontiffs."

The supporters of Rome blushed to hear these unlooked-for words. "They thought," as Pallavicini says, "that such admissions were too sincere." The friends of the Reformation, on the contrary, rejoiced to hear Rome herself proclaiming her corruption

Who could doubt that Luther had truth on his side, now that the Pope declared it!

The answer of the Diet showed how greatly the authority of the chief Pontiff had lost ground in the Empire. Luther's spirit seemed to have taken possession of the hearts of the nation's representatives The moment was auspicious.—Adrian's ear seemed open,—the Emperor was at a distance;—the Diet resolved to enumerate in one document the various wrongs that Germany had for centuries endured from Rome, and to address their memorial to the Pope.

The Legate was alarmed at this determination. He used threats and entreaties, but both were unavailing. The secular states adhered to their purpose, and the ecclesiastical did not venture to offer opposition. Eighty grievances were therefore set forth. The corruption and arts of the Popes and of the court of Rome, in order to squeeze revenue from Germany,—the scandals and profanations of the clerical orders,—the disorders and simony of the ecclesiastical courts,—the encroachments on the civil power to the restriction of liberty of conscience, were detailed with equal freedom and force. The states distinctly intimated that traditions of men were the source of all this abuse, and they ended by saying,—"If these grievances are not redressed within a limited time, we will consult together, and seek some other means of deliverance from our sufferings and our wrongs." Chieregati, having a presentiment that the report the Diet would prepare would be couched in strong language, hastily took his departure from Nuremberg, thus avoiding being himself the bearer of so disappointing and insolent a communication.

After all, was it not still to be feared that the Diet would endeavour to make some amends for this bold measure, by the sacrifice of Luther himself? At first, there were some apprehensions of such a policy,—but a spirit of justice and sincerity had been breathed on the assembly. Following the example of Luther, it demanded the convocation of a free Council in the Empire, and decreed that until such Council should assemble, nothing should be preached but the simple Gospel, and nothing put forth in print, without the sanction of a certain number of men of character and learning. These resolutions afford us some means of estimating the vast advance the Reformation had made since the Diet of Worms,—and yet the Saxon envoy, the knight Frelitsch, recorded a formal protest against the censorship prescribed by the Diet, moderate as that censorship might seem. The decree of the Diet was a first victory gained by the Reformation, which was the presage of future triumphs. Even the Swiss, in the depths of their mountains, shared in the general exultation. "The Roman Pontiff has been defeated in Germany!" said Zwingle; "All that remains to be done is to deprive him of his armour. It is for this that we must now fight, and the battle will be fiercer than before. But we have Christ present with us in the conflict." Luther loudly affirmed that the edict the Princes had put forth was by inspiration of God himself.

Great was the indignation at the Vatican among the Pope's council. "What! it is not enough to have to bear with a Pope who disappoints the expectation of the Romans, in whose palace no sound of song or amusement is ever heard, but, in addition to this, secular princes are to be suffered to hold a language that Rome abhors, and refuse to deliver up the monk of Wittemberg to the executioner?"

Adrian himself was indignant at the events in Germany, and it was on the head of the Elector of Saxony that he now poured out his anger. Never had the Roman Pontiffs uttered a cry of alarm more energetic, more sincere, or more affecting.

"We have waited long—perhaps too long," said the pious Adrian, in his brief addressed to the Elector: "It was our desire to see whether God would visit thy soul, so that thou mightest at the last be delivered from the snares of the devil. But where we had hoped to gather grapes there have we found nothing but wild grapes. The Spirit's promptings have been despised; thy wickedness has not been subdued. Open thine eyes to behold the greatness of thy fall!

"If the unity of the Church is gone—if the simple have been turned out of the way of that faith which they had sucked from their mothers' breasts—if the churches are deserted—if the people are without priests, and the priests have not the honour due to them,—if Christians are without Christ, to whom is it owing but to thee? . . . . If Christian peace has forsaken the earth—if, on every side, discord, rebellion, pillage, violence, and midnight conflagrations prevail—if the cry of war is heard from east to west—if universal conflict is at hand,—it is thou thyself who art the author of all these.

"Seest thou not that sacrilegious man, (Luther,) how he rends with wicked hands, and profanely tramples under foot, the pictures of the saints, and even the holy cross of Jesus? . . . . Seest thou not how, in his infamous rage, he incites the laity to shed the blood of the priests, and overturn the temples of the Lord.

"And what, if the priests he assails are disorderly in conduct? Has not the Lord said, '*Whatsoever they bid you, that observe and do, but do not after their works*'—thus instructing us in the honour that belongs to them, even though their lives should be disorderly.

"Rebellious apostate! he does not blush to defile vessels dedicated to God; he forces from the sanctuaries virgins consecrated to Christ, delivering them over to the devil; he getteth into his power the priests of the Lord, and gives them to abandoned women. Awful profanation! which even the heathen would have reprobated in the priests of their idol worship.

"What punishment, what infliction, dost thou think we judge thee to deserve? Have

pity on thyself,—have pity on thy poor Saxons; for surely, if thou dost not turn from the evil of thy way, God will bring down his vengeance upon thee.

"In the name of the Almighty God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, of whom I am vicegerent on earth, I warn thee that thou wilt be judged in this world, and be cast into the lake of everlasting fire in that which is to come. Repent and be converted. Both swords are impending over thy head,—the sword of the Empire, and that of the Papal authority."

The pious Frederic shuddered as he read this menacing brief. A little before he had written to the Emperor to say that his age and bodily indisposition incapacitated him for attending to such matters; and the answer returned was one of the most insolent letters a reigning prince had ever received. Infirm and aged as he was, his eyes rested upon the sword he had received at the holy sepulchre in the days of youthful vigour. A thought crossed his mind that it might be necessary to unsheathe it in defence of the conscience of his subjects, and that, near as his life was to its close, he should not descend to the grave in peace. He forthwith wrote to Wittemberg to have the judgment of the fathers of the Reformation as to what should be done.

There, also, forebodings of commotion and persecution were rife. "What can I say," exclaimed the mild Melancthon, "whither can I turn? Hatred presses us to the earth —the world is up in arms against us." Luther, Link, Melancthon, Bugenhagen and Amsdorff, held a consultation on the answer to be returned to the Elector. They drew up a reply, each in terms nearly identical, and the advice they gave is not a little remarkable.

"No prince," said they, "can undertake a war without the consent of the people from whose hands he has received his authority. But the people have no heart to fight for the Gospel, for they do not believe. Therefore, let not princes take up arms; they are rulers of the *nations*, that is to say, of *unbelievers*." Here we find the impetuous Luther soliciting the discreet Frederic to restore his sword to its scabbard. No better answer could be given to the Pope's charge that he stirred up the laity to embrue their hands in the blood of the priests. Few characters have been more misunderstood than his. The advice was dated the 8th February, 1523. Frederic submitted in silence.

It was not long before the effects of the Pope's anger began to be seen. The princes who had recapitulated their grievances, now dreading the consequences, sought to make amends by compliances. Some, there were, who reflected that victory would probably declare for the Pontiff, seeing that he, to all appearance, was the stronger of the two. "In our days," observed Luther, "princes are content to say three times three make nine, or twice seven makes fourteen,—right, the counsel shall stand. Then the Lord our God arises and speaks: 'What then do you allow for My power?' .... It may be *naught* ... And immediately He confuses the figures, and their calculations are proved false."

The stream of fire poured forth by the humble and gentle Adrian kindled a conflagration, and the rising flame spread far and wide in Christendom a deep agitation. Persecution, which had slackened for a while, was now renewed. Luther trembled for Germany, and sought to allay the tempest. "If the princes make war against the truth," said he, "there will be such confusion as will be the ruin of princes, magistrates, clergy and people. I tremble at the thought that all Germany may, in a little while, be deluged with blood. Let us stand as a rampart for our country against the wrath of our God. Nations are not now as formerly. The sword of civil war is impending over kings:—they are bent on destroying Luther—but Luther is bent on saving them; Christ lives and reigns, and *I shall reign with him.*"

These words were spoken to the winds Rome was pressing forward to scaffolds and the shedding of blood. The Reformation in this resembled Jesus Christ,—that it came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword. Persecution was necessary in the counsels of God. As certain substances are hardened in the fire that they may be less liable to be affected by atmospheric changes, so the fiery trial was designed to arm and defend the truth of the Gospel from the influence of the world. But that fiery trial did yet more;—it served, as in the early days of Christianity, to kindle in men's hearts a universal enthusiasm for a cause against which such rage was let loose. There is in man, when first introduced to the knowledge of the truth, a holy indignation against violence and injustice. An instinct received from God impels him to range himself on the side of the oppressed; and, at the same time, the faith of the martyrs exalts, controls, and leads him to that saving truth which gifts its followers with so much courage and tranquillity.

Duke George openly took the lead in the persecution. But he was not content to carry it on among his own subjects; he desired, above all, to see it extend itself to electoral Saxony, the focus of heresy, and he laboured hard to move the Elector Frederic and Duke John. In writing to them from Nuremberg, he observed, "Certain merchants, recently from Saxony, bring reports from thence of strange things, and such as are most opposed to the honour of God, and the saints. It seems, they take the holy sacrament in their hands—consecrate the bread and wine in the common speech of the people—pour the blood of Christ into a common cup. It is said that at Eulenberg, a man, who sought occasion to insult the officiating priest, rode into the church mounted on an ass. And what do we hear to be the consequence? The mines, with which God had enriched Saxony, are become less productive ever since this preaching of Luther's innovations. Would to God that those who boast that they have restored the Gospel in the electorate had employed themselves in

carrying the testimony of it to Constantinople. Luther's speech is gentle and specious, but it draws after it a sting which is sharper than a scorpion's. Let us make ready our hands to fight. Let us cast these apostate monks and ungodly priests into prison; let us do so at once; for the hairs of our heads are turning as gray as our beards, and admonish us that we have not long to live."

So wrote Duke George to the Elector. The latter answered decidedly, yet mildly, that whoever should commit any crime within his state should not go unpunished; but that, as to matters of conscience, they must be left to the judgment of God.

Failing in his endeavour to persuade Frederic, George pressed his severities against such as lay within his reach. He imprisoned the monks and priests who were known to adhere to Luther's doctrines,—recalled to their families the students who had gone from his states to pursue their studies in the universities to which the Reformation had extended, and required his subjects to deliver up to the magistrates all copies of the New Testament in the vernacular tongue. Similar measures were put in force in Austria, Wurtemberg, and the Duchy of Brunswick.

But it was in the Low Countries, under the immediate rule of Charles V., that the persecution broke out with most violence. The convent of the Augustines, at Antwerp, contained within it monks who had hailed with joy the truths of the Gospel. Several of the brothers had passed some time at Wittemberg, and ever since 1519, Salvation by Grace had been preached in their church with unusual power. Toward the close of the year 1521, James Probst, the prior, a man of ardent temperament, and Melchior Mirisch, who was remarkable for the opposite qualities of experience and prudence, were arrested and carried to Brussels. They were there brought before Aleander, Glapio, and several other prelates. Taken unawares, disconcerted, and dreading consequences, Probst recanted. Melchior Mirisch found means to appease his judges; and, while he avoided a recantation, escaped condemnation.

These proceedings no way overawed the monks who remained in the convent of Antwerp. They continued to preach the gospel with earnestness. The people crowded to hear, and the church of the Augustines at Antwerp was unable to contain the hearers, as had been the case at Wittemberg. In October, 1522, the storm which had been gathering over their heads suddenly burst forth. The convent was closed, and the monks imprisoned and sentenced to die. A few effected their escape. Some women, roused into forgetfulness of the natural timidity of their sex, rescued one of them, by name Henry Zuphten, from the hands of the executioners. Three of the younger monks, Henry Voe, John Eesch, and Lambert Thorn, evaded for a time the search of the inquisitors. The sacred vessels of the convent were publicly sold, the entrance to the church barricaded, the holy sacrament was carried forth as if from a place of pollution, and Margaret, who then governed the Low Countries, solemnly received it into the church of the Holy Virgin. An order was given that not one stone should be left upon another of that heretical monastery; and several private citizens and women who had joyfully received the Gospel were thrown into prison.

Luther was deeply grieved on receiving intelligence of these events. "The cause we have in hand," said he, "is no longer a mere trial of strength; it demands the sacrifice of our lives, and must be cemented by our blood."

Mirisch and Probst were reserved for a very different fate. The politic Mirisch soon became the docile slave of Rome, and was employed in carrying into execution the Imperial orders against the favourers of the Reformation. Probst, on the contrary, escaping out of the hands of the inquisitors, wept bitterly over his failure, retraced his recantation, and boldly preached at Bruges in Flanders the doctrine he had abjured. Being again arrested and cast into prison at Brussels, death seemed inevitable. A Franciscan took pity upon him, assisted him in his flight, and Probst, "saved by a miracle of God," says Luther, reached Wittemberg, where all hearts were filled with joy at his second deliverance.*

On every side the priests of Rome were under arms. The town of Miltenberg on the Maine, in the jurisdiction of the Elector Archbishop of Mentz, had, of all the towns of Germany, received the Word of God with most joy. The inhabitants were much attached to their pastor, John Draco, one of the most enlightened men of his time. He was compelled to leave the city; but the Roman clergy withdrew at the same time, dreading the vengeance of the people. An evangelical deacon remained behind, and comforted their hearts. At the same time the soldiery of Mentz were introduced and dispersed through the city, vomiting blasphemies, brandishing their swords, and giving themselves up to debauchery.

Some of the evangelical Christians fell victims to their violence, others were seized and thrown into dungeons, the rites of Romish worship was restored, the reading of the Scriptures prohibited, and the inhabitants for-

* Jacobus, Dei miraculo liberatus qui nunc agit nobiscum. (L. Epp. ii. p. 182.) This letter, which is found in M. De Wette's collection, under the date of April 14, must be subsequent to the month of June, since, on the 26th of June, we find Luther saying that Probst has been again taken, and was expected to be burnt. The supposition that would solve the difficulty, by supposing Probst to have been at Wittemberg between these two captures, is not admissible, for Luther would not have said of a Christian who had been saved from death by his recantation, that he had been delivered by a miracle of God. Perhaps we should read the date, &c, of this letter, instead of '*in die S. Tiburtii*'—'*in die Turiafi.*'—which would place it in July 13—the probable date, in my opinion.

bidden to speak of the Gospel, even in their family meetings. The deacon had taken refuge with a poor widow, on the entrance of the troops. Information was given to the commanding officer, and a soldier despatched to take him. The humble deacon, hearing the steps of the soldier who sought his life, advancing, quietly waited for him, and just as the door of the chamber was abruptly pushed open, he came forward, and, embracing him, said, "I bid you welcome, brother. Here I am: plunge your sword in my bosom." The stern soldier, in astonishment, dropt his weapon, and contrived to save the pious evangelist from further molestation.

Meanwhile, the inquisitors of the Low Countries, thirsting for blood, scoured the neighbouring country, searching everywhere for the young Augustines, who had escaped from the Antwerp persecution. Esch, Voes, and Lambert, were at last discovered, put in chains, and conducted to Brussels. Egmondanus, Hochstraten, and several other inquisitors, summoned them to their presence. "Do you retract your opinion," inquired Hochstraten, "that the priest has no power to forgive sins, but that that power belongs to God alone?"—and then he went on to enumerate the other Gospel truths which he required them to abjure. "No: we will retract nothing," exclaimed Esch and Voes firmly; "we will not disown God's Word; we will rather die for the faith!"

THE INQUISITORS.—"Confess that you have been deceived by Luther."

THE YOUNG AUGUSTINES.—"As the apostles were deceived by Jesus Christ."

THE INQUISITORS.—"We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burnt alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm."

Lambert was silent. The prospect of death terrified him: distress and uncertainty agitated his heart. "I request four days' respite," said he, in stifled emotion. He was taken back to prison. As soon as this respite was granted, Esch and Voes were degraded from their priestly office, and handed over to the council of the reigning governess of the Low Countries. The council delivered them, bound, to the executioner. Hochstraten and three other inquisitors accompanied them to the place of execution.

Arriving at the scaffold, the young martyrs contemplated it with calmness. Their constancy, their piety, and their youth drew tears from the inquisitors themselves. When they were bound to the stake, the confessors drew near, "Once more we ask you if you will receive the Christian faith?"

THE MARTYRS.—"We believe in the Christian Church, but not in your Church."

Half an hour elapsed. It was a pause of hesitation. A hope had been cherished that the near prospect of such a death would intimidate these youths. But alone tranquil of all the crowd that thronged the square, they began to sing psalms, stopping from time to time to declare that they were resolved to die for the name of Jesus Christ.

"Be converted—be converted," cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil." "No," answered the martyrs; "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel."

The pile was then lighted. Whilst the flame slowly ascended, a heavenly peace dilated their hearts; and one of them could even say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses."—The solemn hour was come—death was at hand. The two martyrs cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" and then they began to recite their creed. At last the flames reached them; but the fire consumed the cords which fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them, feeling his liberty, dropped upon his knees in the midst of the flames, and then, in worship to his Lord, exclaimed, clasping his hands, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!"

Their bodies were quickly wrapped in flame; they shouted "*Te Deum laudamus.*" Soon their voices were stifled,—and their ashes alone remained.

This execution had lasted four hours. It was on the first of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the gospel.

All good men shuddered when they heard of these events. The future was big with fearful anticipations. "The executions have begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs."

But the joy of Luther in the constancy of these young Christians was disturbed by the thoughts of Lambert. Of the three, Lambert possessed the most learning; he had been chosen to fill the place of Probst, as preacher at Antwerp. Finding no peace in his dungeon, he was terrified at the prospect of death; but still more by conscience, which reproached him with his cowardice, and urged him to confess the Gospel. Delivered, ere long, from his fears, he boldly proclaimed the truth, and died like his brethren.

A noble harvest sprung up from the blood of these martyrs. Brussels manifested a willingness to receive the Gospel. "Wherever Aleander lights a pile," remarked Erasmus, "there it seems as if he had sowed heretics."

"I am bound with your bonds," exclaimed Luther: "your dungeons and your burnings my soul takes part in. All of us are with you in spirit; and the Lord is above it all!"

He proceeded to compose a hymn* commemorative of the death of the young monks;

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* Die Asche will nicht lassen ab,
Sie stäubt in allen Landen,
Hie hilft kein Bach, Loch, noch Grab.
(L. Opp. xviii. p. 484.)

Obligingly rendered by John Alex. Messenger, to whose friendly pen the publisher is indebted for the touching hymns of Zwingle, (see p. 234, 235;) as well as for the translation of a portion of the Volume, besides other assistance and many valuable suggestions.

and soon, in every direction, throughout Germany and the Low Countries, in towns and in villages, were heard accents of song which communicated an enthusiasm for the faith of the martyrs.

Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last.
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath,—
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still—still—though dead, they speak,
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim
To many a wakening land,
The one availing Name.

Doubtless Adrian would have persisted in these violent measures;—the failure of his efforts to arrest the progress of the Reformation—his own orthodoxy—his zeal—his inflexibility—even his conscientiousness would have made him an unrelenting persecutor. Providence ordained otherwise. He expired on the 14th of September, 1523; and the Romans, overjoyed at being rid of the stern foreigner, suspended a crown of flowers at the door of his physician, with an inscription—"*to the saviour of his country.*"

Julio de Medicis, cousin to Leo X., succeeded Adrian, under the name of Clement VII. From the day of his election, all ideas of religious reformation were at an end. The new Pope, like many of his predecessors, thought only of maintaining the privileges of the Papacy, and employing its resources for his own aggrandizement.

Anxious to repair the indiscretions of Adrian, Clement despatched a legate of a character resembling his own, Cardinal Campeggio, the ablest prelate of his court, and a man of large experience, well acquainted with most of the German Princes. After a pompous reception in his passage through the Italian cities, the Legate soon noticed the change that had taken place in the Empire. On entering Augsburg, he proposed, according to custom, to give his benediction to the people; but those to whom he spoke met the proposal by a smile. The hint was enough; and he entered Nuremberg incognito, without repairing to St. Sebalde's church, where the clergy were waiting for him. No priests in sacerdotal vestments were seen advancing to greet him;—no cross was borne in solemn state before him; but one might have thought a private individual was taking his journey through the city. Every thing indicated that the reign of the Papacy was drawing to its close.

The Diet had met again in session, at Nuremberg, in January, 1525. A storm was impending over the government of the nation, owing to the firmness of Frederic. The Suabian league, comprising the richest cities of the empire, and, above all, Charles the Fifth, had combined for his destruction. He was charged with favouring the newly-broached heresy. Accordingly, it was decided that the executive powers should be so entirely changed as not to retain one of the old members. Frederic, overwhelmed with grief, instantly took his departure from Nuremberg.

Easter drew nigh. Osiander and the gospel preachers redoubled their activity. The former preached publicly to the effect, that *Antichrist* entered Rome the very day that Constantine had quitted it to fix his residence at Constantinople. The ceremony of Palm Sunday and others were omitted; four thousand persons partook of the supper under both kinds; and the Queen of Denmark, sister to the Emperor, publicly received it in like manner at the Castle. "Oh," exclaimed the Archduke Ferdinand, losing all self-command, "would that you were not my sister."—"The same mother bore us," replied the Queen; "and I would give up every thing but God's truth to serve you.'

Campeggio trembled at witnessing such audacity; nevertheless affecting to despise the jeers of the people, and the harangues of the preachers,—and relying on the authority of the Emperor and of the Pope, he referred the Diet to the edict of Worms, and demanded that the Reformation should be put down by force. On hearing this, some of the princes, and deputies gave vent to their indignation. "And pray," asked they, addressing Campeggio, "what has become of the memorial of grievances presented to the Pope by the people of Germany?" The Legate, acting upon his instructions, assumed an air of bland surprise: "Three versions of that memorial have been received in Rome," said he; "but it has never been officially communicated; and I could never believe that so unseemly a paper could have emanated from your Highnesses."

The Diet was stung by this reply. If this be the spirit in which the Pope receives their representations, they also know what reception to give to such as he should address to them. Several deputies remarked that such was the eagerness of the people for the Word of God, that the attempt to deprive them of it would occasion torrents of bloodshed.

The Diet straightway set about preparing an answer to the Pope. As it was not possible to get rid of the edict of Worms, a clause was added to it, which had the effect of rendering it null. "We require," said they, "that all should conform to it—*so far as is possible.*" But several of the states had declared that it was *impossible* to enforce it. At the same time calling to mind the unwelcome remembrance of the Councils of Constance and of Bâle, the Diet demanded the convocation in Germany of a General Council of Christendom.

The friends of the Reformation did not stop here. What could they look for from a Council which might perhaps never be called together, and which, in any case, would be sure to be composed of bishops of all nations? Will Germany humble her anti-Roman inclinations in deference to prelates assembled from Spain, France, England, and Italy?

The government of the nation has been already set aside. It is necessary that in its place should be a "national assembly" charged with the defence of the popular interest.

Vainly did Hannart, the Spanish envoy of Charles, supported by the adherents of Rome and of the Emperor, oppose the suggestion; the majority of the Diet were unshaken. It was arranged that a diet or secular assembly should meet in November at Spires, to regulate all questions of religion, and that the States should invite their divines to prepare a list of controverted points to be laid before that august assembly.

No time was lost. Each province prepared its memorial, and never had Rome reason to apprehend so great an explosion. Franconia, Brandenburg, Henneberg, Windsheim, Wertheim, Nuremberg, declared for the truth of the Gospel as opposed to the seven sacraments, the corruptions of the mass, the worship of the saints, and the Pope's supremacy. "There is coin for you of the genuine stamp," said Luther. Not one of the questions which engaged the popular mind seemed likely to be passed over in silence, in that council of the nation. The majority would make a stand for general measures. The unity of Germany, its independence, and its reformation, would yet be safe!

When news of what was passing reached the Pope, he could not restrain his anger. What! do any presume to set up a secular tribunal to decide questions of religion in contempt of his authority? If this unprecedented step be taken, doubtless Germany will be saved,—but Rome is ruined! A consistory was hastily called together, and one who watched the dismay of the senators might have thought the Germans were in full march upon the Capitol. "As to the Elector Frederic," exclaimed Aleander, "we must take off his head;" and another Cardinal gave counsel that the kings of England and of Spain should overawe the free cities by threatening to break off all commercial intercourse with them. In conclusion, the consistory came to the decision that the only way of safety lay in moving heaven and earth to prevent the proposed assembly at Spires.

The Pope wrote directly to the Emperor:—"If I am called to be foremost in making head against the storm, it is not because I am the only one threatened by the tempest, but because I am at the helm. The Imperial authority is yet more invaded than even the dignity of the court of Rome."

Whilst the Pope was sending this letter to Castile, he was seeking to strengthen himself by alliances in Germany. It was not long before he gained over one of the most powerful reigning families of the Empire, the Dukes of Bavaria. The edict of Worms had been as much a dead letter there as elsewhere; and the doctrine of the Gospel had made its way extensively. But subsequent to the close of 1521, the princes of the country, urged on by Doctor Eck, who was chancellor in their university of Ingolstadt, had again made advances towards Rome, and passed a law enjoining their subjects to adhere faithful to the religion of their forefathers.

The Bavarian bishops showed some signs of alarm at this intervention of the secular authority. Eck set out immediately for Rome to solicit from the Pope an extension of the authority lodged in the princes. The Pope granted all their desires, and even went so far as to make over to them a fifth of the revenues of the church in their country.

Here we see Roman Catholicism, at a time when the Reformation had no regular settlement, resorting to established institutions for support, and Catholic princes, aided by the Pope, seizing the revenues of the Church long before the Reformation had ventured to touch them. What then must be thought of the oft-repeated charges of Catholics on this head!

Clement VII. was secure of the assistance of Bavaria in quelling the dreaded assembly of Spires. It was not long before the Archduke Ferdinand, the Archbishop of Salzburg, and others of the princes were likewise gained over.

But Campeggio was bent on something more. His aim was to divide Germany into two hostile camps;—Germans were to be opposed to Germans.

During a previous residence at Stutgard, the Legate had concerted with Ferdinand the project of a league against the Reformation. "There is no telling what may be the result of an assembly in which the voice of the people will be heard," observed he: "The Diet of Spires may be the ruin of Rome and the salvation of Wittemberg. Let us close our ranks and be prepared for the onset." It was settled that Ratisbon should be the point of rendezvous.

Prevailing over the jealousies that estranged the reigning houses of Bavaria and Austria, Campeggio contrived to assemble in that city, toward the end of 1524, the Duke of Bavaria and the Archduke Ferdinand. The Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishops of Trent and of Ratisbon joined them. The Bishops of Spires, Bamberg, Augsburg, Strasburg, Bâle, Constance, Freesingen, Passau, and Brixen, sent deputies to the assembly.

The Legate opened the subject of the meeting, depicting in moving language the dangers resulting from the Reformation both to princes and the clergy, and concluded by calling upon them to extirpate heresy and rescue the Church.

For fifteen days the conferences were continued in the town-hall of Ratisbon. At the expiration of that time, a ball, which continued till daybreak, served as a relaxation to the first Catholic assembly convened by the Papacy to resist the infant Reformation,—and, after this, measures were agreed upon for the destruction of the heretics.

The Princes and Bishops bound themselves to enforce the edicts of Worms and Nuremberg—to allow of no innovations in public worship—to tolerate no married priest—to re-

call the students of their states who might be resident in Wittemberg, and to employ all the means in their power for the extirpation of heresy. They enjoined the preachers to take for their guides, in interpreting difficult scriptures, the Latin Fathers, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory. Not daring, in the face of the Reformation, to invoke again the authority of the Schools, they contented themselves with laying the foundations of *Roman* orthodoxy.

But, not able to close their eyes against the scandals and profligate morals of the clergy, they agreed on a programme of reform, in which they studiously selected such grievances of the Germans as least involved or affected the court of Rome. They prohibited priests from dealings in the way of barter, from frequenting taverns, being present "at dances," and disputing over their bottle about points of faith!

This was the issue of the confederation of Ratisbon. In the very act of taking up arms against the Reformation, Rome yet conceded a something;—and we discern in these regulations the earliest influence of the Reformation, in inducing an interior renovation in Catholicism itself. Wherever the Gospel developes its resources, its enemies are sure to have their counterfeits at hand. Emser had produced a translation of the Bible to counteract that by Luther. Eck, in like manner, put forth his *Loci Communes* in opposition to Melancthon's, —and then it was that Rome began to oppose to the Reformation those partial changes which have given to Roman Catholicism its present aspect. But, in truth, these expedients were but subtle devices to escape impending dangers. Branches, plucked indeed from the tree of the Reformation, but set in a soil which doomed them to decay: the principle of *life* was wanting, and thus it will ever be with all similar attempts.

Another fact is here presented to us. The Romanist party, by the league which they formed at Ratisbon, were the first to violate the unity of Germany. It was in the Pope's camp that the signal of battle was given. Ratisbon was the birthplace of that schism and political rending of their country which so many of the Germans to this hour deplore. The national assembly of Spires was called to ensure the unity of the Empire by sanctioning and extending the Reformation of the Church. The conventicle of separatists that met at Ratisbon forever divided the nation in two parties. Yet the schemes of Campeggio were not at first attended with the results anticipated. But few of the chiefs responded to the call. The most decided opponents of Luther, Duke George of Saxony, the elector Joachim of Brandenburg, the ecclesiastical Electors, and the imperial cities, declined taking any part. An opinion prevailed that the Pope's legate was forming a Romanist faction opposed to the national mind. The popular sympathies counterbalanced the antipathies of religion; and it was not long before the *Ratisbon Reformation* was an object of public ridicule. But a first step had been taken,—an example had been set. It was expected that, with a little pains, it would be easy eventually to confirm and enlarge this Roman league. Those who then hesitated would be decided by the course of events. To the legate, Campeggio, is ascribed the glory of having laid the train which was to bring little less than destruction upon the liberties of Germany, and the safety of the Empire, and the Reformation. From that hour the cause of Luther was no longer of a nature purely religious; and the contest with the Wittemberg monk ranked among the political events of Europe. Luther, in this new sphere, would pass under eclipse, and Charles V., the Pope, and the reigning Princes, would be the chief actors on the stage where the grand drama of the sixteenth century was to be performed.

But the prospect of the assembly at Spires was continually present to the minds of the people. Its measures might remedy the mischiefs that Campeggio had occasioned at Ratisbon. Accordingly, Rome strained every nerve to prevent its assembling. "What!" exclaimed the Pope's deputies to Charles V., as also to his ally, Henry VIII., and other princes, "will these presumptuous Germans pretend to decide points of faith in a national assembly! They seem to expect that kings, the Imperial authority, all Christendom, and the whole world, are to bend to their decisions."

The moment was not ill chosen for influencing the Emperor. The war between that prince and Francis the First was at its height. Pescara and the Constable of Bourbon had left Italy, and entering France in the month of May, laid siege to Marseilles. The Pope, who looked with an evil eye on this attack, might effect a powerful diversion in the rear of the Imperial forces. Charles, who, under these circumstances, must have feared to give umbrage to his Holiness, did not hesitate to sacrifice the independence of the Empire, that he might purchase the favour of Rome, and humble his rival the king of France.

On the 15th July, Charles issued an edict, dated at Burgos in Castile, "in which he haughtily and angrily declared that to the Pope alone belonged the right to convoke a Council, and to the Emperor that of demanding one: that the meeting appointed to be held at Spires neither ought to be, nor could be allowed: that it was strange that the German people should undertake to do that, which all the nations of the earth, with the Pope at their head, could not lawfully do: and that it was necessary, without delay, to carry into effect the decree of Worms against the Modern Mahomet."

Thus it was from Spain and Italy the blow was struck which arrested the development of the Gospel among the people of Germany. Charles was not satisfied with this. In 1519 he had offered to duke John, the Elector's brother, to give his sister, the Archduchess Catharine, in marriage to his son, John Fre-

deric, heir to the electorate. But was not that reigning house of Saxony the grand support of those principles of religious and political independence which Charles detested? He decided to break off all intercourse with the troublesome and guilty champion of Gospel principles and the nation's wishes,—and accordingly gave his sister in marriage to John III. King of Portugal. Frederic, who in 1519 had manifested some indifference to the overtures of the king of Spain, was enabled, in 1524, to suppress his indignation at this conduct of the Emperor. But Duke John haughtily intimated his feeling of the affront put upon him.

Thus, an observer might have distinguished, as they fell slowly into the line, the rival hosts by whose struggle for mastery the Empire was to be so long convulsed.

The Romanists went a step further. The compact of Ratisbon was to be no empty form; it was necessary that it should be sealed with blood. Ferdinand and Campeggio descended the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, and, during their journey, mutually pledged themselves to cruel measures. Instantly a persecution was set on foot in the Austrian provinces.

A citizen of Vienna, by name Gaspard Tauber, had circulated Luther's writings, and had himself written against the invocation of saints, purgatory, and transubstantiation. Being thrown into prison, he was required by his judges, both divines and jurisconsuls, to retract his errors. It was believed that he had given way, and every preparation was made in Vienna to gratify the populace with the solemn spectacle of his recantation. On St. Mary's day, two pulpits were erected over the cemetery of St. Stephen's, the one for the leader of the choir, whose office was to chant the heretic's repentance, the other for Tauber himself. The formula of his recantation was put into his hands. The people, the choristers, and the priests were in silent expectation. Whether it was that Tauber had given no promise to recant, or whether, in the appointed moment of abjuration, he suddenly received fresh energy of faith,—he exclaimed aloud, "*I am not convinced*, and I appeal to the holy Roman Empire." Ecclesiastics, choristers, and bystanders, were struck with astonishment and dismay. But Tauber continued calling for death rather than that he should deny the Gospel. He was beheaded,—his body burned: —and his firmness left an indelible impression on the memory of the citizens of Vienna.

At Buda, in Hungary, a bookseller, named John, who had received the truth in the love of it, had distributed copies of the New Testament, and also some of Luther's writings. The persecutors bound him to a stake, and then forming a pile of his books, so as to enclose him within them, set fire to the whole. The poor man manifested an unshaken courage, rejoicing, amidst the flames, that he was counted worthy to suffer for his Lord's name. "Blood follows blood," cried Luther, when he heard of this martyrdom. "but that innocent blood that Rome delights to shed, will one day choke the Pope, with his kings and their kingdoms."

The zeal of the fanatics burnt every day more fiercely. Gospel preachers were expelled, magistrates banished, and sometimes the most horrible torments were inflicted. In Wurtemberg an inquisitor, named Reichler, caused the Lutherans, especially their preachers, to be hanged upon the trees. Monsters were found, who deliberately nailed by their tongues to the stake the ministers of God's word,—so that the sufferers, tearing themselves in their agony from the wood to which they were fastened, endured a frightful mutilation in their efforts to liberate themselves,—and were thus deprived of that gift of speech which they had long used in the preaching of the Gospel.

The same persecutions were set on foot in the other states of the Catholic League. In the neighbourhood of Salzburg, a minister of the Gospel, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, was on his way to the prison; whilst the constables who had charge of him were stopping to drink at a house by the wayside, two country youths, moved with compassion, contrived, by eluding their vigilance, to favour the escape of the pastor. The rage of the Archbishop broke forth against these poor people, and without so much as any form of trial, he commanded that they should be beheaded. They were secretly taken outside the town at an early hour. Coming to the plain where they were to die, the executioner's heart failed him: "For," said he, "they have not been condemned." "Do your duty," said the Archbishop's emissary, sternly, "and leave to the Prince to answer for it:" and the heads of the youths were immediately struck off.

The persecution raged with most violence in the states of the Duke of Bavaria. Priests were degraded; nobles expelled from their castles; spies traversed the country; and suspicion and terror filled the hearts of all. Bernard Fichtel, a magistrate, was on his way to Nuremberg, called thither by the Duke's affairs; on the road, he was joined by Francis Bourkard, a professor, from Ingolstadt, and a friend of Eck. Bourkard accosted him, and they travelled in company. After supping together, the professor began to speak on matters of religion. Fichtel having some knowledge of his company, reminded him that the recent edict prohibited such topics of conversation. "Between us," answered Bourkard, "there is nothing to fear." On this Fichtel remarked, "I don't think the edict can be enforced;" and he went on to express himself in a tone of doubt respecting purgatory, observing, "that it was a dreadful thing to visit religious differences with death." At hearing this, Bourkard could not control himself. "What more just," exclaimed he, "than to strike off the heads of all those scoundrel Lutherans?" He soon took a kind

leave of Fichtel;—but hastened to lodge information against him. Fichtel was thrown into prison, and the unhappy man, who had no desire of the martyr's crown—his religious convictions not being at all deep—escaped death only by a shameful recantation. Confidence was at an end; and no one was safe.

But that death which Fichtel avoided, others met. It was in vain that the Gospel was now only privately preached. The Duke urged on its pursuers, following it even in the darkness, in secret places, in private dwellings, and mountain recesses.

"The cross and persecution are in full career in Bavaria," said Luther: "those wild beasts are carrying all before them."

Even the north of Germany was not exempted from these atrocities. Bogislas, Duke of Pomerania, dying, his son, who had been brought up in the court of Duke George, set on foot a persecution of the Gospel. Suaven and Knipstrow were compelled to seek refuge in flight.

But it was in Holstein that one of the most memorable instances of fanaticism occurred.

Henry Zuphten, who, as has been seen, had escaped from the convent at Antwerp, was engaged in preaching the Gospel at Bremen. Nicholas Boye, pastor at Mehldorf, in the country of the Dittmarches, and several devout persons of the neighbouring districts, having invited him to come over and declare Jesus Christ, he complied. Immediately, the prior of the Dominicans and the vicar of the official of Hamburg concerted measures. "If he is allowed to preach, and the people give ear," said they, "we are undone." The prior passed a disturbed night; and, rising early in the morning, repaired to the wild and barren heath on which the forty-eight regents of the country are accustomed to hold their meetings. "The monk from Bremen is come amongst us," said he, addressing them, "and will bring ruin on the Dittmarches." Those forty-eight simple-minded and unlearned men, deceived into the belief that they would earn imperishable renown by delivering the world from the heretical monk, decided on putting him to death without so much as giving him a hearing.

It was Saturday—and the prior was bent on preventing Henry's preaching on the following Sunday. In the middle of the night he knocked at the door of the pastor Boye, armed with the mandate of the forty-eight regents. "If it be the will of God that I should die among the Dittmarches," said Henry Zuphten, "Heaven is as easily reached from thence as from anywhere else. I will preach."

He ascended the pulpit and spoke with earnestness. His hearers, moved and roused by his Christian eloquence, had scarcely quitted the church, when the prior delivered to them the mandate of the forty-eight regents forbidding the monk to preach. They immediately sent a deputation to the heath, and the Dittmarches, after long discussion, agreed that, considering their total ignorance, further measures should be deferred till Easter. But the prior, irritated at this, approached certain of the regents, and stirred up their zeal afresh. "We will write to him," said they. "Have nothing to do with him," replied the prior; "if he begins to speak, we shall not be able to withstand him. We must seize him during the night, and burn him without giving him time to open his lips."

Every thing was arranged accordingly. The day after Conception day, at nightfall *Ave Maria* was rung. At the signal, all the peasants of the adjacent villages assembled, to the number of five hundred, and their leaders having broached three butts of Hamburg beer, by this means stimulated their resolution. The hour of midnight struck as the party entered Mehldorf; the peasants were under arms; the monks carried torches; all went forward in disorder, exchanging shouts of fury. Arrived at the village, there was a deep silence, lest Henry, receiving intimation of danger, should effect his escape.

Of a sudden, the gates of the parsonage were burst open; the drunken peasantry rushed within, striking every thing in their way, tossing pell-mell, dishes, kettles, cups, and articles of apparel. They seized any money that they could find, and then rushing on the poor pastor, they struck him down, shouting, "Kill him! kill him!" and then threw him into the mud. But Henry was their chief object in the attack. They pulled him out of bed, tied his hands behind him, and dragged him after them, naked as he was, in the piercing cold. "What are you come here for?" cried they; and as Henry answered meekly, they exclaimed, "Down with him! down with him! if we listen to him we shall become heretics like himself." They had dragged him naked over ice and snow, his feet were bleeding profusely, and he begged to be set on horseback. "A fine thing truly," said they, "for us to furnish horses for heretics! On, on!"—and they continued dragging him behind them till they arrived at the heath. A woman, who stood at the door of the house just as the servant of God was passing, burst into tears. "My good woman," said Henry, "weep not for me." The bailiff pronounced his sentence. Then one of his ferocious escort, with a sword, smote the preacher of Jesus Christ on the head. Another struck him with a club. A monk was ordered to approach, and receive his confession. "My brother," said Henry, "have I done *you* any wrong?" "None," replied the monk. "Then," returned Henry, "I have nothing to confess to you, and you have nothing to forgive." The monk retired in confusion. Many attempts were made to set fire to the pile; but the wood would not catch. For two hours the martyr stood thus in presence of the infuriated peasantry—calm, and lifting his eyes to heaven. While they were binding him, that they might cast him into the flame, he began to confess his faith. "First burn, said a countryman, dealing him a blow

his fist on the mouth; "burn, and after that speak." They threw him on the pile, but he rolled down on one side. John Holme, seizing a club, struck him upon the breast, and laid him dead upon the burning coals. "Such is the true story of the sufferings of that holy martyr, Henry Zuphten."

Whilst the Romanists were, on all sides, unsheathing the sword against the Reformation, the work itself was passing through new stages of development. Not to Zurich—nor Geneva, but to Wittemberg, the focus of Luther's revival, must we go to find the beginnings of that Reformed Church, of which Calvin ranks as the most distinguished doctor. There was a time when these two great families of believers slept in the same cradle. Concord ought to have crowned their matured age; but when once the question of the Supper was raised, Luther threw away the proper element of the Reformation, and took his stand for himself and his church in an exclusive Lutheranism. The mortification he experienced from this rival teaching was shown in his loss of much of that kindness of manner which was so natural to him, and communicated in its stead a mistrust, an habitual dissatisfaction, and an irritability which he had never before manifested.

It was between the two early friends—the two champions who, at Leipsic, had fought side by side against Rome,—between Carlstadt and Luther that the controversy broke forth. Their attachment to contrary views was the result, with each of them, of a turn of mind that has its value. Indeed, there are two extremes in religious views; the one tends to materialize all things; the other to spiritualize every thing. The former characterized Rome; the latter is seen in the Mystics. Religion resembles man himself in this—namely, that it consists of a body and a soul; pure idealists, equally with materialists in questions of religion, as of philosophy—both err.

This was the great question which lay hid in the dispute concerning the supper. Whilst a superficial observer sees in it nothing but a paltry strife about words, a deeper observation discerns in it one of the most important controversies that can engage the mind of man.

Here the Reformers diverge, and form two camps; but each camp carries away a portion of the truth. Luther, with his adherents, think they are resisting an exaggerated spiritualism. Carlstadt, and those of the reformed opinion, believe they are opposing a detestable materialism. Each turns against the error which, to his mind, seems most noxious, and in assailing it, goes—it may be—beyond the truth. But this being admitted, it is still true that both are right in the prevailing turn of their thoughts, and though ranking in different hosts, the two great teachers are nevertheless found under the same standard—that of Jesus Christ, who alone is TRUTH in the full import of that word.

Carlstadt was of opinion that nothing could be more prejudicial to genuine piety than to lean upon outward observances, and a sort of mysterious efficacy in the sacraments. "The outward participation in the Supper brings Salvation," had been the language of Rome; and that doctrine had sufficed to materialize religion. Carlstadt saw no better course for again exalting its spiritual character than to deny all presence of Christ's body; and he taught that the Supper was simply a pledge to believers of their redemption.

As to Luther, he now took an exactly opposite direction. He had at first contended for the sense we have endeavoured to open. In his tract on the Mass, published in 1520, he thus expressed himself:—"I can every day enjoy the advantages of the Sacraments, if I do but call to mind the word and promise of Christ, and with them feed and strengthen my faith." Neither Carlstadt, nor Zwingle, nor Calvin have said any thing more strong than this. It appears, indeed, that at that period the thought would often occur to him, that a symbolical explanation of the Supper would be the mightiest engine to overturn the Papal system; for, in 1525, we find him saying that five years before, he had gone through much trial of mind on account of this doctrine; and that any one who could then have proved to him that there is only the bread and wine in the Supper would have done him the greatest service.

But new circumstances arose, and threw him into a position in which he was led to oppose, and sometimes with much heat, opinions to which he had made so near an approach. The fanaticism of the Anabaptists may account for the turn which Luther then took. These enthusiasts were not content with disparaging what they termed the outward Word—that is, the Bible, and setting up a claim to special communications of the Holy Spirit, they went so far as to despise the Sacrament of the Supper as an external act, and to speak of the inward as the only true communion. From that time, in every attempt to exhibit the symbolical import of the Supper, Luther saw only the danger of weakening the authority of the Scriptures, and of admitting, instead of their true meaning, mere arbitrary allegories spiritualizing all religion, and making it consist, not in the gifts of God, but in man's impressions; and by this means, substituting, in place of genuine Christianity, a mystic doctrine, or theosophy, or fanaticism which would be sure to be its grave. It must be confessed, that, but for the energetic resistance of Luther, this tendency to mysticism (enthusiastic and subjective in its character) might have rapidly extended itself, and turned back the tide of blessings which the Reformation was to pour upon the world.

Carlstadt, impatient at finding himself hindered from opening his views without reserve in Wittemberg; and having no rest in his spirit, from his desire to combat a system which, in his view, "lowered the value of Christ's death, and set aside his righteousness," resolved "to give a public testimony for the advantage of poor deluded Christians"

He left Wittemberg, in the beginning of the year 1524, without previous intimation of his intention to the university or the chapter, and repaired to the small town of Orlamund, the church of which was placed under his superintendance. Dismissing the vicar, he procured himself to be appointed its pastor, and in opposition to the wishes of the chapter of the university, and of the Elector, established himself in his new office.

He soon began to disseminate his doctrines: "It is not possible," said he, "to name any advantage derived from the *real presence*, which does not already flow from faith—it is, therefore, useless." To explain Christ's words in the institution of the Supper, he resorted to an interpretation which is not received in the Reformed churches. Luther, during the discussion at Leipsic, had explained the words "*Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church*"—separating the two propositions, and applying the latter to the person of the Saviour. "Just so," said Carlstadt, "'*take eat*' was spoken in reference to the bread; but '*this is my body*' is to be understood of Jesus Christ, who then pointed to himself,—and intimated by the symbol of the broken bread, that that body was about to be broken."

Carlstadt did not stop there. Scarce had he emancipated himself from Luther's oversight, when he felt his zeal revive against the use of images. His bold addresses and enthusiastic appeals were but too likely to madden the minds of men in these agitated times. The people, thinking they heard a second Elijah, proceeded to throw down the idols of Baal. The excitement soon spread to the neighbouring villages. The Elector interfered; but the peasants answered that it was right to obey God rather than men. On this, the Prince decided to despatch Luther to Orlamund, to restore tranquillity. Luther looked upon Carlstadt as a man urged on by a love of notoriety; a fanatic who would even go the length of raising war against Christ himself. Perhaps Frederic might have made a wiser choice. Luther, however, set forth; and Carlstadt saw his troublesome rival once more appear in order to baffle his projects of reform and arrest his impetuosity.

Jena lay in the road to Orlamund. Arriving in that town, on the 23d August, Luther ascended the pulpit on the 24th, at seven in the morning. He preached an hour and a half to a numerous auditory against fanatics, rebels, the breakers of images, and the despisers of the real presence, protesting with vehemence against the innovations at Orlamund. He did not refer to Carlstadt by name, but every one understood whom he had in his eye.

Either by accident or design, Carlstadt was then at Jena, and among the crowd of Luther's hearers. He lost no time in calling the preacher to account. Luther was at dinner with the prior of Wittemberg, the burgomaster, the secretary, the pastor of Jena, and several officers in the service of the Emperor and of the Margrave, when a letter was handed to him from Carlstadt, requesting an interview. He passed it to those near him, and returned a message by the bearer: "If Doctor Carlstadt wishes to see me, let him come in;—if not, I have no wish to see him." Carlstadt entered. His appearance produced a lively sensation in the whole assembly. The majority, eager to see the two lions encounter one another, suspended their repast, and were all eyes, while the more timid turned pale with apprehension.

Carlstadt, at Luther's invitation, took a seat opposite to him, and then said, "Doctor, you have in your sermon of this day classed me with those who inculcate revolt and assassination. I declare that such a charge is false."

LUTHER.—"I did not name you; but since the cap fits, you may wear it."

A momentary pause ensued.—Carlstadt resumed: "I am prepared to show that in the doctrine of the sacrament you have contradicted yourself, and that from the days of the apostles no one has preached that doctrine so purely as I have done."

LUTHER.—"Write then—establish your point."

CARLSTADT.—"I offer you a public discussion at Wittemberg or at Erfurth, if you promise me a safe-conduct."

LUTHER.—"Never fear, Doctor!"

CARLSTADT.—"You bind me hand and foot, and when you have deprived me of the power to defend myself you strike.'

Silence ensued.—Luther resumed:

"Write against me—but openly—and not in secret."

CARLSTADT.—"If I were but assured you were in earnest in what you say, I would so do."

LUTHER.—"Set about it;—here—take this florin."

CARLSTADT.—"Where is it? I accept the challenge."

At these words, Luther thrust his hands in his pocket, and producing a gold florin, said, as he gave it to Carlstadt, "Take it, and attack me like a man."

Carlstadt, holding the gold florin in his hand, and turning to the assembly, said, "Dear brethren, this is to me *arabo*, a pledge that I have authority to write against Luther; I call you all to witness this."

Then bending the florin, that he might know it again, he put it into his purse, and held out his hand to Luther. The latter pledged him. Carlstadt returned his civility. "The more vigorous your attacks, the better I shall like them," resumed Luther.

"If I fail," answered Carlstadt, "the fault will be mine."

They once more shook each other by the hand, and Carlstadt returned to his lodging.

Thus, says an historian, as from a single spark a fire often originates which consumes in its progress the vast forest, so, from this

small beginning, a great division in the Church took its rise.*

Luther set forward for Orlamund, and arrived there but indifferently prepared by the scene at Jena. He assembled the council and the Church, and said, "Neither the Elector nor the University will acknowledge Carlstadt as your pastor."—"If Carlstadt is not our pastor," replied the treasurer of the town-council, "why then, St. Paul is a false teacher, and your writings are mere falsehood,—for *we* have chosen him."†

As he said this, Carlstadt entered the room. Some of those who happened to be next to Luther, made signs to him to be seated, but Carlstadt, going straight up to Luther, said, "Dear Doctor, if you will allow me, I will give you induction."

LUTHER.—"You are my antagonist. I have fixed you by the pledge of a florin."

CARLSTADT.—"I will be your antagonist so long as you are opposed to God and his truth."

LUTHER.—"Leave the room; I cannot allow of your being present."

CARLSTADT.—"This is an open meeting,—if your cause is good, why fear me?"

LUTHER, to his attendant:—"Go, put the horses to: I have nothing to say here to Carlstadt; and since he will not leave, I shall go." Luther rose from his seat, upon which Carlstadt withdrew.

After a moment's silence, Luther resumed: "Only prove from the Scripture that it is our duty to destroy images."

ONE OF THE TOWN COUNCIL.—"Doctor, you will allow, I suppose, that Moses was acquainted with God's commandments." This said, he opened his Bible. "Well, here are his words,—'*Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor any like ness*,'" &c.

LUTHER.—"The passage refers only to images for idolatrous worship. If I hang up, in my chamber, a crucifix, and do not worship it; what harm can it do me?"

A SHOEMAKER.—"I have often touched my hat before an image which was in my room, or on my mantelpiece. It is an act of idolatry which robs God of the glory due to Him alone."

LUTHER.—"Would you think it necessary, then, because they are abused, to put your women to death, and pour your wine into the gutter?"

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.—"No: they are God's creatures, which we are not commanded to destroy."

The conference had lasted some time. Luther and his attendant returned to their carriage, astonished at the scene they had witnessed, and having failed to convince the inhabitants, who claimed for themselves the right of interpreting and freely expounding the Scripture. Agitation reigned in Orlamund. The people insulted Luther; and some even called after him,—"Begone! in the name of all the devils; and may you break your neck before you are out of our town."* Never had the Reformer had to undergo such contemptuous treatment.

He repaired thence to Kale, the pastor of which place had also embraced the views of Carlstadt. He resolved to preach a sermon there; but on entering the pulpit, he found the broken fragments of a crucifix. At first, his emotion overcame him; but recovering himself, he gathered up the pieces into one corner of the pulpit, and delivered a discourse in which he made no allusion to the circumstance. "I determined," said he, speaking of it in after life, "to revenge myself on the devil by this *contempt for him*."

The nearer the Elector's life drew to a close, the more did he appear to dread lest men should go too far in the work of Reformation. He issued orders to deprive Carlstadt of his appointments, and banished him, not

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* Sicut una scintilla sæpe totam sylvam comburit. (M. Adam, Vit. Carlst. p. 83.) Our account is chiefly derived from the *Acts of Reinhard*, pastor of Jena, an eye-witness,—but a friend of Carlstadt,—and taxed with inaccuracy by Luther.

† How remarkable is this incident! On this passage the translator had made a note which he will here insert for the confirmation of those who, though only "two or three" in any one place, are acting in confidence in the sufficiency of "God and the word of his grace," to "build them up."

If the conference had been really carried on in the reverential sense of the presence of the Spirit, (Acts i. 24, Eph. ii. 22,) it might have been asked, and so have come down to us, on what passage in St. Paul these persons grounded their choosing of their pastor.

But would not the recognition of His *presence* have led to the acknowledgment of His "dividing" gifts to the mutually dependent members, (1 Cor. xii. 25; xiv. 31,) "according to His own will?" (1 Cor. xii. 11,) and so have prevented the assertion of a right on their part to elect,—much less to elect to *exclusive* pastorship?

Luther was a brother, and one not meanly gifted for service to the body;—might it not have been expected that Carlstadt, calling to mind Romans xii. and 1 Cor. xiv. 3, 31, would have welcomed the word of Luther in the little church of Orlamund,—and that that word would have been just the very corrective, or rather *complement*, needed by the peculiarity of Carlstadt's teaching,—for as M. D'Aubigné has observed, the turn of mind of *each* had its value.

Instead of this, we find the Great Reformer saying, "The Elector and the University will not acknowledge Carlstadt as your pastor;" and the church of Orlamund replying, "*We* have chosen him;"—the two forms of disobedient *limiting* of the teaching of the Spirit, with which Christians have become so familiar,—and which, in their want of faith, almost all are helping to perpetuate.

See the reflections at the opening of the XIth Book of this history. The heart that is exercised by these things should consider John xiv. 16, 26; xvi. 7; xvii. 21; Acts v. 3; Rom. viii. 9; 1 Cor. vi. 2; xiv. 37; Eph. iv. 16; 1 Th. iv. 18; v. 11; Heb. iii. 13.

* Two of the most distinguished living historians of Germany add, that Luther was pelted by the inhabitants; but Luther tells us the contrary —"Dass ich nit mit Steinen und Dreck ausgeworffen ward." (L. Epp. ii. p. 579.)

only from Orlamund, but from the states of the Electorate. It was in vain that the church of Orlamund interceded in his behalf,—in vain did they petition that he might be permitted to reside among them as a private citizen, with leave occasionally to preach,—in vain did they represent that the word of God was dearer to them than the whole world, or even a thousand worlds. Frederic was deaf to their entreaties, and he even went the length of refusing the unhappy Carlstadt the funds necessarily required for his journey. Luther had nothing to do with this sternness on the part of the prince: it was foreign to his disposition,—and this he afterwards proved. But Carlstadt looked at him as the author of his disgrace, and filled Germany with his complaints and lamentations. He wrote a farewell letter to his friends at Orlamund. The bells were tolled, and the letter read in presence of the sorrowing church. It was signed—"Andrew Bodenstein, expelled by Luther, unconvicted, and without even a hearing."

It is impossible not to feel a pain at contemplating these two men, once friends, and both worthy of our esteem, thus angrily opposed. Sadness took possession of the souls of the disciples of the Reformation. What would be the end of it, when thus its bravest defenders turned one against another? Luther could discern these fears, and endeavoured to allay them. "Let us contend," said he, "as those who fight for another. It is God's cause: the *care* of it belongs to God,—the work, the victory, and the glory, all are His. He will fight for it, and prevail, though we should stand still. Whatever He decrees should fall, let it fall,—whatever He wills should stand, let that stand. It is no cause of our own that is at stake; and we seek not our own glory."

Carlstadt sought refuge at Strasburg, where he published several writings. "He was well acquainted," says Doctor Scheur, "with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew;" and Luther acknowledged him to be his superior in learning. Endowed with great powers of mind, he sacrificed to his convictions fame, station, country, and even his bread. At a later period of his life he visited Switzerland. There, it might seem, he ought to have commenced his teaching. The independence of his spirit needed the free air breathed by the Œcolampadiuses and Zwingles. His instructions soon attracted an attention nearly equal to that which had been excited by the earliest theses put forth by Luther. Switzerland seemed almost gained over to his doctrine. Bucer and Capito also appeared to adopt his views.

Then it was that Luther's indignation rose to its height; and he put forth one of the most powerful but also most outrageous of his controversial writings,—his book "*Against the Celestial Prophets.*"

Thus the Reformation, hunted down by the Pope, the Emperor, and the Princes, began to tear its own vitals. It seemed to be sinking under accumulated evils; and surely it would have been lost if it had been a work of man. But soon, from the very brink of ruin it rose again in renewed energy.

The Catholic League of Ratisbon, and the persecutions that followed close upon it, created a powerful popular re-action. The Germans were not disposed to surrender that word of God of which they had recovered possession; and when orders to that effect came to them from Charles V., though backed by papal bulls and the fagots of Ferdinand, and other Catholic princes, they returned for an answer,—"We will not give it up."

No sooner had the members of the League taken their departure from Ratisbon, when the deputies of the towns whose bishops had taken part in that alliance, surprised and indignant, assembled at Spires, and passed a law, that, notwithstanding the episcopal prohibitions, their preachers should confine themselves to the proclamation of the gospel, and the Gospel only, according to the doctrine of the apostles and prophets. They proceeded to prepare a report, couched in firm and consistent terms, to be presented to the assembly of their nation.

The Emperor's letter, dated from Burgos, came unseasonably to disturb their plans. Nevertheless, toward the close of that year, the deputies of the towns and many nobles assembling at Ulm, bound themselves by solemn oath to assist one another, in case of an attack.

Thus the free cities opposed to the camp that had been formed by Austria, Bavaria, and the bishops, another, in which the standard of the Gospel and of the national liberties was unfurled.

Whilst the cities were placing themselves in the van of the Reformation, several princes were, about the same time, gained over to its ranks. In the beginning of June, 1524, Melancthon was returning, on horseback, from a visit to his mother, in company with Camerarius and some other friends, when, approaching Frankfort, he met a brilliant retinue;—it was Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, who, three years previously, had visited Luther at Worms, and was now on his way to the games of Heidelberg, where most of the princes of Germany were expected to be present.

Thus did Providence bring Philip successively in contact with the two leading Reformers. It was known that the celebrated Doctor was gone on a journey to his birth place. One of the horsemen who accompanied the Landgrave remarked,—"It is Melancthon, I think." Immediately the young Prince put spurs to his horse, and coming up with the Doctor, inquired,—"Is your name Philip?" "It is," replied he, drawing back timidly, and preparing respectfully to alight. "Keep your saddle," said the Prince, "turn your horse's head, and come stay one night with me; there are some things I want to speak with you about

Fear nothing." "What can I fear from a prince like yourself!" rejoined the Doctor. "Ah, ah!" said the Landgrave, laughing, "if I were only to carry you off, and hand you over to Campeggio, he would not be a little pleased, I suspect." The two Philips rode onward, side by side,—the Prince asking questions and the Doctor answering; and the Landgrave delighted with the clear and impressive views that were opened before him. At length, Melancthon entreating him to permit him to continue his journey, Philip reluctantly parted with him. "On one condition," said he, "and that is, that, on your return home, you should treat fully the questions we have discussed, and send me your thoughts in writing." Melancthon promised. "Go, then," said Philip, "and pass freely through my states."

Melancthon, with his accustomed talent, prepared an *Abridgment of the Reformed Doctrine of Christianity;* and this tract, remarkable for its conciseness and force of argument, made a decided impression upon the mind of the Landgrave. Shortly after his return from the Heidelberg games, this Prince issued an edict, in which, without connecting himself with the free towns, he opposed the League of Ratisbon, and directed that the Gospel should be preached in all its purity. He embraced it himself, with the energy that marked his character. "Rather," exclaimed he, "would I sacrifice my body, my life, my estates, and my subjects, than the word of God!" A Franciscan friar, named Ferber, perceiving this inclination of the Prince in favour of the Reformation, wrote him a letter filled with reproaches and entreaties to continue faithful to Rome. "I am resolved," answered Philip, "to be faithful to the ancient doctrine,—but as I find it set forth in the Scriptures:" and he proceeded to prove, with much clearness of statement, that man is justified by faith alone. The monk, confounded, made no reply. The Landgrave was commonly spoken of as "the disciple of Melancthon."

Other Princes followed the same course. The Elector Palatine refused to countenance the slightest persecution; the Duke of Luneburg, nephew of the Elector of Saxony, began the Reformation in his dominions; and the King of Denmark gave orders that, throughout Sleswick and Holstein, every one should be at liberty to worship God according as his conscience dictated.

The Reformation gained a victory yet more important. A Prince, whose conversion to Gospel truth involved consequences most momentous to our own times, now evinced a disposition to withdraw from Rome. One day, towards the end of June, shortly after the return of Melancthon to Wittemuerg, Albert, Margrave of Brandenburg, and Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, entered Luther's apartment. This chief of the monastic knights of Germany, who then governed Prussia, had repaired to the Diet of Nuremburg, to invoke the aid of the Empire against Poland. He returned broken in spirit. On one hand, Osiander's preaching, and the reading of the New Testament, had convinced him that his monk's vow was contrary to the word of God; on the other, the suppression of the national government in Germany had deprived him of all hope of obtaining the assistance which he had come to solicit. What was to be done....? The Saxon councillor, De Planitz, in whose company he had left Nuremberg, proposed to him to seek an interview with the Reformer. "What think you," said the anxious and agitated Prince to Luther, "of the rule of our order?" Luther did not hesitate; he saw that a course of conduct in conformity with the Gospel was, also, the only means of saving Prussia. "Look to God for assistance," said he, to the Grand Master, "and reject the senseless and inconsistent rule of your order; put an end to your detestable hermaphrodite principality, neither religious nor secular; away with mere pretended chastity, and seek that which is the true. Take a wife—and become the founder of a legitimate empire, in the place of that anomalous monster." These words set clearly before the mind of the Grand Master a state of things which he had as yet seen but indistinctly. A smile lighted up his countenance; but he was too prudent to give utterance to his thoughts. Melancthon, who was present, spoke to the same effect as Luther, and the Prince set out to return to his dominions, leaving the Reformers in the confident hope that the seed which they had sown would sink down into his heart, and one day bring forth fruit.

Thus, as we have seen, Charles the Fifth and the Pope had opposed the national assembly at Spires, fearing lest the Word of God should win over all present; but the Word of God was not bound. It was denied a hearing in a hall of a town of the Lower Palatinate. But what then?—it burst forth and spread throughout the provinces, stirring the hearts of the people, enlightening the Princes and developing that Divine power, of which neither Bulls nor Ordinances can ever divest it.

Whilst nations and their rulers were thus coming to the light, the Reformers were endeavouring to remould every thing by the infusion of the true principles of Christianity. Public worship first engaged their attention The moment, anticipated by the Reformer, when returning from the Wartburg, had arrived: "Now," said he, "that hearts have been fortified by Divine Grace, we must put away those things which defile the Lord's kingdom, and attempt to do something in the Name of Jesus." He required that the communion should be taken under both kinds; that the Supper should be cleared of every thing which gave to it the character of a sacrifice; that Christians should never assemble themselves together without having the word of God preached to them; that the flock, or at least the priests and students, should meet every morning at four or five o'clock, to read the Old Testament, and every evening at five or six o'clock, to read the New Testament;

that on Sundays the whole church should meet together, morning and afternoon, and that the great object of the services should be to sound abroad the Word of God.

The church of All Saints, at Wittemberg, especially called forth his indignation. In it, (to quote the words of Seckendorf,) 9,901 masses were annually celebrated, and 35,570 lbs. of wax annually consumed. Luther called it "the sacrilege of Tophet." "There are," said he, "only three or four lazy monks who still worship this shameful Mammon; and if I had not restrained the people, this abode of all Saints, or rather of all Devils, would have been brought down with a crash such as the world has never yet heard."

It was in connection with this church that the conflict began. It resembled those ancient sanctuaries of heathen worship in Egypt, Gaul, and Germany, which were ordained to fall, that Christianity might be established in their place.

Luther, earnestly desiring that the mass should be abolished in this cathedral, addressed to the chapter on the 1st March, 1523, a requisition to that effect, following it up by a second letter dated the 11th July. The canons having pleaded the Elector's orders,—"What, in this case, have we to do with the prince's orders?" remarked Luther: "he is but a secular prince; his business is to bear the sword, and not to interfere in the ministry of the Gospel." Luther here clearly marks the distinction between the State and the Church. "There is," said he again, "but one sacrifice to put away sins,—Christ, who has offered himself *once for all*; and we are partakers thereof, not by any works or sacrifices of ours,—but solely through belief of the word of God."

The Elector, feeling his end approaching, was averse from further change.

But entreaties from other quarters came in aid of those of Luther. "It is high time to act," wrote the cathedral provost, Jonas, to the Elector: "such a shining forth of Gospel truth, as that which we have at this hour, does not ordinarily last longer than a sunbeam. Let us then lose no time."

This letter of Jonas not having changed the Elector's views, Luther became impatient; he judged that the time had come to strike the final blow, and he addressed a letter of menace to the chapter. "I beg of you, as a friend;—I desire and seriously urge it upon you to put an end to this sectarian worship. If you refuse to do so, you shall, God helping, receive the punishment which you will have deserved. I say this for your guidance, and I request an immediate reply—yes, or no—before Sunday next, in order that I may consider what I have to do. God give you grace to follow His light.

MARTIN LUTHER,
"Preacher at Wittemberg."
"*Thursday, Dec. 8th*, 1524."

At this juncture the rector, two burgomasters, and ten councillors, waited upon the Dean, and begged him, in the name of the university, of the council, and of the commune of Wittemberg, "to abolish the great and horrible impiety committed against the majesty of God, in the celebration of mass."

The chapter found it necessary to give way, and declared that, enlightened by the word of God, they acknowledged the abuses which had been denounced, and published a new order of service, which began to be observed on Christmas Day, 1524.

Thus fell the Mass, in this renowned sanctuary, where it had so long held out against the reiterated attacks of the Reformers. The Elector Frederic, suffering from gout, and drawing near his end, could not, by any efforts of his, retard this great triumph of the Reformation. He saw in it the will of God, and submitted to it. The cessation of Romish observances, in the church of All Saints, hastened their abolition in many of the churches of Christendom. In all quarters there was similar resistance, but also the like victory. Vainly did priests, and even princes, in many places, try to interpose obstacles; they could effect nothing.

It was not alone in public worship that the Reformation was ordained to work a change. Education was very early associated with the Reformed Church, and these two institutions, in their power to regenerate mankind, were alike invigorated by its influence. It was in intimate alliance with letters that the Reformation had made its appearance in the world; and, in the hour of its triumph, it did not forget its ally.

Christianity is not a mere expansion of Judaism; its great end is not again to envelope man, as the Papacy seeks to do, in the swaddling bands of outward ordinances and man's teaching. Christianity is a new creation; it takes possession of the inward man, and transforms him in the innermost principles of his nature; so that he needeth not human teaching, but, by God's help, is able, of himself, and by himself, to discern that which is true, and to do that which is right.' Heb. viii. 11.

To bring man to that maturity which Christ has purchased for him, and to emancipate him from the tutelage in which Rome had so long held him bound, the Reformation must needs develope the whole man; and, while by the Word of God it regenerated his heart and will, it enlightened his understanding by the study of sacred and profane literature.

Luther understood this; he felt that to consolidate the Reformation, he must work on the minds of the rising generation, remodel the schools, and propagate throughout Christendom the knowledge necessary for a deep study of the Holy Scriptures. This, therefore, was one of the objects of his life. He was especially impressed with this conviction, at this period of his history, and, accordingly, he addressed a letter to the councillors of all the towns in Germany, urging them to found Christian schools. "Dear sirs," said he, "so much money is annually expended in arquebuses, making roads, and construct-

ing dykes,—how is it that a little is not expended in paying one or two schoolmasters to instruct our poor children? God stands at the door, and knocks; blessed are we if we open to Him! Now-a-days, there is no famine of God's word. My dear countrymen, buy, buy, whilst the market is opened before your dwellings. The Word of God and His grace resembles a shower which falls and passes on. It fell among the Jews; but it passed away, and now they have it no longer. Paul bore it with him to Greece; but there also it is passed, and Mahometanism prevails in its place. It came to Rome and the Latin territories; but from thence it likewise departed, and now Rome has the Pope. O! Germans, think not that you will never have that Word taken away from you. The little value you put upon it will cause it to be withdrawn. Therefore, he who would have it, must lay hold upon and keep it.

"Let our youth be the objects of your care," he continued, addressing the magistrates, "for many parents are like the ostrich, their hearts are hardened against their young, and, satisfied with having laid the egg, they give themselves no further trouble about it. The prosperity of a town does not consist in amassing wealth, erecting walls, building mansions, and the possession of arms. If attacked by a party of madmen, its ruin and devastation would only be the more terrible. The true well-being of a town, its security, its strength, is to number within it many learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens. And who is to blame that there are found, in our days, so few of this stamp, but you, magistrates, who have suffered our youth to grow up like the neglected growth of the forest?"

Luther especially insisted on the necessity for the study of literature and languages: "We are asked," says he, "what is the use of learning Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, when we can read the Bible in German? But, for languages," he replied, "we should never have received the Gospel . . Languages are the scabbard in which the sword of the Spirit is found; they are the casket which holds the jewels; they are the vessels which contain the new wine; they are the baskets in which are kept the loaves and fishes which are to feed the multitude. If we cease to study languages, we shall not only lose the Gospel, but, eventually, we shall be unable either to speak or write in Latin or in German. From the hour we throw them aside, Christianity may date its decline, even to falling again under the dominion of the Pope. But now that languages are once more held in estimation, they diffuse such light that all mankind are astonished—and that every one may see that the Gospel we preach is almost as pure as that of the Apostles themselves. The holy Fathers of other days, made many mistakes by reason of their ignorance of languages; in our time, some, like the Vaudois of Piedmont, do not attach value to the study of them; but though their doctrine may be sound, they often fail of the real meaning of the Sacred Text; they are without a safeguard against error, and I much fear that their faith will not continue pure. If a knowledge of languages had not given me the certainty of the true sense of the Word, I might have been a pious monk, quietly preaching the Truth in the obscurity of the cloister; but I should have left Pope, sophists, and their anti-christian power in the ascendant."

But Luther's attention was not limited to the education of ecclesiastics; he was desirous that learning should no longer be confined to the Church alone; and proposed to extend it to the laity, who had hitherto been debarred from it. He suggested the establishment of libraries, not limited merely to works and commentaries of scholastic divines and Fathers of the Church, but furnished with the productions of orators and poets, even though heathens, as also with books of literature, law, medicine, and history. "Such writings," said he, "are of use to make known the wonderful works of God."

This effort of Luther is one of the most important the Reformation produced. It wrested learning from the hands of the priests, who had monopolized it, like those of Egypt in ancient times,—and rendered it accessible to all. From this impulse, derived from the Reformation, some of the greatest developments of later ages have proceeded. Literary men, and scholars of the laity, who now-a-days decry the Reformation, forget that they are themselves its offspring; and that, but for its influence, they would at this hour be like half-educated children, subject to the tyrannical authority of the clergy The Reformation recognised the intimate connection of all branches of learning, receiving all to learn, and opening all the avenues to learning. "They who despise general literature," said Melancthon, "make no more account of sacred theology. Their affected contempt is but a pretext to conceal their indolence.

The Reformation not only communicated a mighty impulse to literature, but served to elevate the Arts, although Protestantism has often been reproached as their enemy. Many Protestants have willingly taken up and borne this reproach. We will not examine whether or not the Reformation ought to glory in it; but will merely remark, that impartial history does not confirm the premises on which the clergy rests. Let Roman Catholicism pride itself in being more favourable than Protestantism to the arts. Be it so: Paganism was even more so; while Protestantism hath somewhat else to glory in. There are some religions in which the disposition in man to a taste for the fine arts has a place assigned it above that given to his moral nature. Christianity is distinguished from these, by the fact that the moral element is its essence. Christian principle manifests itself, not in productions of the fine arts, but in the fruits of a Christian life. Every sect

that forgets this bearing of Christianity upon morals, forfeits its claim to the name of Christian. Rome has not entirely renounced this essential characteristic, but Protestantism cherishes it in far greater purity. It takes pleasure in deep acquaintance with morals, discriminating religious actions not by their outward appearance and effect upon the imagination, but according to their inherent worth, and their bearing upon the conscience; so that, if the Papacy is strongly marked as an esthetic system, as has been proved by an able writer, Protestantism is equally characterized as a moral system.

Nevertheless, the Reformation, while primarily appealing to the moral sense, addressed the whole man. We have seen how it spoke to his understanding, and what it did for literature: it spoke also to his *sensibility* and *imagination*, and thereby contributed to the development of the Arts. The Church was no longer composed exclusively of priests and friars; it was the assembly of the faithful; all were to take part in the worship; and congregational singing was to take the place of the priests' chanting. Luther, in translating the Psalms, had in view their adaptation to be sung in the churches. Thus a taste for Music was disseminated throughout the nation.

"Next to theology," said Luther, "it is to *Music* that I give the highest place and the greatest honour. A schoolmaster," he added, "ought to know how to sing; without this qualification I would have nothing to do with him."

One day, when some fine music was performing, he exclaimed in transport, "If our Lord God has shed forth such wondrous gifts on this earth, which is no better than a dark nook, what may we not expect in that eternal life in which we shall be perfected!" From the days of Luther, the congregated worshippers have taken part in the singing; the Bible has been the great theme of their songs, and the impulse communicated at that period of the Reformation, has more recently produced those noble Oratorios, which have carried the art to its highest point of attainment.

Poetry participated in the movement. In singing the praises of God, Christians were not willing to restrict themselves to simple renderings of ancient hymns. The souls of Luther and his contemporaries, elevated by faith to the most sublime contemplations, roused to enthusiasm by the dangers and struggles which incessantly threatened the infant Church, inspired by the poetry of the Old and the hope of the New Testament, soon began to pour out their feelings in religious songs, in which poetry and music joined, and blended their most heavenly accents; and thus were heard reviving, in the sixteenth century, the hymns which, in the first century, soothed the sufferings of the martyrs. In 1523, Luther, as we have already said, consecrated it to commemorate the martyrs of Brussels; others of the children of the Reformation followed his example. Many were the hymns composed, and rapidly circulated among the people, and greatly did they contribute to arouse their slumbering minds. It was in this same year Hans Sach composed the "*Nightingale of Wittemberg*." It represented the teaching that had been current in the Church for four centuries as a moonlight time of wandering in the deserts. But the nightingale proclaimed the dawn, and soaring above the morning mist, sang the praise of day.

Whilst lyric poesy was thus deriving from the Reformation its loftiest inspiration, satirical verses and dramas, from the pen of Hütten, Murner, and Manuel, were attacking the most flagrant corruptions.

It is to the Reformation that the great poets of England, Germany, and perhaps of France, are indebted for the highest flights of their muse.

Painting was, of all the arts, the least affected by the Reformation. This, nevertheless, was renovated, and, as it were, hallowed by that universal movement which was then communicated to all the powers of man. The great master of that age, Lucas Cranach, settled at Wittemberg, and became the painter of the Reformation. We have seen how he represented the points of contrast between Christ and Antichrist, (the Pope,) and was thus among the most influential instruments in that change by which the nation was transformed. As soon as he had received new convictions, he devoted his chastened pencil solely to paintings in harmony with the thoughts of a Christian, and gave to groups of children, represented as blessed by the Saviour, that peculiar grace with which he had previously invested legendary saints.

Albert Durer was one of those who were attracted by the Word of Truth, and from that time a new impulse was given to his genius. His master-pieces were produced subsequently to conversion. It might have been discerned, from the style in which he thenceforward depicted the Evangelists and Apostles, that the Bible had been restored to the people, and that the painter derived thence a depth, power, life, and dignity, which he never would have found within himself.

It must, however, be admitted, that, of all the arts, Painting is that one whose influence upon religion is most open to well-founded and strong objection. We see it continually connected with grievous immorality or pernicious error; and those who have studied history, or visited Italy, will look for nothing in this art of benefit to human-kind. Our general remark holds good, however, notwithstanding this exception.

Thus every thing progressed, arts, literature, purity of worship—and the minds of prince and people. But this glorious harmony, which the Gospel, in its revival, everywhere produced, was on the eve of being disturbed. The melody of the Wittemberg Nightingale was broken in upon by the howling of the tempest and the roaring of lions. In a moment a cloud overspread Germany, and a brilliant day was succeeded by a night of profound darkness.

A political ferment, very different from that which the Gospel brings with it, had long been secretly working in the Empire. Sinking under secular and ecclesiastical oppression, and, in some of the states, forming part of the seigneurial property and liable to sale with it, the people began to threaten to rise in insurrection, and burst their fetters. This spirit of resistance had shown itself long before the Reformation, by various symptoms; and even at that time a feeling of religion had mingled with the political elements of resistance. It was impossible, in the sixteenth century, to keep asunder two principles so intimately associated with the existence of nations. In Holland, at the close of the preceding century, the peasantry had made an insurrection, representing on their banners a loaf of bread and a cheese, the two staple articles of their poor country. The "*alliance of the shoes*," showed itself first in the neighbourhood of Spires, in 1503; and in 1513, being encouraged by the priests, it was re-acted at Brisgau. In 1514, Wurtemburg was the scene of "the league of poor Conrad," which had for its object to sustain, by the revolt, "the right of God." In 1515, Carinthia and Hungary had been the theatre of terrible commotions. These seditious movements had been arrested by torrents of blood; but no relief had been afforded to the people. A political reform was, therefore, not less evidently needed than religious reform. In this the people were right; but it must be admitted, that they were not ripe for its enjoyment.

Since the commencement of the Reformation these popular ferments had not been repeated; men's minds were absorbed with other thoughts. Luther, whose penetrating eye had discerned the condition of the people's minds, had, from his tower in the Wartburg, addressed to them some serious exhortations, of a nature to pacify their agitated feelings:—

"Rebellion," he observed, "never obtains for us the benefit we seek, and God condemns it. What is rebellion? is it not to revenge oneself? The devil tries hard to stir up to rebellion such as embrace the Gospel, that it may be covered with reproach; but they who have rightly received the truths I have preached, will not be found in rebellion."

The aspect of things gave cause to fear that the popular ferment could not be much longer restrained. The government which Frederic of Saxony had taken pains to form, and which possessed the nation's confidence, was broken up. The Emperor, whose energy would perhaps have supplied the place of the influence of the national administration, was absent; the princes, whose union had always constituted the strength of Germany, were at variance; and the new manifestos of Charles the Fifth against Luther, by excluding all hope of a future reconciliation, deprived the Reformer of much of the moral influence, by which, in 1522, he had succeeded in calming the tempest. The barrier, which had hitherto withstood the torrent, being swept away, its fury could no longer be restrained.

The religious movement did not give birth to the political agitation; but in some quarters it was drawn into, and went along with its swelling tide. We might perhaps, go farther, and acknowledge that the movement which the Reformation communicated to the popular mind, added strength to the discontent which was everywhere fermenting. The vehemence of Luther's writings, his bold words and actions, and the stern truth he spake, not only to the Pope and the prelates, but even to the nobles, must needs have contributed to inflame minds that were already in a state of considerable excitement. Thus Erasmus failed not to remind him, "We are now gathering the fruits of your teaching." Moreover, the animating truths of the Gospel, now fully brought to light, stirred all bosoms, and filled them with hopeful anticipations. But there were many unrenewed hearts which were not prepared by a change of thought for the faith and liberty of a Christian. They were quite willing to cast off the yoke of Rome, but they had no desire to take upon them the yoke of Christ. Thus, when the Princes who espoused the cause of Rome endeavoured, in their anger, to crush the Reformation, those who were really Christians were enabled patiently to endure those cruel persecutions; while the majority were roused to resistance, and broke forth in tumults; and, finding their desires opposed in one direction, they sought vent for them in another. "Why is it," said they, "when the Church invites all men to a glorious liberty, that servitude is perpetuated in the state? When the Gospel inculcates nothing but gentleness, why should Governments rule only by force?" Unhappily, at the very period when a reformation of religion was hailed with joy, alike by nobles and people, a political reformation, on the contrary, encountered the opposition of the most powerful of the nation. And whilst the former had the Gospel for its rule and basis, the latter had ere long no principles or motives but violence and insubjection. Hence, while the one was kept within the bounds of truth, the other rapidly overpassed all bounds, like an impetuous torrent bursting its banks. But to deny that the Reformation exerted an indirect influence on the commotions which then disturbed the Empire, would subject the historian to the charge of partiality. A fire had been lighted up in Germany by religious discussions, from which it was scarcely possible but that some sparks should escape which were likely to inflame the popular minds.

The pretensions of a handful of fanatics to Divine inspiration added to the danger Whilst the Reformation constantly appealed from the authority claimed by the Church to the real authority of the Sacred Word, those enthusiasts rejected, not only the authority of the Church, but that of Scripture also they began to speak only of an inward Word, an internal revelation from God; and, unmindful of the natural corruption of their hearts, they abandoned themselves to the

intoxication of spiritual pride, and imagined themselves to be saints.

"The Sacred Writings," said Luther, "were treated by them as a dead letter, and their cry was, 'The Spirit! the Spirit!' But assuredly, I, for one, will not follow whither their spirit is leading them! May God, in His mercy, preserve me from a Church in which there are only such saints. I wish to be in fellowship with the humble, the weak, the sick, who know and feel their sin, and sigh and cry continually to God from the bottom of their hearts to obtain comfort and deliverance." These words of Luther have a depth of meaning, and indicate the change which his views were undergoing as to the nature of the Church. They at the same time show how opposed the religious principles of the rebels were to the religious principles of the Reformation.

The most noted of these enthusiasts was Thomas Münzer: he was not without talent, had read his Bible, was of a zealous temperament, and might have done good if he had been able to gather up his agitated thoughts, and attain to settled peace of conscience. But with little knowledge of his own heart, and wanting in true humility, he was taken up with the desire of reforming the world, and, like the generality of enthusiasts, forgot that it was with himself he should begin. Certain mystical writings which he had read in his youth, had given a false direction to his thoughts. He made his first appearance in public at Zwickau; quitted Wittemberg on Luther's return thither, not satisfied to hold a secondary place in the general esteem, and became pastor of the small town of Alstadt, in Thuringia. Here he could not long remain quiet, but publicly charged the Reformers with establishing by their adherence to the written Word, a species of Popery, and with forming churches which were not pure and holy.

"Luther," said he, "has liberated men's consciences from the Papal yoke; but he has left them in a carnal liberty, and has not led them forward in spirit towards God."

He considered himself as called of God to remedy this great evil. The revelations of the *Spirit*, according to him, were the means by which the Reformation he was charged with should be effected. "He who hath the Spirit," said he, "hath true faith, although he should never once in all his life see the Holy Scriptures. The heathen and the Turks are better prepared to receive the Spirit than many of those Christians who call us enthusiasts." This remark was directed against Luther. "In order to receive the Spirit," continued he, "we must mortify the flesh; wear sackcloth; neglect the body; be of a sad countenance; keep silence; forsake the haunts of men; and implore God to vouchsafe to us an assurance of his favour. Then it is that God will come unto us, and talk with us, as he did of old with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. If He were not to do so, he would not deserve our regard.* I have received from God the commission to gather together His elect in a holy and eternal union."

The agitation and ferment which were working in men's minds were not a little favourable to the spread of these enthusiastic ideas. Men love the marvellous and whatever flatters their pride. Münzer, having inoculated with his own views a portion of his flock, abolished the practice of chanting and all the other ceremonies annexed to public worship. He maintained that to obey princes "devoid of understanding," was to serve, at one and the same time, God and Belial; and then setting off at the head of his parishioners to a chapel in the neighbourhood of Alstadt, to which pilgrims were accustomed to resort from all quarters, he totally demolished it. After this exploit, being obliged to leave the country, he wandered from place to place in Germany, and came as far as Switzerland, everywhere carrying with him, and communicating to all who gave ear to him, the project of a general revolution. Wherever he went he found men's minds prepared. His words were like gunpowder cast upon burning coals, and a violent explosion quickly ensued.

Luther, who had rejected the warlike enterprises of Sickingen,† could not be led away by the tumultuous movements of the peasantry. Happily for social order, the *Gospel* kept him from falling into this error; for what would have been the consequences, had he cast his extensive influence into the scale? . . . He resolutely maintained the distinction between spiritual and secular matters; constantly affirming that it was to immortal souls that Christ gave liberty by His word; and while, on the one hand, he impugned the authority of the Church, he, on the other, with equal courage, stood up for the power of rulers. "A Christian," said he, "ought to suffer a hundred deaths rather than be mixed up in the least degree with the revolted peasantry." He wrote to the Elector: "It gives me indescribable satisfaction that these enthusiasts themselves boast, to all who will give ear to them, that they do not belong to us. 'It is,' say they, 'the Spirit which impels us;' to which I reply, 'that it must be an evil spirit, that bears no other fruits than the pillage of convents and churches;' the greatest robbers on this earth might easily do as much as that."

At the same time, Luther, who desired for others the liberty that he claimed for himself, was dissuading the Prince from resorting to severe measures. "Let them preach what they will, and against whom they please," said he, "for it is the Word of God alone which must go forth and give them battle.

* The expression used by Münzer is low and irreverent: Er wollt in Gott scheissen wenn er nicht mit ihm redet, wie mit Abraham. (Hist. of Münzer, by Melancthon.)

† Book I. p. 35.

.f the spirit *in them* be the true Spirit, any severities of ours will be unavailing; but if our Spirit be the true, He will not fear their violence! Let us leave the Spirits to struggle and contend. A few, perhaps, may be seduced. In every battle there are some wounded; but he who is faithful in the fight shall receive the crown. Nevertheless, if they have recourse to the sword, let your Highness prohibit it, and command them to quit your dominions."

The insurrection commenced in the districts of the Black Forest, near the sources of the Danube, a country that had been often the theatre of popular commotions. On the 19th July, 1524, the Thurgovian peasantry rose against the Abbot of Reichenau, who had refused to appoint over them an evangelical preacher. Shortly after this, several thousand of them collected round the small town of Tenger,—their object being to liberate an ecclesiastic who was there imprisoned. The insurrection spread, with inconceivable rapidity, from Suabia as far as the Rhenish provinces, Franconia, Thuringia, and Saxony. In January, 1525, all these countries were in a state of open insurrection.

Towards the close of that month, the peasantry put forth a declaration in twelve articles, wherein they claimed the liberty of choosing their own pastors, the abolition of small tithes, servitude, and the taxes on inheritance; the right to hunt, fish, cut wood, &c. Each demand was backed by a passage from the Bible: and they concluded with the words,—"If we are wrong, let Luther set us right by the Scriptures."

They requested to have the opinion of the divines of Wittemberg. Melancthon and Luther each gave his judgment separately; and the decision of each reminds us of the difference that marked their characters. Melancthon, who regarded any disturbance as a serious crime, overstepped the limits of his habitual mildness, and seemed to labour to express the strength of his indignation. According to him, the peasantry were public criminals, on whom he invoked all laws,—divine and human. If amicable communications should fail of effect, he would have the magistrates to pursue them, as they would robbers and assassins. "Nevertheless," adds he,—(and some one feature, at least, we need to find, that shall remind us of Melancthon,)—"think of the *orphans* before you have recourse to capital punishment!"

Luther took the same view of the revolt as Melancthon; but he had a heart which deeply felt for the miseries of the people. He manifested, on this occasion, a noble impartiality, and frankly spoke truth to both parties. He first addressed the princes,—and more particularly the bishops:—

"It is you," said he, "who have caused the revolt; it is your declamations against the Gospel, it is your guilty oppression of the poor of the flock,—which have driven the people to despair. My dear Lords, it is not the peasants who have risen against you,—it is God himself who is opposing your madness. The peasants are but instruments he is employing to humble you. Think not you can escape the punishment reserved for you. Even though you should succeed in exterminating all the peasantry, God could from these stones raise up others to chastise your pride. If I were bent on avenging my own wrongs, I might laugh in my sleeve,—and quietly look on, while the peasantry were acting,—or even inflame their rage,—but the Lord keep me from it! My dear Lords, for the love of God! calm your irritation;—grant reasonable conditions to these poor people, as frenzied and misled persons;—appease these commotions by gentle methods, lest they give birth to a conflagration which shall set all Germany in a flame. Some of their twelve articles contain just and reasonable demands."

Such an exordium was calculated to gain for Luther the confidence of the peasantry, and to induce them to listen to the truths which he was about to press upon them. After admitting that some of their demands were founded in justice, he declared that rebellion was the act of heathens: that Christians were called to suffer, not to fight: that if they persisted in their revolt in the name of the Gospel, but contrary to the very precepts of the Gospel, he should consider them as worse enemies than the Pope. "The Pope and the Emperor," continued he, "combined against me; but the more the Emperor and the Pope stormed, the more did the Gospel make its way. Why was this? Because I neither took up the sword, nor called for vengeance, nor had recourse to tumult or revolt; I committed all to God,—and waited for him to interpose by his mighty power. The Christian conflict is not to be carried on by sword or arquebuss, but by endurance and the cross. Christ, their Captain, would not have his servants smite with the sword,—he was hanged upon a tree."

But in vain did Luther inculcate these Christian precepts. The people, under the influence of the inflammatory harangues of the leaders of the revolt, were deaf to the words of the Reformer. "He is playing the hypocrite," said they, "and flatters the nobles:—he has himself made war against the Pope, and yet expects that we should submit to our oppressors."

Instead of subsiding, the insurrection grew more formidable. At Weinsberg, Count Louis of Helfenstein, and the seventy men under his command, were doomed to death. A body of peasantry drew up in close ranks, with advanced pikes, whilst others drove the Count and his retainers against the points of this forest of weapons. The wife of the ill-fated Helfenstein, a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, holding her infant in her arms, implored them, on bended knees, to spare the life of her husband, and vainly endeavoured to avert this barbarous murder. A lad who had served under the Count, and had afterwards joined the rebels, gamboled

in mockery before him, and played the dead march upon his fife, as if he had been leading his victims in a dance. All perished; the infant was wounded in its mother's arms, and she herself thrown upon a dung-cart, and thus conveyed to Heilbronn.

At the news of these atrocities, a cry of horror was uttered by the friends of the Reformation, and Luther's feeling heart was violently agitated. On one hand, the peasantry, ridiculing his counsel, asserted that they had a revelation from Heaven,—impiously perverted the threatnings contained in the Old Testament,—proclaimed an equality of conditions, and a community of goods,—defended their cause with fire and sword, and rioted in barbarous executions. On the other hand, the enemies of the Reformation, with malicious sneer, inquired if the Reformer did not know that it was easier to kindle a fire than to extinguish it. Indignant at these excesses, and alarmed at the thought that they might check the progress of the Gospel, Luther no longer hesitated; he laid aside his former forbearance, and denounced the rebels with all the energy of his character, overpassing, perhaps, the just bounds within which he should have contained himself.

"The peasantry," said he, "are guilty of three horrible crimes against God and men; and thus deserve both the death of the body and that of the soul. In the first place, they rebel against their rulers, to whom they have sworn allegiance; next, they rob and plunder convents and castles; and, to crown all, they cloak their crimes under the profession of the Gospel! If you neglect to shoot a mad dog, yourself and all your neighbours will perish. He who dies in the cause of the magistrates will be a true martyr, provided he fight with a good conscience."

Luther then proceeds to comment severely upon the guilty violence of the peasantry, in compelling simple and peaceable men to join their ranks, and thus bringing them into the same condemnation. He then proceeds: "On this account, my dear Lords, I conjure you to interpose for the deliverance of these poor people. I say to him who can bear arms, strike, and kill. If thou shouldst fall, thou canst not have a more blessed end; for thou meetest death in the service of God, and to save thy neighbour from hell.'

Neither gentle nor violent measures could arrest the popular torrent. The church bells were rung no longer for divine worship. Whenever their deep and prolonged sounds were heard in country places, it was known as the tocsin, and all flew to arms.

The people of the Black Forest had enrolled themselves under John Muller of Bulgenbach. With an imposing aspect, wrapped in a red cloak, and wearing a red cap, this chief daringly proceeded from village to village, followed by his peasantry. Behind him, on a wagon, decorated with boughs and ribands, was exhibited a tri-coloured flag, black, red, and white,—the standard of revolt. A herald, similarly decorated, read aloud the twelve articles, and invited the people to join in the insurrection. Whoever refused to do so, was banished from the community.

Their progress, which at first was pacific, became more and more alarming. "We must," they exclaimed, "compel the lords of the soil to submit to our conditions"—and by way of bringing them to compliance they proceeded to break open the granaries, empty the cellars, draw the fish-ponds, demolish the castles of the nobles, and set fire to the convents. Opposition had inflamed to frenzy these misguided men: Equality could no longer satisfy them;—they thirsted for blood; and swore to make every man who wore a spur bite the dust.

At the approach of the peasantry, those towns which were incapable of withstanding a siege opened their gates, and made common cause with them. In every place they entered, the images of the saints were defaced—the crucifixes broken to pieces,—while women, armed with weapons, passed through the streets threatening the lives of the monks. Beaten and repulsed in one place, they reassembled in another, and braved the most formidable regular troops.

A committee chosen by the peasants stationed themselves at Heilbrun. The Counts of Lowenstein were captured, stript, and clothed in common blouse, a white staff was placed in their hands, and they were compelled to swear adhesion to the twelve articles. "*Brother* George, and you, brother Albert," said a brazier to the Counts of Hohenlohe, who visited their camp, "swear to us to act the part of brothers—for yourselves are now peasants and no longer lords." Equality of ranks, that dream of democrats, was established in aristocratic Germany.

Many persons of the upper classes, some from fear, and some from motives of ambition, joined the insurrection. The celebrated Gotz of Berlichingen finding himself unable to maintain his authority over his vassals prepared to seek a refuge in the states of the Elector of Saxony, but his wife, who was then in child-bed, wishing to keep him at home, concealed from him the Elector's letter. Gotz, hemmed in on all sides, was compelled to put himself at the head of the rebel forces. On the 7th of May, the peasants entered Wurtzburg, where they were received with acclamations. The troops of the princes and of the knights of Suabia and Franconia, who were stationed in that city, evacuated it, and withdrew in confusion within the citadel,—the last refuge of the nobility.

But already had the commotion spread to other parts of Germany. Spires, the Palatinate, Alsace, Hesse, had adopted the twelve articles, and the peasants threatened Bavaria, Westphalia, the Tyrol, Saxony, and Lorraine. The Margrave of Baden, having scornfully rejected the articles, was compelled to seek refuge in flight. The Coadjutor of Fulda acceded to them with a laugh. The smaller towns submitted, alleging that they had no spears to resist the insurgents. Mentz, Treves,

Frankfort, obtained the immunities on which they had insisted.

Throughout the Empire, a wide-spreading revolution was in full career. The ecclesiastical and secular privileges, which bore so heavily on the peasantry, were to be suppressed; church property was to be diverted to secular uses, to indemnify the chiefs, and meet the exigencies of the state; taxes were to be abolished, with exception of a tribute payable every ten years; the power of the Emperor, as recognised by the New Testament, was to be maintained supreme; all other reigning princes were to come down to the level of citizens; sixty-four free courts were to be instituted, and men of all ranks to be eligible as judges; all conditions were to return to their primitive positions; the clergy were to be restricted to the pastorship of their several churches; princes and knights were to be defenders of the weak; uniform weights and measures were to be introduced; and one coin to be struck, and be the only currency of the whole Empire.

Meanwhile, the nobles were recovering from their first stupor, and George Truchsess, commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces, advanced in the direction of the lake of Constance. On the 7th of May, he drove back the peasants at Beblingen, and directed his march upon the town of Weinsberg, where the unfortunate Count of Helfenstein had lost his life. He set fire to it, and burned it to the ground, giving orders that its ruins should be left as a lasting memorial of the treason of its inhabitants. At Furfeld, he effected a junction with the Elector Palatine and the Elector of Treves, and the combined army advanced upon Franconia.

The Frauenburg, the citadel of Wurtzburg, had held out for the cause of the nobles, and the main army of the peasants still lay before its walls. On receiving intelligence of the approach of Truchsess, they resolved on an assault, and on the 15th of May, at nine in the evening, the trumpets sounded, the tricolour flag was unfurled, and the peasants rushed to the assault with frightful shouts. Sebastian Rotenhan, one of the stanchest partisans of the Reformation, was commandant in the castle. He had organized the means of defence on an efficient footing, and when he harangued the soldiers and exhorted them to repel the attack, they had all sworn to do so, raising their three fingers towards heaven. A fierce struggle ensued. The reckless and despairing efforts of the peasants were answered from the walls of the fortress by petards and showers of sulphur and boiling pitch, and discharges of cannon. The peasants, thus struck by their unseen enemy from behind the ramparts, for an instant faltered, but their fury rose above it all. Night closed in, and the contest still raged. The fortress, lighted up by a thousand battle-fires, seemed, in the darkness of the night, to resemble a towering giant pouring forth flames, and contending in the midst of bursts of thunder for the salvation of the Empire from the savage bravery of infuriated hordes. At two in the morning, the peasants, failing in all their efforts, at last retreated.

They tried to open negotiations with the garrison, on the one side, and with Truchsess, who was approaching at the head of his army, on the other. But negotiation was not their forte. Violence and conquest offered their only chance of safety. After some hesitation, they decided to advance against the Imperial forces; but the cannon and charges of the Imperial cavalry made fearful havoc in their ranks. On reaching Konigshofen, they were completely routed. Then it was that the princes, nobles, and bishops, cruelly abusing their victory, gave loose to unheard-of cruelties. Those who were taken prisoners were hanged at the road-side. The bishop of Wurtzburg, who had taken flight, returning to his diocese, passed over it, attended by executioners, who shed, without distinction, the blood of rebels, and of such as were living quietly in subjection to God's word. Gotz de Berlichingen was sentenced to imprisonment for life. The Margrave Casimir of Anspach, deprived of their sight no less than eighty peasants, who, in the rebellion, had declared with an oath that their eyes should never look upon that prince,—casting the victims of his cruelty on the wide world, blind, and holding each other by the hand, to grope their way, and beg their bread. The unfortunate youth who had played, on his fife, the death-march of Helfenstein, was chained to a stake, and a fire lighted round him,—the knights being present, and laughing at his horrid contortions.

Everywhere, public worship was restored, under its ancient forms. In the most flourishing and populous districts of the Empire, the traveller was horror-struck with the sight of heaps of dead bodies and smoking ruins. Fifty thousand had perished; and almost everywhere the people lost what little liberty they had previously possessed. Such, in Southern Germany, was the dreadful result of the Revolt.

But the evil was not confined to the south and west of Germany. Münzer, after traversing part of Switzerland, Alsace, and Suabia, had again turned his steps towards Saxony. Some townsmen of Mulhausen, in Thuringia, invited him to their town and elected him as their pastor. The Town-council having offered resistance, Münzer degraded it, appointing another in its stead, composed of his own friends, and presided over by himself. Contemning the Christ full of grace, whom Luther preached, and resolved on recourse to violent means, his cry was,—"We must exterminate with the sword, like Joshua, the Canaanitish nations." He set on foot a community of goods, and pillaged the convents. "Münzer," wrote Luther to Amsdorf, on the 11th of April, 1525, "Münzer is king and emperor of Mulhausen, and no longer its pas

tor." The lowest classes ceased to work. If any one wanted a piece of cloth, or a supply of corn, he asked his richer neighbour: if the latter refused, the penalty was hanging. Mulhausen being a free town, Münzer exercised his power, unmolested, for nearly a year. The revolt of Southern Germany led him to imagine that the time was come to extend his new kingdom. He cast some large guns in the convent of the Franciscans, and exerted himself to raise the peasantry and miners of Mansfeld. "When will you shake off your slumbers," said he, in a fanatical address: "Arise, and fight the battle of the Lord!—The time is come.—France, Germany, and Italy, are up and doing. Forward, Forward, Forward!—*Dran, Dran, Dran!* Heed not the cries of the ungodly. They will weep like children,—but be you pitiless.—*Dran, Dran, Dran!*—Fire burns;—let your swords be ever tinged with blood! —*Dran, Dran, Dran!*—Work while it is day." The letter was signed "Münzer, God's servant against the ungodly."

The country people, eager for plunder, flocked in crowds to his standard. Throughout the districts of Mansfeld, Stolberg, Schwarzburg, Hesse, and Brunswick, the peasantry rose *en masse*. The convents of Michelstein, Ilsenburg, Walkenried, Rossleben, and many others in the neighbourhood of the Hartz mountains, or in the plains of Thuringia were plundered. At Reinhardsbrunn, the place which Luther had once visited, the tombs of the ancient landgraves were violated, and the library destroyed.

Terror spread far and wide. Even at Wittemberg, some anxiety began to be felt. The Doctors who had not feared Emperors nor Pope felt themselves tremble in presence of a madman. Curiosity was all alive to the accounts of what was going on, and watched every step in the progress of the insurrection. Melancthon wrote—"We are here in imminent danger. If Münzer be successful, it is all over with us; unless Christ should appear for our deliverance. Münzer's progress is marked by more than Scythian cruelty. His threats are more dreadful than I can tell you."

The pious Elector had hesitated long what steps he should take. Münzer had exhorted him, as well as the other reigning princes, to be converted: "For," said he, "their time is come:" and he had signed his letters—"Münzer, armed with the sword of Gideon." It was Frederic's earnest desire to try gentle methods for reclaiming these deluded men. Dangerously ill, he had written on the 14th of April, to his brother John—"Possibly more than one cause for insurrection has been given to these wretched people. Oh, in many ways are the poor oppressed by their temporal as well as by their spiritual rulers!" And when his councillors adverted to the humiliations, confusions, and dangers to which he would expose himself by neglecting to stifle the rebellion in its infancy, he made answer—"In my time, I have been a potent Elector, with horses and chariots in great abundance,—if, at this time, God will take them away, I will go on foot."

Philip, the young Landgrave of Hesse, was the first of the reigning princes who took up arms. His knights and retainers swore to live or die with him. Having put the affairs of his states in order, he moved towards Saxony. On their side, Duke John, the Elector's brother, Duke George of Saxony, and Duke Henry of Brunswick, advancing, effected a junction with the Hessian troops. As the combined force came into sight, the peasants, in alarm, took their station on a hill, and, without observing any discipline, set about constructing a sort of rampart, composed of their wagons. Münzer had not even provided powder for his immense guns. No help appeared—the troops hemmed them in, and a panic spread through the rebel host. The princes from motives of humanity proposed to them to capitulate—and they showed signs of willingness to do so. Then it was, that Münzer had recourse to the most powerful lever of enthusiasm: "This day," said he, "this day we shall behold the mighty arm of God, and destruction shall fall upon our enemies!" Just at that moment a rainbow was seen in the clouds—and the fanatic multitude, whose standard bore the representation of a rainbow, beheld in it a sure omen of the Divine protection. Münzer took advantage of it: "Never fear," said he, to the burghers and peasantry; "I will receive all their balls in my sleeve:" and at the same moment, he gave direction that a young gentleman, Maternus Geholfen, an envoy from the princes, should be cruelly put to death, in order that the rebels might thus know themselves beyond the hope of pardon.

The Landgrave harangued his soldiers—"I well know," said he, "that we princes are often to blame—for we are but men; but it is God's will that the powers that be should be respected. Let us save our wives and children from the fury of these murderers. The Lord will give us the victory, for hath He not said, 'He that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.'" Philip then gave the signal for the attack. It was the 15th of May, 1525. The army put itself in motion—but the crowd of peasants, standing still, struck up the hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit," expecting Heaven to interpose in their behalf. But the artillery soon opened a breach in their rude fortification, and scattered confusion and death in their midst. On this, their fanaticism and resolution at once forsook them; a panic spread throughout their host, and breaking from their ranks they fled in the utmost disorder. Five thousand were slain in the pursuit. After the battle the princes and their victorious troops entered Frankenhausen. A soldier, who had mounted to the loft of the house in which he was quartered, perceived a man crouching in concealment "Who are you?" demanded he; "are you one of the rebels?"—then catching sight of a writing-case, he opened it, and found therein letters addressed to Thomas Münzer—"Is that your

name?" inquired the trooper.—"No," answered the sick man. But the soldier, uttering dreadful threats, Münzer—for he it was—confessed he was the man. "You are my prisoner," rejoined the other. Being taken before Duke George and the Landgrave, Münzer persisted in maintaining that he was justified in chastising the nobles, since they were opposers of the Gospel. "Wretch!" said they, "think of those whose death thou hast occasioned." But he made answer, smiling in the midst of his anguish, "They would have it so." He took the sacrament under one kind, and was beheaded on the same day as his Lieutenant Pfeiffer. Mulhausen was taken, and the peasants loaded with chains.

One of the nobles, who had remarked in the crowd of prisoners a peasant whose appearance interested him, drew near, and said,—"Well, my boy, what government is most to your mind,—the peasants or the princes?" The poor youth, sighing deeply, replied,—"Ah, my dear lord, no edge of sword inflicts such suffering as the rule of a peasant over his fellow."

What remained of the rebellion was quenched in blood: Duke George was particularly inflexible. In the states of the Elector, there were neither executions nor punishments; God's word, preached in its purity, had been proved sufficient to control the tumultuous passions of the people.

In truth, Luther had, from its very beginning, withstood the rebellion; which to him appeared the forerunner of final judgments. He had spared neither advice, entreaties, nor irony. To the twelve articles which the rebels had drawn up at Erfurth, he had subjoined as a thirteenth: "*Item*, the following article omitted above. From this day forth the honourable Council shall be powerless,—its functions shall be to do nothing,—it shall sit as an idol or as a log,—the commune shall chew its meat for it, and it shall govern bound hand and foot. From this day, the wagon shall guide the horses, the horses shall hold the reins, and all shall go on prosperously, in conformity with the glorious system set forth in the foregoing articles."

Luther was not satisfied with using his pen. Just when the confusion was at its height, he left Wittemberg, and traversed some of the districts where the agitation was greatest. He preached, he laboured to soften the hearts of his hearers, and being strengthened from above in his work, he guided, quieted, and brought back into their accustomed channels, the impetuous and overflowing torrents.

The reformed teachers everywhere exerted a similar influence. At Halle, Brentz, by the power of the divine promises, revived the drooping spirits of its inhabitants, and four thousand of the peasants fled before six hundred of its citizens At Ichterhausen, where a body of peasants had met, intending to demolish certain castles, and put their owners to death, Frederic Myconius ventured alone among them, and such was the power of his eloquence, that they at once abandoned their purpose.

Such was the part taken by the Reformers and the Reformation during the continuance of the Revolt. They contended, as far as they were enabled, by the sword of the Word, and boldly asserted the principles which alone have power at all times to preserve order and subjection among nations. Hence we find Luther asserting that if the wholesome influence of sound doctrine had not withstood the madness of the people, the revolt would have extended its ravages far more widely, and would everywhere have overturned both Church and State. Every thing inclines us to believe that this melancholy anticipation would have been realized.

If, as we have seen, the Reformers stood up against sedition, they nevertheless did not escape without being wounded. That moral agony which Luther had first undergone in his cell at Erfurth, was perhaps at its height after the revolt of the peasants. On the side of the princes it was repeated, and in many quarters believed, that Luther's teaching had been the cause of the rebellion; and groundless as was the charge, the Reformer could not but feel deeply affected by the credit attached to it. On the side of the people, Münzer and all the leaders of the sedition represented him as a vile hypocrite and flatterer of the great, and their calumnies easily obtained belief. The strength with which Luther had declared against the rebels, had given offence even to men of moderate opinions. The partisans of Rome exulted; all seemed against him, and he bore the indignation of that generation: but what most grieved him was that the work of Heaven should be thus degraded by being classed with the dreams of fanatics. He contemplated the bitter cup presented to him, and foreseeing that ere long he would be forsaken by all, he exclaimed, "Soon shall I also have to say, 'All ye shall be offended because of me in that night!'"

Yet, in the midst of this bitter experience, his faith was unshaken. "He," said he, "who has enabled me to tread the enemy under foot when he came against me as a roaring lion, will not suffer that enemy to crush me, now that he approaches with the treacherous leer of the basilisk. I mourn over the late calamities. Again and again have I asked myself whether it might not have been better to have allowed the Papacy to pursue its course unmolested, rather than be a witness to the breaking out of such commotions. But no;—it is better to have extricated a few from the jaws of the devil, than that all should be left under his murderous fangs."

At this period we must note the completion of that change in Luther's views which had commenced at the time of his return from the Wartburg. A principle of internal life no longer satisfied him: the Church and her institutions assumed a high importance in his estimate. The fearlessness with which he

had thrown down all that stood in the way of his reforms, drew back in the prospect of a work of destruction, far more radical and sweeping: he felt the necessity for preserving, ruling, building up,—and it was in the centre of the blood-watered ruins with which the war of the peasants had covered Germany, that the structure of the new Church rose slowly from its foundations.

The troubles we have been narrating left a deep and enduring impression on the minds of that age. Nations were struck with consternation. The masses who had sought in the Reformation nothing but political freedom, withdrew from it of their own accord, when they saw that spiritual liberty was the only liberty it offered. Luther's opposition to the peasants involved the renunciation of the inconstant favour of the people. It was not long before a seeming tranquillity was restored, and the silence of terror succeeded to the outbreaks of enthusiasm and sedition.

Thus the popular passions, the cause of revolution, and radical equality, were quelled and passed away; but the Reformation did not pass away. The two movements, by many confounded with each other, were exhibited in the distinctness of their character by the diversity of their results. The revolt was a thing of earthly origin, the Reformation was from above—some cannon and soldiers sufficed to put down the former, but the latter never ceased to grow and strengthen, in spite of the reiterated assaults of the imperial or ecclesiastical powers.

And yet the cause of the Reformation itself seemed likely to perish in the gulf in which the liberties of the people were lost. A melancholy event appeared likely to hasten its ruin. At the time the princes were in full march against Münzer, and ten days before the final defeat of the peasants, the aged Elector of Saxony, the man whom God had raised up to defend the Reformation against external dangers, descended to the tomb.

His strength had been daily declining; and his feeling heart was wrung by the atrocities which stained the progress of the war of the peasants. "Oh!" cried he, with a deep sigh, "if it were the will of God, I would gladly be released from this life. I see nothing left, neither love, truth, nor faith, or any thing good upon this earth."

Turning from the thought of the confusions that prevailed throughout Germany, the pious prince quietly prepared himself to depart. He had taken up his abode in his castle of Lochau. On the fourth of May, he asked for his chaplain, the faithful Spalatin; "You do well to visit me," said he to him as he entered the room, "for it is well to visit the sick." Then directing that his couch should be moved toward the table where Spalatin was seated, he desired his attendants to leave the room, and affectionately taking his friend's hand, spoke to him familiarly of Luther, of the peasants, and of his approaching end. At eight that same evening Spalatin returned; the aged prince opened his mind to him, and confessed his sins, in the presence of God. The next morning, the 5th, he received the communion under both kinds. No member of his family was present: his brother and his nephew had both left with the army; but, according to the ancient custom of those times, his domestics stood round the bed gazing in tears upon the venerable prince whom it had been their sweet privilege to serve: "My little children," said he, tenderly, "if I have offended any one of you, forgive me for the love of God; for we princes often offend against such little ones, and it ought not so to be." In this way did Frederic conform himself to the apostle's direction that the rich humble himself when he is brought low, "because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away."—James i. 10.

Spalatin never left him. He set before him with glowing earnestness the glorious promises of the Gospel; and the pious Elector drank in its strong consolations with unspeakable peace. That evangelic doctrine was then to his soul no longer a sword, turned against false teaching, searching it in all its refuges of lies, and triumphing over it at every turn: it was a shower—a gentle dew, distilling on his heart, and causing it to overflow with hope and joy. God and eternity were alone present to his thought.

Feeling his death rapidly drawing nigh, he destroyed a will he had made some years before, in which he had commended his soul to "the Mother of God," and dictated another, in which he cast himself on the spotless and availing merit of Jesus Christ "for the forgiveness of his sins," and expressed his firm assurance that "he was redeemed by the precious blood of his beloved Saviour." This done, he added,—"My strength fails me, I can say no more;" and at five the same evening he "fell asleep." "He was a son of Peace," remarked his physician, "and in peace he is departed."—"Oh," said Luther, "how bitter *to his survivors* was that death."

It is remarkable that Luther, who just at that time was on a mission of peace, trying to allay the excitement left, by recent events, on the minds of the people of Thuringia, had never seen the Elector, but at a distance,—as at Worms, when the latter was seated beside Charles the Fifth. But from the moment the Reformation appeared, these two remarkable men had been together in spirit. Frederic in quest of the national interest and independence, —Luther in quest of truth and reformation. It cannot be doubted that the Reformation was, *in principle*, a work of the Spirit; but, in order to its gaining footing on the earth, it was, perhaps, necessary that it should be linked with a something connected with the interests of the nation. Hence,—no sooner had Luther stood up against indulgences, than the alliance between the Monk and the Prince was tacitly concluded,—an alliance in its nature simply moral, without form of contract, without writing, without even verbal communication,—an alliance in which the stronger lent no aid to the weaker party, but that which consisted in

leaving him unmolested to his work. But now that the mighty oak, under the shelter of which the Reformation had grown up, was felled to the dust,—now that the opposers of the Gospel gave more free expression to their hatred, and its supporters were obliged to retire or to be silent, it seemed as if nothing was left to defend it against the sword of those who were pursuing it.

The confederates of Ratisbon, after the complete defeat of the peasants of the southern and western provinces, proceeded to vent their their revenge on the Reformation, as well as on those who had taken part in the revolt. At Wurtzburg, at Bamberg, inoffensive citizens were put to death,—including some who had even opposed themselves to the peasants. "It matters not," it was openly said, "they were of the Gospellers,"—and they were beheaded.

Duke George sought occasionally to infuse into the minds of the Landgrave and Duke John his own prejudices and antipathies. "See," said he, after the rout of the peasants, pointing to the field of carnage, "see what miseries Luther has occasioned." John and Philip showed signs of acquiescence. "Duke George," remarked the Reformer, "flatters himself he shall succeed, now that Frederic is dead; but Christ still reigns in the midst of his enemies. Gnash their teeth as they will, the desire of them shall perish."

George lost no time in forming, in northern Germany, a confederacy similar to that of Ratisbon. The Electors of Mentz and Brandenburg,—Dukes Henry, Eric, and George, assembled at Dessau, and there concluded a treaty of alliance in the interest of Rome. In the month of July, George urged the new Elector and his son-in-law, the Landgrave, to accede to it. Then, as if to give intimation of the objects of the confederation, he beheaded two citizens of Leipsic, who had been proved to have in their possession the Reformer's writings.

Just at this time letters from Charles the Fifth, dated from Toledo, reached Germany, by which another Diet was convoked at Augsburg. Charles wished to give the Empire such a constitution as would allow him to dispose, at will, of the military force of Germany. The divisions in religion favoured his design. He had but to let loose the Catholics against the Gospellers; and when both should have exhausted their strength, he might gain an easy victory over both. "Away with the Lutherans," was therefore the cry of the Emperor.

Thus, all conspired against the Reformation. Never could Luther's spirit have been bowed down by such manifold apprehensions. The surviving sectaries of Münzer had vowed to take his life. His sole protector was no more. "Duke George," wrote some, "intended to arrest him in Wittemberg itself. The Princes who could have defended him, one after another bowed before the storm, and seemed to be abandoning the cause of the Gospel. The University, already lowered in credit by the recent confusions, was, according to rumour, on the point of being suppressed by the new Elector. Charles, after his victory at Pavia, had just convoked another Diet, that a finishing blow might be dealt against the Reformation. What dangers, then, must he not have foreseen? The anxious mental struggles that had so often drawn sobs from his bosom again wrung his heart. How should he bear up against such multiplied enemies? In the very crisis of this agitation, with all these accumulated dangers staring him in the face,—the corpse of Frederic scarcely cold, and the plains of Germany still strewed with the unburied bodies of the peasants—Luther,—none surely could have imagined such a thing,—Luther married!

In the monastery of Nimptsch, near Grimma, in Saxony, resided, in the year 1523, nine nuns, who had devoted themselves to the reading of God's word, and had discerned the contrast that existed between the Christian life and the daily routine of their cloister. The names of these nuns were Magdalene Staupitz, Elisa Canitz, Ave Grossn, Ave and Margaret Schonfeld, Laneta Golis, Margaret and Catherine Zeschau, and Catherine Bora. The first step taken by these young women, after their minds were delivered from the superstitions of their monastery, was to write to their relations "Our continuance in a cloister," said they, "is incompatible with the salvation of our souls." Their parents dreading the trouble such a resolution was likely to occasion to themselves, repelled with harshness the entreaties of their children. The poor nuns were overwhelmed with distress. How to leave their nunnery! their timidity took alarm at so desperate a decision. At last their horror of the Papal services prevailed, and they mutually promised not to part company, but together to find their way to some respectable quarter with decency and order. Two respected and pious citizens of Torgau, Leonard Koppe and Wolff Tomitzch, tendered their assistance —they welcomed it as of God's sending, and quitted the convent of Nimptsch without any hinderance being interposed, as if the hand of the Lord had set open its gates. Koppe and Tomitzch were in waiting to receive them in their wagon—and on the 7th of April, the nine nuns, amazed at their own boldness, drew up in deep emotion at the gate of the old convent of the Augustines where Luther resided.

"This is not my doing," said Luther, as he received them, "but would to God I could, in this way, give liberty to enslaved consciences, and empty the cloisters of their tenants. A breach is made, however." Several persons proposed to the doctor to receive the nuns into their houses, and Catherine Bora found a welcome in the family of the burgomaster of Wittemberg.

If Luther had then before him the prospect of any solemn event, it was that he should be called to ascend the scaffold, not the steps of the altar. Many months after this, he answered those who spoke of marriage—"God may change my purpose, if such be his pleasure

but at present I have no thought of taking a wife; not that I am insensible to the charms of a married life; I am neither wood nor stone; but I every day expect death and the punishment of a heretic."

And yet all was moving onward in the church. The habits of monastic life, invented by man, were on all sides giving place to the habits of domestic life, instituted by God. On Sunday, the 9th of October, Luther, on rising, laid aside his monk's gown, assumed the garb of a secular priest, and then made his appearance in the church, where this transformation caused a lively satisfaction. Christianity, in its renewed youth, hailed with transport every thing that announced that the old things were passed away.

It was not long before the last monk quitted the convent. Luther remained behind; his footsteps alone re-echoed in its long corridors —he sat silent and alone in the refectory, so lately vocal with the babble of the monks. A speaking silence! attesting the triumph of the Word of God. The convent had, indeed, ceased to have any existence. Luther, towards the end of December, 1524, transmitted to the Elector the keys of the monastery, together with a message, that himself would see where it might be God's will to feed him. The elector made over the convent to the university, and desired Luther to continue to reside in it. The abode of the monks was, ere long, to become the home of a Christian family.

Luther, who had a heart happily constituted for relishing the sweetness of domestic life, honoured and loved the marriage state. It is even likely that he had some preference for Catherine Bora. For a long while, his scruples and the thought of the calumnies which such a step would occasion, had hindered his thinking or her; and he had offered the hand of poor Catherine first to Baumgartner of Nuremberg, and afterwards to Doctor Glatz, of Orlamund. But when Baumgartner declined, and Catherine herself refused Glatz, he began more seriously to consider whether he himself ought not to think of making her his wife.

His aged father, who had been so much grieved when he first took upon him the profession of an ecclesiastic, urged him to marry. But one thought above all was present in much power to the conscience of Luther. Marriage is God's appointment—celibacy is man's. He abhorred whatever bore the stamp of Rome. "I desire," said he, to his friends, "to have nothing left of my papistic life. Night and day he besought the Lord to put an end to his uncertainty. At last a thought came to break the last ties which held him back. To all the considerations of consistency and personal obedience which taught him to apply to himself that word of God—*It is not good that man should be alone* (Gen. ii. 18)—was added a higher and more powerful motive. He recognised that if as a man he was called to the marriage state, he was also called to it as a Reformer. This thought decided him.

"If that monk marries," said his friend Schurff the jurisconsult, "he will cause men and devils to shout with laughter, and bring ruin upon all that he has hitherto effected." This remark had upon Luther an effect the very reverse of what might have been expected. To brave the world, the devil, and his enemies, and, by an act in man's judgment the most likely to ruin the Reformation, make it evident that its triumph was not to be ascribed to him, was the very thing he most of all desired. Accordingly, lifting up his head, he boldly replied,—"I'll do it! I will play this trick to the world and the devil!—I'll content my father and marry Catherine!" Luther, by his marriage, broke even more irrevocably with the institutions of the Papacy. He sealed his doctrine by his own example,—and emboldened the timid to an entire renunciation of their delusions. Rome had seemed to be here and there recovering the ground she had lost, and might have been indulging in dreams of victory;—but here was a loud explosion that carried wonder and terror into her ranks, and discovered; more clearly than ever, the courage of the enemy she had pictured to herself defeated and depressed. "I am determined," said Luther, "to bear witness to the Gospel, not by my words alone, but by my actions. I am determined, in the face of my enemies, who already are triumphing and exulting over me, to marry a nun,—that they may know that they have not conquered me. I do not take a wife that I may live long with her; but, seeing people and princes letting loose their fury against me,—in the prospect of death, and of their again trampling my doctrine under foot, I am resolved to edify the weak, by leaving on record a striking confirmation of the truth of what I have taught."

On the 11th of June, Luther repaired to the house of his friend and colleague Amsdorff. He requested Pomeranus, whom he dignified with the special character of *the* Pastor, to give them the nuptial benediction. Lucas Cranach and Doctor John Apelles witnessed their marriage. Melancthon was not present.

No sooner had Luther's marriage taken place than all Christendom was roused by the report of it. On all sides accusations and calumnies were heaped upon him. "It is incest," exclaimed Henry the Eighth. "A monk has married a vestal!" said some. "Antichrist must be the fruit of such a union," said others: "for it has been predicted that he will be the offspring of a monk and a nun.' To which Erasmus made answer, with malicious sneer, "If that prophecy be true, what thousands of Antichrists the world has before now seen." But while these attacks were directed against Luther, some prudent and moderate men, in the communion of the Church of Rome, undertook his defence. "Luther," said Erasmus, "has taken to wife a female of the noble house of Bora,—but she brought him no dowry." One whose testimony carries still more weight, bore witness in his favour. Philip Melancthon, the ho-

noured teacher of Germany, who had at first been alarmed by so bold a step, now remarked with that grave conscientiousness which commanded respect even from his enemies: "If it is asserted that there has been any thing unbecoming in the affair of Luther's marriage, it is a false slander. It is my opinion, that, in marrying, he must have done violence to his inclination. The marriage state, I allow, is one of humility, but it is also one of sanctity—if there be any sanctity in this world; and the Scriptures everywhere speak of it as honourable in God's sight."

At first Luther was disturbed by the reproaches and indignities showered upon him. Melancthon showed more than his usual kindness and affection towards him: and it was not long before the Reformer was enabled to discern, in men's opposition, one mark of God's approval. "If the *world* were not scandalized by what I have done," said he, "I should have reason to fear that it was not according to God's mind."

Eight years had elapsed between the period when Luther first preached against indulgences, and the time of his union with Catherine Bora. It would be difficult to attribute, as is sometimes done, his zeal against the corruptions of the Church to an eager desire to enter into the marriage state. He was already turned forty-two; and Catherine had passed two years at Wittemberg since leaving the convent.

Luther's marriage was a happy one: "The greatest of earthly blessings," said he, "is a pious and amiable wife,—who fears God and loves her family, one with whom a man may live in peace and in whom he may repose perfect confidence."

Some time after, in writing to one of his friends, he intimated that his Catherine might soon present him with a child; and, in fact, just one year after their marriage, Catherine was delivered of a boy. The charms of domestic life soon dispelled the dark clouds raised around him by the wrath of his adversaries. His Ketha, as he called her, manifested towards him the tenderest affection, comforting him, when cast down, by reciting passages of the Bible, relieving him from the cares of the household, sitting by him in his intervals of leisure, while she worked his portrait in embroidery, or reminded him of the friends he had neglected to write to, and amused him by the simplicity of her questions. A sort of dignity seems to have marked her deportment, for Luther occasionally spoke of her as "*My Lord Catherine.*" On one occasion he said jesting, that if ever he had to marry again, he would chisel an obedient wife in stone, for, added he, "there is no possibility of finding a real one." His letters were full of tenderness for Catherine, whom he styled, "*his dear and gracious wife,*"—"*his dear and amiable Ketha.*' Luther's manner acquired more playfulness from the society of his Catherine; and that happy flow of spirits continued from that time, and was never lost even in the most trying circumstances.

Such was the almost universal corruption of the clergy, that the priestly office had fallen into almost general disrepute: the isolated virtue of a few faithful servants of God had not sufficed to redeem it from contempt. Family peace and conjugal fidelity were continually being disturbed, both in towns and rural districts, by the gross passions of priests and monks;—none were safe from their seductions. The free access allowed them to families, and sometimes even the confidence of the confessional, was basely perverted into an opportunity of instilling deadly poison, that they might gratify their guilty desires. The Reformation, by abolishing the celibacy of the ecclesiastics, restored the sanctity of wedlock. The marriage of the clergy put an end to an untold amount of secret profligacy. The Reformers became examples to their flocks in the most endearing and important of all human relationships,—and it was not long before the people rejoiced to see the ministers of religion in the character of husbands and fathers.

On a hasty view, Luther's marriage had indeed seemed to multiply the difficulties in the way of the Reformation. It was still suffering from the effects of the revolt of the peasants; the sword of the Emperor and of the princes was unsheathed against it; and its friends, the Landgrave Philip, and the new Elector John, appeared discouraged and silenced.

Nevertheless, this state of things was of no long duration. The young Landgrave, ere long, boldly raised his head. Ardent and fearless as Luther, the manly spirit of the Reformer had won his emulation. He threw himself with youthful daring into the ranks of the Reformation, while he at the same time studied its character with the grave intelligence of a thoughtful mind.

In Saxony, the loss of Frederic's prudence and influence was but ill supplied by his successor; but the Elector's brother, Duke John, instead of confining himself to the office of a protector, intervened directly and courageously in matters affecting religion: "I desire," said he, in a speech communicated to the assembled clergy, on the 16th of August, 1525, as he was on the point of quitting Weimar, "that you will in future preach the pure word of God, apart from those things which man has added." Some of the older clergy, not knowing how to set about obeying his direction, answered with simplicity,—"But we are not forbidden to say mass for the dead, or to bless the water and salt?"—"Every thing,—no matter what,"—replied the Elector, "must be conformed to God's word."

Soon after, the young Landgrave conceived the romantic hope of converting Duke George, his father-in-law. Sometimes he would demonstrate the sufficiency of the Scriptures—another time he would expose the Mass, the Papacy, and compulsory vows. His letters

followed quick upon each other, and the various testimony of God's word was all brought to bear upon the old Duke's faith.

These efforts were not without results. Duke George's son was won to the new opinions. But Philip failed with the father.—"A hundred years hence," said the latter, "and you will see who is right."—"Awful speech!" observed the Elector of Saxony: "What can be the worth, I pray you, of a faith that needs so much previous reflection? —Poor Duke! he will hold back long—I fear God has hardened his heart, as Pharaoh's, in old time."

In Philip, the friends of the Gospel possessed a leader, at once bold, intelligent, and capable of making head against the formidable assaults its enemies were planning. But is it not sad to think, that from this moment the leader of the Reformation should be a soldier, and not simply a disciple of God's word? Man's part in the work was seen in due expansion, and its spiritual element was proportionably contracted. The work itself suffered in consequence, for every work should be permitted to develope itself, according to the laws of its own nature,—and the Reformation was of a nature essentially spiritual.

God was multiplying external supports. Already a powerful state on the German frontier—Prussia—unfurled with joy the standard of the Gospel. The chivalrous and religious spirit that had founded the Teutonic order, had gradually become extinct with the memory of the ages in which it arose. The knights, intent only upon their private interests, had given dissatisfaction to the people over whom they presided. Poland had seized the opportunity to impose her suzerainty on the order. People, knights, grand master, and Polish influence, were so many different interests continually conflicting, and rendering the prosperity of the country impossible.

In this state of things, the Reformation found them, and all men saw in it the only way of deliverance for that unfortunate people. Brisman, Speratus, Poliander, (who had been secretary to Eck, at the time of the Leipsic discussion,) and others besides, preached the Gospel in Prussia.

One day a beggar, coming from the lands under the rule of the Teutonic knights, arrived in Wittemberg, and, stopping before the residence of Luther, sang slowly that noble hymn of Poliander's,

"At length redemption's come."

The Reformer, who had never heard this Christian hymn, listened, rapt in astonishment. The foreign accent of the singer heightened his joy. "Again, again," cried he, when the beggar had ended. Afterwards he inquired where he had learned that hymn, and tears filled his eyes, when he heard from the poor man that it was from the shores of the Baltic that this shout of deliverance was sounding as far as Wittemberg:—then, clasping his hands, he gave thanks to God.

In truth Redemption *was* come even thither! "Take compassion on our weakness," said the people of Prussia to the Grand Master, "and send us preachers who may proclaim the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ." Albert at first gave no answer, but he entered into parley with Sigismund king of Poland, his uncle and suzerain lord.

The latter acknowledged him as hereditary Duke of Prussia, and the new prince made his entry into his capital of Konigsberg, amidst the ringing of bells, and acclamations of the inhabitants, who had decorated their houses, and strewed their streets with flowers. 'There is but One religious order," said Albert, "and it is as comprehensive as Christianity itself!" The monastic orders vanished, and that divinely appointed order was restored.

The bishops surrendered their secular rights to the new Duke; the convents were converted into hospitals; and the Gospel carried into the poorest villages; and in the year following, Albert married Dorothy, daughter of the king of Denmark, whose faith in the one Saviour was unshaken.

The Pope called upon the Emperor to take measures against the "apostate" monk;—and Charles placed Albert under interdict.

Another prince of the house of Brandenburg, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Mentz, was just then on the point of following his relation's example. The revolt of the peasants was especially menacing in its aspect toward the ecclesiastical principalities; the Elector, Luther, and all Germany thought a great revolution was at hand. The Archbishop seeing no better way to preserve his principality than to render it secular, privately requested Luther to sound the minds of the people preparatory to so decided a step, —which Luther accordingly did, in a letter written with a view to its being made public, wherein he said that the hand of God was heavy on the clergy, and that nothing could save them. However the War of the peasants having been brought to an earlier termination than had been looked for: the Cardinal retained possession of his temporalities—his uneasiness subsided, and all thoughts of secularizing his position were dismissed!

Whilst John of Saxony, Philip of Hesse, and Albert of Prussia, were openly taking part with the Reformation, and thus, in place of the cautious Frederic, three princes of bold and decided character were standing forward in its support, the blessed word was working its way in the Church, and among the nations. Luther besought the Elector to establish generally the preaching of the Gospel in place of the ministrations of Romish priests, and to direct a general visitation of the churches. About the same time at Wittemberg they began to exercise the episcopal function, and ordain ministers; "Let not the Pope, the bishops, or the monks, exclaim against us," said Melancthon, "*we* are the Church;—he who separates from us separates himself from the Church. There is no other Church—save the assembly of those who have the word of God, and who are purified by it."

All this could not be said and done without

occasioning a strong reaction. Rome had thought the Reformation extinguished in the blood of the rebel peasants—but in all quarters its flame was rising more bright and powerful than ever. She decided on making one more effort. The Pope and the Emperor wrote menacing letters, the former from Rome, the latter from Spain. The Imperial government took measures for restoring the ancient order of things, and preparations were made for finally crushing the Reformation at the approaching Diet.

The Electoral Prince of Saxony, and the Landgrave, in some alarm, met on the 7th of November, in the castle of Friedewalt, and came to an agreement that their deputies at the Diet should act in concert. Thus in the forest of Sullingen arose the earliest elements of an evangelical association in opposition to the leagues of Ratisbon and Dessau.

The Diet opened on the 11th of December, at Augsburg. The princes favourable to the Gospel were not present, but the deputies from Saxony and Hesse spoke out fearlessly: "The rising of the peasants," said they, "was the effect of impolitic and harsh usage. God's truth is not to be torn from the heart by fire and sword: if you are bent on resorting to violence against the reformed opinions, you will bring down upon us calamities more terrible than those from which we have but just escaped."

It was felt that the resolution of the Diet must be most important in its results. Every one desired, by postponing the decisive moment, to gain time to strengthen his own position. It was accordingly resolved, that the Diet should reassemble at Spires in the month of May following; and in the mean while the rescript of Nuremberg was to continue in force. "When the Diet meet again," said they, "we will go fully into the questions of 'the holy faith,—public rights,—and the general peace.'"

The Landgrave pursued his plan. Toward the end of February, 1526, he had a conference with the Elector at Gotha. The two princes came to an understanding, that if attacked on account of the word of God, they would unite their forces to resist their adversaries. This alliance was formally ratified at Torgau, and was destined to be fruitful in important consequences.

However, the alliance he had concluded was of itself not enough to satisfy the Landgrave. Convinced that Charles was at work to compact a league "against Christ and his holy word," he addressed letter after letter to the Elector, urging upon him the necessity of uniting with other states: "For myself," said he, "rather would I die than deny the word of God, and allow myself to be driven from my throne."

At the Elector's court much uncertainty prevailed. In fact, a serious difficulty stood in the way of union between the princes favourable to the Gospel; and this difficulty originated with Luther and Melancthon. Luther insisted that the doctrine of the Gospel should be defended by *God* alone. He thought that the less man meddled in the work, the more striking would be God's intervention in its behalf. All the politic precautions suggested were in his view attributable to unworthy fear and sinful mistrust. Melancthon dreaded lest an alliance between the evangelical princes should hasten that very struggle which it was their object to avert.

The Landgrave was not to be deterred by such considerations, and laboured to gain over the neighbouring states to the alliance, but he failed in his endeavours. The Elector of Treves abandoned the ranks of the opposition, and accepted a pension from the Emperor. Even the Elector Palatine, whose disposition was known to be favourable to the Gospel, declined Philip's advances.

Thus, in the direction of the Rhine, the Landgrave had completely failed; but the Elector, in opposition to the advice of the reformed divines, opened negotiations with the princes who had in all times gathered round the standard of the powerful chief of Saxony. On the 12th day of June, the Elector and his son, the Dukes Philip, Ernest, Otho, and Francis of Brunswick and Lunenburg, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg, Prince Wolf of Anhalt, Counts Albert and Gebhard of Mansfeld, assembled at Magdeburg, and there, under the presidence of the Elector, they contracted an alliance similar to that of Torgau.

"Almighty God," said the princes, "having in his unspeakable mercy again brought forward among men his holy and eternal word, the food of our souls, and our richest treasure on this earth,—and great efforts being made by the clergy and their adherents to suppress and extirpate it,—we, being well assured that He who has sent it forth to glorify his name upon earth, will know how to maintain it, mutually engage to preserve that blessed word to our people, and to employ for this end our goods and our lives, the resources of our states and the arms of our subjects, and all that we have, putting our trust not in our armies, but solely in the almighty power of the Lord, of whom we desire to be but the instruments." So spoke the princes.

Two days after, the city of Magdeburg was received into the alliance, and Albert of Brandenburg, the new Duke of Prussia, acceded to it by a separate convention.

The Evangelic Union was formed; but the dangers it was destined to ward off seemed every day to become more threatening. The priests, and such of the princes as adhered to the Romish party, had seen the Reformation, which they had thought stifled, suddenly growing up before them to a formidable height. Already the partisans of the Reformation were nearly as numerous as those of the Pope. If they should form a majority in the Diet, the consequences to the ecclesiastical states might be imagined. Now or never! It was no longer a heresy to be refuted, but a powerful party to be withstood

Victories of a different kind from those of Eck were needed on this occasion.

Vigorous measures had been already taken. The metropolitan chapter of the church of Mentz had convoked an assembly of its suffragans, and adopted the resolution to send a deputation to the Emperor and the Pope, entreating them to interpose for the deliverance of the Church.

At the same time, Duke George of Saxony, Duke Henry of Brunswick, and the Cardinal-Elector Albert, had met at Halle, and addressed a memorial to Charles. "The detestable doctrine of Luther," said they, "is making extensive progress; every day attempts are made to seduce ourselves, and, failing to persuade us, they seek to compel us by exciting our subjects to revolt. We implore the Emperor's intervention." On the breaking up of this conference, Brunswick himself set out for Spain to induce Charles to take the decisive step.

He could not have arrived at a more favourable juncture: the Emperor had just concluded with France the famous peace of Madrid. He seemed to have nothing left to apprehend from that quarter, and his undivided attention was now directed to the affairs of Germany. Francis the First had offered to defray half the expenses of a war either against the heretics or against the Turks!

The Emperor was at Seville;—he was on the eve of marriage with a princess of Portugal, and the banks of the Guadalquiver resounded with joyous festivity. A dazzling train of nobles and vast crowds of people thronged the ancient capital of the Moors. The pomp and ceremonies of the Church were displayed under the roofs of its noble cathedral. A Legate from the Pope officiated; and never before, even under Arabian rule, had Andalusia witnessed a spectacle of more magnificence and solemnity.

Just at that time, Henry of Brunswick arrived from Germany, and solicited Charles to save the Church and the Empire from the attacks of the monk of Wittemberg. His request was immediately taken into consideration, and the Emperor resolved on vigorous measures.

On the 23d of March, 1526, he addressed letters to several of the princes and free cities that still adhered to Rome. He also specially commissioned the Duke of Brunswick to communicate to them that he had learned with grief that the continued progress of Luther's heresy threatened to fill Germany with sacrilege, havoc, and bloodshed; and at the same time, to express the great pleasure he felt in the fidelity of the majority of the States, and to acquaint them that, laying aside all other business, he was about to leave Spain and repair to Rome, to concert measures with the Pope, and from thence to pass into Germany, and there oppose that abominable Wittemberg pest; adding, that it behoved them to continue steadfast in their faith, and in the event of the Lutherans seeking to seduce or oblige them to a renunciation of it, to repel their attempts by a united and courageous resistance: that he himself would shortly be among them and support them with all his power.

When Brunswick returned into Germany, the Catholic party joyfully lifted up their heads. The Dukes of Brunswick, Pomerania, Albert of Mecklenburg, John of Juliers, George of Saxony, the Dukes of Bavaria, and all the dignitaries of the Church, on reading the menacing letters of the conqueror of Francis the First, thought their triumph secure. It was decided they should attend the approaching Diet, and humble the heretical princes; and in the event of the latter resisting, quell them with the sword. "I may be Elector of Saxony *any day I please*," was an expression ascribed by report to Duke George —words to which he afterwards endeavoured to attach another meaning. "The Lutheran party cannot long hold together," said his Chancellor to the Duke, in a tone of exultation; "let them mind what they are about:" —and truly Luther was on his guard, though not in the sense their words conveyed. He attentively observed the designs of the opposers of God's word: he, like Melancthon, expected that thousands of swords would ere long be unsheathed against the Gospel. But he sought a strength far above the strength of men. Writing to Frederic Myconius, he observed, "Satan is raging: ungodly priests take council together, and we are threatened with war. Exhort the people to contend earnestly before the throne of the Lord, by faith and prayer, that our adversaries, being overcome by the Spirit of God, may be constrained to peace. The most urgent of our wants—the very first thing we have to do, is to *pray*: let the people know that they are at this hour exposed to the edge of the sword and the rage of the devil: let them *pray*."

Thus every thing indicated a decisive conflict. The Reformation had on its side the prayers of Christians, the sympathy of the people, and an ascendant in men's minds that no power could stay. The Papacy had with it the established order, the force of early habit, the zeal and hatred of powerful princes, and the authority of an Emperor whose dominion extended over both hemispheres, and who had just before deeply humbled the pride of Francis the First.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Diet of Spires was opened. Let us now turn our attention to Switzerland

BOOK XI.

Spiritual Slavery—Christian Liberty—Effect of the Gospel on Zwingle—Leo Judah at Zurich—The Challenge—Zwingle and Faber—Zwingle Tempted by the Pope—"Zwingle's Passion"—Tract against Images—Wooden Idols—The Unterwalders—Public Meeting—Hoffman's Defence of the Pope—The Mass—Schmidt of Kussnacht—Results of the Conference—Oswald Myconius at Zurich—Thomas Plater—The Swiss Aroused—Hottinger arrested—His Martyrdom—Persecution Invoked—Swiss and German Reformations—The Jewish and Pagan Elements—Zwingle's and Luther's Tasks—The Council and the People—Abduction of Œxlin—Riot and Conflagration—The Wirths arrested—The Prisoners Surrendered—A Spectacle to the World—"Cruel Mockings"—"Faithful unto Death"—Father and Son on the Scaffold—Abolition of the Mass—The Lord's Supper—Brotherly Love—Zwingle on Original Sin—Attack upon Zwingle—The Gospel at Berne—Heim and Haller—Ordinance of the Government—St. Michael's Nunnery—The Convent of Königsfield—Margaret Watteville's Letter—Liberation of the Nuns—Pretended Letter of Zwingle—Clara May and Nicolas Watteville—The Seat of Learning—Œcolampadius—Flight from the Convent—Œcolampadius at Basle—Jealousy of Erasmus—Hütten and Erasmus—Death of Hütten—Vacillation and Decision—Erasmus's Quatrain—Luther's Letter to Erasmus—Motives of Erasmus in Opposing the Reformation—Lamentations of Erasmus—Arguments for Free Will—Premature Exultation—A Test—God's Working—Jansenism—The Bible and Philosophy—The Three Days' Battle—Character of False Systems—Conrad Grebel Extravagances—"The Little Jerusalem"—The Anabaptist Feast—Horrible Tragedy—Discussion on Baptism—Opinions not Punishable—Popish Immobility—Zwingle and Luther—Zwingle on the Lord's Supper—Consubstantiation—Luther's Great Principle—Carlstadt's Writings prohibited—Zwingle's Commentary—The Suabian Syngramma—Need of Union in Adversity—Struggles of the Reformation—Tumult in the Tockenburg—Meeting at Ilantz—Commander's Defence—Doctrine of the Sacrament—Proposed Public Discussion—Decision of the Diet—Zwingle in Danger—The Disputants at Baden—Contrast of the Parties—Eck and Œcolampadius—Zwingle's Share in the Contest—Murner of Lucerne—Haller and the Council of Berne—Reformation in St. Gall—Conrad Pelican—The Mountaineers—Alliance with Austria—Farel appears.

We are about to contemplate the diversities, or, as they have been since called, *variations* of the Reformation. These diversities are among its most essential characters.

Unity in diversity, and diversity in unity—is a law of Nature, and also of the Church.

Truth may be compared to the light of the Sun. The light comes from heaven colourless, and ever the same; and yet it takes different hues on earth, varying according to the objects on which it falls. Thus different formularies may sometimes express the same christian Truth, viewed under different aspects.

How dull would be this visible creation, if all its boundless variety of shape and colour were to give place to an unbroken uniformity! And may we not add how melancholy would be its aspect, if all created beings did but compose a solitary and vast *Unity!*

The unity which comes from Heaven doubtless has its place,—but the diversity of *human nature* has its proper place also. In religion we must neither leave out God nor man. Without unity your religion cannot be *of God*,—without diversity, it cannot be the religion *of man*. And it ought to be of both. Would you banish from creation a law that its Divine Author has imposed upon it, namely,—that of boundless diversity? "Things without life giving sound," said Paul, "whether pipe or harp, except they give a *distinction* in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped?" (1 Cor. xiv. 7.) But, if in religion there is a diversity, the result of distinction of individuality, and which, by consequence, must subsist even in heaven,—there is a diversity which is the fruit of man's rebellion,—and this last is indeed a serious evil.

There are two opposite tendencies which may equally mislead us. The one consists in the exaggeration of *diversity*,—the other, in extending the *unity*. The great doctrines of man's salvation are as a line of demarcation between these two errors. To require more than the reception of those doctrines, is to disallow the diversity:—to require any thing less, is to infringe the unity.

This latter departure is that of rash and unruly minds looking beyond, or out of Jesus Christ, in the desire to set up systems and doctrines of men.

The former appears in various exclusive sects and is more especially seen in that of Rome.

It is the duty of the Church to reject Error from her bosom. If this be neglected, Christianity can not be upheld; but, pushed to an extreme, it would follow that the Church should take proceedings against the smallest deviations, and intervene in mere disputes about words; faith would be silenced, and christian feeling reduced to slavery. Not such was the condition of the Church in those times of real Catholicity,—the first ages. It cast out the sects which impugned the fundamental truths of the Gospel, but where these were received, it left full liberty to faith. Rome soon departed from these wise precedents, and, in proportion as an authoritative teaching of man established itself within the Church, there appeared a Unity of man's imposing.

A system of human appointment being once devised, rigour went on increasing from age

an age. Christian liberty, respected by the catholicity of the earliest ages, was first limited, then chained, and finally stifled. Conviction, which, by the laws of our nature, as well as of God's word, should be freely formed in the heart and understanding, was imposed by external authority, ready framed and squared by the masters of mankind. Thought, will, and feeling, all those faculties of our nature, which, once subjected to the Word and Spirit of God, should be left free in their working, were hindered of their proper liberty, and compelled to find vent in forms that had been previously settled. The mind of man became a sort of mirror wherein impressions to which it was a stranger were reproduced, but which, of itself, presented nothing! Doubtless there were those who were taught of God,—but the great majority of Christians received the convictions of other men;—a personal faith was a thing of rare occurrence: the Reformation it was that restored this treasure to the Church.

And yet there was, for a while, a space within which the human mind was permitted to move at large,—certain opinions, at least, which Christians were at liberty to receive or reject at will. But, as a besieging army, day by day, contracts its lines, compelling the garrison to confine their movements within the narrow enclosure of the fortress, and, at last, obliging it to surrender at discretion, just so, the hierarchy, from age to age, and almost from year to year, has gone on restricting the liberty allowed for a time to the human mind, until, at last, by successive encroachments, there remained no liberty at all. That which was to be believed,—loved,—or done,—was regulated and decreed in the courts of the Roman chancery. The faithful were relieved from the trouble of examining, reflecting, and combating; all they had to do was to repeat the formularies that had been taught them!

From that period, whenever, in the bosom of Roman Catholicism, a man has appeared inheriting the Catholicity of apostolic times, such a one, feeling his inability to act out the life imparted to him, in the bonds in which he is held, has been led to burst those bonds, and give to the astonished world another example of a Christian walking at liberty in the acknowledgment of no law but the law of God.

The Reformation, in restoring liberty to the Church, must therefore restore to it its original diversity, and people it with families united by the great features of resemblance derived from their common head, but varying in secondary features, and reminding us of the varieties inherent in human nature. Perhaps it might have been desirable that this diversity should have been allowed to subsist in the Universal Church without leading to sectarian divisions, and yet we must remember that *Sects* are only the expression of this diversity.

Switzerland, and Germany, which had till now developed themselves independently, came in contact with each other in the years we are about to retrace, and they afforded an example of that diversity of which we have spoken, and which was to be one of the characteristics of Protestanism. We shall have occasion to behold men perfectly agreeing in the great doctrines of the Faith yet differing on certain secondary questions. True it is that human passion found an entrance into these discussions, but while deploring such minglings of evil, Protestantism, far from seeking to disguise the diversity, publishes and proclaims it. Its path to unity is indeed long and difficult, but the unity it proposes is *real*.

Zwingle was advancing in the christian life Whilst the Gospel had to Luther brought deliverance from the deep melancholy in which he had been plunged when in the convent of Erfurth, and developed in him a cheerfulness which often amounted to gaiety, and of which, from that time, the Reformer gave such repeated evidence even when exposed to the greatest dangers,—Christianity had had quite a contrary effect on the joyous child of the mountains of the Tockenburg. Reclaiming Zwingle from his thoughtless and worldly career, it had stamped upon his character a seriousness which was not natural to him. This seriousness was indeed most needed. We have seen how, toward the close of 1522, numerous enemies appeared to rise against the Reformation.* From all sides reproaches were heaped upon Zwingle, and contentions would at times take place even in the churches.

Leo Juda, who, to adopt the words of an historian, was a man of small stature, with a heart full of love for the poor, and zeal against false teachers, had arrived in Zurich about the end of 1522, to take the duty of pastor of St. Peter's church. He had been replaced at Einsidlen by Oswald Myconius. His coming was a valuable acquisition to Zwingle and the Reformation.

One day, soon after his arrival, being at church, he heard an Augustine monk preaching with great earnestness that man was competent by his own strength to satisfy the righteousness of God. "Reverend father Prior," exclaimed Leo, "listen to me for an instant; and you, my dear fellow-citizens, keep your seats,—I will speak as becomes a Christian:" and he proceeded to show the unscriptural character of the teaching he had just been listening to. A great disturbance ensued in the church.—Instantly several persons angrily attacked the "little priest" from Einsidlen. Zwingle, repairing to the Council, presented himself before them, and requested permission to give an account of his doctrine, in presence of the bishop's deputies;—and the Council desiring to terminate the dissensions, convoked a conference for the 29th of January The news spread rapidly throughout Switzerland. "A vagabond diet," observed his mortified adversaries, "is to be held at Zurich. All the vagrants from the high-road will be there."

Wishing to prepare for the struggle, Zwingle put forth sixty-seven theses. In them the

* Book VIII, to the end.

mountaineer of the Tockenburg boldly assailed the Pope, in the face of all Switzerland.

"They," said he, "who assert that the Gospel is nothing until confirmed to us by the Church, blaspheme God."

"Jesus Christ is the only way of salvation for all who have been, are, or shall be."

"Christians are all the brethren of Christ, and of one another; and they have no 'fathers,' upon earth;—away, therefore, with religious orders, sects, and parties."

"No compulsion should be employed in the case of such as do not acknowledge their error,—unless by their seditious conduct they disturb the peace of others."

Such were some of the propositions put forth by Zwingle.

On the morning of Thursday, the 29th January, more than six hundred persons were collected in the hall of the Great Council, at Zurich. Many from the neighbouring cantons, as well as Zurichers, the learned, the higher classes, and the clergy, had responded to the call of the Council. "What will be the end of all this?" was the question asked. None ventured to answer; but the breathless attention, deep feeling, and agitation, which reigned in the meeting, sufficiently showed that important results were looked for.

The burgomaster Roust, who had fought in the battle of Marignan, presided at the conference. The knight James Anwyl, grand master of the bishop's court at Constance, Faber the vicar-general, and several doctors of divinity, attended on the part of the bishop. Schaffhausen had deputed Doctor Sebastian Hofmeister; he was the only deputy from the cantons,—so weak, as yet, was the Reformation in Switzerland. On a table in the centre of the hall was deposited a Bible, and seated before it was Zwingle. "I am driven and beset on all sides," he had said, "yet I stand firm, leaning on no strength of my own, but on Christ, the rock, by whose help I can do all things."

Zwingle stood up. "I have proclaimed," said he, "that salvation is to be found in Christ alone; and it is for this that, throughout Switzerland, I am charged with being a heretic, a seducer, and rebellious man. Here, then, I stand in God's name!"

On this, all eyes were turned to Faber, who, rising from his seat, thus replied:—"I am not sent to dispute,—but to report." The assembly in surprise, began to smile. "The Diet of Nuremberg," continued Faber, "has promised a Council within one year: we must wait for its assembling."

"What!" said Zwingle, "is not this large and intelligent meeting as competent as a Council?" then turning to those who presided, he added,—"Gracious Lords; defend the word of God."

A solemn silence ensued on this appeal. At last it was interrupted by the burgomaster. "If any one present has anything to say," said he, "let him say on." Still all were silent. "I implore all those who have accused me,—and I know that some are here present," said Zwingle, "to come forward and rebuke me for the truth's sake." Not a word! Again and again Zwingle repeated his request, but to no purpose. Faber, thus brought to close quarters, lost sight, for an instant, of the reserve he had imposed on himself, and stated that he had convicted of his error the pastor of Filispach, who was at that time in durance; but, having said this, he again relapsed into silence. It was all in vain that he was urged to bring forward the arguments by which he had convinced that pastor; he would give no answer. This silence on the part of the Romish doctors mortified the impatience of the assembly. A voice from the further end of the hall was heard exclaiming,—"Where have they got to—those braggarts, whose voices are so loud in our streets.* Come forward: there's the man you want." On this the burgomaster observed, smiling, "It seems that the sharp-edged sword that succeeded against the pastor of Filispach is fast fixed in its scabbard:"—and he proceeded to break up the meeting.

In the afternoon, the parties being again assembled, the Council resolved that master Ulric Zwingle, not being reproved by any one, was at liberty to continue to preach the Gospel; and that the rest of the clergy of the canton should be enjoined to advance nothing but what they could establish by the Scriptures.

"Thanks be to God, who will cause his word to prevail in heaven and earth!" exclaimed Zwingle. On this Faber could not suppress his indignation. "The theses of master Ulric," said he, "are incompatible with the honor due to the Church, and opposed to the doctrine of Christ,—and I can prove it." "Do so," retorted Zwingle. But Faber declined, except it should be in Paris, Cologne, or Friburg. "I acknowledge no authority but that of the Gospel," said Zwingle: "Before you can shake one word of that, the earth itself will open before you." "That's always the cry," remarked Faber; "the Gospel,—nothing but the Gospel! Men might lead holy lives in peace and charity if there were no Gospel!" At these words the auditors indignantly rose from their seats, and the meeting finally broke up.

The Reformation was gaining ground. It was at this period called to new conquests. After the skirmish at Zurich, in which the ablest champions of the Papacy had kept silence, who would be so bold as to oppose the new doctrines? But methods of another kind were tried. The firmness of Zwingle, and the republican freedom of his bearing, overawed his enemies. Accordingly, recourse was had to suitable methods for subduing him. Whilst Rome was pursuing Luther with anathemas, she laboured to win the Reformer of Zurich by persuasions. Scarcely was the conference closed over, when Zwingle was surprised by a visit from the captain of the

* *i. e.*—the monks. Wo sind num die grosser Hansen . . . . (Zw. Opp. i. p. 124.)

Pope's guards—the son of the burgomaster Roust, accompanied by Einsius the legate, who was the bearer of a brief from the Pontiff,—in which Adrian addressed Zwingle as his "well-beloved son," and assured him of his special favour. At the same time the Pope set others upon urging Zink to influence Zwingle. "And what," enquired Oswald Myconius, "does the Pope authorise you to offer him?" "Every thing short of the Pontiff's chair," answered Zink, earnestly.

There was nothing, whether mitre, crozier, or cardinal's hat, which the Pope would not have given to buy over the Reformer of Zurich. But Rome altogether mistook her man—and vain were all her advances. In Zwingle, the Church of Rome had a foe even more determined than Luther. He had less regard for the long established notions and the ceremonies of former ages—it was enough to draw down his hostility that a custom, innocent in itself had been connected with some existing abuses. In his judgment the word of God alone was to be exalted.

But if Rome had so little understanding of the events then in progress in Christendom she wanted not for counsellors to give her the needful information.

Faber, irritated at the Pope's thus humbling himself before his adversary—lost no time in advising him. A courtier, dressed in smiles, with honied words upon his tongue, those who listened to him might have thought him friendly toward all, and even to those whom he charged with heresy,—but his hatred was mortal. Luther, playing on his name (Faber,) was accustomed to say—"The vicar of Constance is a blacksmith . . . . of lies. Let him take up arms like a man, and see how Christ defends us."

These words were no uncalled for bravado—for all the while that the Pope in his communications with Zwingle was complimenting him on his distinguished virtues, and the special confidence he reposed in him, the Reformer's enemies were multiplying throughout Switzerland. The veteran soldiers, the higher families, and the herdsmen of the mountains, were combined in aversion to a doctrine which ran counter to all their inclinations. At Lucerne, public notice was given of the performance of *Zwingle's passion*; and the people dragged about an effigy of the Reformer, shouting that they were going to put the heretic to death; and laying violent hands on some Zurichers who were then at Lucerne, compelled them to be spectators of this mock execution. "They shall not disturb my peace," observed Zwingle; "Christ will never fail those who are his." Even in the Diet threats against him were heard. "Beloved Confederates," said the Councillor of Mullinen, addressing the cantons, "make a stand against Lutheranism while there is yet time. At Zurich no man is master in his own house."

This agitation in the enemies' ranks proclaimed, more loudly than any thing else could have done, what was passing in Zurich. In truth victory was already bearing fruits, the victorious party were gradually taking possession of the country; and every day the Gospel made some new progress. Twenty-four canons, and a considerable number of the chaplains came of their own accord to petition the Council for a reform of their statutes. It was decided to replace those sluggish priests by men of learning and piety, whose duty it should be to instruct the youth of Zurich, and to establish, instead of their vespers and Latin masses, a daily exposition of a chapter in the Bible, from the Hebrew, and Greek texts, first for the learned, and then for the people.

Unhappily there are found in every army ungovernable spirits, who leave their ranks, and make onset too early, on points which it would be better for a while to leave unattacked. Louis Ketzer, a young priest, having put forth a tract in German, entitled the *Judgment of God against Images*, a great sensation was produced, and a portion of the people could think of nothing else. It is ever to the injury of essentials that the mind of man is pre-occupied with secondary matters. Outside one of the city gates, at a place called Stadelhofen, was stationed a crucifix elaborately carved, and richly ornamented. The more ardent of the Reformed, provoked at the superstitious veneration still paid this image, could not suppress their indignation whenever they had occasion to pass that way. A citizen, by name Claudius Hottinger, "a man of family," says Bullinger, "and well acquainted with the Scriptures," meeting the miller of Stadelhofen, to whom the crucifix belonged, inquired when he meant to take away his idols. "No one requires you to worship them," was the miller's reply. "But do you not know," retorted Hottinger, "that God's word forbids us to have graven images?" "Very well," replied the miller, "if you are empowered to remove them, I leave you to do so." Hottinger thought himself authorized to act, and he was soon after seen to leave the city, accompanied by a number of the citizens. On arriving at the crucifix, they deliberately dug around the image until, yielding to their efforts, it came down with a loud crash to the earth.

This daring action spread alarm far and wide. One might have thought religion itself had been overturned with the crucifix of Stadelhofen. "They are sacrilegious disturbers,—they are worthy of death," exclaimed the partisans of Rome. The council caused the iconoclasts to be arrested.

"No," exclaimed Zwingle, speaking from his pulpit, "Hottinger and his friends have not sinned against God, nor are they deserving of death*—but they may be justly punished for having resorted to violence without the sanction of the magistrates."

Meanwhile acts of a similar kind were continually recurring. A vicar of St. Peter s one

* The same principles are seen in the speeches of M. M. de Broglie and Royer-Collard, on occasion of the celebrated debates on the law of Sacrilege.

day observing before the porch of that church a number of poor persons ill clad and famished, remarked to one of his colleagues, as he glanced at the images of the saints decked in costly attire—"I should like to strip those wooden idols and clothe those poor members of Jesus Christ." A few days after, at three o'clock in the morning, the saints and their fine trappings were missing. The Council sent the vicar to prison, although he protested that he had no hand in removing them. "Is it these blocks of wood," exclaimed the people, "that Jesus enjoined us to clothe? Is it of such images as these that he will say to the righteous—'*I was naked, and ye clothed Me?*" . . . Thus the Reformation, when resisted, rose to a greater height; and the more it was compressed, with the more force did it break forth and threaten to carry all before it.

These excesses conduced to some beneficial results. Another struggle was needed to issue in further progress—for in spiritual things as in the affairs of earthly kingdoms, there can be no conquest without a struggle—and since the adherents of Rome were inert, events were so ordered that the conflict was begun by the irregular soldiery of the Reformation. In fact, the magistrates were perplexed and undecided: they felt the need of more light in the matter; and for this end they resolved on appointing a second public meeting, to discuss in German, and on grounds of Scripture, the question as to images.

The bishops of Coira, Constance, and Bale, the university of the latter city, and the twelve cantons, were accordingly requested to send deputies to Zurich. But the bishops declined compliance, recollecting the little credit their deputies had brought them on occasion of the first meeting, and having no wish for a repetition of so humiliating a scene. Let the Gospel party discuss if they will—but let it be among themselves. On the former occasion, silence had been their policy—on this they will not even add importance to the meeting by their presence. Rome thought perhaps that the combat would pass over for want of combatants. The bishops were not alone in refusing to attend. The men of Unterwald returned for answer that they had no philosophers among them—but kind and pious priests alone—who would persevere in explaining the Gospel as their fathers had done; that they accordingly must decline sending a deputy to Zwingle and the like of him; but that only let him fall into their hands, and they would handle him after a fashion to cure him of his inclination for such irregularities. The only cantons that sent representatives were Schaffhausen and Saint Gall.

On Monday, the 26th of October, more than nine hundred persons—among whom were the members of the Grand Council—and no less than three hundred and fifty priests, were assembled after sermon in the large room of the Town Hall. Zwingle and Leo Juda were seated at a table on which lay the Old and New Testaments in the originals. Zwingle spoke first, and soon disposing of the authority of the hierarchy and its councils, he laid down the rights of every Christian church, and claimed the liberty of the first ages, when the church had as yet no council either ecumenical or provincial. "The Universal Church," said he, "is diffused throughout the world, wherever faith in Jesus Christ has spread: in India as well as in Zurich . . . And as to particular churches, we have them at Berne, at Schaffhausen, and even here. But the Popes, with their cardinals and councils, are neither the Universal Church nor a particular Church. This assembly which hears me," exclaimed he, with energy, "is the church of Zurich—it desires to hear the word of God, and can rightfully decree whatever it shall see to be conformable to the Scriptures."

Here we see Zwingle relying on the Church—but on the true Church,—not on the clergy, but on the assembly of believers. He applied to particular churches all those passages of Scripture that speak of the Church Catholic. He could not allow that a church that listened with docility to God's word could fall into error. The Church was, in his judgment, represented both politically and ecclesiastically by the Great Council. He began by explaining each subject from the pulpit; and when the minds of his hearers were convinced, he proposed the different questions to the Council, who, in conformity with the ministers of the Church, recorded such decisions as they called for.

In the absence of the bishop's deputies, Conrad Hoffman, an aged canon, undertook to defend the Pope. He maintained that the Church, the flock, the "third estate," was not authorized to discuss such matters. "I resided," said he, "for no less than twelve years at Heidelberg in the house of a man of extensive learning, named Doctor Joss—a kind and pious man—with whom I boarded and lived quietly for a long time, but then he always said that it was not proper to make such matters a subject of discussion; you see, therefore!" . . On this every one began to laugh. "Thus," continued Hoffman, "let us wait for a Council—at present I shall decline taking part in any discussion whatever, but shall act according to the bishop's orders, even though he himself were a knave!"

"Wait for a Council!" interrupted Zwingle, "and who, think you, will attend a Council?—the Pope and some sleepy and ill-taught bishops, who will do nothing but what pleases them. No, that is not the Church: Hong and Küssnacht (two villages in the neighbourhood of Zurich,) are more of a Church than all the bishops and popes put together."

Thus did Zwingle assert the rights of Christians in general, whom Rome had stript of their inheritance. The assembly he addressed was in his view not so much the church of Zurich as its earliest representative. Here we see the beginnings of the

Presbyterian system. Zwingle was engaged in delivering Zurich from the jurisdiction of the bishops of Constance—he was likewise detaching it from the hierarchy of Rome; and on this thought of *the flock*, and the *assembly of believers*, he was laying the foundations of a new church order, to which other countries would afterwards adhere.

The discussion was continued. Several priests having defended the use of images, without deriving their arguments from Scripture, Zwingle, and the rest of the Reformers, refuted them by passages from the Bible. "If," said one of the presidents, "no one defends the images by the Scriptures, we shall call upon some of their advocates by name." No one coming forward, the curate of Wadischwyl was called. "He is asleep," exclaimed one of the crowd. The curate of Horgen was next called. "He has sent me in his stead," said his vicar, "but I cannot answer for him." It was plain that the power of the word of God was felt in the assembly. The partisans of the Reformation were buoyant with liberty and joy; their adversaries, on the contrary, were silent, uneasy, and depressed. The curates of Laufen, Glattfelden, and Wetzikon, the rector and curate of Pfaffikon, the dean of Elgg, the curate of Baretschwyl, the Dominicans and Cordeliers, known for their preaching in defence of image worship and the saints, were one after another, invited to stand forward. They all made answer that they had nothing to say in their defence, and that, in future, they would apply themselves to the study of the truth. "Until to-day," said one, "I have put my faith in the ancient doctors, but now I will transfer my faith to the new."—"It is not *us*," interrupted Zwingle, "that you should believe. It is *God's word*. It is only the Scriptures of God that never can mislead us." The sitting had been protracted,—night was closing in. The president, Hoffmeister of Schaffhausen, rose and said: "Blessed be God the Almighty and Eternal, who, in all things, giveth us the victory,"—and he ended by exhorting the Town-Council of Zurich to abolish the worship of images.

On Tuesday, the assembly again met, Vadian being president, to discuss the doctrine of the Mass. "My brethren in Christ," said Zwingle, "far from us be the thought that there is any thing unreal in the body and blood of Christ. Our only aim is to prove that the Mass is not a sacrifice that can be offered to God by one man for his fellow, unless indeed any will be bold enough to say that a man can eat and drink for his friend."

Vadian having twice inquired if any of those present had any thing to say in defence of the doctrine impugned, and no one coming forward, the canons of Zurich, the chaplains, and several ecclesiastics declared themselves of Zwingle's opinion.

But scarcely had the Reformers overcome the partisans of the ancient doctrines, when they were called to contend against the impatient spirits of men clamorously demanding abrupt and violent changes, instead of prudent and gradual reformation. The unfortunate Conrad Grebel rose, and said: "It is not sufficient that we should talk about the Mass; it is our duty to do away with the abuses of it."—"The Council," answered Zwingle, "will put forth an edict on the subject." On this, Simon Stumpf exclaimed. "The Spirit of God has already decided,—why then refer the matter to the Council's decision?"

The commandant Schmidt, of Küssnacht, rose gravely, and, in a speech marked by much wisdom, said,—"Let us teach Christians to receive Christ into their hearts. Until this hour you have all been led away after idols. The dwellers in the plain have made pilgrimages to the hills,—those of the hill country have gone on pilgrimage to the plain; the French have made journeys into Germany, and the Germans into France. You now know whither you ought to go God has lodged all things in Christ. Worthy Zurichers, go to the true source, and let Jesus Christ re-enter your territory, and resume his ancient authority."

This speech made a deep impression, and no one standing up to oppose it, Zwingle rose with emotion, and spoke as follows:—"My gracious lords, God is with us,—He will defend His own cause. Now then, in the name of our God, let us go forward." Here Zwingle's feelings overcame him;—he wept, and many of those near him also shed tears.

Thus ended the conference. The president rose;—the burgomaster thanked them, and the veteran, turning to the Council, said in a grave tone, with that voice that had been so often heard in the field of battle,—"Now then, let us take in hand the sword of the Word . . . . and may God prosper his own work!"

This dispute, which took place in the month of October, 1523, was decisive in its consequences. The greater number of the priests, who were present at it, returned full of zeal to their stations in different parts of the canton; and the effect of those memorable days was felt in every corner of Switzerland. The church of Zurich, which, in its connexion with the see of Constance, had always maintained a certain measure of independence was now completely emancipated. Instead of resting, through the bishop, on the Pope, it rested henceforth, through the people, on the Word of God. Zurich had recovered the rights of which Rome had deprived her. The city and its rural territory vied with each other in zeal for the work of the Reformation, and the Great Council merely obeyed the impulse of the people at large. On every important occasion, the city and the villages signified the result of their separate deliberations. Luther had

restored the Bible to the Christian community,—Zwingle went further—he restored their rights. This is a characteristic feature of the Reformation in Switzerland. The maintenance of sound doctrine was entrusted, under God, to the people; and recent events have shown that the people can discharge that trust better than priests or pontiffs.

Zwingle did not allow himself to be elated by victory; on the contrary, the Reformation under his guidance, was carried on with much moderation. "God knows my heart," said he, when the Council demanded his opinion, "He knows that I am inclined to build up, and not to cast down. There are timid spirits whom it is needful to treat tenderly; let the mass, therefore, for some time longer be read on Sundays in the churches, and let those who celebrate it be carefully protected from insult."

The Council issued a decree to this effect. Hottinger and Hochrutiner, one of his friends, were banished from the canton for two years, and forbidden to return without an express permission.

The Reformation at Zurich proceeded thus in a steady and Christian course. Raising the city day by day to a higher pitch of moral elevation, it cast a glory round her in the eyes of all who loved the word of God. Throughout Switzerland, therefore, those who welcomed the day-spring which had visited the Church, felt themselves powerfully attracted to Zurich. Oswald Myconius, after his expulsion from Lucerne, had spent six months in the valley of Einsidlen, when, returning one day, wearied and overpowered by the heat of the weather, from a journey to Glaris, he was met on the road by his young son, Felix, who had run out to bring him tidings of his having been invited to Zurich, to take charge of one of the schools there. Oswald could hardly credit the happy intelligence, and hesitated for a while between hope and fear. "I am thine," was the reply which, at length, he addressed to Zwingle. Geroldsek dismissed him with regret, for gloomy thoughts had taken possession of his mind. "Ah!" said he, "all who confess Christ are flocking to Zurich: I fear that one day we shall all perish there together." A melancholy foreboding, which was but too fully realized when Geroldsek, and so many other friends of the Gospel lost their lives on the plain of Cappel.

At Zurich, Myconius had at last found a secure retreat. His predecessor, nicknamed at Paris, on account of his stature, "the tall devil," had neglected his duty. Oswald devoted his whole heart and his whole strength to the fulfilment of his. He explained the Greek and Latin classics; he taught rhetoric and logic; and the youth of the city listened to him with delight. Myconius was to become, to the rising generation, all that Zwingle was already to those of maturer years.

At first Myconius felt some alarm at the number of full-grown scholars committed to his care; but by degrees he gathered courage, and it was not long before he distinguished among his pupils a young man of four-and-twenty, whose intelligent looks gave sufficient indication of his love of study. This young man, whose name was Thomas Plater, was a native of the Valais. In that beautiful valley, through which the torrent of the Viege rolls its tumultuous waters, after escaping from the sea of glaciers and snow that encircles Mount Rosa,—seated between St. Nicholas and Standen, upon the hill that rises on the right of the river, is still to be seen the village of Grächen. This was Plater's birth-place. From under the shadow of those colossal Alps emerged one of the most remarkable of all the characters that figured in the great drama of the sixteenth century. At the age of nine he had been consigned to the care of a curate, a kinsman of his own,—by whom the little rustic was often so severely beaten, that his cries, he tells us himself, were like those of a kid under the hands of the butcher. One of his cousins took him along with him to visit the schools of Germany. But removing in this way from school to school, when he had reached the age of twenty, he scarcely knew how to read!* On his arrival at Zurich, he made it his fixed determination that he would be ignorant no longer, took his post at a desk in one corner of the school over which Myconius presided, and said to himself, "Here thou shalt learn, or here thou shalt die." The light of the Gospel quickly found its way to his heart. One morning, when it was very cold, and fuel was wanting to heat the school-room stove, which it was his office to tend, he said to himself, "Why need I be at a loss for wood, when there are so many idols in the church?" The church was then empty, though Zwingle was expected to preach, and the bells were already ringing to summon the congregation. Plater entered with a noiseless step, grappled an image of Saint John, which stood over one of the altars, carried it off, and thrust it into the stove, saying, as he did so, "Down with thee,—for in thou must go." Certainly neither Myconius nor Zwingle would have applauded such an act.

It was by other and better means that unbelief and superstition were to be driven from the field. Zwingle and his colleagues had stretched out the hand of fellowship to Myconius; and the latter now expounded the New Testament in the Church of the Virgin, to a numerous and eager auditory. Another public disputation, held on the 13th and 14th January, 1524, terminated in renewed discomfiture to the cause of Rome; and the appeal of the canon Koch, who exclaimed, "Popes, cardinals, bishops, councils,—these are the church for me!" awakened no sympathetic response.

Every thing was moving forward at Zu

* See his Autobiography.

nch; men's minds were becoming more enlightened,—their hearts more stedfast. The Reformation was gaining strength. Zurich was a fortress in which the new doctrine had entrenched itself, and from within whose enclosure it was ready to pour itself abroad over the whole confederation.

The enemies were aware of this. They felt that they must no longer delay to strike a vigorous blow. They had remained quiet long enough. The strong men of Switzerland, her iron-sheathed warriors,—were up at last, and stirring; and who could doubt, when they were once aroused, that the struggle must end in blood?

The Diet was assembled at Lucerne. The priests made a strenuous effort to engage that great council of the nation in their favour. Friburg and the Forest Cantons proved themselves their docile instruments. Berne, Basle, Soleure, Glaris, and Appenzel, hung doubtfully in the balance. Schaffhausen was almost decided for the Gospel; but Zurich alone assumed a determined attitude as its defender. The partisans of Rome urged the assembly to yield to their pretensions and adopt their prejudices. "Let an edict be issued," said they, "enjoining all persons to refrain from inculcating or repeating any new or Lutheran doctrine, either secretly or in public; and from talking or disputing on such matters in taverns, or over their wine." Such was the new ecclesiastical law which it was attempted to establish throughout the confederation.

Nineteen articles to this effect were drawn up in due form,—ratified, on the 26th January, 1523, by all the states—Zurich excepted, and transmitted to all the bailiffs, with injunctions that they should be strictly enforced,—"which caused," says Bullinger, "great joy among the priests, and great grief among the faithful." A persecution, regularly organized by the supreme authority of the confederation, was thus set on foot.

One of the first who received the mandate of the Diet was Henry Flackenstein of Lucerne, the bailiff of Baden. It was to his district that Hottinger had retired when banished from Zurich, after having overthrown the crucifix at Stadelhofen; and he had here given free utterance to his sentiments. One day, when he was dining at the Angel Tavern at Zurzach, he had said that the priests expounded Holy Scriptures amiss, and that trust ought to be reposed in none but God alone. The host, who was frequently coming into the room to bring bread or wine, lent an attentive ear to what seemed to him very strange discourse. On another occasion, when Hottinger was paying a visit to one of his friends—John Schutz of Schneyssingen,—"Tell me," said Schutz, after they had finished their repast, "what is this new religion that the priests of Zurich are preaching?"—"They preach," replied Hottinger, "that Christ has offered himself up *once only* for all believers, and by that one sacrifice has purified them and redeemed them from all iniquity; and they prove by Holy Scripture that the Mass is a mere delusion."

Hottinger had afterwards (in February, 1523,) quitted Switzerland, and repaired on some occasion of business, to Waldshut, on the other side of the Rhine. In the meanwhile, measures had been taken to secure his person; and when the poor Zuricher, suspecting no danger, recrossed the Rhine about the end of February, he had no sooner reached Coblentz, a village on the left bank of the river, than he was arrested. He was conveyed to Klingenau, and as he there fearlessly confessed his belief, Flackenstein said, in an angry tone, "I will take you to a place where you shall meet with those who will give you a fitting answer." Accordingly the bailiff dragged his prisoner first before the magistrates of Klingenau, next before the superior tribunal of Baden, and ultimately, since he could not elsewhere obtain a sentence of condemnation against him, before the diet assembled at Lucerne. He was resolved that in one quarter or another he would find judges to pronounce him guilty.

The Diet was prompt in its proceedings, and condemned Hottinger to lose his head. When this sentence was communicated to him, he gave glory to Jesus Christ. "Enough, enough," cried Jacob Troger one of the judges, "we do not sit here to listen to sermons—thou shalt babble some other time."—"He must have his head taken off for this once," said the bailiff Am-Ort, with a laugh, "but if he should recover it again, we will all embrace his creed,"—"May God forgive those who have condemned me!" exclaimed the prisoner; and when a monk presented a crucifix to his lips, "It is the heart," said he, pushing it away, "that must receive Jesus Christ."

When he was led forth to death, there were many among the spectators who could not restrain their tears. He turned towards them, and said, "I am going to everlasting happiness." On reaching the place of execution, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, saying, "Oh, my Redeemer, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"—and a moment after, his head rolled upon the scaffold.

No sooner had the blood of Hottinger been shed than the enemies of the Reformation seized the opportunity of inflaming the anger of the confederates to a higher pitch. It was in Zurich that the root of the mischief must be crushed. So terrible an example as that which had now been set, could not fail to intimidate Zwingle and his followers. One vigorous effort more,—and the Reformation itself would share the fate of Hottinger. The Diet immediately resolved that a deputation should be sent to Zurich, to call on the councils and the citizens to renounce their new faith.

The deputies were admitted to an audience on the 21st of March. "The ancient unity of the Christian Church is broken," said they; "the evil is gaining ground; the clergy

of the four Forest Cantons have already intimated to the magistrates that aid must be afforded them, or their functions must cease. Confederates of Zurich! join your efforts to ours; root out this new religion; dismiss Zwingle and his disciples; and then let us all unite to remedy the abuses which have arisen from the encroachments of popes and their courtiers."

Such was the language of the adversary. How would the men of Zurich now demean themselves? Would their hearts fail them? Had their courage ebbed away with the blood of their fellow-citizens?

The men of Zurich left neither friends nor enemies long in suspense. The reply of the Council was calm and dignified. They could make no concessions in what concerned the word of God. And their very next act was a reply more emphatic still.

It had been the custom ever since the year 1351, that, on Whit Monday, a numerous company of pilgrims, each bearing a cross, should go in procession to Einsidlen, to worship the Virgin. This festival, instituted in commemoration of the battle of Tatwyll, was commonly attended with great disorders. It would fall, this year, on the 7th May. At the instance of the three pastors, it was now abolished, and all the other customary processions were successively brought under due regulation.

Nor did the council stop here. The relics, which had given occasion to so many superstitions, were honourably interred. And then, on the further requisition of the three pastors, an edict was issued, decreeing that, inasmuch as God alone ought to be honoured, the images should be removed from all the churches of the canton, and their ornaments applied to the relief of the poor. Accordingly, twelve councillors,—one for each tribe, the three pastors, and the city architect,—with some smiths, carpenters, and masons, visited the several churches; and having first closed the doors, took down the crosses, obliterated the paintings, whitewashed the walls, and carried away the images, to the great joy of the faithful, who regarded this proceeding, Bullinger tells us, as a glorious act of homage to the true God. In some of the country parishes, the ornaments of the churches were committed to the flames, "to the honour and glory of God." Soon after this, the organs were suppressed, on account of their connection with many superstitious observances; and a new form of baptism was established, from which every thing unscriptural was carefully excluded

The triumph of the Reformation threw a joyful radiance over the last hours of the burgomaster Roust and his colleague. They had lived long enough; and they both died within a few days after the restoration of a purer mode of worship.

The Swiss Reformation here presents itself to us under an aspect rather different from that assumed by the Reformation in Germany. Luther had severely rebuked the excesses of those who broke down the images in the churches of Wittemberg;—and here we behold Zwingle, presiding in person over the removal of images from the temples of Zurich. The difference is explained by the different light in which the two Reformers viewed the same object. Luther was desirous of retaining in the Church all that was not expressly contradicted by Scripture,—while Zwingle was intent on abolishing all that could not be proved by Scripture. The German Reformer wished to remain united to the Church of all preceding ages, and sought only to purify it from every thing that was repugnant to the word of God. The Reformer of Zurich passed back over every intervening age till he reached the times of the apostles; and, subjecting the Church to an entire transformation, laboured to restore it to its primitive condition.

Zwingle's Reformation, therefore, was the more complete. The work which Divine Providence had entrusted to Luther,—the re-establishment of the doctrine of Justification by Faith, was undoubtedly the great work of the Reformation; but when this was accomplished, other ends, of real if not of primary importance, remained to be achieved; and to these, the efforts of Zwingle were more especially devoted.

Two mighty tasks, in fact, had been assigned to the Reformers. Christian Catholicism taking its rise amidst Jewish Pharisaism, on the one hand, and the Paganism of Greece, on the other, had, by degrees, contracted something of the spirit of each of those systems, and had thus been transformed into *Roman* Catholicism. The Reformation, therefore, whose mission it was to purify the church, had to clear it alike from the Jewish and the Pagan element.

The Jewish element had incorporated itself chiefly with that portion of Christian doctrine which relates to man. Catholicism had borrowed from Judaism the pharisaic notions of inherent righteousness, and salvation obtainable by human strength or works.

The Pagan element had allied itself principally with that other portion of Christian doctrine which relates to God. Paganism had corrupted the catholic notion of an infinite Deity, whose power, being absolutely all-sufficient, acts every where and at every moment. It had set up in the church the dominion of symbols, images, and ceremonies and the saints had become the demi-gods of Popery.

The Reformation, in the hands of Luther, was directed essentially against the Jewish element. With this he had been compelled to struggle at the outset, when an audacious monk, on behalf of the Pope, was bartering the salvation of souls for paltry coin.

The Reformation, as conducted by Zwingle, was directed mainly against the Pagan element. It was this that he had first encountered, in the chapel of the Virgin at Einsidlen, when crowds of worshippers, benighted as those of

old who thronged the temple of Ephesian Diana, were gathered from every side to cast themselves down before a gilded idol.

The Reformer of Germany proclaimed the great doctrine of justification by faith,—and, in so doing, inflicted a death blow on the pharisaic righteousness of Rome. The Swiss Reformer, undoubtedly, did the same. The inability of man to save himself is the fundamental truth on which all reformers have taken their stand. But Zwingle did something more. He brought forward, as practical principles, the existence of God, and His sovereign, universal, and exclusive agency; and by the working out of these principles, Rome was utterly bereft of all the props that had supported her paganized worship.

Roman Catholicism had exalted man and degraded God. Luther reduced man to his proper level of abasement; and Zwingle restored God, (if we may so speak,) to his unlimited and undivided supremacy.

Of these two distinct tasks, which were specially, though not exclusively, allotted to the two Reformers, each was necessary to the completion of the other. It was Luther's part to lay the foundation of the edifice—Zwingle's to rear the superstructure.

To an intellect gifted with a still more capacious grasp, was the office reserved of developing on the shores of the Leman, the peculiar characters of the Swiss and the German Reformation,—blending them together and imprinting them thus combined, on the Reformation as a whole.

But while Zwingle was thus carrying on the great work, the disposition of the cantons was daily becoming more hostile. The government of Zurich felt how necessary it was to assure itself of the support of the people. The people, moreover,—that is to say, "the assembly of believers," was, according to Zwingle's principles, the highest earthly authority to which an appeal could be made. The Council resolved, therefore, to test the state of public opinion, and instructed the bailiffs to demand of all the townships, whether they were ready to endure every thing for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, "who shed his precious blood," said the Council, "for us poor sinners." The whole canton followed close upon the city in the career of Reformation,—and, in many places, the houses of the peasants had become schools of Christian instruction, in which the Holy Scriptures were constantly read.

The proclamation of the Council was received by all the townships with enthusiasm: "Only let our magistrates hold fast and fearlessly to the word of God," answered they, "we will help to maintain it; and, if any should seek to molest them, we will come like brave and loyal citizens to their aid." The peasantry of Zurich showed, on that occasion, as they have recently shown again, that the strength of the Church is in the Christian people.

But the people were not alone. The man whom God had placed at their head, answered worthily to their call. Zwingle seemed to multiply himself for the service of God. Whosoever, in any of the cantons of Switzerland, suffered persecution for the Gospel's sake, addressed himself to him. The weight of business, the care of the churches, the solicitude inspired by that glorious struggle which was now beginning to be waged in every valley of his native land— all pressed heavily on the Evangelist of Zurich. At Wittemberg, the tidings of his courageous deportment were received with joy. Luther and Zwingle were the two great luminaries of Upper and Lower Germany; and the doctrine of salvation, which they proclaimed so powerfully, was fast diffusing itself over all those vast tracts of country that stretch from the summit of the Alps to the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean.

While the word of God was pursuing its victorious course over these spacious regions, we cannot wonder that the Pope in his palace, the inferior clergy in their presbyteries, the magistrates of Switzerland in their councils, should have viewed its triumphs with alarm and indignation. Their consternation increased every day. The people had been consulted;—the Christian people had again become something in the Christian Church; their sympathies and their faith were now appealed to, instead of the decrees of the Romish chancery. An attack so formidable as this must be met by a resistance more formidable still. On the 18th April, the Pope addressed a brief to the Confederates; and, in the month of July, the Diet assembled at Zug, yielding to the urgent exhortations of the Pontiff, sent a deputation to Zurich, Schaffhausen, and Appenzel, to notify to those states their fixed determination that the new doctrine should be entirely suppressed, and its adherents subjected to the forfeiture of property, honours, and even life itself. Such an announcement could not fail to excite a strong sensation at Zurich; but a resolute answer was returned from that canton,—that in matters of faith, the word of God alone must be obeyed. When this reply was communicated to the assembly, the liveliest resentment was manifested on the part of Lucerne, Schwitz, Uri, Unterwalden, Friburg, and Zug, and, forgetting the reputation and the strength which the accession of Zurich had formerly imparted to the infant Confederation, forgetting the precedence which had been assigned to her, the simple and solemn oaths of fidelity by which they were bound to her,—the many victories and reverses they had shared with her,—these states declared that they would no longer sit with Zurich in the Diet. In Switzerland, therefore, as well as in Germany, the partisans of Rome were the first to rend asunder the federal union. But threats and breaches of alliance were not enough. The fanaticism of the cantons was clamorous for blood; and it soon appeared what were the weapons which Popery intended to wield against the word of God.

The excellent Œxlin,* a friend of Zwingle, was the pastor of Burg, a village in the vicinity of Stein, upon the Rhine. The bailiff Am-Berg, who had previously appeared to favour the cause of the Gospel, being anxious to obtain that bailiwick, had pledged himself to the leading men of the canton of Schwitz, that he would put down the new religion. Œxlin, though not resident within his jurisdiction, was the first object of his persecution.

On the night of the 7th July, 1524, near midnight, a loud knocking was heard at the pastor's door; it was opened;—they were the soldiers of the bailiff. They seized him and dragged him away prisoner, in spite of his cries. Œxlin, believing that they meant to put him to death, shrieked out "Murder!" The inhabitants rose from their beds in affright, and the whole village immediately became a scene of tumult, the noise of which was heard as far as Stein. The sentinel posted at the castle of Hohenklingen fired the alarm gun, the tocsin was sounded, and the inhabitants of Stein, Stammheim, and the adjacent places, were shortly all a-foot and clustering together in the dark, to ask each other what was the matter.

Stammheim was the residence of the deputy-bailiff Wirth, whose two eldest sons, Adrian and John, young priests full of piety and courage, were zealously engaged in preaching the Gospel. John especially was gifted with a fervent faith, and stood prepared to offer up his life in the cause of his Saviour. It was a household of the patriarchal cast. Anna, the mother, who had brought the bailiff a numerous family, and reared them up in the fear of God, was revered for her virtues through the whole country round. At the sound of the tumult in Burg, the father and his two sons came abroad like their neighbours. The father was incensed when he found that the bailiff of Frauenfeld had exercised his authority in a manner repugnant to the laws of his country. The sons were grieved by the tidings that their friend and brother, whose good example they delighted to follow, had been carried off like a criminal. Each of the three seized a halberd, and regardless of the fears of a tender wife and mother, father and sons joined the troop of townspeople who had sallied out from Stein with the resolute purpose of setting their pastor at liberty. Unfortunately, a band of those ill-disposed persons who never fail to make their appearance in a moment of disorder, had mingled with the burghers in their march. The bailiff's serjeants were hotly followed; but warned by the tocsin and the shouts of alarm which echoed on every side, they redoubled their speed, dragging their prisoner along with them, and in a little time the Thur was interposed between them and their pursuers.

When the people of Stein and Stammheim reached the bank of the river and found no means of crossing it, they halted on the spot, and resolved to send a deputation to Frauenfeld. "Oh!" said the bailiff Wirth, "the pastor of Stein is so dear to us that I would willingly sacrifice all I possess,—my liberty,—my very heart's blood,—for his sake." The rabble, meanwhile, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of the convent of Ittingen, occupied by a community of Carthusians, who were generally believed to have encouraged the bailiff Am-Berg in his tyranny, entered the building and took possession of the refectory. They immediately gave themselves up to excess, and a scene of riot ensued. In vain did Wirth entreat them to quit the place; he was in danger of personal ill treatment among them. His son Adrian had remained outside of the monastery; John entered it, but shocked by what he beheld within, came out again immediately. The inebriated peasants proceeded to pillage the cellars and granaries, to break the furniture to pieces, and to burn the books.

As soon as the news of these disorders reached Zurich, the deputies of the Council were summoned in haste, and orders issued for all persons belonging to the canton who had left their homes to return to them immediately. These orders were obeyed. But a crowd of Thurgovians, drawn together by the tumult, now established themselves in the convent for the sake of the good cheer which they found there. A fire suddenly broke out, no one could tell how,—and the edifice was reduced to ashes.

Five days after, the deputies of the cantons were convened at Zug. Nothing was heard in this assembly but threats of vengeance and death. "Let us march," said they, "with our banners spread, against Stein and Stammheim, and put the inhabitants to the sword." The deputy-bailiff and his two sons had long been objects of especial dislike on account of their faith. "If any one is guilty," said the deputy from Zurich, "he must be punished; but let it be by the rules of justice, not by violence." Vadian, the deputy from St. Gall, spoke to the same effect. Hereupon the avoyer John Hug of Lucerne, unable any longer to contain himself, broke out into frightful imprecations. "The heretic Zwingle is the father of all these rebellions; and you, Doctor of St. Gall, you favour his hateful cause, and labour for its advancement. You shall sit here with us no longer!" The deputy for Zug endeavoured to restore order, but in vain. Vadian retired; and knowing that his life was in danger from some of the lower order of the people, secretly left the town, and, by a circuitous road, reached the convent of Cappel in safety.

The magistrates of Zurich, intent upon repressing all commotion, resolved upon a provisional arrest of the individuals against whom the anger of the confederates had been more particularly manifested. Wirth and his sons were living quietly at Stammheim. "Never," said Adrian Wirth from the pulpit, "can the friends of God have any thing to fear from

* See page 224.

His enemies." The father was warned of the fate that awaited him, and advised to make his escape along with his sons. "No," he replied, "I put my trust in God, and will wait for the serjeants here." When at length a party of soldiers presented themselves at his door—"Their worships of Zurich," said he, "might have spared themselves this trouble;—had they only sent a child to fetch me, I would have obeyed their bidding.' The three Wirths were carried to Zurich and lodged in the prison. Rutiman, the bailiff of Nussbaun, shared their confinement. They underwent a rigid examination; but the conduct they were proved to have held furnished no ground of complaint against them.

As soon as the deputies of the cantons were apprized of the imprisonment of these four citizens, they demanded that they should be sent to Baden, and decreed that, in case of a refusal, an armed power should march upon Zurich, and carry them off by force. "It belongs of right to Zurich," replied the deputies of that canton, "to determine whether these men are guilty or not, and we find no fault in them." Hereupon, the deputies of the cantons cried out, "Will you surrender them to us, or not?—answer yes or no—in a single word." Two of the deputies of Zurich mounted their horses at once, and repaired with all speed to their constituents.

Their arrival threw the whole town into the utmost agitation. If the authorities of Zurich should refuse to give up the prisoners, the confederates would soon appear in arms at their gates, and, on the other hand, to give them up, was, in effect, to consent to their death. Opinions were divided. Zwingle insisted on a refusal. "Zurich," said he, "must remain faithful to its ancient laws." At last a kind of compromise was suggested. "We will deliver up the prisoners," said they to the Diet, "but on this condition, that you shall examine them regarding the affair of Ittingen alone, and not with reference to their faith." The Diet agreed to this proposition; and on the Friday before St. Bartholomew's day, (August, 1524,) the three Wirths and their friends took their departure from Zurich under the escort of four Councillors of State and a few soldiers.

The deepest concern was manifested on this occasion by the whole body of the people. The fate which awaited the two old men and the two brothers was distinctly foreseen. Nothing but sobs was heard as they passed along. "Alas!" exclaims a contemporary writer, "what a woeful journey was that!" The churches were all thronged. "God will punish us," cried Zwingle, "He will surely punish us. Let us at least beseech Him to visit those poor prisoners with comfort, and strengthen them in the true faith."

On the Friday evening, the prisoners arrived at Baden, where an immense crowd was awaiting to receive them. They were taken first to an inn, and afterwards to the jail. The people pressed so closely round to see them that they could scarcely move. The father who walked first, turned round towards his sons, and meekly said,—"See, my dear children, we are like those of whom the Apostle speaks,—men appointed to death, a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men."—(1 Cor. iv. 9.) Just then he chanced to observe, among the crowd, the bailiff Am-Berg, his mortal enemy, and the prime author of all his misfortunes. He went up to him, held out his hand, and grasping Am-Berg's,—though the bailiff would have turned away,—said, with much composure, "There is a God above us, and He knows all things."

The examination began the next morning, Wirth, the father, was the first who was brought before the tribunal. Without the least consideration for his character or for his age, he was put to the torture; but he persisted in declaring that he was innocent both of the pillage and the burning of Ittingen. A charge was then brought against him of having destroyed an image representing St. Anne. As to the other prisoners,—nothing could be substantiated against them, except that Adrian Wirth was married, and that he was accustomed to preach after the manner of Zwingle and Luther; and that John Wirth had given the holy sacrament to a sick man without candle or bell!

But the more conclusively their innocence was established, the more furious became the excitement of their adversaries. From morning till noon of that day, the old man was made to endure all the severity of torture. His tears were of no avail to soften the hearts of his judges. John Wirth was still more cruelly tormented. "Tell us," said they, in the midst of his agonies, "from whom didst thou learn thy heretical creed? Was it Zwingle, or who else, that taught it thee!" And when he was heard to exclaim, "O merciful and everlasting God! grant me help and comfort!" "Aha!" said one of the deputies, "where is your *Christ* now?" When Adrian was brought forward, Sebastian von Stein, a deputy of Berne, addressing him thus:—"Young man, tell us the truth, for if you refuse to do so, I swear by my knighthood,—the knighthood I received on the very spot where God suffered martyrdom,—we will open all the veins in your body, one by one." The young man was then hoisted up by a cord, and while he was swinging in the air, "Young master," said Stein, with a fiendish smile, "this is our wedding gift;" alluding to the marriage which the youthful ecclesiastic had recently contracted.

The examination being now concluded, the deputies returned to their several cantons to make their report, and did not assemble again until four weeks had expired. The bailiff's wife,—the mother of the two young priests,—repaired to Baden, carrying a child in her arms, to appeal to the compassion of the judges. John Escher, of Zurich, accompanied her as her advocate. The latter recognized among the judges Jerome Stocker,

the landamman, of Zug, who had twice been bailiff of Frauenfeld. "Landamman," said he, accosting him, "you remember the bailiff Wirth; you know that he has always been an honest man." "It is most true, my good friend Escher," replied Stocker; "he never did any one an injury: countrymen and strangers alike were sure to find a hearty welcome at his table; his house was a convent,—inn,—hospital, all in one. And knowing this, as I do, had he committed a robbery or a murder, I would have spared no effort to obtain his pardon; since he has burned St. Anne, the grandmother of Christ, it is but right that he should die!"—"Then God take pity on us!" ejaculated Escher.

The gates were now shut, (this was on the 28th of September,) and the deputies of Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, Underwald, Zug, Glaris, Friburg, and Soleure, having proceeded agreeably to usage, to deliberate on their judgment with closed doors sentence of death was passed upon the bailiff Wirth, his son John, who, of all the accused, was the firmest in his faith, and who appeared to have gained over the others, and the bailiff Rutiman. They spared the life of Adrian, the younger of Wirth's sons, as a boon to his weeping mother.

The prisoners were now brought forth from the tower in which they had been confined. "My son," said the father to Adrian, "we die an undeserved death, but never do thou think of avenging it." Adrian wept bitterly. "My brother," said John, "where Christ's word comes his *cross* must follow."

After the sentence had been read to them, the three christian sufferers were led back to prison; John Wirth walking first, the two bailiffs next, and a vicar behind them. As they crossed the castle bridge, on which there was a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, the vicar called out to the two old men—"Fall on your knees and invoke the saints." At these words, John Wirth, turning round, said, "Father, be firm! You know there is but one Mediator between God and man—Christ Jesus."—"Assuredly, my son," replied the old man, "and by the help of His grace I will continue faithful to Him, even to the end." On this, they all three began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father who art in heaven"... And so they crossed the bridge.

They were next conducted to the scaffold. John Wirth, whose heart was filled with the tenderest solicitude for his father, bade him a solemn farewell. "My beloved father," said he, "henceforth thou art my father no longer, and I am no longer thy son;—but we are brothers still in Christ our Lord, for whose name's sake we are doomed to suffer death, So now, if such be God's will, my beloved brother, let us depart to be with Him who is the father of us all. Fear nothing!"—"Amen!" answered the old man, "and may God Almighty bless thee, my beloved son and brother in Christ."

Thus, on the threshold of eternity did father and son take their leave of each other, with joyful anticipations of that unseen state in which they should be united anew by imperishable ties. There were but few among the multitude around whose tears did not flow profusely. The bailiff Rutiman prayed in silence. All three then knelt down "in Christ's name,"—and their heads were severed from their bodies.

The crowd, observing the marks of torture on their persons, uttered loud expressions of grief. The two bailiffs left behind them twenty-two children, and forty-five grandchildren. Anna was obliged to pay twelve golden crowns to the executioner by whom her husband and son had been deprived of life.

Now at length blood had been spilt—innocent blood. Switzerland and the Reformation were baptized with the blood of the martyrs. The great enemy of the Gospel had effected his purpose; but in effecting it he had struck a mortal blow against his own power. The death of the Wirths was an appointed means of hastening the triumph of the Reformation.

The Reformers of Zurich had abstained from abolishing the mass when they suppressed the use of images; but the moment for doing so seemed now to have arrived.

Not only had the light of the Gospel been diffused among the people—but the violence of the enemy called upon the friends of God's word to reply by some striking demonstration of their unshaken constancy. As often as Rome shall erect a scaffold, and heads shall drop upon it, so often shall the Reformation exalt the Lord's holy Word, and crush some hitherto untouched corruption. When Hottinger was executed, Zurich put down the worship of images, and now that the Wirths have been sacrificed, Zurich shall reply by the abolition of the *Mass*. While Rome fills up the measure of her severities, the Reformation shall be conscious of a perpetual accession of strength.

On the 11th of August, 1525, the three pastors of Zurich, accompanied by Megander, and Oswald and Myconius, presented themselves before the Great Council, and demanded the re-establishment of the Lord's Supper. Their discourse was a weighty one, and was listened to with the deepest attention; —every one felt how important was the decision which the Council was called upon to pronounce. The mass—that mysterious rite which for three successive centuries had constituted the animating principle in the worship of the Latin Church—was now to be abrogated,—the corporeal presence of Christ was to be declared an illusion, and of that illusion, the minds of the people were to be dispossessed; some courage was needed for such a resolution as this, and there were individuals in the Council who shuddered at the contemplation of so audacious a design. Joachim Am-Grüt, the under-secretary of state, was alarmed by the demand of the pastors, and opposed it with all his might. "The words, *This is my body*," said he, "prove beyond all dispute that the bread is the very body of Christ himself"

Zwingle argued that there is no other word in the Greek language than εστι (is) to express *signifies*, and he quoted several instances of the employment of that word in a figurative sense. The Great Council was convinced by his reasoning, and hesitated no longer. The evangelical doctrine had sunk deep into every heart, and moreover, since a separation from the Church of Rome had taken place, there was a kind of satisfaction felt in making that separation as complete as possible, and digging a gulf as it were between the Reformation and her. The Council decreed therefore that the *mass* should be abolished, and it was determined that on the following day, which was Maunday Thursday, the Lord's Supper should be celebrated in conformity to the apostolic model.

Zwingle's mind had been deeply engaged in these proceedings; and at night, when he closed his eyes, he was still searching for arguments with which to confront his adversaries. The subject that had occupied him during the day, presented itself to him again in a dream. He thought that he was disputing with Am-Grüt, and could not find an answer to his principal objection. Suddenly some one stood before him in his dream and said, "Why dost not thou quote the 11th verse of the 12th chapter of Exodus: *Ye shall eat the Lamb in haste; it is the Lord's Passover?*" Zwingle awoke, rose from his bed, took up the Septuagint translation, and turning to the verse found the same word εστι (is) whose import in that passage, by universal admission, can be no other than *signifies*.

Here then, in the very constitution of the paschal feast under the old covenant, was the phrase employed in that identical sense which Zwingle assigned to it—who could resist the conclusion that the two passages are parallel!

On the following day, Zwingle took the verse just mentioned as the text of his discourse, and reasoned so forcibly from it that the doubts of his hearers were dispelled.

The incident which has now been related, and which is so naturally explained—and the particular expression* used by Zwingle to intimate that he had no recollection of the aspect of the person whom he saw in his dream, have given rise to the assertion that the doctrine promulgated by the Reformer was delivered to him by the devil!

The altars disappeared; some plain tables, covered with the sacramental bread and wine, occupied their places, and a crowd of eager communicants was gathered round them. There was something exceedingly solemn in that assemblage. Our Lord's death was commemorated on three different days, by different portions of the community:—on Maunday Thursday, by the young people; on Good Friday, the day of his passion, by those who had reached the middle stage of life; on Easter Sunday, by the aged.

* Ater fuerit an albus nihil memini, somnium enim narro.

After the deacons had read aloud such passages of Scripture as relate to this sacrament, the pastors addressed their flock in the language of pressing admonition,—charging all those whose wilful indulgence in sin would bring dishonour on the body of Christ to withdraw from that holy feast. The people then fell on their knees; the bread was carried round on large wooden dishes or platters, and every one broke off a morsel for himself; the wine was distributed in wooden drinking cups; the resemblance to the primitive Supper was thought to be the closer. The hearts of those who celebrated this ordinance were affected with alternate emotions of wonder and joy.

Such was the progress of the Reformation at Zurich. The simple commemoration of our Lord's death caused a fresh overflow in the Church, of love to God, and love to the brethren. The words of Jesus Christ were once more proved to be 'spirit and life.' Whereas the different orders and sections of the Church of Rome had kept up incessant disputes among themselves, the first effect of the Gospel, on its re-appearance in the Church, was the revival of brotherly charity. The *Love* which had glowed so brightly in the first ages of Christianity, was now kindled anew. Men, who had before been at variance, were found renouncing their long cherished enmity, and cordially embracing each other, after having broken bread together at the table of the Lord. Zwingle rejoiced at these affecting manifestations of grace, and returned thanks to God that the Lord's Supper was again working those miracles of charity, which had long since ceased to be displayed in connection with the sacrifice of the mass.

"Our city," said he, "continues at peace. There is no fraud, no dissension, no envy, no wrangling among us. Where shall we discover the cause of this agreement except in the Lord's good pleasure, and the harmlessness and meekness of the doctrine we profess!"

Charity and unity were there—but not uniformity. Zwingle, in his "*Commentary on true and false religion*," which he dedicated to Francis the First, in March, 1525, the year of the battle of Pavia, had stated some truths in a manner that seemed adapted to recommend them to human reason, following in that respect the example of several of the most distinguished among the scholastic theologians. In this way he had attached to original corruption the appellation of a *disease*, reserving the name of *sin* for the actual violation of law. But these statements, though they gave rise to some objections, yet occasioned no breach of brotherly charity; for Zwingle, while he persisted in calling original sin a disease, added, by that disease, *all* men were ruined, and that the sole remedy was in Jesus Christ. Here then was no taint of Pelagian error.

But whilst in Zurich the celebration of the sacrament was followed by the re-establishment of Christian brotherhood, Zwingle and his friends had to sustain a harder struggle than ever against their adversaries without.

Zwingle was not only a Christian teacher, he was a true patriot also; and we know how zealously he always opposed the capitulations, and foreign pensions, and alliances. He was persuaded that this extraneous influence was destructive to piety, contributed to the maintenance of error, and was a fruitful source of civil discord. But his courageous protests on this head were destined to impede the progress of the Reformation. In almost every canton, the leading men, who received the foreign pensions, and the officers under whose command the youth of Switzerland were led out to battle, were knit together in powerful factions and oligarchies, which attacked the Reformation, not so much in the spirit of religious animosity, as in the belief that its success would be detrimental to their own pecuniary and political interests. They had already gained a triumph in Schwitz, and that canton, in which Zwingle, Leo Juda, and Oswald Myconius had preached the truth, and which seemed disposed to follow the example of Zurich, had, on a sudden, renewed the mercenary capitulations, and closed the door against the Gospel.

In Zurich itself, a few worthless persons, instigated to mischief by foreign agency, made an attack upon Zwingle, in the middle of the night, throwing stones at his house, breaking the windows, and calling aloud for "red haired Uli, the vulture of Glaris,"—so that Zwingle started from his sleep, and caught up his sword. The action is characteristic of the man.

But these desultory assaults could not counteract the impulse by which Zurich was carried onward, and which was beginning to vibrate throughout the whole of Switzerland. They were like pebbles thrown to check the course of a torrent. The waters of the torrent meanwhile were swelling, and the mightiest of its obstacles were likely soon to be swept away.

The people of Berne having intimated to the citizens of Zurich, that several of the cantons had refused to sit with them any longer in the Diet:—"Well," replied the men of Zurich, with calm dignity, raising (as in times past the men of Rutli had done) their hands towards heaven, "we are persuaded that God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in whose name the Confederation has been formed, will not forsake us, and will, at last, in his mercy, make us to sit at the right hand of His majesty."

With such a faithful spirit, there was nothing to fear for the Reformation. But would it make similar progress in the other states of the Confederation? Might not Zurich be single on the side of the word of God? Berne, Basle, and other cantons, would they remain in their subjection to Rome? It is this we are now to see. Let us then turn towards Berne, and contemplate the march of the Reformation in the most influential of the confederated states.

No where was the contest likely to be so sharp as at Berne, for the Gospel had there both powerful friends and determined opponents. At the head of the reforming party was the bannaret John Weingarten, Bartholomew May, member of the lesser Council, his sons, Wolfgang and Claudius, his grandsons, James and Benedict, and, above all, the family of the Wattevilles. James Watteville, the magistrate, who, since 1512, had presided over the republic, had read the writings of Luther and Zwingle, at the time of their publication, and had often conversed concerning the Gospel with John Haller, pastor at Anseltingen, whom he had protected from his persecutors.

His son, Nicholas, then thirty-one years of age, had, for two years, filled the office of provost in the church of Berne; and, as such, by virtue of papal ordinances, enjoyed distinguished privileges; so that, Berthold Haller, in speaking of him, would call him "our Bishop."

The prelates and the Pope used every effort to bind him to the interests of Rome, and the circumstances in which he was placed, seemed likely to keep him from the knowledge of the Gospel; but the workings of God's Spirit were more powerful than the flatteries of man. "Watteville," says Zwingle, "was turned from darkness to the sweet light of the Gospel." As the friend of Berthold Haller, he was accustomed to read the letters which he received from Zwingle, for whom he expressed the highest admiration.

It was natural to suppose that the influence of the two Wattevilles, the one being at the head of the state, and the other of the church, would draw after it the republic over which they presided. But the opposite party was scarcely less powerful.

Among its chiefs were the schultheiss of Erlach, the banneret Willading, and many persons of high family, whose interests were identified with those of the convents placed under their administration. Backing these influential leaders was an ignorant and corrupted clergy, who went the length of calling Gospel truth, "an invention of hell." "Beloved colleagues," said the counsellor of Mullinen, at a full conference, held in the month of July, "be on your guard, lest this Reformation should creep in upon us. There is no safety at Zurich in one's own house: people are obliged to have soldiers to guard them." In consequence, they invited to Berne the lecturer of the Dominicans at Mentz, John Heim, who, taking his stand in the pulpit, poured forth all the eloquence of St. Thomas Aquinas against the Reformation.

Thus, then, the two parties were in presence of each other; a struggle seemed inevitable, but already there were indications with whom the victory would remain. In fact, a common faith united a part of the people to those distinguished families who espoused the Reformation. Berthold Haller exclaimed, full of confidence in the future, "Unless, indeed, the wrath of God should show itself against us, it is not possible that

the word of the Lord should be banished from the city, for the Bernese are hungering after it."

Two acts of the government soon appeared to incline the balance in favor of the new opinions. The Bishop of Lausanne had given notice of an episcopal visitation; the Council sent a message to him by the provost, Watteville, desiring him to abstain from it. And, in the meantime, the government put forth an ordinance, which, whilst in appearance it left the enemies of the truth in possession of some of their advantages, at the same time sanctioned the principles on which the Reformation was founded. They directed that the ministers should preach, clear of all additions,—freely and openly,—the Gospel and the doctrine of God, as it is found in the books of the Old and New Testaments; and that they should not allude to any doctrine, disputation, or writing coming from Luther or other teachers.

Great was the surprise of the enemies of the truth, when they saw the ministers of the Gospel appealing with confidence to this decree. This ordinance, which was to furnish the ground for all those that succeeded, was, legally speaking, the commencement of the Reformation at Berne. From that time, there was more decision in the progress of this canton; and Zwingle, who attentively observed all that was passing in Switzerland, was able to write to the provost de Watteville, "Christians are all exulting on account of the faith which the pious city of Berne has just received." "The cause is that of Christ," exclaimed the friends of the Gospel, and they exerted themselves to advance it with increased confidence. The enemies of the Reformation, alarmed at these first advantages, closed their ranks, and resolved on striking a blow which should ensure victory on their side. They conceived the project of getting rid of those ministers whose bold preaching was turning all the ancient customs upside down; and a favorable occasion was not long wanting. There was, at Berne, in the place where now stands the hospital de l'Ile, a convent of nuns of the Dominican order, consecrated to St. Michael. St. Michael's day, (29th of September,) was always a solemn festival to the inmates of the nunnery. On this anniversary, many of the clergy were present, and, among others, Wittembach de Bienne, Sebastian Meyer, and Berthold Haller. This latter, having entered into conversation with the nuns, among whom was Clara, the daughter of Claudius May, (one of those who maintained the new doctrines,) he remarked to her, in the presence of her grandmother, "the merits of the monastic state are but imaginary, whilst marriage is honourable, and instituted by God himself." Some nuns, to whom Clara related this conversation of Berthold, received it with outcries. It was soon rumoured in the city that Haller had asserted that "the nuns were all children of the devil." The opportunity that the enemies of the Reformation had waited for, was now arrived, and they presented themselves before the lesser Council. Referring to an ancient law, which enacted that whosoever should carry off a nun from her convent should lose his head, they proposed that the "sentence should be mitigated" so far, as that, without hearing the three accused ministers in their defence, they should be banished for life! The lesser Council granted the petition, and the matter was immediately carried to the grand Council.

Thus, then, Berne was threatened with the loss of her Reformers. The intrigues of the Popish party seemed successful. But Rome, triumphant when she played her game with the higher orders, was beaten when she had to do with the people or their representatives. Hardly were the names of Haller, of Meyer, of Wittembach—those names held in veneration by all the Swiss,—pronounced in the grand Council, before an energetic opposition was manifested against the lesser Council and the clergy. "We cannot," said Tillman, "condemn the accused unheard! . . . Surely their own testimony may be received against that of a few women." The ministers were called up. There seemed no way of settling matters. "Let us admit the statements of both parties," said John Weingarten. They did so, and discharged the accused ministers,—at the same time desiring them to confine themselves to the duties of their pulpits, and not to trouble themselves concerning the cloisters. But the pulpit was all they wanted: their accusers had taken nothing by their motion. It was counted a great victory gained by the Reforming party, insomuch that one of the leading men exclaimed, "It is all over now—Luther's work must go forward."

And go forward it did,—and that in places where it could least have been expected. At Königsfield upon the river Aar, near the castle of Hapsburg, stood a monastery adorned with all the magnificence of the middle ages, and in which reposed the ashes of many of that illustrious house which had so often given an Emperor to Germany. To this place the noble families of Switzerland and of Suabia used to send their daughters to take the veil. It was in the neighbourhood of this convent that the Emperor Albert had fallen by the hand of his nephew, John of Suabia, on the 1st of May, 1308; and the beautiful stained windows of the church at Königsfeld represented the horrible tortures which had been inflicted upon the relations and dependants of the perpetrators of the murder. Catherine of Waldburg-Truchses, abbess of the convent at the period of the Reformation, numbered among her nuns Beatrice Landenberg, sister of the Bishop of Constance, Agnes Mullinen, Catherine Bonnstetten, and Margaret Watteville, sister of the provost. The liberty enjoyed in this convent, a liberty which in earlier times had given occasion to scandalous disorders, had favoured the introduction not

only of the Bible, but of the writings of Luther and Zwingle; and soon a new spring of life and joy changed the aspect of its interior. Nigh to that cell to which Queen Agnes, daughter of Albert, had retired, after bathing in torrents of blood "as in Maydews;" and where, dividing her time between spinning wool and embroidering tapestry for the church, she had mingled thoughts of vengeance with devotional exercises,—Margaret Watteville had only thoughts of peace,—read the Scriptures,—and found time, in her spare moments, to compound, of certain salutary ingredients, an excellent electuary. Retiring to her cell, the youthful nun took courage to write to the Reformer of Switzerland. Her letter discovers to us, better than any reflections could do, the Christian spirit which existed among those pious women,—still, even in our days, so much calumniated.

"Grace and peace, in the Lord Jesus Christ, be given and multiplied towards you always, by God our heavenly Father," was the language of the nun of Königsfeld to Zwingle: "Very learned, reverend, and most dear Sir, I pray you to take in good part this letter which I now address to you. The love of Christ constrains me;—especially since I have learned that the doctrines of grace are spreading from day to day through your preaching of the word of God. For this cause I give thanks to the Eternal God, for that he has enlightened us anew, and has sent us, by His Holy Spirit, so many heralds of His blessed word; and at the same time I present before Him my earnest prayers, that He will be pleased to clothe with His strength, both you and all those who publish His glad tidings,—and that arming you against all enemies of the truth, He will cause His Divine Word to grow in all men. Most learned Sir, I take the liberty of sending to your reverence this little mark of my affection; I pray you do not despise it, for it is an offering of Christian love. If this electuary should be useful to you, and you should wish to have more, pray let me know, for it would be a joy to my heart to do any thing that would be agreeable to you. I am writing not my own feelings only, but those of all in our convent of Königsfeld who love the Gospel. They salute you in Jesus Christ, and we together cease not to commend you to His Almighty protection.

"Saturday before *Lætare*, 1523."

Such was the pious letter which the nun of Königsfeld wrote to the Reformer of Switzerland.

A convent into which the light of the Gospel had penetrated in such power, could not long continue to adhere to monastic observances. Margaret Watteville and her sisters, persuaded that they should better serve God in their families than in a cloister, solicited permission to leave it. The Council of Berne, in some alarm, took measures to bring the nuns to reason, and the provincial and abbess alternately tried promises and threats, but the sisters, Margaret, Agnes, and Catherine, and their friends, could not be dissuaded. On this, the discipline of the convent was relaxed,—the nuns being exempted from fasting and matins, and their allowance increased. "We desire," said they, in reply to the Council, "not 'the *liberty of the flesh*,' but that of *the spirit*. We, *your* poor, unoffending prisoners, beseech you to take compassion on us." —"*Our* prisoners! *our* prisoners," exclaimed the banneret, Krauchthaler; "*I* have no wish to detain them prisoners!" This speech, coming from a firm defender of the convents, decided the Council. The gates were opened; and in a short time afterwards Catherine Bonnstetten married William von Diesbach.

Nevertheless, Berne, instead of openly taking part with the Reformation, did but hold a middle course, and pursue a system of vacillation. An incident soon occurred which made this apparent. Sebastian Meyer, lecturer of the Franciscans, put forth a recantation of Romish errors, which produced an immense sensation; and, in which, depicting the condition of the inmates of convents, he said, "The living in them is more impure, the falls more frequent, the recoveries more tardy, the habitual walk more unsteady, the moral slumber in them more dangerous, the grace toward offenders more rare, and the cleansing from sin more slow, the death more despairing, and the condemnation more severe." At the very time when Meyer was thus declaring himself against the cloisters, John Heim, lecturer of the Dominicans, exclaimed from the pulpit, "*No!* Christ has not, as the Evangelicals tells us, made satisfaction *once for all*, to his Father. God must still further every day be reconciled to men by good works and the sacrifice of the mass." Two burghers, who happened to be in the church, interrupted him with the words, "That's not true." The interruption caused a great disturbance in the church; and Heim remained silent. Some pressed him to go on, but he left the pulpit without finishing his sermon. The next day the Grand Council struck a blow at once against Rome and the Reformation! They banished from the city the two leading controversialists, Meyer and Heim. It was remarked of the Bernese, "They are neither clear nor muddy," —taking in a double sense the name of Luther, which in old German signified *clear*.*

* Romish writers, and particularly M. de Haller, have mentioned, following Salat and Tschudi, enemies of the Reformation, a pretended letter of Zwingle, addressed, at this juncture, to Kolb at Berne. It is as follows:—"Health and blessing from God our Saviour. Dear Francis, move gently in the matter. At first only throw one sour pear to the bear, amongst a great many sweet ones; afterwards two, then three; and as soon as he begins to eat them, throw more and more,—sweet and bitter all together. Empty the sack entirely. Soft, hard, sweet, bitter, he will eat them all, and will no longer allow either that they be taken, or he driven away.—Zurich, Monday before St. George, 1525.

"Your servant in Christ, ULRICH ZWINGLE."

But it was in vain to attempt to smother the Reformation at Berne. It made progress on all sides. The nuns of the convent de l'Ile had not forgotten Haller's visit. Clara May, and many of her friends, pressed in their consciences to know what to do, wrote to the learned Henry Bullinger. In answer, he said, "Saint Paul enjoins young women not to take upon them vows, but to marry, instead of living in idleness, under a false show of piety. (1 Tim. v. 13, 14.) Follow Jesus in humility, charity, patience, purity, and kindness." Clara, looking to heaven for guidance, resolved to act on the advice, and renounce a manner of life at variance with the word of God,—of man's invention,—and beset with snares. Her grandfather Bartholomew, who had served for fifty years in the field and the council-hall, heard with joy of the resolution she had formed. Clara quitted the convent.

The provost, Nicholas Watteville, connected by strong ties of interest to the Roman hierarchy, and who was to have been nominated to the first vacant bishopric in Switzerland, also gave up his titles, revenues, and expectations, that he might keep a clear conscience; and, breaking through all the entanglements in which the popes had sought to bind him, he too entered into that state, which had been, from the beginning, instituted by God. Nicholas Watteville took to wife Clara May; and his sister Margaret, the nun of Königsfeld, was, about the same time united to Lucius Tscharner of Coira.*

Every thing gave intimation of the victory which the Reformation would soon obtain at Berne. A city not less important, and which then ranked as the Athens of Switzerland—Basle, was also beginning to take part in the memorable struggle of the sixteenth century.

Each of the cities of the Confederation had its own peculiar character. Berne was distinguished as the place of residence of the chief families; and the question was one that seemed likely to be decided by the part taken by certain of the leading nobles. At Zurich, the ministers of the Word, such men as Zwingle, Leo Juda, Myconius, and Schmidt, exercised a commanding influence over a powerful middle class of society. Lucerne was the city of arms,—a centre of military organization. Basle was the seat of learning, and its accompaniment,—printing-presses. Erasmus, the acknowledged head of the republic of letters in the sixteenth century, had there fixed his residence, and, preferring the liberty it afforded him to the flattering invitations of popes and kings, he had become a centre of attraction to a concourse of men of learning.

However, a man inferior to Erasmus in natural genius, but humble, gentle, and pious, was, ere long, to exercise, in that very city, an influence more powerful than that possessed by this prince of scholars. Christopher von Utenheim, bishop of Basle, who agreed in judgment with Erasmus, sought to surround himself with men disposed to co-operate in a sort of half-way Reformation. With this view he had called to his aid Capito and Œcolampadius. The latter had a something savouring of monkery in his habit of mind, and this often clashed with the views of the philosopher. Œcolampadius, however, on his part, soon became enthusiastically attached to Erasmus; and it is probable he would have lost all independence of mind in this intimacy, if Providence had not separated him from his idol. He returned, in 1517, to his native city, Weinsberg. Here he was disgusted with the disorders and the profanity which prevailed among the priests; and he has left a noble record of the serious spirit which from that time actuated him, in his work entitled "The Humours of Easter," which appears to have been written about this period.

Called to Augsburg, towards the end of 1518, to fill the post of preacher in its cathedral, he found that city still under the effects of the memorable discussion which had been held there, in the previous May, between Luther and the Pope's legate. It was necessary that he should choose his side, and Œcolampadius did not hesitate to declare

We can oppose convincing arguments against the authenticity of this letter. First,—In 1525, Kolb was pastor at Wertheimer. He did not come to Berne until 1527.—(See Zw. Epp. 526.) M. de Haller substitutes, indeed, but quite arbitrarily, 1527 for 1525. This correction, doubtless, *had its object;* but, unfortunately, in making it, M. de Haller puts himself in direct contradiction of Salat and Tschudi, who, though they do not agree as to the day on which this letter was mentioned in the diet, agree as the year, which, with both, is clearly 1525. Secondly,—There is no agreement as to the way in which the letter itself got abroad. According to one account, it was intercepted; another version tells us that Kolb's parishioners communicated it to an inhabitant of the small cantons, who happened to be at Berne. Thirdly,—The original is in German. Now Zwingle wrote always in Latin to his friends who could understand that language: moreover, he used to salue them as *brother*, and not as *servant*. Fourthly,—In reading Zwingle's correspondence it is impossible not to perceive that his style is quite different from that of the pretended letter. Zwingle never would have written a letter to say so little. His letters in general are long and full of news. To call the little jeu d'esprit picked up by Salat *a letter*, is but trifling. Fifthly,—Salat deserves but little confidence as an historian; and Tschudi appears to have copied him, with a few variations. Possibly a man of the small cantons may have had communication, from some inhabitant of Berne, of the letter from Zwingle to Haller, which we have before mentioned, wherein Zwingle employs, with a good deal of dignity, the comparison of the bears,—which is found in all authors of that age. This may have given the idea to some wit to invent this letter, which has been supposed to have passed from Zwingle to Kolb.

* Zw. Epp. annotatio, p. 451. It is from this union that the Tscharners of Berne derive their descent.

himself on the side of the Reformer. Such candour on his part soon drew down upon him much opposition, and being convinced that his natural timidity, and the feebleness of his voice, rendered it impossible for him to succeed in public, he looked around him for a place of retreat, and his thoughts rested on a convent of monks of Saint Bridget, near Augsburg, renowned for the piety, as well as for the profound and liberal studies of its monks. Feeling the need of repose, of leisure, and, at the same time, of quiet occupation and prayer, he addressed himself to this community, and inquired, "Can I live in your convent according to the word of God?" The answer being in the affirmative, Œcolampadius entered its gates on the 23d April, 1520, having expressly stipulated that he should be free, if ever the ministry of the word of God should require his service elsewhere.

It was well that the Reformer of Basle should, like Luther, become acquainted with that monastic life, which presented the fullest exhibition of the working of Roman Catholicism. But *rest* was what he could not find there; his friends blamed the step; and he himself declared frankly that Luther was nearer to the truth than his adversaries. No wonder, therefore that Eck and other Romish doctors pursued him with menaces even in this his quiet retreat.

At the time we are recording, Œcolampadius was neither one of the Reformed, nor yet a blind follower of Rome; what he most desired was a sort of purified Catholicism, which is no where to be found in history,—but the idea of which has, to many, served as a bridge of passage to better things. He set himself to correct, by reference to the word of God, the statutes of his order. "I conjure you," said he, to the confraternity, "not to think more highly of your statutes, than of the ordinances and commandments of the Lord." "We have no wish," replied his brethren, "for other rules than those of the Saviour. Take our books, and mark, as in the presence of Christ himself, whatever you find therein contrary to his word." Œcolampadius began the task imposed; but he was almost wearied by it. "O Almighty God!" he exclaimed, "what abominations has not Rome sanctioned in these statutes."

Hardly had he pointed out some of them, when the anger of the fraternity was aroused. "Thou heretic—thou apostate," was their cry, "thou deservest to be thrown into a lonesome dungeon for the rest of thy days." They would not allow him to come to prayers. Meanwhile, outside the walls, still greater danger awaited him. Eck, and his party, had not relinquished their schemes. "In three days," it was told him, "they will be here to arrest you." "Do you intend," asked he, "to deliver me up to assassins?" The monks were silent and irresolute . . .; neither willing to save him, nor yet to give him up. At this juncture, some friends of Œcolampadius approached the convent, bringing with them horses to conduct him to a place of safety. At the news, the monks decided to allow the departure of one who had brought the seeds of trouble into their convent. "*Farewell*," said he. Behold him at liberty!

He had remained nearly two years in the convent of Saint Bridget.

Œcolampadius was saved—he began to breathe. "I have sacrificed the monk," said he, writing to a friend, "and have regained the Christian." But his flight from the convent, and his heretical writings were every where proclaimed. People on all sides drew back at his approach. He knew not which way to turn, when Sickingen offered him an asylum. This was in the spring of the year 1522. He accepted it.

His mind, oppressed during his confinement within the monastery, recovered its elasticity amongst the noble warriors of Ebernburg. "Christ is our liberty!" burst from his lips, "and that which men consider as their greatest misfortune,—death itself,—is for us a real gain." He directly commenced reading to the people the Gospel's and Epistle's in German. "No sooner will these trumpets sound abroad," said he, "than the walls of Jericho will crumble to the ground."

Thus the most humble man of his time was preparing, in a fortress on the banks of the Rhine, in the midst of unpolished warriors, for that change of worship which Christianity was shortly to undergo. Nevertheless, Ebernburg was not a field large enough for his plans; besides, he felt the need of other society than such as he was in the midst of. Cratander, the bookseller, invited him to take up his abode at Basle; Sickingen offered no impediment; and Œcolampadius, glad at the thought of seeing his old friends, arrived there on the 16th November, 1522. After having lived there some time, simply as a man of learning, without any public vocation, he was nominated vicar of the church of St. Martin, and his acceptance of this humble engagement perhaps decided the Reformation at Basle. Whenever Œcolampadius was to preach, a great crowd filled the church. At the same time, the public lectures given by him, and by Pelican, were crowned with so much success, that Erasmus himself felt constrained to exclaim, "Œcolampadius triumphs!"

"In fact, this gentle, and firm man," says Zwingle, "diffused, all around him, the sweet savour of Christ; and all who assembled about him grew in the truth." Often a report prevailed that he was on the point of being obliged to quit Basle, and begin again his hazardous flights. On these occasions his friends,—and above all Zwingle,—would be in consternation; but then came tidings of fresh advantages gained by Œcolampadius, dissipating their fears, and raising their hopes. The renown of his labours spread even to Wittemberg, and rejoiced Luther, who would often talk with Melancthon concerning him

But the Saxon Reformer was not without anxiety on his account. Erasmus was at Basle,—and Erasmus was the friend of Œcolampadius . . . Luther thought it his duty to put one whom he loved on his guard. "I fear much," wrote he, "that, like Moses, Erasmus will die in the country of Moab, and never lead us into the land of promise."

Erasmus had retired to Basle, as to a quiet city, situated in the centre of the intellectual activity of the age,—from whence, by means of the printing-press of Frobenius, he could act upon France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and England. But he liked not to be interfered with; and if the neighbourhood of Œcolampadius was not entirely agreeable to him, another man there was whose presence inspired him with still more apprehension. Ulric Hutten had followed Œcolampadius to Basle. For some time he had been attacking the Pope, as one knight tilts with another. "The axe," said he, "is already laid at the root of the tree. Faint not, my countrymen, in the heat of the battle: the lot is cast; the charge is begun . . . Hurrah for liberty!" He laid aside the Latin, and now wrote only in German; for his object was to get at the hearts of the people.

His views were grand and generous. According to his plan, there was to be a yearly meeting of bishops, to regulate the interests of the church. Christian institutions, and above all, a Christian spirit, was to go forth from Germany, as formerly from Judea, and spread through the whole world. Charles V. was the young hero destined to realise this golden age; but Hutten's hopes having been blasted in that quarter, he turned towards Sickingen, and sought from knighthood that which the Imperial authority refused him.

Sickingen, as a leading chieftain, had acted a distinguished part in Germany; but soon after the nobles had besieged him in the castle of Landstein, and the ancient walls of that fortress had yielded to the strange power of cannon and musketry,—then only recently invented. The taking of Landstein had been the final defeat of the power of the knights,—the triumph of the art of modern warfare over that of the middle ages. Thus, the last exploits of the knights had been on the side of the Reformation, while the earliest use of the newly-invented engines was against it. The steel-clad warriors, whose bodies fell beneath the unlooked-for storm of balls, made way for other soldiery. Other conflicts were opening. A spiritual knighthood was taking the place of the Du Guesclins and Bayards; and those battered ramparts, broken walls, and expiring warriors, told, more plainly than Luther had been able to do, that it was not by such allies or such weapons that the Gospel of the Prince of Peace was destined to prevail.

The hopes of Hutten had died with the fall of Landstein, and the ruin of the power of the knights As he stood by the corpse of his friend Sickingen, he bade adieu to his dream of brighter days to come, and losing all confidence in men, he sought only for retirement and repose. In quest of these, he visited Erasmus in Switzerland. An early friendship had subsisted between them; but the rough and overbearing knight, regardless of the opinions of others, quick to grasp the sword, and dealing his blows on all sides, wherever he came, could scarcely be expected to "walk together" with the fastidious and timid Erasmus, with all his refinement, politeness, love of praise, his readiness to sacrifice all for the sake of it, and his fear, above all, of controversy.

On his arrival at Basle, Hutten, poor, suffering in bodily health, and a fugitive, immediately sought out his old friend. But Erasmus shrunk from the thought of receiving at his table a man who was placed under ban by the Pope and the Emperor,—a man who, in his conversation, would spare no one, and, besides borrowing money of him, would no doubt be followed by others of the "Gospel party," whom Erasmus dreaded more and more. He declined to see him,—and the magistrates of Basle desired Hutten to leave the city. Wounded to the quick, and irritated by the timid prudence of his friend, Hutten repaired to Mulhausen, and there circulated a violent diatribe against Erasmus,—to which the latter put forth a reply replete with talent. The knight had, as it were, with both hands, seized his sword, and felled his adversary to the earth; the philosopher, recovering his feet, had replied to the strokes of his adversary by pecks ings with his beak.

Hutten was again compelled to flight. He reached Zurich, and there found a kind reception at the hospitable hearth of Zwingle. Intrigues again obliged him to quit that city; and after passing some time at the baths of Pfeffers, he repaired, provided with a letter from the Swiss Reformer, to the pastor, John Schnapp, who resided in the little island of Uffnan, on the lake of Zurich That humble minister of God's word received the sick and homeless knight with the tenderest charity. And in that tranquil and unknown seclusion, Ulric Hutten, one of the most remarkable men of his age, expired about the end of August, after an agitated life, in the course of which he had been expelled by one party, persecuted by another, and deserted by nearly all;—having all his life contended against superstition, without, as it would seem, ever arriving at the knowledge of the truth. The poor minister, who had gained some experience in the healing art, had bestowed upon him the utmost attention. He had left behind him neither money nor furniture, nor books,—nothing, save his pen. So broken was that steel-clad arm that he dared to put forward to support the ark of God.

But there was one man in Germany more formidable in the eyes of Erasmus than the

ill-fated knight,—and that man was Luther. The time had come when the two great combatants of the age were to measure their strength in the lists. They were the leaders of two very different reformations. Whilst Luther was bent on a complete reformation, Erasmus, as the advocate of a middle course, was seeking certain concessions from the hierarchy, that might have the effect of conciliating the opposing parties. Luther was disgusted with the vacillation and inconsistency of Erasmus. "You are trying to walk on eggs without breaking them," said he.

At the same time, he met these vacillations of Erasmus with the most entire and unfaltering decision. "We Christians," said he, "ought to be well persuaded of what we teach, and to be able to say *yes* or *no*. To object to our affirming with full conviction what we believe, is to strip us of our faith itself. The Holy Spirit is no spirit of doubt. And he has written in our hearts a firm and peaceful assurance, which makes us as sure of the object of faith as we are of our existence."

These words suffice to show on which side strength was to be found. To effect a change in religion, there is need of firm and living faith. A salutary revolution in the Church is never to be derived from philosophic views and thoughts of man. To restore fertility to the earth after a long drought, the lightning must strike the cloud, and the windows of heaven must be opened. Critical acuteness, philosophy, and even history, may prepare the ground for a true faith, but never can they fill its place. Vainly would you cleanse the aqueduct or build up your embankments, so long as the rain cometh not down from heaven. The learning of man without faith is but as the dry channel.

Much and essentially as Luther and Erasmus differed one from the other, a hope was long cherished by Luther's friends, and even by himself, that both would one day be united in resistance of Rome. Expressions, dropt in his caustic humour, were commonly reported, which showed the philosopher dissenting, in his opinion, from the most devoted adherents of Catholicism. For instance, it is related, that, when in England, he was one day in earnest conversation with Thomas More on the subject of transubstantiation. "Only believe," said More, "that you receive the body of Christ, and you really have it." Erasmus was silent. Shortly after this, when Erasmus was leaving England, More lent him a horse to convey him to the port where he was to embark; but Erasmus took it abroad with him. When More heard of it, he reproached him with much warmth; but the only answer Erasmus gave him was in the following quatrain:—*

"Only believe thou sharest Christ's feast, say you
And never doubt the fact is therefore true:
So write I of thy horse;—if thou art able
But to believe it, he is in thy stable."

Erasmus's sentiments having got wind, not only in Germany and England, but in other countries, it was said at Paris that "Luther wanted to force open the door, of which Erasmus had already picked the lock."

The position taken by Erasmus was a difficult one. "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ," wrote he to Zwingle, "at least *so far* as the times will allow." Just in proportion as he saw Rome rising up against the favourers of the Reformation, he prudently drew back from them. All parties looked to him. Pope, emperor, kings, nobles, men of learning, and even his most intimate friends, entreated him to take up his pen against the Reformer. "You cannot possibly undertake a work more acceptable to God and more worthy of your genius," wrote the Pope.

Erasmus for a long time held out against these solicitations. He could not conceal from himself that the cause of the Reformation was that of Religion as well as of Learning. Moreover, Luther was an adversary he dreaded to find himself opposed to. "It is an easy thing for you to say, Write against Luther," said he to a Romish divine, "but the matter is full of hazard." He knew not which way to move.

This hesitation on the part of Erasmus drew upon him the most violent of both parties. Luther himself scarcely knew how to make his respect for Erasmus's learning consist with the indignation his timid policy awakened in him. He resolved to break through the painful restraint he had hitherto imposed on himself, and wrote to him, in April, 1524, a letter which he commissioned Camerarius to deliver to him.

"*You* have not yet received from the Lord the courage requisite for marching side by side with us against the Papists. We bear with your weakness. If learning prospers, and if, by its means, the treasury of Scripture is unlocked to all comers, it is a gift which God has given us by you—a noble gift, for which our praise ascends to heaven. But do not desert the post assigned you, to take up your quarters in our camp. No doubt your eloquence and genius might be useful to us; but, since your courage fails you, remain where you are. If I could have my will, those who are acting with me should leave your old age in peace, to fall asleep in the Lord. The greatness of our cause has long ago surpassed your strength. But then, dear Erasmus, cease, I pray you, to scatter, with open hands, the biting satire you are so skilled to clothe in flowery rhetoric, for the slightest stroke of your pen inflicts more pain than the being ground to powder by all the Papists put together. Be satisfied to be a spectator of our tragedy: only abstain from writing against me, and I will not attack you."

* There is surely profanity as well as levity in this. May the reader be preserved from any sympathy with such a way of dealing with a belief which, right or wrong, is reverential.—Tr.

Here we see Luther, whose spirit breathed the breath of conflict, asking for peace and amity! Erasmus, the man of peace, broke it.

This communication of the Reformer was received by Erasmus as the keenest of insults, and if he had not previously resolved on publishing against Luther, it is probable that resolution was then taken. "Perhaps," was his reply, "perhaps Erasmus will better serve the Gospel by writing against you, than certain senseless writers on your own side, whose doctrines do not allow me to be any longer a mere spectator of the tragedy."

But other motives were not wanting. Henry VIII. and the leading nobility of England, pressed him to declare himself openly against the Reformation, and Erasmus, in a moment of more than usual boldness, gave a promise to that effect. His questionable position had, besides, become a source of continual trouble to him; he loved ease, and the necessity he was continually brought under of vindicating his conduct was a constant disturbance. He loved the praise of men, and he heard himself charged with fearing Luther, and being unable to answer him—he clung to the uppermost seat,—and the plain monk of Wittemberg had dethroned the powerful Erasmus from his pre-eminence. It was his aim, by a bold step, to regain the place he had lost. The established Christianity of his age, with one voice, invited him to the attempt. A man of large capacity, and of the highest reputation in that age, was wanted to oppose to the Reformation. Erasmus gave himself to the work.

But with what weapons will he arm for the encounter? Will he call forth the former thunders of the Vatican? Will he undertake the vindication of the corruptions which are the disgrace of the Papacy? Erasmus could not act such a part. The grand movement which then swelled all hearts, after the death-like stupor of so many centuries, filled him with joy, and he would have shrunk from shackling its progress. Unable to be the champion of Roman Catholicism in that which it has *added* to Christianity, he undertook the defence of it in the particulars wherein it has *taken away* from it. Erasmus chose for the ground of his attack upon Luther, that point wherein Catholicism makes common cause with Rationalism, the doctrine of Free Will, or the power of man by nature. Accordingly, although undertaking thus to defend the Church, Erasmus was also gratifying the men of this world; and, although fighting the battle on behalf of the Pope, he was also contending on the side of the philosophic party. It has been said that he acted injudiciously in thus restricting himself to an intricate and unprofitable question.* Luther,—the Reformers generally,—and, indeed, that age were of a different opinion; and we agree with them "I must acknowledge," said Luther, "that in this great controversy, you alone have taken the bull by the horns. I thank you with all my heart, for I prefer to be occupied with that theme rather than such secondary questions as Pope, purgatory, and indulgences, with which the enemies of the Gospel have hitherto dogged my steps."

His own experience, and the attentive study of the Holy Scriptures, and of St. Augustine, had convinced Luther that the powers of man's nature are so strongly inclined to evil, that, in his own strength, he can attain no more than an outward decency, of no value or sufficiency in the sight of God He had, at the same time, recognised that it was God, who, by his Holy Spirit, bestowing freely on man the gift of 'faith,' communicated to him a real righteousness. This doctrine had become the vital principle of his religion, the predominant tenet of his theology, and the pivot on which the entire Reformation turned.

Whilst Luther maintained that every thing good in man came down from God, Erasmus sided with those who thought that this good came out from man himself. God or man—good or evil—these are no unimportant themes; and if there is '*triviality*,' it is assuredly not in such solemn questions.

It was in the autumn of 1524, that Erasmus published his famous tract, entitled "Diatribe on the Freedom of the Will," and as soon as it saw the light, the philosopher could hardly credit his own boldness. With his eyes rivetted on the arena, he watched, with trembling, the gauntlet he had flung to his adversary. "The die is cast," he wrote to Henry VIII., with emotion; "the book on *free will* is published. I have done a bold thing, believe me. I expect nothing less than to be stoned for it. But I take comfort from your majesty's example, whom the rage of these people has not spared."

His alarm soon increased to such a degree, that he bitterly lamented the step he had taken. "Why," he ejaculated, "why was I not permitted to grow old in the mount of the Muses! Here am I, at sixty years of age, forcibly thrust forward into the arena, and I am throwing the cestus and the net, instead of handling the lyre! I am aware," said he to the Bishop of Rochester, "that in writing upon free will, I was going out of my sphere; you congratulate me on my triumphs. Ah! I do not know over whom. The faction (the Reformation) gathers strength daily. Was it then my fate, at my time of life, to pass from my place as a friend of the Muses, to that of a miserable gladiator!"

Doubtless it was no small matter for the timid Erasmus to have stood forth against Luther; nevertheless, he had not spoken out with any extraordinary boldness. He seems,

* "It is humbling to mankind," says M. Nisard—see Revue des deux mondes, iii. p. 411, "to contemplate men capable of grasping eternal truths, fencing and debating in such trivialities like gladiators fighting with flies."

in his book, to ascribe but little to man's will, and to leave to grace the greater part of the work; but then he chooses his arguments so as to make it seem as if man did every thing, and God nothing. Not daring openly to express his opinions, he seems to affirm one thing, and to prove another; so that one may be allowed to suppose that he believed what he proved, not what he asserted.

He distinguishes three several sentiments opposed to different degrees of Pelagianism: "Some think," said he, "that man can neither will, nor begin, still less perform any thing good, without the special and constant aid of Divine grace; and this opinion seems probable enough. Others teach that the will of man has no power but for evil, and that it is grace alone that works any good in us; and, lastly, there are some who assert that there never has been any free will, either in angels, or in Adam, or in us, whether before or after grace received; but that God works in man whether it be good or evil, and that every thing that happens, happens from an absolute necessity."

Erasmus, whilst seeming to admit the first of these opinions, uses arguments that are opposed to it, and which might be employed by the most determined Pelagian. It is thus that, quoting the passages of Scripture, in which God offers to man the choice between good and evil, he adds: "Man then must needs have a power to will and to choose; for it would be folly to say to any one, Choose! were it not in his power to do so?"

Luther feared nothing from Erasmus: "Truth," said he, "is more powerful than words. The victory will remain with him who with stammering lips shall teach the truth, and not to him who eloquently puts forward a lie." But when he received Erasmus' book in the month of October, 1524, he considered it to be so feebly argued, that he hesitated whether to answer it. "What!" he exclaimed, "all this eloquence in so bad a cause! It is as if a man should serve up mud on gold and silver dishes. One cannot get any hold upon you. You are like an eel that slips through one's fingers; or, like the fabled Proteus, who changes his form when in the very arms of him who would strangle him."

Luther making no reply, the monks and theologians of the schools broke forth in exultation: "Well, where is your Luther now? Where is the great Maccabeus? Let him enter the lists! let him come forward! Ah! ah! he has at last found his match! He has had a lesson to keep in the back ground! he has learnt to be silent."

Luther saw that he must answer Erasmus; but it was not till the end of the year 1525 that he prepared to do so; and Melancthon having told Erasmus that Luther would write with moderation, the philosopher was greatly alarmed. "If I write with moderation," said he, "it is my natural character; but there is in Luther's character the indignation of the son of Peleus. And how can it be otherwise? The vessel that braves such a storm as that which rages round Luther, needs anchor, ballast, and rudder to keep it from bearing down out of its course—If therefore he should answer more temperately than suits his character—the sycophants will exclaim that we understand one another."—We shall see that Erasmus was soon relieved from this last fear.

The doctrine of God's election as the sole cause of man's salvation, had long been dear to the Reformer:—but hitherto he had only considered its practical influence. In his answer to Erasmus he investigated it especially in a speculative point of view, and laboured to establish, by such arguments as seemed to him most conclusive, that God works every thing in man's conversion, and that our heart is so alienated from the love of God, that it can only have a sincere desire after righteousness by the regenerating action of the Holy Spirit.

"To call our will a Free will," said he, "is to imitate those princes who accumulate long titles, styling themselves sovereigns of this or that kingdom, principality, and distant island, (of Rhodes, Cyprus, and Jerusalem,) over which they do not exercise the least authority." Nevertheless, Luther here makes an important distinction which shows that he by no means participated in the third opinion which Erasmus had raised to notoriety by attributing it to him. "Man's will," said he, "may indeed be said to be free, not indeed in relation to what is above him,—that is, to God,—but in relation to what is beneath him,—that is, to the things of this world. In any matter affecting my property, my lands, my house, or my farm, I find myself able to act, do, and manage freely; but in every thing that has reference to his salvation, man is a captive; he is subject to the will of God,—or rather to that of the devil. Show me," cries he, "only one among all those who teach the doctrine of free will, who has been able *in himself* to find strength to endure a slight insult, a passionate assault, nay, even the hostile look of his enemy, and that joyfully,—and without so much as asking whether he is willing to give up his body, his life, his goods, his honor, and all that he has,—I will acknowledge that you have gained your cause."

Luther had too much penetration not to discern the contradictions into which his adversary had fallen. He, therefore, in his answer, laboured to enclose the philosopher in the net in which he had entangled himself. "If the passages you quote," said he, "establish the principle that it is easy for us to do good, wherefore is it that we are disputing? And what need can we have of *Christ* or the *Holy Spirit?* Christ would then have shed his blood without necessity to obtain for us a power which we already had in our own nature." In truth the passages quoted by Erasmus are to be understood in quite a different sense. This much debated question is more simple than it at first sight appears

When the Bible says to man, 'Choose,' it is because it assumes the assistance of God's grace, by which alone he can obey the command. God, in giving the commandment gives also the strength to fulfil it. If Christ said to Lazarus, 'Come forth,' it was not that Lazarus could restore himself to life, but that Christ, in commanding him to come forth, gave him the ability to do so, and accompanied his word with his creative power. He speaks, and it is done. Moreover it is quite true that the man to whom God speaks, must will to do; it is he himself, and not another, that must will;—he can receive this will from none but God; but surely in him it must be; and the very command which God brings to him, and which, according to Erasmus, proves the power to be in man, is so perfectly reconcilable with God's working, that it is, in fact, the very means by which that work of God is wrought out. It is by saying to the man "Be converted," that God converts him.

But the idea which Luther especially kept in view in his answer is, that the passages quoted by Erasmus are designed not to make known to men this pretended power which is attributed to them, but to show them their duty, and their total inability to fulfil it. "How often does it happen," says Luther, "that a father calls to him his feeble child, saying, 'Will you come, my son? come then,'—in order that the child may learn to call for his assistance and allow himself to be carried."

After having combated Erasmus's arguments in favour of free will, Luther defends his own against the attacks of his opponent. "Dear Diatribe," says he, ironically, "mighty heroine, you who pride yourself on having explained away those words of our Lord in St. John's Gospel, '*Without me ye can do* NOTHING,' although you acknowledge their force and call them Luther's Achilles, listen to me—Unless you prove that this word *nothing* not only may, but must signify *a little*, all your sounding words, all your famous examples, have no more effect than if a man were to attempt to oppose a mighty conflagration with a handful of straw. What matter to us such assertions as, *This may mean, this may be thus understood*, whilst you ought to prove to us that it *must* be so understood. Unless you do this we take the declaration in its *literal* meaning, and laugh at all your examples, your fine exordiums, and self-complacent boastings."

Subsequently, Luther shows, still from the Scriptures, that the grace of God does all in Conversion. He concludes thus: "In short, since the Scripture every where contrasts Christ with that which has not the spirit of Christ; since it declares that every thing which is not Christ, and in Christ, is under the power of delusion, darkness, the devil, death, sin, and the wrath of God; *it follows that every passage in the Bible which speaks of Christ is against your doctrine of free will.* Now such passages are innumerable, the Holy Scriptures are full of them."

We perceive that the discussion which arose between Luther and Erasmus, is the same as that which occurred a century later between the Jansenists and Jesuits,—between Pascal and Molina.* Wherefore, then, while the Reformation has had such immense results, did Jansenism, though adorned by the finest geniuses, go out in weakness? It is because Jansenism went back to St. Augustine, and rested for support on the Fathers; whilst the Reformation went back to THE BIBLE, and was based on the word of God;—because Jansenism made a compromise with Rome, and would have pursued a middle course between truth and error; whereas, the Reformation, relying on God alone, cleared the soil, swept away the incrustations of past ages, and laid bare the primitive rock. To stop half way in any work is useless; in every undertaking we must go through. Hence, while Jansenism has passed away, Evangelical Christianity presides over the destinies of the world.

After having energetically refuted the errors of Erasmus, Luther, renders a high sounding, but perhaps somewhat malicious, homage to his genius. "I confess," says he, "that you are a great man: in whom have we ever beheld more learning, intelligence, or readiness, both in speaking and writing? As to me, I possess none of these qualities; in one thing only can I glory—I am a Christian. May God raise you infinitely above me in the knowledge of His Gospel, so that you may surpass me in that respect as much as you already do in every other."

Erasmus was incensed beyond measure by the perusal of Luther's answer, and looked upon his encomiums as the honey of a poisoned cup, or the embrace of a serpent at the moment he fixes his deadly fang. He immediately wrote to the Elector of Saxony, demanding justice; and, when Luther wished to appease him, he lost his usual temper, and, in the words of one of his most zealous apologists, began "to pour forth invectives in a feeble voice and with hoary hairs."

Erasmus was conquered. Moderation had, till this occasion, been his strength; and now this left him. Anger was the only weapon he could oppose to Luther's energy. The wisdom of the philosopher, on this occasion, failed him. He replied, publicly, in his *Hyperapistes*, in which he accuses the Reformer of barbarism, falsehood, and blasphemy. The philosopher even ventured on prophecy: "I predict," said he, "that no name under heaven will hereafter be more execrated than Luther's." The jubilee of 1817 has replied to this prophecy, after a lapse of three centuries, by the enthusiasm

* It is scarcely necessary to say that I do not speak of personal discussions between these two men, of whom, the one died in 1600, and the other was not born till 1623.

and acclamations of the entire Protestant world.

Thus, while Luther, with the Bible in his hand, was placing himself in the van of his age, Erasmus, in opposition to him, sought that station for himself and philosophy. Of these two chiefs, which has been followed? Both, undoubtedly. Nevertheless, Luther's influence on the nations of Christendom has been infinitely greater than that of Erasmus. Even those who did not well comprehend the matter in dispute, seeing the full conviction of one antagonist, and the doubts of the other, could not refrain from believing that the former had truth on his side, and that the latter was in the wrong. It has been said that the three last centuries, the 16th, 17th and 18th, may be considered as a protracted battle of three days' duration. We willingly adopt the comparison, but not the part that is allotted to each of these days. The same struggle, it is said, marked the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries. On the first day, as on the last, we are told that it was philosophy that broke the ranks. The sixteenth century philosophical! Strange mistake! No, each of those days had its marked and peculiar characteristic. On the first, the Word of God, the Gospel of Christ triumphed, and Rome was defeated; and Philosophy, in the person of Erasmus, and her other champions, shared in the defeat. On the second, we admit that Rome, her authority, her discipline, and her doctrine, are again seen on the point of obtaining the victory, through the intrigues of a far-famed society, and the power of the scaffold, aided by certain leaders of eminent character, and others of lofty genius. The third day, human Philosophy arises in all its pride, and finding the battle field occupied, not by the Gospel, but by Rome, it quickly storms every entrenchment, and gains an easy conquest. The first day's battle was for God, the second for the Priest, the third for Reason—what shall the fourth be? . . . . The confused struggle, the hard fought conflict, as we believe, of all these powers together, which will end in the triumph of Him to whom triumph belongs.

But the battle which the Reformation fought in the great day of the sixteenth century was not one and single,—but manifold. The Reformation had to combat at once several enemies; and after having protested against the decretals and the sovereignty of the Popes,—then against the cold apophthegms of rationalists, philosophers, and school-men,—it took the field against the reveries of enthusiasm and the hallucinations of mysticism; opposing alike to these three powers the sword and the buckler of God's Holy Revelation.

We cannot but discern a great resemblance,—a striking unity,—between these three powerful adversaries. The false systems which, in every age, have been the most adverse to evangelical Christianity, have ever been distinguished by their making religious knowledge to emanate from man himself. Rationalism makes it proceed from reason; Mysticism from a certain internal illumination; Roman Catholicism from an illumination derived from the Pope. These three errors look for truth in man; Evangelical Christianity looks for it in God alone: and while Rationalism, Mysticism, and Roman Catholicism acknowledge a permanent inspiration in men like ourselves, and thus make room for every species of extravagance and schism,—Evangelical Christianity recognises this inspiration only in the writings of the Apostles and Prophets, and alone presents that great, noble, and living unity which continues to exist unchanged throughout all ages.

The office of the Reformation has been to re-establish the rights of the word of God, in opposition, not only to Roman Catholicism, but also to Rationalism and Mysticism.

The fanaticism of the Anabaptists, which had been extinguished in Germany, by Luther's return to Wittemberg, re-appeared in vigour in Switzerland, where it threatened the edifice which Zwingle, Haller, and Œcolampadius had erected on the foundation of the word of God. Thomas Münzer, obliged to quit Saxony in 1521, had reached the frontiers of Switzerland. Conrad Grebel, whose ardent and restless disposition we have already remarked, had joined him, as had also Felix Mantz, a canon's son, and several other natives of Zurich. Grebel endeavoured to gain over Zwingle. It was in vain that the latter had gone further than Luther; he saw a party spring up which desired to proceed to yet greater lengths. "Let us," said Grebel, "form a community of true believers; for it is to them alone that the promise belongs; and let us establish a church, which shall be without sin." "It is not possible," replied Zwingle, "to make a heaven upon earth; and Christ has taught us to let the tares grow among the wheat."

Grebel, unsuccessful with the Reformer, wished to appeal from him to the people. "The whole community of Zurich," said he, "is entitled to decide finally in all matters of faith." But Zwingle dreaded the influence which violent enthusiasts might exercise in a popular assembly. He believed that, except on some extraordinary occasions, where the people might be called on to give their support, it was more desirable to confide the interests of religion to a college, which might be considered the chosen representatives of the church. Consequently, the Council of Two Hundred, which then exercised the supreme political authority in Zurich, was also entrusted with the ecclesiastical power, on the express condition that it should conform, in all things, to the rule of the Holy Scriptures. Undoubtedly it would have been preferable to have organised the church complete, and called on it to name representatives, to whom no interests save the religious interests of the people should be confided;

for he who is qualified for affairs of state, may be very unskilful in administering those of the church,—just as the reverse of this is also true. Nevertheless, the inconvenience was not then so serious as it would be in our days, for the members of the Grand Council had heartily embarked in the religious movement. However this may be, Zwingle, in his appeal to the church, would not bring it too prominently forward; and preferred a system of representation to the active sovereignty of the general body. It is the same policy which, after three centuries, the states of Europe have adopted, in reference to earthly politics.

Meeting with a repulse from Zwingle, Grebel turned in another direction. Roubli, an aged minister of Basle, Brödtlein, minister at Zollikon, and Lewis Herzer, welcomed his advances. They resolved on forming an independent body in the centre of the general community,—a church within the church. A new baptism was to be their instrument for gathering their congregation; which was to consist exclusively of true believers. "The baptism of infants," said they, "is a horrible abomination,—a flagrant impiety, invented by the evil spirit and by Pope Nicholas II."

The Council of Zurich, in some alarm, directed that a public discussion should be held; and as the Anabaptists still refused to relinquish their errors, some of them, who were natives of Zurich, were imprisoned, and others, who were foreigners, were banished. But persecution only inflamed their zeal. "It is not by words alone," cried they, "but by our blood, that we are ready to bear testimony to the truth of our cause." Some of them, girding themselves with ropes or rods of osier, ran through the streets, crying, "Yet a few days and Zurich will be destroyed! Woe to thee, Zurich! woe! woe!" Several there were who uttered blasphemies: "Baptism," said they, "is but the washing of a dog. To baptize a child is of no more use than baptizing a cat." Fourteen men, including Felix Mantz, and seven women, were arrested, and, in spite of Zwingle's entreaties, imprisoned, on an allowance of bread and water, in the heretics' tower. After a fortnight's confinement they managed, by removing some planks in the floor, to effect their escape during the night. "An angel," they said, "had opened their prison doors, and set them free."

They were joined by George Jacob of Coria, a monk, who had absconded from his convent, and who was surnamed Blaurock, as it would seem from his constantly wearing a blue dress. His eloquence had obtained for him the appellation of a *second Paul*. This intrepid monk travelled from place to place, constraining many, by the fervour of his appeals, to receive his baptism. One Sunday, at Zollikon, whilst the deacon was preaching, the impetuous Anabaptist, suddenly interrupting him, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, "It is written, *My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.*" Then, raising the staff he carried in his hand, he struck it four times violently on the ground.

"I am a door," exclaimed he; "by me if any man enter in he shall find pasture. I am a good shepherd. My body I give to the prison; my life to the sword, the axe, and the wheel. I am the beginning of the baptism and of the bread of the Lord."

While Zwingle was attempting to stem the torrent of Anabaptism at Zurich, it quickly inundated St. Gall. Grebel arrived there, and was received by the brethren with acclamations; and on Palm Sunday he proceeded to the banks of the Sitter, attended by a great number of his adherents, whom he there baptized.

The news soon spread through the neighbouring cantons, and a great multitude from Zurich, Appenzell, and various other places, flocked to "the little Jerusalem."

Zwingle was deeply afflicted by this agitation. He saw a storm descending on the land where the seeds of the gospel had as yet scarcely begun to take root. Resolving to oppose these disorders, he composed a tract "on Baptism," which the Council of St. Gall, to whom he dedicated it, caused to be read in the church in the hearing of the people.

"Dear brethren in the Lord," said Zwingle, "the waters of the torrents which rush from our rocks hurry with them every thing within their reach. At first, small stones only are put in motion, but these are driven violently against larger ones, until the torrent acquires such strength that it carries away every thing it encounters in its course, leaving behind lamentations, vain regrets, and fertile meadows changed into a wilderness. The spirit of disputation and self-righteousness acts in a similar manner, it occasions disturbances, banishes charity, and where it found fair and prosperous churches, leaves behind it nothing but mourning and desolate flocks."

Thus wrote Zwingle—the child of the mountains of the Tockenburg. "Give us the word of God," exclaimed an Anabaptist who was present in church, "and not the word of Zwingle." Immediately confused voices arose: "Away with the book! away with the book!" cried the Anabaptists. Then rising, they quitted the church, exclaiming, "Do you keep the doctrine of Zwingle; as for us, we will keep the word of God."

Then it was that this fanaticism broke forth in lamentable disorders. Alledging, in excuse, that the Saviour had exhorted us to become as little children, these poor creatures began to go dancing through the streets, clapping their hands, footing it in a circle, seating themselves on the ground together, and tumbling each other in the sand. Some there were who threw the New Testament into the fire, exclaiming, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life;" and several, falling into convulsions, pretended to have revelations from the Holy Spirit.

In a solitary house situated on the Müllegg, near St. Gall, lived an aged farmer, John

Schucker, with his five sons. The whole family, including the servants, had received the new baptism; and two of the sons, Thomas and Leonard, were distinguished for their fanaticism. On the 7th of February, 1526, being Shrove Tuesday, they invited a large party of Anabaptists to their house, and the father had a calf killed for the feast. The good cheer, the wine, and their numbers altogether, heated their imaginations; and they spent the whole night in fanatical excitement, convulsions, visions, and revelations.

In the morning, Thomas, still agitated by that night of disorder, and having even,—as it would seem,—lost his senses, took the calf's bladder, and placing part of the gall in it, in imitation of the symbolical language of the prophets, approached his brother Leonard, and said to him gloomily, "Thus bitter is the death thou art to suffer!" Then he added, "Brother Leonard, fall on thy knees;" Leonard knelt down;—presently, "Brother Leonard, arise!" Leonard arose. Their father, brothers, and the other Anababtists, looked on with astonishment, asking themselves what God would do. Soon Thomas resumed: "Leonard, kneel down again!" Leonard obeyed. The spectators, terrified at the gloomy countenance of the wretched Thomas, said to him, "Reflect on what thou art about to do; take care that no mischief happens."—"Fear not," answered Thomas, "nothing will happen without the will of the Father." At the same moment he hastily snatched a sword, and bringing it down with all his force on the neck of his brother, who was kneeling before him, like a criminal before the executioner, he severed his head from his body, crying out, "Now is the will of the Father accomplished!" The bystanders recoiled in horror; the farm resounded with shrieks and lamentations. Thomas, who had nothing on him but his shirt and drawers, rushed out of the house bare-footed, and with his head uncovered, and running towards St. Gall with frenzied gestures, entered the house of the burgomaster, Joachim Vadain, with haggard looks, shouting, "I proclaim to thee the *day of the Lord.*" The dreadful tidings spread throughout St. Gall—"He has killed his brother as Cain killed Abel," said the crowd. The criminal was seized.—"True," he repeated continually, "I did it, but it was God who did it by my hand." On the 16th of February, the unhappy wretch was beheaded by the executioner. Fanaticism had run its course to the utmost. Men's eyes were opened, and, to adopt the words of an early historian, "the same blow took off the head of Thomas Schucker, and of Anabaptism in St. Gall."

At Zurich, however, it still prevailed. On the 6th of November, in the preceding year, a public discussion had taken place, in order to content the Anabaptists, who were constantly complaining that the innocent were condemned unheard. The three following theses were put forth by Zwingle and his friends, as subjects of the conference, and triumphantly maintained by them in the Council hall.

"The children of believing parents are children of God, even as those who were born under the Old Testament; and consequently they may receive Baptism."

"Baptism is, under the New Testament, what Circumcision was under the Old. Consequently, Baptism is now to be administered to children, as Circumcision was formerly."

"The custom of repeating Baptism cannot be justified either by examples, precepts, or arguments drawn from Scripture: and those who are re-baptised, crucify Jesus Christ afresh."

But the Anabaptists did not confine themselves to questions purely religious; they demanded the abolition of tithes, "since," said they, "they are not of divine appointment." Zwingle replied that the tithes were necessary for the maintenance of the churches and schools. He desired a complete religious reformation, but he was resolved not to allow the least invasion of public order or political institutions. This was the limit at which he discerned, written by the hand of God, that word from heaven, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." (Job xxxviii. 11.) Somewhere, it was necessary to make a stand; and it was at this point that Zwingle and the Reformers took their stand, in spite of the efforts made by rash and impetuous men to hurry them beyond it.

But when the Reformers themselves stopped, they could not stop the enthusiasts, who seem as if brought into contact with them in order to set off by contrast their wisdom and sober-mindedness. It was not enough for the Anabaptists to have formed their church;—in their eyes that church was itself the State Did any one summon them before the tribunals,—they refused to recognise the civil authority, maintaining that it was a remnant of Paganism, and that they would obey no power but that of God! They taught that it was unlawful for Christians to fill public offices or bear the sword,—and, resembling in another respect certain irreligious enthusiasts of our own days, they esteemed "a community of goods" as the perfection of humanity.

Thus the evil was increasing; Civil Society was endangered. It arose to cast out from its bosom those elements that threatened it with destruction. The Government, in its alarm, suffered itself to be hurried into strange measures. Resolved on making an example, they condemned Mantz to be drowned. On the 5th January, 1527, he was put into a boat; his mother, (the aged concubine of his father, the canon,) together with his brother, mingled in the crowd which accompanied him to the water's edge. "Be faithful unto death," was their exhortation. At the moment when the executioner prepared to throw Mantz into the lake, his brother burst into tears; but his mother, calm and undaunted, witnessed, with eyes dry and flashing fire, the martyrdom of her son.

The same day, Blaurock was scourged with rods. As he was led outside the city, he shook his blue dress, and the dust from off his feet, against it. This unhappy man was, it would appear, burnt alive two years after this by the Roman Catholics of the Tyrol.

Undoubtedly, a spirit of rebellion existed among the Anabaptists; undoubtedly, the ancient ecclesiastical law, which condemned heretics to capital punishments, was still in force, and the Reformation could not, in the space of one or two years, reform every thing; nor can we doubt that the Catholic states would have accused their Protestant neighbours of encouraging insubjection, if the latter had not resorted to severe measures against these enthusiasts; but though such considerations serve to account for the rigour of the magistrate, they never can justify it. Measures might be taken against an infringement of the civil constitution, but religious errors, being combated by the teachers of religion, should be altogether exempt from the jurisdiction of civil tribunals. Such opinions are not to be expelled by whippings, nor are they drowned in the waters into which those who profess them may be cast: they again come forth from the depth of the abyss; and the fire but serves to kindle in those who adhere to them a fiercer enthusiasm, and thirst for martyrdom. Zwingle, whose sentiments on this subject we have already seen, took no part in these severities.

But it was not only on the subject of baptism that dissensions were to arise; yet more serious differences appeared, touching the doctrine of the Lord's Supper.

The human mind, freed from the yoke which had so long weighed it down, made use of its liberty; and, if Romanism is hemmed in by the shoals of despotic authority, Protestanism has to steer clear of those of anarchy. One characteristic distinction of Protestanism is progress, while that of Romanism is immobility.

Roman Catholicism, possessing in the papal authority a means of, at any time, establishing new doctrines, appears, at first view, to have in it a principle eminently favourable to change. It has, indeed, largely availed itself of this power, and, century after century, we see Rome bringing forward, or confirming new dogmas. But its system once completed, Roman Catholicism has declared itself the champion of immobility. Therein lies its safety. it resembles a shaky building, from which nothing can be taken without bringing the whole down to the ground. Permit the priests to marry, or strike a blow against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the whole system totters—the entire edifice falls to pieces.

It is not thus with Evangelical Christianity. Its principle is much less favourable to *change*, much more so to *progress* and *life*. On the one hand, it recognises no other fountain of truth than Scripture, one and immutably the same, from the very beginning of the Church to the end of time; how, then, should it vary, as Popery has varied? But, on the othe. hand, every individual Christian is to draw for himself from this fountain; and hence spring progress and liberty. Accordingly, Evangelical Christianity, although in the nineteenth century the same that it was in the sixteenth, and in the first, is,—at all times,—full of spontaneity and action; and is, at this moment, filling the wide world with its researches and its labours, its Bibles and its missionaries, with light, salvation, and life!

It is a gross error which would class together, and almost confound, rationalism and mysticism with Christianity, and, in so doing, charge upon it the extravagances of both. Progress belongs to the nature of Christian Protestantism: it has nothing in common with immobility and a state of deadness; but its movement is that of healthful vitality, and not the aberration of madmen, or the restlessness of disease. We shall see this character manifesting itself in relation to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper.

What ensued might have been expected. This doctrine had been understood in very various ways in the early ages of the Church: and the difference of opinion continued up to the time when the doctrine of transubstantiation and the scholastic theology began, at about the same period, their reign over the mind of the middle ages. But that dominion was now shaken to its base, and the former differences were again to appear.

Zwingle and Luther, who had at first gone forward, each in his separate course,—the one in Switzerland the other in Saxony,—were one day to find themselves brought, as it were, face to face. The same mind, and, in many respects, the same character, might be discerned in them. Both were full of love for truth and hatred of injustice; both were naturally violent; and in both that violence was tempered by sincere piety. But there was one feature in the character of Zwingle which tended to carry him beyond Luther. He loved liberty, not only as a man, but as a republican, and the fellow-countryman of Tell. Accustomed to the decision of a free state, he was not stopped by considerations before which Luther drew back. He had, moreover, given less time to the study of the theology of the schools, and found himself, in consequence, less shackled in his modes of thinking. Both ardently attached to their own convictions,—both resolute in defending them,—and little accustomed to bend to the convictions of others, they were now to come in contact, like two proud chargers rushing from opposite ranks encountering on the field of battle.

A practical tendency predominated in the character of Zwingle and of the Reformation which he had begun, and this tendency was directed to two great ends—simplicity in worship and sanctification in life. To adapt the form of worship to the wants of the soul, seeking not outward ceremonies, but things invisible, was Zwingle's first object. The

idea of Christ's real presence in the Eucharist, which had given rise to so many ceremonies and superstitions in the Church, must, therefore, be abolished. But the other great desire of the Swiss Reformer led him directly to the same result. He judged that the Romish doctrine respecting the Supper, and even that held by Luther, implied a belief of a certain mystical influence, which belief, he thought, stood in the way of sanctification;—he feared lest the Christian, thinking that he received Christ in the consecrated bread, should no longer earnestly seek to be united to him by faith in the heart. "Faith," said he, "is not knowledge, opinion, imagination;—it is a reality. It involves in it a real participation in divine things." Thus, whatever the adversaries of Zwingle may have asserted, it was no leaning towards rationalism, but a deep religious view of the subject which conducted him to the doctrines he maintained.

The result of Zwingle's studies were in accordance with these tendencies. In studying the Scriptures, not only in detached passages, but as a whole, and having recourse to classical antiquity to solve the difficulties of language, he arrived at the conviction, that the word "is" in the words of institution of this sacrament, should be taken in the sense of "*signifies*;" and, as early as the year 1523, he wrote to a friend, that the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper are exactly what the water is in baptism. "In vain," added he, "would you plunge a thousand times under the water a man who does not believe. *Faith* is the one thing needful."

Luther, at first, set out from principles nearly similar to those of the Reformer of Zurich. "It is not the sacrament which sanctifies," said he, "it is *faith* in the sacrament." But the extravagances of the Anabaptists, whose mysticism spiritualzied every thing, produced a great change in his views. When he saw enthusiasts, who pretended to inspiration, destroying images, rejecting baptism, and denying the presence of Christ in the Eucharist, he was affrighted; he had a kind of prophetic presentiment of the dangers which would threaten the Church if this tendency to over-spiritualize, should gain the ascendant; hence he took a totally different course, like the boatman, who, to restore the balance of his foundering skiff, throws all his weight on the side opposed to the storm.

Thenceforward, Luther assigned to the sacraments a higher importance. He maintained they were not only signs by which Christians were outwardly distinguished, but evidences of the Divine will, adapted to strengthen our faith. He went farther: Christ, according to him, desired to give to believers a full assurance of salvation, and, in order to seal this promise to them with most effect, had added thereto his real body in the bread and wine. "Just," continued he, "as iron and fire, though two different substances, meet and are blended in a red hot bar, so that in every part of it there is at once iron and fire; so, *à fortiori*, the glorified body of Christ exists in every part of the bread."

Thus, at this period of his career, Luther made, perhaps, a partial return to the scholastic theology. He had openly divorced himself from it on the doctrine of *jusification by faith*; but on the doctrine of this Sacrament, he gave up but one point, viz. *transubstantiation*, and retained the other, the *real presence*. He even went so far as to say that he would rather receive the mere *blood* with the Pope, than the mere *wine* with Zwingle.

Luther's great principle was never to depart from the doctrines or customs of the Church, unless the words of Scripture absolutely required him to do so. "Where has Christ commanded us to elevate the host, and exhibit it to the people?" had been Carlstadt's question. "Where has he forbidden it?" was Luther's reply. Herein lies the difference of the two Reformations we are considering. The traditions of the Church were dear to the Saxon Reformer. If he separated from them on many points, it was not till after much conflict of mind, and because, above all, he saw the necessity of obeying the word of God. But wherever the letter of God's word appeared to him in accordance with the tradition and practice of the Church, he adhered to it with unalterable resolution. Now this was the case in the question concerning the Lord's Supper. He did not deny that the word "*is*" might be taken in the sense ascribed to it by Zwingle He admitted, for example, that it must be so understood in the passage, "*That rock was Christ*," (1 Cor. x. 4;) but what he did deny was that the word should be taken in this sense in the institution of the Lord's Supper.

In one of the later schoolmen Occam, whom he preferred to all others, he found an opinion which he embraced. With Occam, he gave up the continually repeated miracle, in virtue whereof, according to the Romish Church, the body and blood take the place of the bread and wine after every act of consecration by the priest,—and with Occam, substituted for it a universal miracle, wrought once for all,—that is, the ubiquity or omnipresence of Christ's body. "Christ," said he, "is present in the bread and wine, because he is present every where,—and in an especial manner where he wills to be."

The inclination of Zwingle was the reverse of Luther's. He attached less importance to the preserving a union, in a certain sense, with the universal church, and thus maintaining our hold upon the tradition of past ages. As a theologian, he looked to Scripture alone; and thence only would he freely, and without any intermediary channel, derive his faith; not stopping to trouble himself with what others had in former times believed. As a republican, he looked to the commune of Zurich. His mind was occu-

pied with the idea of the church of his own time, not with that of other days. He relied especially on the words of St. Paul,—"*Because there is but one bread, we being many are One body;** and he saw in the supper the sign of a spiritual communion between Christ and all Christians. "Whoever," said he, "acts unworthily, is guilty of sin against the body of Christ, of which he is a member." Such a thought had a great practical power over the minds of communicants; and the effects it wrought in the lives of many, was to Zwingle the confirmation of it.

Thus Luther and Zwingle had insensibly separated from one another. Nevertheless peace, perhaps, might have continued between them, if the turbulent Carlstadt, who spent some time in passing to and fro between Germany and Switzerland, had not inflamed their conflicting opinions.

A step, taken with a view to preserve peace, led to the explosion. The Council of Zurich, wishing to put a stop to controversy, prohibited the sale of Carlstadt's writings. Zwingle, though he disapproved the violence of Carlstadt, and blamed his mystic and obscure expressions, upon this, thought it right to defend his doctrine, both from the pulpit and before the Council; and soon afterwards he wrote a letter to the minister, Albert of Reutlingen, in which he said: "Whether or not Christ is speaking of the sacrament in the sixth chapter of St. John's gospel, it is, at least, evident, that he therein teaches a mode of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, in which there is nothing corporeal." He then endeavoured to prove that the Supper of the Lord, by reminding the faithful, according to Christ's design, of his body which 'was broken' for them, is the procuring cause of that spiritual-manducation, which is alone truly beneficial to them.

Nevertheless, Zwingle still shrunk from a rupture with Luther. He trembled at the thought that distressing discussions would rend asunder the little company of believers forming in the midst of effete Christendom. Not so with Luther. He did not hesitate to include Zwingle in the ranks of those enthusiasts with whom he had already broken so many lances. He did not reflect that if images had been removed from the churches of Zurich, it had been done legally, and by public authority. Accustomed to the forms of the German principalities, he knew but little of the manner of proceeding in the Swiss republics; and he declared against the grave Swiss divines, just as he had done against the Münzers and the Carlstadts.

Luther having put forth his discourse "*against celestial prophets,*" Zwingle's resolution was taken; and he published almost immediately after, his *Letter to Albert*, and his *Commentary on true and false Religion*, dedicated to Francis I. In it he said, "Since Christ, in the sixth of John, attributes to faith the power of communicating eternal life, and uniting the believer to him in the most intimate of all unions, what more can we need? Why should we think that he would afterwards attribute that efficacy to His flesh, when He himself declares that the flesh profiteth nothing? So far as the suffering death for us, the flesh of Christ is of unspeakable benefit to us,—for it saves us from perdition;—but as being eaten by us, it is altogether useless."

The contest began. Pomeranus, Luther's friend, took the field, and attacked the Evangelist of Zurich somewhat too contemptuously. Then it was that Œcolampadius began to blush that he had so long struggled with his doubts, and preached doctrines which were already giving way in his own mind. Taking courage, he wrote from Basle to Zwingle. "The dogma of the 'real presence' is the fortress and stronghold of their impiety; so long as they cleave to this *idol*, none can overcome them." After this, he, too, entered the lists, by publishing a tract on the import of the Lord's words, "*This is my body.*"*

The bare fact that Œcolampadius had joined the Reformer of Zurich, excited an immense sensation, not only at Basle, but throughout all Germany. Luther was deeply affected by it. Brentz, Schnepff, and twelve other ministers in Suabia, to whom Œcolampadius had dedicated his tract, and who had almost all been disciples under him, testified the most lively sorrow. In taking up the pen to answer him, Brentz said, "Even at this moment, when I am separating from him for just reasons, I honour and admire him as much as it is possible to do. The tie of love is not severed because we differ in judgment." And he proceeded, in concert with his friends, to publish the celebrated *Suabian Syngramma*, in which he replied to the arguments of Œcolampadius with boldness, but with respect and affection. "If an emperor," say the authors of the Syngramma, "were to give a baton or a wand to a judge, saying, 'Take—this is the power of judging:'—the wand, no doubt, is a mere sign; but, the words being added thereto, the judge has not merely the sign of the power, he has the *power* itself."

The true children of the Reformation might admit this illustration. The *Syngramma* was received with acclamations, and its authors were looked upon as the defenders of the truth. Several divines, and even some laymen, in their desire to share in their glory, undertook the defence of the doctrine that was assailed, and wrote against Œcolampadius.

* The passage referred to is 1 Cor. x. 17, and the original stands thus:—Ὅτι εἷς ἄρτος, ἓν σῶμα οἱ πολλοί ἐσμεν. (Tr.)

* He retained the usual signification of the word *is*, but he understood, by *body*, a sign of the body

Then it was Strasburg interposed, and sought to mediate between Switzerland and Germany. Capito and Bucer were disposed for peace; and, in their view, the question under discussion was of secondary importance. Accordingly stepping between the two parties, they sent George Cassel, one of their colleagues, to Luther, to conjure him not to snap the link of brotherhood which united him with the Swiss divines.

No where does Luther's character display itself more strikingly than in this controversy on the Lord's Supper. Never did it more clearly appear with what firmness he maintained the convictions he believed to be those of a Christian,—with what faithfulness he established them on the authority of Scripture alone,—his sagacity in defending them, and his animated, eloquent, and often overpowering argumentation. But, on the other hand, never was there a more abundant exhibition of the obstinacy with which he brought up every argument for his own opinion, the little attention he gave to his opponents' reasoning, and the uncharitable haste with which he attributed their errors to the wickedness of their hearts, and the machinations of the devil. To the mediator of Strasburg he said,—"Either the one party or the other,—either the Swiss or we,—must be ministers of Satan."

Such were what Capito termed "the furies of the Saxon Orestes;" and these furies were succeeded by exhaustion. Luther's health suffered. One day he fainted in the arms of his wife and friends; and, for a whole week, he was as if "in death and hell." He had lost Jesus Christ, he said, and was driven hither and thither by tempests of despair. The world was about to pass away, and prodigies announced that the last day was at hand.

But these divisions among the friends of the Reformation were to have after consequences yet more to be deplored. The Romish divines in Switzerland especially boasted of being able to oppose Luther to Zwingle. And yet, if,—now that three centuries have passed away,—the recollection of these divisions should teach Evangelical Christians the precious lesson of Unity in diversity, and Love in liberty, they will not have happened in vain. Even at the time,—the Reformers, by thus opposing one another, proved that they were not governed by blind hatred of Rome, but that Truth was the great object of their hearts. It must be admitted that there is something generous in such conduct; and its disinterestedness did not fail to produce some fruit, and extort from enemies themselves a tribute of interest and esteem.

But we may go further, and here again we discern the Sovereign hand which governs all events, and allows nothing to happen but what makes part of its own wise plan. Notwithstanding his opposition to the Papacy, Luther had a strong conservative instinct. Zwingle, on the contrary, was predisposed to radical reforms. Both these divergent tendencies were needed. If Luther and his followers had been alone in the work, it would have stopped short in its progress; and the principle of Reformation would not have wrought its destined effect. If, on the other hand, Zwingle had been alone,—the thread would have been snapped too abruptly, and the Reformation would have found itself isolated from the ages which had gone before.

These two tendencies, which, on a superficial view, might seem present only to conflict together, were, on the contrary, ordained to be the complement of each other,—and now that three centuries have passed away, we can say that they have fulfilled their mission.

Thus, on all sides, the Reformation had to encounter resistance; and, after combating the rationalist philosophy of Erasmus, and the fanatical enthusiasm of the Anabaptists, it had, in addition, to settle matters at home. But its great and lasting struggle was against the Papacy;—and the assault, commenced in the cities of the plain, was now carried to the most distant mountains.

The summits of Tockenburg had heard the sound of the Gospel, and three ecclesiastics were prosecuted by order of the bishop, as tainted with heresy. "Only convince us by the word of God," said Militus, Doring, and Farer, "and we will humble ourselves, not only before the chapter, but before the very least of the brethren of Jesus Christ. Otherwise, we will obey no one; not even the greatest among men."

The genuine spirit of Zwingle and of the Reformation speaks out in these words. It was not long before a new incident occurred to inflame the minds of the mountaineers. A meeting of the people took place on St. Catherine's day; the townsmen gathered in groups, and two men of Schwitz, whose business had called them to the Tockenburg, were seated together at one of the tables. They entered into conversation:—"Ulric Zwingle," exclaimed one of them, "is a heretic and a robber." The Secretary Steiger defended the Reformation. Their loud voices attracted the attention of the meeting. George Bruggman, uncle to Zwingle, who was seated at an adjoining table, angrily left his seat, exclaiming, "Surely they are speaking of Master Ulric;" on which the guests all rose up and followed, apprehending a disturbance. The tumult increased; the bailiff hastily collected the Town-council in the open street, and Bruggman was requested, for the sake of peace, to content himself with saying, "If you do not retract your words, it is yourselves who are liars and thieves." "Recollect what you have just said," answered the men of Schwitz, "we will not forget it." This said, they mounted their horses, and set forward at full speed for Schwitz.

The government of Schwitz addressed to the inhabitants of the Tockenburg, a letter, which spread terror wherever it came. "Stand firm and fear nothing," wrote Zwingle to the Council of his native place: "Let not the

lies they circulate concerning me disturb you. There is no brawler but has the power to call me heretic; but do you avoid all insulting language, tumults, excesses, and mercenary war. Relieve the poor; espouse the cause of the oppressed; and whatever insults may be heaped upon you, hold fast your confidence in Almighty God."*

Zwingle's exhortations had the desired effect. The Council were still hesitating; but the people gathering together in their several parishes, unanimously resolved that the Mass should be abolished and the word of God adhered to.

The progress of the work was not less marked in Rhetia, from whence Salandronius had been compelled to take his departure, but where Comander was preaching with much boldness. It is true that the Anabaptists, by their fanatical preachings in the country of the Grisons, had at first been a great hindrance to the progress of the Reformation. The people had split into three parties. Some had embraced the doctrines of those pretended prophets: others in silent astonishment meditated with anxiety on the schism that had declared itself. And, lastly, the partisans of Rome were loud in their exultations.

A meeting was held at Ilantz, in the Grison league, for the purpose of a discussion. The supporters of the Papacy, on one hand, the favourers of the Reformation on the other, collected their forces. The bishop's vicar at first laboured to avoid the dispute. "Such disputations are attended with considerable expenses," said he; "I am ready to put down ten thousand florins, in order to defray them, but I expect the opposite party to do as much." "If the bishop has ten thousand florins at his disposal," exclaimed the rough voice of a countryman in the crowd, "it is from us he has extorted them; to give such poor priests as much more would be a little too bad." "We are a poor set of people," said Comander, the pastor of Coira, "we can scarcely pay for our soup, where then can we raise ten thousand florins." Every one laughed at this stratagem, and the business proceeded.

Among those present were Sebastian Hofmeister and James Amman of Zurich. They held in their hands the Holy Scriptures, in Hebrew and Greek. The bishop's vicar moved that strangers be desired to withdraw. Hofmeister understood this to be directed against him. "We have come provided," said he, "with a Hebrew and Greek Bible, in order that none may in any way do violence to the Scripture. However, sooner than stand in the way of the conference we are willing to retire." "Ah!" cried the curate of Dintzen, as he glanced at the books the two Zurichers held in their hands, "if the Hebrew and Greek languages had never obtained entrance into our country, there would be fewer heresies among us." "St. Jerome," observed another, "has translated the Bible for us, and we don't want the Jewish books." "If the Zurichers are excluded," said the banneret of Ilantz, the commune will move in the affair." "Well," replied the others, "let them listen, but let them be silent." The Zurichers were accordingly allowed to remain, and their Bible with them.

Comander, rising in his place, read from the first of his published theses—"The Christian Church is born of the word of God. Its duty is to hold fast that Word, and not to give ear to any other voice." He proceeded to establish what he advanced by numerous passages from the Scriptures. "He went boldly forward," says an eye-witness, "planting his foot, at every step, with the firmness of an ox's tread." "This will last all day," said the vicar.—"When he is at table with his friends, listening to those who play the flute, he does not grudge the time," remarked Hofmeister.

Just then one of the spectators left his seat, and elbowing his passage through the crowd, forced his way up to Comander, waving his arms, scowling on the Reformer, and knitting his brows. He seemed like one beside himself; and as he bustled up to Comander, many thought he was going to strike him. He was a schoolmaster of Coira. "I have written down various questions for you to answer," said he to Comander: "answer them directly." "I stand here," said the Reformer of the Grisons, "to defend my teaching. Do you attack it, and I will answer you; or, if not, go back to your place. I will reply to you when I have done." The schoolmaster deliberated for an instant. "Well," said he, at last,—and returned to his seat.

It was proposed to proceed to consider the doctrine of the Sacrament. The abbot of St. Luke's declared that it was not without awe that he approached such a subject; and the vicar devoutly crossed himself in fear.

The schoolmaster of Coira, who had before showed his readiness to attack Comander, with much volubility began to argue for the received doctrine of the Sacrament, grounding what he said on the words,—"This *is* my body." "My dear Berre," said Comander to him, "how do you understand these words,—John is Elias?" "I understand," replied Berre, who saw Comander's object in the question, "I understand that he was truly and essentially Elias." "And why then," continued Comander, "did John the Baptist himself say to the Pharisees that he was not Elias?" The schoolmaster was silent; and at last ejaculated,—"It is true." All laughed, —even the friends who had urged him to speak.

The abbot of Saint Luke's spoke at much

* Verbis diris abstinete . . . . opem ferte egenis . . . . spem certissimam in Deo reponatis omnipotente. (Ibid.) Either the date of one of the letters, 14th and 23d of 1524, must be a mistake, or one letter from Zwingle to his fellow-countrymen of the Tockenburg must be lost.

length on the Supper; and the conference was finally closed. Seven priests embraced the Gospel. The most perfect religious liberty was proclaimed; and in several of the churches the Romish worship was abolished. "Christ," to use the words of Salandronius, "grew up every where in the mountains, like the tender grass of the spring, and his ministers were like living fountains, watering those Alpine pastures."

The Reformation was advancing, with yet more rapid strides, in Zurich. Dominicans, Augustines, Capucins, so long opposed to each other, were reduced to the necessity of living together;—an anticipated *purgatory* for these poor monks. In place of those degenerated institutions were founded schools, an hospital, a theological seminary. Learning and charity every where took the place of sloth and selfishness.

These triumphs of the Reformation could not escape notice. The monks, the priests, and their prelates, not knowing how to move, every where felt that the ground was passing from under their feet; and that the Church was on the point of sinking under its unprecedented dangers. The oligarchs of the cantons,—the hired supporters of foreign capitulations, perceived there was no time to be lost, if they wished to preserve their own privileges; and at the moment when the Church, in her terror, was sinking into the earth, they again tendered her the support of their arms bristling with steel. A John Faber was reinforced by a Stein or John Hug of Lucerne, and the civil authority came forward to assist that power of the hierarchy which opens his mouth to blaspheme and makes war against the saints. Rev. xiii.

Public opinion had for a long while demanded a conference. No other way appeared of quelling the people. "Only convince us from the Scriptures," said the Council of Zurich to the Diet, "and we will fall in with your desires." "The Zurichers," said the people, "have given you their promise; if you are able to refute them from the Scriptures, why not do it? And if not able, why not yourselves conform to the Bible?"

The conferences at Zurich had had a mighty influence; it seemed politic to oppose to them a conference held in a city in the interest of Rome; taking at the same time all necessary precautions to secure the victory to the Pope's party.

It is true that the same party had declared such discussions unlawful,—but a door of evasion was found to escape that difficulty; for, said they, all that it is proposed to do is to declare and condemn the pestilent doctrine of Zwingle.* This difficulty obviated, they looked about them for a sturdy disputant and Doctor Eck offered himself. He had no fear of the issue. "Zwingle, no doubt, has more knowledge of cows than of books," observed he, as Hofmeister reports.

* Diet of Lucerne, 13th of March, 1526.

The Grand Council of Zurich despatched a safe-conduct for Eck to repair direct to Zurich; but Eck answered that he would await the answer of the Confederation. Zwingle, on this, proposed to dispute at St. Gall, or at Schaffhausen, but the Council, grounding its decision on an article in the federal compact, which provided that any person accused of misdemeanor should be tried in the place of his abode, enjoined Zwingle to retract his offer.

The Diet at length came to the decision that a conference should take place at Baden, and appointed the 16th of May, 1526. This meeting promised important consequences; for it was the result and the seal of that alliance that had just been concluded between the power of the Church and the aristocrats of the Confederation. "See," said Zwingle to Vadian, "what these oligarchs and Faber are daring enough to attempt."

Accordingly, the decision to be expected from the Diet was a question of deep interest in Switzerland. None could doubt that a conference held under such auspices would be any thing but auspicious to the Reformation. Were not the five cantons most devoted to the Pope's views paramount in influence in Baden? Had they not already condemned Zwingle's doctrine, and pursued it with fire and sword? At Lucerne had he not been burnt in effigy with every expression of contempt? At Friburg had not his writings been consigned to the flames? Throughout the five cantons was not his death demanded by popular clamour? The cantons that exercised a sort of suzerainty in Baden, had they not declared that Zwingle should be seized if he set foot on any part of their territory? Had not Uberlinger, one of their chiefs, declared that he only wished he had him in his power that he might hang him, though he should be called an executioner as long as he lived? And Doctor Eck himself, had he not for years past called for fire and sword as the only methods to be resorted to against heretics?—What then must be the end of this conference, and what result can it have but the death of the Reformer?

Such were the fears that agitated the commission appointed at Zurich, to examine into the matter. Zwingle, beholding their agitation rose and said, "You know what happened at Baden to the valiant men of Stammheim, and how the blood of the Wirths stained the scaffold—and yet we are summoned to the very place of their execution! Let Zurich, Berne, Saint Gall, or, if they will, Basle, Constance, or Schaffhausen be chosen for the conference; let it be agreed that none but essential points shall be discussed, that the word of God shall be the only standard of authority which nothing shall be allowed to supersede, and then I am ready to come forward."

Meanwhile, fanaticism was already aroused and was striking down her victims. On the 10th of May, 1526, that is, about a week be-

fore the discussion at Baden, a consistory, headed by the same Faber who challenged Zwingle, condemned to the flames, as a heretic, an evangelical minister named John Hügle, pastor of Lindau, who sang the *Te Deum* while walking to the place of execution. At the same time, another minister, named Peter Spengler was drowned at Friburg, by order of the bishop of Constance.

Gloomy tidings reached Zwingle from all sides. His brother-in-law, Leonard Tremp, wrote to him from Berne: "I conjure you as you value your life, not to repair to Baden. I know that they will not respect your safe conduct."

It was confidently asserted that a project had been formed to seize, gag, and throw him into a boat which should carry him off to some secret place. Taking into consideration these threats of danger and death, the Council of Zurich resolved that Zwingle should not go to Baden.

The day for the discussion being fixed for the 19th of May, the disputants and representatives of the cantons and bishops slowly collected. First, on the side of the Roman Catholics, appeared the pompous and boastful Eck; on the Protestant side, the modest and gentle Œcolampadius. The latter was fully sensible of the perils attending this discussion:—"Long had he hesitated," says an ancient historian, "like a timid stag, worried by furious dogs;" at length he decided on proceeding to Baden; first making this solemn protestation—"I recognise no other rule of judgment than the word of God." He had, at first, much wished that Zwingle should share his perils; but he soon saw reason to believe that if the intrepid doctor had shown himself in that fanatical city, the anger of the Roman Catholics, kindling at the sight of him, would have involved them both in destruction.

The first step was to determine the laws which should regulate the controversy. Eck proposed that the deputies of the Forest Cantons should be authorised to pronounce the final judgment,—a proposal which, if it had been adopted, would have decided beforehand the condemnation of the reformed doctrines. Thomas Plater, who had come from Zurich to attend the conference, was despatched by Œcolampadius to ask Zwingle's advice. Arriving at night, he was with difficulty admitted into the Reformer's house. Zwingle, waking up and rubbing his eyes, exclaimed, "You are an unseasonable visitant,—what news do you bring? For these six weeks past I have had no rest; thanks to this dispute." Plater stated what Eck required. "And how," replied Zwingle, "can those peasants be made to understand such matters? they would be much more at home in milking their cows."

On the 21st of May the conference began. Eck and Faber, accompanied by prelates, magistrates, and doctors, robed in damask and silk, and bedizened with rings, chains, and crosses, repaired to the church. Eck haughtily ascended a pulpit superbly decorated, whilst the humble Œcolampadius, meanly clad, sat facing his adversary upon a rudely constructed platform. "During the whole time the conference lasted," says the chronicler Bullinger, "Eck and his party were lodged in the parsonage house of Baden, faring sumptuously, living gaily and disorderly, drinking freely the wine with which they were supplied by the abbot of Wettingen. Eck, it was said, takes the baths of Baden, but it is *in wine* that he bathes. The Reformers, on the contrary, made but a sorry appearance, and were scoffed at as a troop of mendicants. Their manner of life afforded a striking contrast to that of the Pope's champions. The landlord of the *Pike*, the inn at which Œcolampadius lodged, curious to see how the latter spent his time in his room, reported that whenever he looked in on him, he found him either reading or praying. 'It must be confessed, said he, that he is a very pious heretic.'"

The discussion lasted eighteen days; and every morning the clergy of Baden went in solemn procession, chaunting litanies, in order to ensure victory. Eck was the only one who spoke in defence of the Romish doctrines. He was at Baden exactly what he was at Leipsic, with the same German twang, the same broad shoulders and sonorous voice, reminding one of a town crier, and in appearance more like a butcher than a divine. He was vehement in disputing, according to his usual custom; trying to wound his opponents by insulting language, and even now and then breaking out in an oath. The president never called him to order—

> Eck stamps his feet, and claps his hands,
> He raves, he swears, he scolds;
> "I do," cries he, "what Rome commands,
> And teach what'er she holds."

Œcolampadius, on the contrary, with his serene countenance, his noble and patriarchal air, spoke with so much mildness, but at the same time with so much ability and courage, that even his antagonists, affected and impressed, whispered to one another, "Oh that the tall sallow man were on our side." Sometimes, indeed, he was moved at beholding the hatred and violence of his auditors: "Oh," said he, "with what impatience do they listen to me; but God will not forego His glory, and it is that only that we seek."

Œcolampadius having combated Eck's first thesis, which turned on the real presence, Haller, who had reached Baden, after the commencement of the discussion, entered the lists against the second. Little used to such discussions constitutionally timid, fettered by the instructions of his government, and embarrassed by the presence of its chief magistrate, Gaspard Mullinen, a bitter enemy of the Reformation, Haller had none of the confident bearing of his antagonist; but he had more real strength. When Haller had concluded, Œcolampadius again entered the lists, and pressed Eck so closely, that the latter

was compelled to fall back upon the custom of the church. "In our Switzerland," answered Œcolampadius, "custom is of no force unless it be according to the constitution; now, in all matters of faith, the *Bible* is our constitution."

The third thesis, regarding invocation of saints; the fourth, on images; the fifth, on purgatory, were successively discussed. No one came forward to dispute the two last theses, which bore reference to original sin and baptism.

Zwingle took an important part in the whole of the discussion. The Catholic party had appointed four secretaries, and prohibited all other persons from taking notes on pain of death. Nevertheless, a student from the Valais, named Jerome Wälsch, gifted with a retentive memory, carefully impressed upon his mind all that he heard, and upon leaving the assembly privately committed his recollections to writing. Thomas Plater, and Zimmermann of Winterthur, carried these notes to Zwingle every day, as also letters from Œcolampadius, and brought back the Reformer's answers. The gates of Baden were guarded by halberdiers, and it was only by inventing different excuses that the two messengers could evade the questions of the soldiers, who were at a loss to comprehend why these youths so frequently entered and quitted the city.* Thus Zwingle, though absent from Baden in bodily presence, was with them in spirit.

He advised and strengthened his friends, and refuted his adversaries. "Zwingle," says Oswald Myconius, "has laboured more in meditating upon and watching the contest, and transmitting his advice to Baden, than he could have done by disputing in person in the midst of his enemies."

During the whole time of the conference the Roman Catholics were in a ferment, publishing abroad the report of advantages gained by them. "Œcolampadius," cried they, "vanquished by Eck, lies prostrate on the field, and sues for quarter; the Pope's authority will be every where restored." These statements were industriously circulated throughout the cantons, and the many, prompt to believe every rumour, gave credit to these vauntings of the partisans of Rome.

The discussion being concluded, the monk Murner of Lucerne, nicknamed the "tom-cat," came forward and read forty articles of accusation against Zwingle. "I thought," said he, "that the dastard would appear and answer for himself, but he has not done so: I am therefore justified by every law, both human and divine, in declaring forty times over, that the tyrant of Zurich and all his partisans are rebels, liars, perjured persons, adulterers, infidels, thieves, robbers of temples, fit only for the gallows; and that any honest man must disgrace himself if he hold any intercourse with them, of what kind soever." Such was the opprobrious language which, at that time, was honoured with the name of "Christian controversy," by divines whom the Church of Rome herself might well blush to acknowledge.

Great agitation prevailed at Baden; the general feeling was that the Reformers were overcome not by force of arguments, but by power of lungs. Only Œcolampadius and ten of his friends signed a protest against the theses of Eck, whilst they were adopted by no less than eighty persons, including those who had presided at the discussion, and all the monks of Wittengen. Haller had left Baden before the termination of the conference.

The majority of the Diet then decreed, that as Zwingle, the leader in these pernicious doctrines, refused to appear, and as the ministers who had come to Baden hardened themselves against conviction, both the one and the others were in consequence cast out from the bosom of the church.

But this celebrated contest, which had originated in the zeal of the oligarchs and the clergy, was yet in its effects to be fatal to both. Those who had contended for the Gospel, returning to their homes, infused into their fellow-citizens an enthusiasm for the cause they had defended; and Berne and Basle, two of the most influential cantons of the Helvetic confederation, began thenceforth to fall away from the ranks of the Papacy.

It was to be expected that Œcolampadius would be the first to suffer, the rather as he was not a native of Switzerland; and it was not without some fear that he returned to Basle. But his alarm was quickly dissipated. His gentle words had sunk deeply into those unprejudiced minds which had been closed against the vociferations of Eck; and he was received with acclamations by all men of piety. His adversaries, it is true, used all their efforts to exclude him from the pulpit, but in vain: he taught and preached with greater energy than before, and never had the people manifested a more ardent thirst for the word of the Lord.

The course of events at Berne was of a similar character. The conference at Baden, which it had been hoped would stifle the Reformation, gave to it a new impulse in this the most powerful of the Swiss cantons. No sooner had Haller arrived in the capital, than the inferior council summoned him before them, and commanded him to celebrate mass. Haller asked leave to answer before the Grand Council; and the people came together, thinking it behoved them to defend their pastor. Haller, in alarm, declared that he would rather quit the city than be the innocent occasion of disorders. Upon this,

* When I was asked, "What are you going to do?" I replied, "I am carrying chickens to sell to the gentlemen who are come to the baths:"—the chickens were given me at Zurich, and the guards could not understand how it was that I always got them so fresh, and in so short a time. (Plater's Autobiography.)

tranquillity being restored, "If," said the Reformer, "I am required to perform mass I must resign my office: the honour of God and the truth of His holy Word lie nearer to my heart than any care what 'I shall eat, or wherewithal I shall be clothed.'" Haller uttered these words with much emotion; the members of the Council were affected; even some of his opponents were moved to tears. Once more was moderation found to be strength. To meet in some measure the requirements of Rome, Haller was removed from his office of canon, but appointed preacher. His most violent enemies, Lewis and Anthony von Diesbach and Anthony von Erlach, indignant at this decision, immediately withdrew from the Council and the city, and threw up their rank as citizens. "Berne stumbled," said Haller, "but she has risen up in greater strength than ever." This firmness of the Bernese made a powerful impression in Switzerland.

But the effects of the conference of Baden were not confined to Berne and Basle. While these events were occurring in those powerful cities, a movement more or less of the same character was in progress in several other states of the Confederation. The preachers of St. Gall, on their return from Baden, proclaimed the Gospel. At the conclusion of a public meeting, the images were removed from the parish church of St. Lawrence, and the inhabitants parted with their costly dresses, jewels, rings, and gold chains, that they might employ the money in works of charity. The Reformation did, it is true, strip men of their possessions, but it was in order that the poor might be clothed; and the only wordly goods it claimed the surrender of were those of the Reformed themselves.

At Mulhausen the preaching was continued with unwearied boldness. Thurgovia and the Rhenish provinces daily drew nearer to the doctrine held in Zurich. Immediately after the conference, Zurzach abolished the use of images in its churches, and almost the whole district of Baden received the Gospel.

Nothing can show more clearly than such facts as these which party had really triumphed. Hence we find Zwingle, contemplating what was passing around him, giving thanks to God:—"Manifold are their attacks," said he, "but the Lord is above all their threatenings and all their violence;—a wonderful unanimity in behalf of the Gospel prevails in the city and canton of Zurich—we shall overcome all things by the prayer of faith." Shortly afterwards, writing to Haller, he expressed himself thus: "Every thing here below follows its appointed course:—after the rude northern blast comes the gentle breeze. The scorching heat of summer is succeeded by the treasures of autumn. And now after stern contests, the Creator of all things, whom we serve, has opened for us a passage into the enemy's camp. We are at last permitted to receive among us the Christian doctrine, that dove so long denied entrance, but which has never ceased to watch for the hour when she might return. Be thou the Noah to receive and shelter her."

This same year Zurich made an important acquisition. Conrad Pellican, superior of the Franciscan convent at Basle, professor of theology when only twenty-four years of age, had, through the interest of Zwingle, been chosen to fill the office of Hebrew professor at Zurich. On his arrival he said, "I have long since renounced the Pope, and desired to live to Christ." Pellican's critical talents rendered him one of the most useful labourers in the great work of the Reformation.

Early in 1527, Zurich, still excluded from the Diet by the Romish cantons, and wishing to take advantage of the more favourable disposition manifested by some of the confederates, convened an assembly within her own walls. It was attended by deputies from Berne, Basle, Schaffhausen, Appenzell and Saint Gall. "We require," said the deputies of Zurich, "that God's word, which alone leads us to Christ crucified, be the one thing preached, taught and exalted. We renounce all doctrines of men, whatever may have been the custom of our forefathers; being well assured that if they had been visited by this divine light of the World, which we enjoy, they would have embraced it with more reverence than we, their unworthy descendants." The deputies present promised to take into consideration the representations made by their brethren of Zurich.

Thus the breach in the walls of Rome was every day widened. The Baden conference it was hoped would have repaired it; but, on the contrary, from that time forward the cantons that had hitherto been only doubtful appeared willing to make common cause with Zurich. The Reformation was already spreading among the inhabitants of the plain, and beginning to ascend the sides of the mountains;—and the more ancient cantons, which had been as the cradle and are still the citadel of Switzerland—seemed in their alpine inclosures alone to adhere faithfully to the religion of their fathers. These mountaineers, constantly exposed to violent storms, avalanches, and overflowing torrents, are all their lives obliged to struggle againstthese formidable enemies, and to sacrifice every thing for the preservation of the pastures where their flocks graze, and the roofs which shelter them from the tempest, and which at any moment may be swept away by an inundation. Hence a conservative principle is strikingly developed among them, and has been transmitted from generation to generation. With these children of the mountains, wisdom consists in preserving what they have inherited from their fathers.

At the period we are recording these rude Helvetians struggled against the Reformation that came to change their faith and worship, as at this very hour they contend against the roaring waters which tumble from their snow

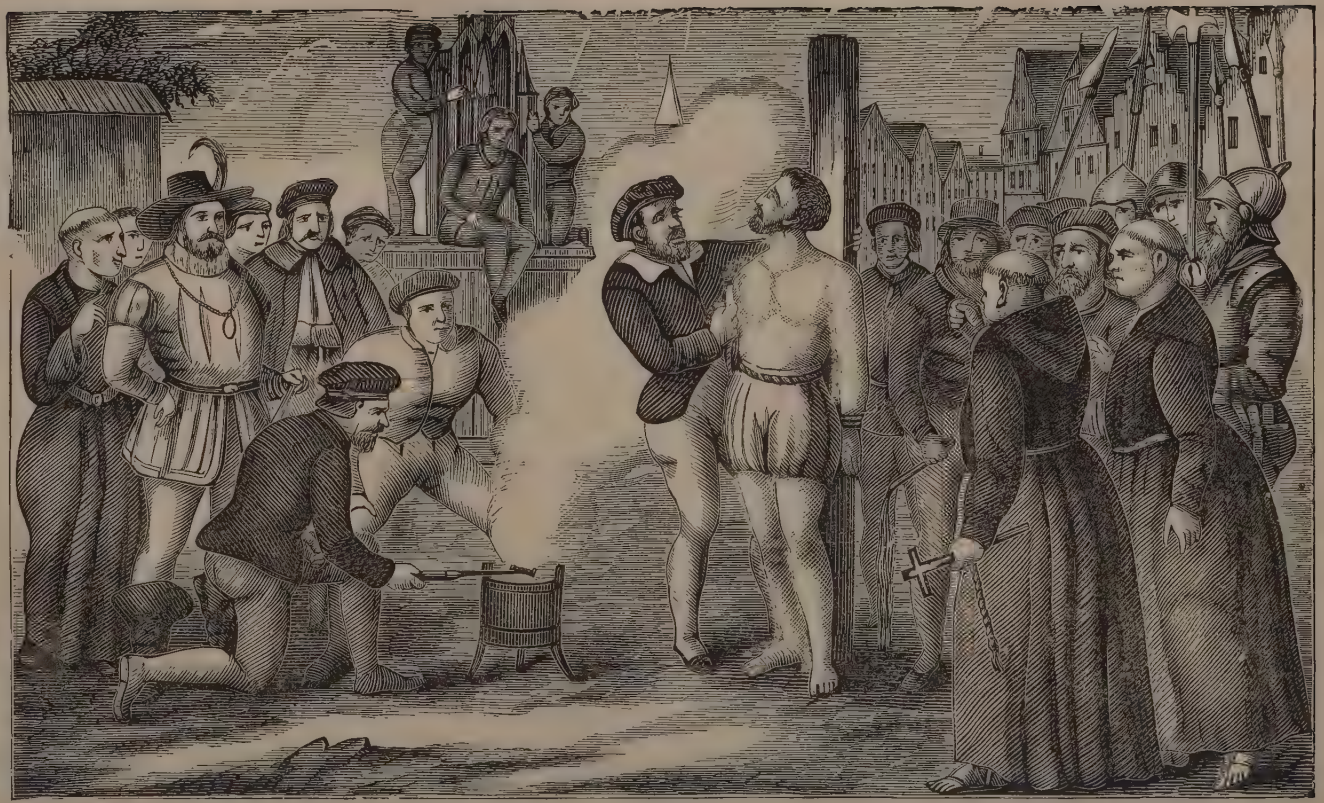
clad hills, or against those modern notions and politics which have established themselves in the adjoining cantons. They will probably be the very last to lay down their arms before that twofold power which has already planted its standard on the adjacent hills, and is steadily gaining ground upon these conservative communities.

Accordingly, these cantons, yet more irritated against Berne than against Zurich, and trembling lest that powerful state should desert their interests, assembled their deputies in Berne itself, eight days after the conference at Zurich. They called on the Council to deprive the innovating teachers of their office, to proscribe their doctrines, and to maintain the ancient and true Christian faith, as confirmed by past ages and sealed by the blood of martyrs. "Convene all the bailiwicks of the canton," added they, "if you refuse to do this, we will take it upon ourselves." The Bernese were irritated, and replied, "We require no assistance in the directing of those who hold authority under us."

This answer only inflamed the anger of the Forest Cantons; and those very cantons, which had been the cradle of the *political* liberty of Switzerland, affrighted at the progress of *religious* liberty, began to seek even foreign alliances in order to destroy it. In opposing the enemies of the capitulations it seemed to them reasonable to seek the aid of capitulations; and if the oligarchs of Switzerland were not sufficiently powerful, it was natural to have recourse to the princes their allies. Austria, who had found it impossible to maintain her own authority in the Confederation, was ready to interfere to strengthen the power of Rome. Berne learnt with terror that Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., was preparing to march against Zurich, and all those who took part with the Reformation.

Circumstances were becoming more trying. A succession of events, more or less adverse, such as the excesses of the Anabaptists, the disputes with Luther concerning the Lord's Supper, and other causes, seemed to have compromised the prospects of the Reformation in Switzerland. The conference at Baden had disappointed the hopes of the Papists, and the sword which they had brandished against their opponents had been shivered in their hands; but their animosity and rage did but increase, and they began to prepare for a fresh effort. The Imperial power was in motion; and the Austrian bands, which had been compelled to shameful flight from the defiles of Morgarten and the heights of Sempach, stood ready to enter Switzerland with flying banners, to confirm the tottering authority of Rome. The moment was critical: it was no longer possible to halt between two opinions; —to be "neither clear nor muddy." Berne and other cantons which had so long hesitated were reduced to the necessity of decision, either to return without loss of time to the Papal ranks, or to take their stand with boldness on the side of Christ.

Just then William Farel, a Frenchman from the mountains of Dauphiny, communicated a powerful impulse to Switzerland,—decided the reformation of the western cantons, hitherto sunk in a profound slumber, and so caused the balance to incline in favour of the new doctrines throughout the Confederation. Farel's coming resembled the arrival of those fresh troops, who just when the battle hangs doubtfully, appear upon the field, throw themselves into the thick of the fight and decide the victory. He led the way in Switzerland for another Frenchman, whose austere faith and commanding genius were ordained to terminate the Reformation, and render the work complete. In the persons of these distinguished men France took her part in that vast commotion which agitated Christendom. It is therefore time that we should turn our attention to France.



BRANDING OF LECLERC.

BOOK XII.

THE FRENCH.

1500—1526.

The Reformation in France—Persecution of the Vaudois—Birthplace of Farel—La Saint Croix—The Priest's Wizard—Farel's Superstitious Faith—The Chevalier Bayard—Louis XII—The Two Valois—Lefevre—His Devotion—Farel's Reverence for the Pope—Farel and the Bible—Gleams of Light—Lefevre Turns to St. Paul—Lefevre on Works—University Amusements—Faith and Works—Paradoxical Truth—Farel and the Saints—Allman Refutes De Vio—Pierre Olivetan—Happy Change in Farel—Independence and Priority—Of the Reformation in France—Francis of Angoulême—Two Classes of Combatants—Margaret of Valois—Talents of the Queen of Navarre—The Bishop and the Bible—Francis Encourages Learning—Margaret Embraces the Gospel—Poetical Effusions—Of the Duchess of Alencon—Margaret's Danger—Violence of Beda—Louis Berquin—Opposition to the Gospel—The Concordat—The Concordat Resisted—Fanaticism and Timidity—The Three Maries—Beda and the University—The King and the Sorbonne—Briconnet in His Diocese—The Bishop and the Curates—Martial Mazurier—Margaret's Sorrows—Strength Under Trial—Death of Philibert of Nemours—Alone, Not Lonely—The Wandering Sheep—Briconnet's Hope and Prayer—Sufficiency of the Scriptures—Lefevre's French Bible—The People "Turned Aside"—Church of Landouzy—The Gospel and the French Court—Margaret's Lamentations—Briconnet Preaches Against the Monks—Two Despotisms—Briconnet Draws Back—Leclerc the Wool-Comber—Leclerc's Zeal and Sufferings—A Mother's Faith and Love—Secret Meetings for Worship—Berquin Imprisoned by the Parliament—Charges Against Berquin—Liberated by the King—Pavanne's Recantation and Remorse—Zeal of Leclerc and Chatelain—Peter Toussaint—Leclerc Breaks the Images—Uproar among the People—Martyrdom of Leclerc and Chatelain—The Gospel Expelled from Gap—Anemond's Zeal—Farel Preaches to His Countrymen—Pierre De Sebville—Anemond Visits Luther—Luther's Letter to the Duke of Savoy—Farel's Arrival in Switzerland—Œcolampadius and Farel—Cowardice of Erasmus—French Frankness—"Balaam"—Farel's Propositions—Faith and Scripture—The Reformation Defended—Visits Strasburg—Ordination of Farel—Apostolical Succession—Farel at Montbeliard—The Gospel at Lyons—Anthony Papillon—Sebville Persecuted—Secret Meetings at Grenoble—Effects of the Battle of Pavia—Trial and Arrest of Maigret—Evangelical Association—Need of Unity—Christian Patriotism—Influence of Tracts—The New Testament in French—Bible and Tract Societies—Farel at Montbeliard—Oil and Wine—Toussaint's Trials—Farel and Anemond—The Image of Saint Anthony—Death of Anemond—Defeat and Captivity of Francis I—Consternation of the French—Opposers of the Faith—The Queen-Mother and the Sorbonne—Cry for "Heretical" Blood—Parliament Establishes the Inquisition—Charges Against Briconnet—Cited Before the Inquisition—Dismay of the Bishop—Refused a Trial by His Peers—Briconnet's Temptation and Fall—Retractation of Briconnet—Compared with Lefevre—Beda Attacks Lefevre—Lefevre at Strasburg—Meets Farel—Berquin Imprisoned—Erasmus Attacked by the Monks and the Sorbonne—Appeals to the Parliament and the King—More Victims in Lorraine—Bonaventure Rennel—Courage of Pastor Schuch—Martyrdom of Schuch—Peter Caroli and Beda—The Martyrdom of James Pavanne—The Hermit of Livry—Seized and Condemned—Resources of Providence—John Calvin—The Family of Mommor—Calvin's Parentage—Calvin's Childhood—His Devotion to Study—Infant Ecclesiastics—Calvin Proceeds to Paris—Reformation of Language—Protestant France—System of Terror—The "Babylonish Captivity"—Toussaint Goes to Paris—Toussaint in Prison—"Not Accepting Deliverance"—Spread of Persecution—Project of Margaret—For the Deliverance of Francis—Margaret's Resolution—She Sails for Spain.

One essential character of Christianity, is its Universality. Very different in this respect are the religions of particular countries that men have invented. Adapting themselves to this or that nation, and the point of progress which it has reached, they hold it fixed and motionless at that point—or if from any extraordinary cause the people are carried forward, their religion is left behind, and so becomes useless to them.

There has been a religion of Egypt—of Greece—of Rome, and even of Judea. Christianity is the only religion of *Mankind*.

It has for its origin in man—Sin; and this is a character that appertains not merely to one race, but which is the inheritance of all mankind. Hence, as meeting the highest necessities of our common nature, the Gospel is received as from God, at once by the most barbarous nations, and the most civilized communities. Without deifying national peculiarities, like the religions of antiquity, it nevertheless does not destroy them, as modern cosmopolism aims to do. It does better, for it sanctifies, ennobles, and raises them to a holy oneness, by the new and living principle it communicates to them.

The introduction of the Christian religion into the world has produced an incalculable change in history. There had previously been only a history of nations,—there is now a history of mankind; and the idea of an education of human nature as a whole,—an education, the work of Jesus Christ himself,—is become like a compass for the historian, the key of history, and the hope of nations.

But the effects of the Christian religion are seen not merely among all nations, but in all the successive periods of their progress.

When it first appeared, the world resem-

bled a torch about to expire in darkness, and Christianity called forth anew a heavenly flame.

In a later age, the barbarian nations had rushed upon the Roman territories, carrying havoc and confusion wherever they came; and Christianity, holding up the cross against the desolating torrent, had subdued, by its influence, the half-savage children of the north, and moulded society anew.

Yet an element of corruption lay hidden in the religion carried by devoted missionaries among these rude populations. Their faith had come to them almost as much from Rome as from the Bible. Ere long that element expanded; man every where usurped the place of God,—the distinguishing character of the church of Rome; and a revival of religion became necessary. This Christianity gave to man in the age of which we are treating.

The progress of the Reformation in the countries we have hitherto surveyed has shown us the new teaching rejecting the excesses of the Anabaptists, and the newly arisen prophets: but it is the shallows of Incredulity which it especially encountered in the country to which we are now to turn our attention. Nowhere had bolder protests been heard against the superstitions and abuses of the Church. Nowhere had there been a more striking exhibition of that love of learning, apart from, or independent of, Christianity, which often leads to irreligion. France bore within it at once two reformations,—the one of man, the other of God. "Two nations were in her womb, and two manner of people were to be separated from her bowels." Gen. xxv. 23.

In France not only had the Reformation to combat incredulity as well as superstition, it found a third antagonist which it had not encountered, at least in so much strength, among the Germanic population, and this was immorality. Profligacy in the church was great. Debauchery sat upon the throne of Francis the First and Catharine de Medicis; and the rigid virtues of the Reformers provoked the anger of the Sardanapaluses. Wherever it came, doubtless,—but especially in France—the Reformation was necessarily not only dogmatic and ecclesiastical, but, moreover, moral.

These violent opposing influences, which the Reformation encountered at one and the same moment among the French people, gave to it a character altogether peculiar. Nowhere did it so often have its dwelling in dungeons, or bear so marked a resemblance to the Christianity of the first ages in faith and love, and in the number of its martyrs. If in those countries of which we have heretofore spoken the Reformation was more illustrated by its triumphs, in those we are about to speak of it was more glorious in its reverses! If elsewhere it might point to more thrones and council chambers, here it could appeal to more scaffolds and hill-side meetings. Whoever knows in what consists the real glory of Christianity upon earth, and the features that assimilate it to its Author, will study with a deep feeling of veneration and affection the history, often marked with blood, which we are now to recount.

Of those who have afterwards shone on the stage of life, the greater number have been born and have grown up in the provinces. Paris is like a tree which spreads out to view its flowers and its fruit, but of which the roots draw from a distance and from hidden depths of the soil the nutritive juices which they transform. The Reformation followed this law.

The Alps, which had witnessed the rise of fearless Christian men in every canton, and almost in every valley of Switzerland, were destined in France also to shelter, with their lengthened shadows, the infancy of some of the earliest Reformers. For ages they had preserved their treasure more or less pure in their lofty valleys, among the inhabitants of the Piedmontese districts of Luzerne, Angrogne, and Peyrouse. The truth, which Rome had not been able to wrest from them, had spread from the heights to the hollows and base of the mountains in Provence and in Dauphiny.

The year after the accession of Charles VIII., the son of Louis XI. and a youth of feeble health and timid character,—Innocent VIII. had been invested with the Pontiff's tiara. (1484.) He had seven or eight sons by different women:—hence, according to an epigram of that age, the Romans unanimously gave him the name of *Father*.

There was, at this time, on the southern declivities of the Alps of Dauphiny and along the banks of the Durance, an after-growth of the ancient Vaudois opinions. "The roots," says an old chronicler, "were continually putting forth fresh shoots in all directions." Bold men were heard to designate the Church of Rome the 'church of evil spirits,' and to maintain that it was quite as profitable to pray in a stable as in a church.

The clergy, the bishops, and the Roman legates were loud in their outcries, and on the 5th of May, 1487, Innocent VIII. the 'Father' of the Romans, issued a bull against these humble Christians. "To arms," said the Pontiff, "to arms! and trample those heretics under your feet as you would crush the venomous serpent."

At the approach of the Legate, at the head of an army of eighteen thousand men, and a host of voluntaries, drawn together by the hope of sharing in the plunder of the Vaudois, the latter abandoned their dwellings and retired to the mountains, caverns, and clefts of the rocks, as the birds flee for shelter when a storm is rising. Not a valley, a thicket, or a rock escaped their persecutors' search. Throughout the adjacent Alps, and especially on the side of Italy, these defenceless disciples of Christ were tracked like hunted deer. At last the Pope's satellites were worn out with the pursuit: their strength was exhausted, their feet could no longer scale the inaccessible retreats of the "heretics," and their arms refused their office.

In these Alpine solitudes, then disturbed by Roman fanaticism, three leagues from the ancient town of Gap,* in the direction of Grenoble, not far from the flowery turf that clothes the table land of Bayard's mountain, at the foot of the Mont de l'Aiguille, and near to the Col de Glaize, toward the source of the Buzon, stood, and still stands, a group of houses, half hidden by surrounding trees, and nown by the name of Farel, or, in patois, *Fareau*. On an extended plain above the neighbouring cottages, stood a house of the class to which, in France, the appellation of "*gentilhommiere*" is attached,—a country gentleman's habitation.† It was surrounded by an orchard, which formed an avenue to the village. Here, in those troublous times, lived a family bearing the name of Farel, of long-established reputation for piety, and, as it would seem, of noble descent.‡ In the year 1489, at a time when Dauphiny was groaning under a weight of papal oppression, exceeding what it had ever before endured, a son was born in this modest mansion, who received the name of William. Three brothers, Daniel, Walter, and Claude, and a sister, grew up with William, and shared his sports on the banks of the Buzon, and at the foot of Mount Bayard.

His infancy and boyhood were passed on the same spot. His parents were among the most submissive thralls of Popery. "My father and mother believed every thing," he tells us himself; and accordingly they brought up their children in the strictest observances of Romish devotion.

God had endowed William Farel with many exalted qualities, fitted to give him an ascendancy over his fellow-men. Gifted at once with a penetrating judgment, and a lively imagination, sincere and upright in his deportment, characterised by a loftiness of soul which never, under any temptation, allowed him to dissemble the convictions of his heart;—he was still more remarkable for the earnestness, the ardour, the unflinching courage which bore him up and carried him forward in spite of every hindrance. But, at the same time, he had the faults allied to these noble qualities, and his parents found frequent occasion to repress the violence of his disposition.

William threw himself with his whole soul into the same superstitious course which his credulous family had followed before him. "I am horror struck," said he, at a later period, "when I think on the *hours*, the prayers, the divine honours, which I have offered myself, and caused others to offer, to the cross, and such like vanities."

Four leagues distant from Gap, to the south, near Tallard, on a hill which overlooks the impetuous waters of the Durance, was a place in high repute at that time, called La Sainte Croix. William was but seven or eight years old when his parents thought fit to take him thither on a pilgrimage.§ "The cross you will see there," said they, "is made of the wood of the very cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified."

The family set forth on their journey, and, on reaching the object of their veneration, cast themselves prostrate before it. After they had gazed awhile on the holy wood of the cross, and the copper appertaining to it,—the latter, as the priest told them, "made of the basin in which our Saviour washed the feet of his disciples,"—the pilgrims cast their eyes on a little crucifix which was attached to the cross. "When the devils send us hail and thunder," resumed the priest, "this crucifix moves so violently, that one would think it wanted to get loose from the cross to put the devils to flight, and all the while it keeps throwing out sparks of fire against the storm; were it not for this, the whole country would be swept bare.

These pious pilgrims were greatly affected at the recital of such prodigies. "Nobody," continued the priest, "sees or knows any thing of these things, except myself and this man here . . . ." The pilgrims turned their heads, and saw a strange looking man standing beside them. "It would have frightened you to look at him," says Farel: "the pupils of both his eyes seemed to be covered with white specks; whether they were so in reality, or that Satan gave them that appearance." This uncouth looking man, whom the unbelieving called the "priest's wizard," on being appealed to by the latter, bore testimony at once to the truth of the miracle.

A new episode was now accidentally introduced to complete the picture, and mingle suggestions of guilty excess with the dreams of superstition. "Up comes a young woman on some errand very different from devotion to the cross, carrying a little child wrapped in a cloak. And, behold, the priest goes to meet her, and takes hold of her and the child, and carries them straight into the chapel: never, believe me, did couple in a dance amble off more lovingly than did these two. But so blinded were we that we took no heed of their gestures or their glances, and even had their behaviour been still more unseemly, we should have deemed it altogether right and reverent—of a truth, both the damsel and the priest understood the miracle thoroughly, and how to turn a pilgrim-visit to fair account."*

*Principal town of the High Alps.

†Grenoble to Gap, distant a quarter of an hour's journey from the last posthouse, and a stone's throw to the right from the high road is the village of the Farels. The site of the house which belonged to the father of the Farels is still pointed out. Though it is now occupied by a cottage only, its dimensions are sufficient to prove that the original structure must have been a dwelling of a superior order. The present inhabitant of the cottage bears the name of Farel. For these particulars I am indebted to M. Blanc, the pastor of Mens.

‡Gulielmum Farellum Delphinatum, nobili familie ortum. (Bezæ Icones.) Calvin, writing to Cardinal Sadolet, dwells upon the disinterestedness of Farel,—*a man of such noble birth.* (Opuscula, p 148.)

*Du vray usage de la croux, par Guillaume Farel, p. 235. Some phrases of this narrative have been a little softened.

Here we are presented with a faithful picture of the religion and manners of France at the commencement of the Reformation. Morals and belief had alike been vitiated, and each stood in need of a thorough renovation. In proportion as a higher value was attached to outward rites, the sanctification of the heart had become less and less an object of concern;—dead ordinances had every where usurped the place of a christian life; and, by a revolting yet natural alliance, the most scandalous debauchery had been combined with the most superstitious devotion. Instances are on record of theft committed at the altar—seduction practised in the confessional,—poison mingled with the eucharist,—adultery perpetrated at the foot of a cross! Superstition, while ruining Christian doctrine, had ruined morality also.

There were, however, numerous exceptions to this pitiable state of things in the Christianity of the middle ages. Even a superstitious faith may be a sincere one. William Farel is an example of this. The same zeal which afterwards urged him to travel incessantly from place to place, that he might spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ, then incited him to visit every spot where the church exhibited a miracle, or exacted a tribute of adoration. Dauphiny could boast of her seven wonders, which had long been sanctified in the imagination of the people.* But the beauties of nature, by which he was surrounded, had also their influence in raising his thoughts to the Creator.

The magnificent chain of the Alps,—the pinnacles covered with eternal snow,—the enormous rocks, sometimes rearing their pointed summits to the sky,—sometimes stretching their naked ridges on-and-on above the level clouds, and presenting the appearance of an island suspended in the air,—all these wonders of creation, which even then, were dilating the soul of Ulric Zwingle, in the Tockenburg, spoke with equal force to the heart of William Farel, among the mountains of Dauphiny. He thirsted for life,—for knowledge—for light; he aspired to be something great: he asked permission to study.

It was an unwelcome surprise to his father, who thought that a young noble should know nothing beyond his rosary and his sword.—The universal theme of conversation at that time was the prowess of a young countryman of William's, a native of Dauphiny, like himself, named Du Terrail, but better known by the name of Bayard, who had recently performed astonishing feats of valour in the battle of Tar, on the other side of the Alps. "Such sons as he," it was currently remarked, "are like arrows in the hand of a mighty man.—Blessed is the man who has his quiver full of them!" Accordingly, Farel's father resisted his wish to become a scholar. But the youth's resolution was not to be shaken. God designed him for nobler conquests than any that are to be achieved by such as Bayard. He urged his request with repeated importunity, and the old gentleman at length gave way.

Farel immediately applied himself to study with surprising ardour. The masters whom he found in Dauphiny were of little service to him; and he had to contend with all the disadvantages of imperfect methods of tuition and incapable teachers. But difficulties stimulated instead of discouraging him; and he soon surmounted these impediments. His brothers followed his example. Daniel subsequently entered on the career of politics, and was employed on some important negociations concerning religion.* Walter was admitted into the confidence of the Count of Furstemberg.

Farel, ever eager in the pursuit of knowledge, having learned all that was to be learned in his native province, turned his eyes elsewhere. The fame of the university of Paris had long resounded through the Christian world. He was anxious to see "this mother of all the sciences, this true luminary of the Church, which never knew eclipses,—this pure and polished mirror of the faith, dimmed by no cloud, sullied by no foul touch. He obtained permission from his parents, and set out for the capital of France.

In the course of the year 1510, or shortly after the close of that year, the young Dauphinese arrived in Paris. His native province had sent him forth a devoted adherent of the Papacy,—the capital was to convert him into something far different. In France the Reformation was not destined, as in Germany, to take its rise in a petty city. By whatever movement the population of the former country may at any time be agitated, the impulse is always to be traced to the metropolis. A concurrence of providential circumstances had made Paris, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the focus from which a spark of vivifying fire might easily be emitted.—The stranger from the neighbourhood of Gap, who had just found his way to the great city, an obscure and ill-instructed youth, was to receive that spark into his bosom, and to share it with many around him.

Louis XII., the father of his people, had just convened an assembly of the representatives of the French clergy at Tours. This prince seems to have anticipated the times of the Reformation, so that if that great revolution had taken place during his reign, all France, probably, would have become Protestant. The assembly at Tours had declared that the King had a right to make war against the Pope, and to carry into effect the decrees of the Council of Basle. These decisions were the subject of general conversation in the colleges, as well as in the city, and at the court, and they could not fail to make a deep impression on the mind of young Farel.

Two children of royal blood were then growing up in the court of Louis. The one was a young prince of tall stature, and striking cast of features, who evinced little moderation of character, and yielded himself unreflectingly

* The boiling spring, the cisterns of Sassenage, the manner of Briancon, &c.

* Life of Farel, MS. at Geneva.

to the mastery of his passions, so that the king was often heard to say, "That great boy will spoil all."* This was Francis of Angoulême, Duke of Valois, the king's cousin. Boisy, his governor, had taught him, however, to show great respect to letters.

The companion of Francis was his sister Margaret, who was two years older than himself. "A princess," says Brantôme, "of vigorous understanding, and great talents, both natural and acquired." Accordingly, Louis had spared no pains in her education, and the most learned men in the kingdom were prepared to acknowledge Margaret as their patroness.

Already, indeed, a group of illustrious men was collected round the two Valois. William Budé who, in his youth, had given himself up to self-indulgence of every kind, and especially to the enjoyment of the chase,—living among his hawks, and horses, and hounds; and who, at the age of twenty-three, had suddenly altered his course of life, sold off his equipage, and applied himself to study with all the eagerness he had formerly displayed when cheering on his pack to follow the scent through field and forest,†—Cop, the physician, —Francis Vatable, whose proficiency in Hebrew learning was admired by the Jewish doctors themselves,—James Tusan, the celebrated Hellenist;—these and other men of letters besides,—encouraged by Stephen Poncher, the bishop of Paris, Louis Ruzé, the "Lieutenant-Civil," and Francis de Luynes, and already protected by the two young Valois,—maintained their ground against the violent attacks of the Sorbonne, who regarded the study of Greek and Hebrew as the most fearful heresy. At Paris, as in Germany and Switzerland, the restoration of religious truth was preceded by the revival of letters. But in France the hands that prepared the materials were not appointed to construct the edifice.

Among all the doctors who then adorned the French metropolis, one of the most remarkable was a man of diminutive stature, of mean appearance and humble birth; whose wit, erudition, and eloquence had an indescribable charm for all who approached him.—The name of this doctor was Lefevre; he was born in 1455 at Etaples, a little town in Picardy. He had received only an indifferent education,—a barbarous one, Theodore Beza calls it; but his genius had supplied the want of masters; and his piety, his learning, and the nobility of his soul shone with a lustre so much the brighter. He had been a great traveller,—it would even appear that his desire to acquire knowledge had led him into Asia and Africa.‡ So early as the year 1493, Lefevre, being then a doctor of theology, occupied the station of a professor in the University of Paris. He immediately assumed a distinguished place among his colleagues, and in the estimation of Erasmus ranked above them all.

Lefevre soon discovered that he had a peculiar task to fulfil. Though attached to the practices of the Romish church, he conceived a desire to reform the barbarous system which then prevailed in the University; he accordingly began to teach the various branches of philosophy with a precision hitherto unknown. He laboured to revive the study of languages and classical antiquities. He went further than this; he perceived that when a mental regeneration is aimed at, philosophy and literature are insufficient instruments. Abandoning, therefore, the scholastic theology, which for so many ages had held an undisputed sway in the seats of learning, he applied himself to the Bible, and again introduced the study of the Holy Scriptures and evangelical science. They were no barren researches to which he addicted himself; he went straight to the heart of the Bible. His eloquence, his candour, his affability, captivated every heart.—Earnest and fervent in the pulpit,—in his private intercourse with his pupils he condescended to the most engaging familiarity.—"He loves me exceedingly," was the language of Glareanus, one of the number, when writing to his friend Zwingle; "he is all frankness and kindness,—he sings, he plays, he disputes, and then laughs with me. Accordingly, a great number of disciples from every country were gathered around his chair.

This man, learned as he was, submitted himself all the while, with childlike simplicity, to the ordinances of the church. He passed as much time in the churches as in his closet,—so that a sympathetic union seemed established beforehand between the old doctor of Picardy and the young student of Dauphiny. When two natures, so congenial as these, are brought within the same sphere, though it be the wide and agitated circle of a capital city, their reciprocal attraction must at last place them in contact with each other. In his pious pilgrimages, young Farel soon observed an old man, by whose devotion he was greatly interested. He remarked how he fell on his knees before the images, how long he remained in that posture, how fervently he seemed to pray, and how devoutly he repeated his *hours*. "Never," says Farel, "had I heard a chanter chant the mass more reverently." This was Lefevre. Farel immediately felt a strong desire to become acquainted with him;—and great, indeed, was his joy when the venerable man met his approaches with kindness. He had now found what he had come to the capital to seek. Henceforth his chief delight was to converse with the doctor of Etaples, to listen to his instructions, to practise his admirable precepts, and to kneel with him in pious adoration at the same shrine. Often were the aged Lefevre and his youthful disciple seen assisting each other to adorn the image of the Virgin with flowers,—while far removed from Paris, far removed from the throng of the col

* Mezeray, vol. iv. p. 127.

† His wife and sons came to Geneva in 1540, after his death.

‡ In the 2nd chapter of his Commentary on the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians is a curious story regarding Mecca and the temple there, which he relates in the style of a traveller.

legiate hall, they murmured in concert their earnest prayers to the blessed Mary.

The attachment of Farel to Lefevre was generally noticed, and the respect inspired by the old doctor was reflected on his pupil. This illustrious connection was the means of withdrawing the young Dauphinese from his obscurity. He soon acquired a reputation for his zeal; and many pious persons of the wealthier order entrusted him with sums of money, to be applied to the support of poor students.*

Some time elapsed before Lefevre and his disciple attained to a clear perception of the truth. It was neither the hope of a rich benefice, nor any propensity to an irregular life, that bound Farel so firmly to the cause of Popery: a spirit like his was not to be influenced by motives so sordid. The Pope, in his eyes, was the visible chief of the church,—a sort of divinity, at whose bidding, souls were rescued from perdition. If any one, in his hearing, presumed to say a word against the venerable Pontiff, he gnashed his teeth like a raging wolf, and, if he could, would have called down thunder from heaven to overwhelm the guilty wretch in ruin and confusion. "I believe," he said, "in the cross, in pilgrimages, in images, in vows, in relics. What the priest holds in his hands, shuts up in the box, eats himself, and gives to be eaten by others, —*that* is my only true God,—and to me there is no God beside, in heaven or on earth?" "Satan," he says afterwards, "had lodged the Pope, and Popery, and all that is of himself, so deeply in my heart, that, even in the Pope's own heart, they could have sunk no deeper."

And thus it was, that while Farel seemed to be seeking God, his piety decayed, and superstition gathered strength in his soul. He has himself, in forcible language, described his condition at that time. "Oh!" says he, "how I shudder at myself and my sins, when I think on it all; and how great and wonderful a work of God it is, that man should ever be delivered from such an abyss!"

The deliverance in his own case was wrought by little and little. In the course of his reading, his attention had at first been engaged by profane authors; but, finding no food for his piety in these, he had set himself to study the lives of the saints: infatuation had led him to these legends, and he quitted them more miserably infatuated still. He then addressed himself to several of the celebrated doctors of the age; but these, instead of imparting tranquillity to his mind, only aggravated his wretchedness. He next resolved to study the ancient philosophers, and attempted to learn Christianity from Aristotle; but again his hopes were frustrated. Books, images, relics, Aristotle, the Virgin, and the saints,—all were unavailing. His eager spirit wandered from one broken cistern of human wisdom to another, and turned away from each in succession, unrelieved of the thirst that consumed it.

* Manuscript at Geneva.

At last, remembering that the Pope allowed the writings of the Old and New Testament to be called the "*Holy Bible*," Farel betook himself to the perusal of these, as Luther, in the cloister of Erfurth had done before him; and then, to his dismay, he found that the existing state of things was such as could in no way be reconciled with the rule of Scripture. He was now, we might think, on the very point of coming at the truth, when, all at once, the darkness rolled back upon him with redoubled weight, and the depths closed over him again. "Satan," says he, "started up in haste, that he might not lose his possession, and wrought in me as he was wont." A terrible struggle between the word of God and the word of the Church now ensued in his heart. If he fell in with any passage of Scripture opposed to the practice of the Romish Church, he cast down his eyes in perplexity, not daring to credit what he read. "Ah!" he would say, shrinking away from the Bible, "I do not well understand these things;—I must put a different construction on these passages from that which they seem to me to bear. I must hold to the interpretation of the Church,—or rather, of the Pope!"

One day, when he was reading the Bible, a doctor, who chanced to come in, rebuked him sharply. "No one," said he, "ought to read the Holy Scriptures until he has studied philosophy, and taken his degree in *arts*." This was a preparation the Apostles never required;—but Farel believed him. "I was the most unhappy of men," he tells us, "for I turned away my eyes from the light."

The young Dauphinese was now visited with a fresh paroxysm of Romish fervour. His imagination was inflamed by the legends of the saints. The severities of monastic discipline were to him a powerful attraction. There was a cluster of gloomy cells in a wood not far distant from Paris, occupied by an establishment of Carthusians: hither he often repaired as an humble visitor, and took part in the austerities of the monks. "I was busied day and night," he says, "in serving the devil after the fashion of the Pope—that man of sin. I had my Pantheon in my heart, and so many intercessors, so many saviours, so many gods, that I might well have passed for a Popish register."

The darkness could never grow thicker,—but now the morning star was to arise; and the voice of Lefevre was to give the signal of its appearance. The Doctor of Etaples had already caught some gleams of light: an inward conviction assured him that the Church could not remain in the state in which she then was;—and often on his way homeward, after chanting the mass, or paying adoration to an image, the old man would turn to his youthful disciple, and say in a solemn tone, as he grasped him by the hand:—"My dear William, God will change the face of the world—and you will see it!" Farel did not properly conceive his meaning. But Lefevre did not stop at these mysterious words; and the

great change which was wrought in his mind about this time was appointed to produce a similar change in the mind of his pupil.

The old Doctor had undertaken a task of immense labour; he was carefully collecting the legends of the saints and martyrs, and arranging them in the order in which their names are inserted in the calendar. Two months had already been printed, when one of those rays of light that come from on high flashed on a sudden into his soul. He could no longer overcome the disgust which superstitions so puerile must ever excite in a christian heart. The grandeur of the word of God made him perceive the wretched folly of such fables.—They now appeared to him but as "brimstone, fit only to kindle the fire of idolatry." He abandoned his work, and, casting aside all these legends, turned affectionately to the Holy Scriptures. At that moment, when Lefevre, forsaking the marvellous histories of the saints, laid his hand on the word of God, a new era opened in France,—and the Reformation commenced its course.

Weaned, as we have seen, from the fictions of the Breviary, Lefevre began to study the Epistles of St. Paul: the light grew rapidly in his heart, and he soon communicated to his disciples that knowledge of the truth, which we find in his Commentaries.* Those were strange doctrines for the schools and for the world around him, which were then first heard in Paris, and disseminated by printing presses through all Christendom. We may imagine that the young students who listened were aroused, impressed, and changed; and that in this way the aurora of a brighter day had dawned upon France prior to the year 1512.

The great truth of Justification by Faith, which at once overturns the subtilties of the schools and the Popish doctrine of the efficacy of works, was boldly proclaimed in the very bosom of Sorbonne itself. "It is God alone," said the teacher, (and it might have seemed as if the very roofs of the university would cry out against such new sounds,) "It is God alone, who by His grace justifies unto *eternal life*. There is a righteousness of our own works, and a righteousness which is of grace,—the one a thing of man's invention, the other coming from God,—the one earthly and passing away, the other divine and everlasting,—the one the shadow and semblance, the other the light and the truth,—the one discovering sin and bringing the fear of death—the other revealing grace for the attainment of life!"

"What will you then say?" inquired the hearers, to whom such sounds appeared to contradict the teaching of four centuries, "will you say that any one man was ever justified without works?"—"*One*, do you ask?" returned Lefevre, "why they are innumerable. How many shameful sinners have eagerly asked to be baptized, having nothing but faith in Christ alone, and who, if they died the moment after, entered into the life of the blessed without works."—"If, then, we are not justified by works, it is in vain that we should do them," replied some. To this the Doctor made answer,—and possibly the other Reformers might not have altogether gone with him in his reply:—"Quite the contrary,—it is not in vain. If I hold up a mirror to the Sun, it receives in it his image: the more I polish and clean the mirror, the brighter does the reflection of the sun shine in it; but if I suffer it to tarnish and dull, the solar brilliancy is lost. So it is with justification in those who lead an unholy life." In this passage, Lefevre, like St. Augustin, in several parts of his writings, does not perhaps sufficiently mark the distinction between justification and sanctification. The Doctor of Etaples often reminds us of him of Hippone. Those who lead an unholy life have never received justification,—hence such cannot lose it. But Lefevre perhaps intended to say that the Christian, when he falls into any sin, loses the assurance of his salvation, and not his salvation itself.* To this way of stating it there would be nothing to object.

Thus a new life and character of teaching had penetrated within the University of Paris. The doctrine of Faith, which in the first ages had been preached in Gaul by Potinus and Irenæus, was again heard. Thenceforward there were two different parties and two different people in that celebrated school. The instructions given by Lefevre,—the zeal of his disciples, formed a striking contrast to the dry teaching of the majority of its doctors, and the frivolous conversation of the generality of the students. In the colleges, more time was lost in committing to memory different parts in comedies, masquerading, and mountebank farces, than was given to the study of God's word. In such farces it not unfrequently happened that the respect due to the higher classes, the nobility, and even royalty itself, was forgotten. At the very time we are writing of, the Parliament intervened, and summoning before them the principals of several of the colleges, prohibited those indulgent tutors from suffering such comedies to be acted in their houses.

But a mightier intervention than the mandates of Parliament came to the correction of these disorders in the University: Christ was preached among its inmates. Great was the commotion on its benches; and the minds

* The first edition of his Commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul bears the date, if I mistake not, of 1512. There is a copy of it in the Royal Library at Paris. The second edition is that to which my citations refer. The learned Simon, in his observations on the New Testament, says, "James Lefevre must be ranked among the most able commentators of his age."

* The believer may well bless God for this truth, namely, that he may lose the ('*sentiment*') assurance of his salvation without his salvation being endangered. The cloud may, and it is believed often has, involved the vessel during the greater part of her course, which is not the less advancing unto the haven she would be. Is Christ in the vessel?—is that which concerns us.—*Tr.*

of the students were almost as generally occupied with discussions of the doctrines of the Gospel, as in scholastic subtilties or theatrical exhibitions. Some of those whose lives were least able to bear the light, were yet heard taking the part of works, and feeling instinctively that the doctrine of Faith condemned the licentiousness of their lives,—they maintained that St. James, in his epistle, was at variance with the writings of St. Paul. Lefevre, resolving to stand by and protect the treasure he had found, showed how the two Apostles agreed: "Does not St. James say," asked he "that every good and perfect gift cometh down *from above*,—and who will contest that justification is the perfect gift, the excellent grace? . . . If we see a man moving, the breathing we see in him is *to us* the sign of life. Thus works are necessary, but only as signs of that living faith which is accompanied by justification. Is it the eye-salve or lotion which gives light to the eye? No; it is the light of the sun. Just so our works are but as eye-salves and lotions; the beam that the sun sends forth from above is justification itself."

Farel hung upon these sounds with intense interest. Instantly this word of a Salvation by Grace had upon his soul an unspeakable power of attraction. Every objection fell,—every difficulty vanished. Scarcely had Lefevre brought forward this doctrine, when Farel embraced it with all his heart and mind. He had known enough of labour and conflict to be convinced that he had no power to save himself; therefore, when he saw in God's word that God saves FREELY, he believed God. "Lefevre," exclaimed he, "extricated me from the delusive thought of human deservings, and taught me how that all is of *Grace*, —which I believed as soon as it was spoken." Thus was gained to the faith by a conversion as prompt and decisive as that of St. Paul himself, that Farel who, to use the words of Theodore Beza, undismayed by threatening, despising the shame and enduring his cross, won for Christ,—Montbelliard, Neufchatel, Lausanne, Aigle, and at last Geneva itself.

Meanwhile Lefevre, following up his teaching, and taking delight in employing contrasts and paradoxes, embodying weighty truths, extolled the sublime mysteries of redemption. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "the unspeakable greatness of that exchange,—the sinless One is condemned, and he who is guilty goes free, —the Blessing bears the curse, and the cursed is brought into blessing,—the Life dies, and the dead live,—the Glory is whelmed in darkness, and he who knew nothing but confusion of face is clothed with glory." The pious teacher, going yet deeper into his theme, recognised that all salvation emanates from the sovereignity of God's love: "They who are saved," said he, "are saved by the electing grace and will of God, not by their own will. *Our* eleciton, *our* will, *our* working is all in vain; the alone election of God is all powerful! When we are converted, it is not our conversion which makes us the elect of God, but it is the grace, will, and election of God which work our conversion."

But Lefevre did not stop short in doctrines; if he gave to God the glory,—he turned to man for "the obedience," and urged the obligations flowing from the exceeding privileges of the Christian. "If thou art a member of Christ's church," said he, "thou art a member of his body; if thou art of his body, then thou art full of the divine nature, for the 'fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily.' Oh! if men could but enter into the understanding of this privilege, how purely, chastely, and holily would they live, and how contemptible, when compared with the glory within them,—that glory which the eye of flesh cannot see,—would they deem all the glory of this world."

Lefevre felt that the office of a teacher in heavenly things was a high distinction: he discharged that office with unvarying fidelity. The dissolute morals of the age, and more especially of the clergy, roused his indignation, and was the theme of many a stern rebuke: "What a reproach," said he, "to hear a bishop asking persons to drink with him, gambling, shaking the dice, and spending his whole time in hawking, sporting, hunting, hallooing in the chase of wild beasts, and sometimes with his feet in houses of ill-fame. . . O men worthy of a more signal retribution than Sardanapalus himself!"

Such was the preaching of Lefevre. Farel listened, trembling with emotion,—received all into his soul, and went forward in that new path now suddenly made plain before him. Nevertheless there was one article of his former creed which he could not as yet entirely relinquish; it was the invocation of the saints. The noblest minds have often these lingering remains of darkness after the light has broken in upon them. Farel heard with astonishment the teacher declare that Christ alone should be invoked: "Our religion," said Lefevre, "has only one foundation, one object, one head, Jesus Christ, blessed for ever! He hath trodden the wine-press alone. Let us not then take the name of Paul, of Apollos, or of Peter. The cross of Christ alone opens heaven, and shuts the gate of hell." These words wakened a struggle in the soul of Farel. On the one hand he beheld the whole army of saints with the Church,—on the other, Jesus Christ and His preacher. One moment he inclined to the one side, the next to the other. It was the last hold of ancient error, and his final struggle. He hesitated; still clinging to those venerated names before which Rome bends adoringly. At last the decisive blow was struck from above; the scales fell from his eyes; Jesus was seen by him as the only object of adoration. "From that moment," said he, "the Papacy was dethroned from my mind. I began to abhor it as devilish, and the holy word of God held the supreme place in my heart."

Events in the great world accelerated the advance of Farel and his friends. Thomas De Vio, who was subsequently opposed at Augsburg against Luther, having contended in a printed work that the Pope was absolute monarch of the Church, Louis XII. called the attention of the University of Paris to the work in February, 1512. James Allman, one of the youngest of its doctors, a man of rare genius and unwearied application, read at one of the meetings of the faculty of theology a refutation of the Cardinal's arguments, which drew forth the plaudits of the assembly.

What must have been the effect of such discussions on the young disciples of Lefevre? Could they hesitate when the university itself manifested an impatience of the Papal yoke? If the main body were in motion, should not they be skirmishing at the advanced posts? "It was necessary," said Farel, "that the Papal authority should be very gradually expelled from my mind, for the first shock did not bring it down." He contemplated the abyss of superstitions in which he had been plunged; standing on its brink, he again surveyed its gloomy depths, and drew back with a feeling of terror:—"Oh!" ejaculated he, "what horror do I feel for myself and my sins when I think of the past. Lord," he continued, "would that my soul served Thee with living faith after the example of thy faithful servants! Would that I had sought after and honoured Thee as I have yielded my heart to the mass and served that magic wafer,—giving all honour to that!" Grieving over his past life, he with tears repeated those words of St. Augustine, "I have come too late to the knowledge of Thee! too late have I begun to love Thee!"

Farel had found Christ; and safe in harbour he reposed in peace after the storm. "Now," said he, "every thing appears to me to wear a different aspect. Scripture is elucidated, prophecy is opened, and the epistles carry wonderful light into my soul. A voice before unknown—the voice of Christ, my shepherd and my teacher, speaks to me with power." So great was the change in him that "instead of the murderous heart of a ravening wolf," he came back, as he himself tells us, "like a gentle and harmless lamb, with his heart entirely withdrawn from the Pope and given to Jesus Christ."

Escaped from so great an evil, he turned toward the Bible, and applied himself zealously to the acquirement of Greek and Hebrew.* He was unremitting in his study of the Holy Scriptures, esteeming them more and more, and daily receiving more light. He continued to resort to the churches of the established worship—but what did he there hear?—Responses and chantings innumerable, words spoken without understanding. Often, when standing among the throng that gathered round an image or an altar, he would exclaim,—"Thou alone art God! Thou alone art wise! Thou alone art good! Nothing should be taken away—nothing added to thy holy law—for Thou only art the Lord, and it is Thou alone who claimest and hast a right to our obedience."

Thus all human teachers were brought down from the height to which his imagination had raised them, and he recognised no authority but God and his word. The doctors of Paris, by their persecution of Lefevre, had long since lost all place in his esteem; but ere long Lefevre himself, his well-beloved guide and counsellor, was no more to him than his fellow-man: he loved and venerated him as long as he lived—but God alone was become his teacher.

Of all the Reformers, Farel and Luther are the two best known to us in their early spiritual history, and most memorable for the struggles they had to pass through. Earnest and energetic, men of conflict and strife, they bore the brunt of many an onset before they were permitted to be at peace. Farel is the pioneer of the Reformation in Switzerland and in France. He threw himself into the wood, and with his axe cleared a passage through a forest of abuses. Calvin followed, as Luther was followed by Melancthon, resembling him in his office of theologian and "master-builder." These two men,—who bear some resemblance to the legislators of antiquity, the one in its graceful, the other in its severer style,—settle, establish, and give laws to the territory won by the two former. And yet if Farel reminds us of Luther, we must allow that it is only in one aspect of the latter that we are reminded of him. Luther, besides his superior genius, had, in all that concerned the Church, a moderation and prudence, an acquaintance with past experience, a comprehensive judgment, and even a power of order, which was not found in an equal degree in the Reformer of Dauphiny.

Farel was not the only young Frenchman into whose soul a new light was, at this time, introduced. The doctrines which flowed from the lips of the far-famed doctor of Etaples fermented among the crowd of his hearers; and in his school were formed and trained the bold men who were ordained to struggle, even to the very foot of the scaffold. They listened, compared, discussed, and argued with characteristic vivacity. It is a probable conjecture, that we may number among the handful of scholars who then espoused the Truth, young Pierre Olivetan, born at Noyon, at the end of the fifteenth century, who afterwards revised Lefevre's translation of the Bible into French, and seems to have been the first who so presented the doctrine of the Gospel as to draw the attention of a youth of his family, also a native of Noyon, who became the most distinguished of all the leaders of the Reformation.

Thus, before 1512, at a time when Luther had made no impression on the world, but was taking a journey to Rome on some business touching the interests of some monks, and when Zwingle had not even begun to apply himself in earnest to Biblical studies, but was

* Life of Farel. MSS. of Geneva and of Choupard.

traversing the Alps, in company with the confederated forces, to fight under the Pope's banner,—Paris and France heard the sound of those life-giving truths, whence the Reformation was destined to come forth—and there were found souls prepared to propagate those sounds, who received them with holy affection. Accordingly, Theodore Beza, in speaking of Lefevre of Etaples, observes that "it was he who boldly began the revival of the holy religion of Jesus Christ:" and he remarks that, "as in ancient times, the school of Isocrates had the reputation of furnishing the best orators, so, from the lecture-rooms of the doctor of Etaples, went forth many of the best men of the age and of the Church."

The Reformation was not, therefore, in France, an importation from strangers; it took its birth on the French territory. Its seed germinated in Paris—its earliests shoots were struck in the University itself, that ranked second in power in Romanized Christendom. God deposited the first principles of the work in the kindly hearts of some inhabitants of Picardy and Dauphiny, before it had begun in any other country of the globe. The Swiss Reformation was, as we have seen,* independent of that of Germany; the French Reformation was, in like manner, independent of that of Switzerland and that of Germany. The work sprung up in these different countries at one and the same time, without communication between them, as in a field of battle, the various divisions that compose the army are seen in motion at the same instant, although the order to advance has not passed from one to the other, but all have heard the word of command proceeding from a higher authority. The time had come—the nations were ripe, and God was everywhere beginning the revival of His Church.

If we regard dates, we must then confess that neither to Switzerland nor to Germany belongs the honour of having been first in the work, although, hitherto, only those countries have contended for it. That honour belongs to France. This is a fact that we are the more careful to establish, because it has possibly, until now, been overlooked. Without dwelling upon the influence exercised by Lefevre, directly or indirectly, on many persons, and especially on Calvin,—let us consider that which he had on one of his disciples, Farel himself,—and the energy of action which that servant of God from that hour manifested. Can we, after that, withhold our conviction, that even though Zwingle and Luther should never have been born, there would still have been a movement of Reformation in France? It is, of course, impossible to estimate how far it might have extended: we must even acknowledge that the report of what was passing on the other side of the Rhine and the Jura, afterwards accelerated and animated the progress of the Reformers of France. But it was they who were first awakened by the voice of that trumpet which sounded from heaven in the sixteenth century, and who were earliest in the field, on foot, and under arms.

Nevertheless, Luther is the great workman of the sixteenth century, and, in the fullest import of the term, the *first* Reformer. Lefevre is not as complete as Calvin, Farel, or Luther. There is about him that which reminds us of Wittemberg—of Geneva—but a something besides that tells of the Sorbonne; he is the foremost Catholic in the Reformation movement, and the latest of the Reformers in the Catholic movement. To the last, he continues a go-between,—a mediator,—not well understood; reminding us that there is some connection between the old things and the new, which might seem forever separated as by a great gulf. Repulsed and persecuted by Rome, he yet holds to Rome, by a slender thread which he is unwilling to sever. Lefevre of Etaples has a place to himself in the theology of the sixteenth century: he is the connecting link between ancient and modern times, and the man in whom the theology of the middle ages passed into the theology of the Reformation.

Thus, in the University, the truth was already working. But the Reformation was not to be an affair of college life. It was to establish its power among the great ones of the earth, and to have some witnesses even at the King's court.

The young Francis of Angoulême, cousin-german and son-in-law to Louis XII., succeeded him on the throne. His manly beauty and address, his courage, and his love of pleasure, rendered him the most accomplished knight of his time. His ambition, however, rose higher; it was his aim to be a great and even a gracious prince; provided, only, that all should bend before his sovereign authority. Valour, taste for literature, and gallantry, are three words that well express the genius of Francis, and of the age in which he figured. At a somewhat later period, the like features appear in Henry IV. and Louis XIV. These princes wanted that which the Gospel communicates; and, although there has been no time when the nation did not contain in it the elements of sanctity and of Christian elevation, it may be said that these great monarchs of modern France have, in a measure, stamped upon that people the impress of their own characters, if it be not more correct to say that they themselves were the faithful expression of the character of the nation over which they presided. If the evangelic doctrine had entered France under the auspices of the most famed of the Valois princes, it might have brought with it to the nation that which France has not,—a spiritual turn of mind, a Christian purity, and an intelligence in heavenly things, which would have been the completion of the national character in what most contributes to the strength and greatness of a people.

It was under the rule of Francis I. that

* See page 214.

Europe, as well as France, passed from the middle ages to the range of modern history. It was then that that new world which was bursting forth on all sides when that prince ascended the throne, grew and entered upon possession. Two different classes of men exercised an influence in moulding the new order of society. On the one hand were the men of faith, who were also men of wisdom and moral purity, and close to them, the writers of the court,—the friends of this world and its profligacy,—who, by their licentious principles, contributed to the depravation of morals as much as the former served to reform them.

If, in the days of Francis the First, Europe had not witnessed the rise of the Reformers, but had been given up by God's righteous judgment to the uncontrolled influence of unbelieving innovators, her fate and that of Christianity had been decided. The danger seemed great. For a considerable time, the two classes of combatants, the opposers of the Pope, and those who opposed the Gospel, were mixed up together; and as both claimed *liberty*, they seemed to resort to the same arms against the same enemies. In the cloud of dust raised on the field, an unpractised eye could not distinguish between them. If the former had allowed themselves to be led away by the latter all would have been lost. Those who assailed the hierarchy passed quickly into extremes of impiety, urging on the people to a frightful catastrophe. The Papacy itself contributed to bring about that catastrophe, accelerating by its ambition and disorders the extinction of any truth and life still left in the Church.

But God called forth the Reformation,—and Christianity was preserved. The Reformers, who had shouted for liberty, were, ere long, heard calling to *obedience*. The very men who had cast down that throne whence the Roman Pontiff issued his oracles, prostrated themselves before the "word of the Lord." Then was seen a clear and definite separation, and war was declared between the two divisions of the assailants. The one party had desired liberty only that themselves might be free,—the others had claimed it for the word of God. The Reformation became the most formidable antagonist of that incredulity to which Rome can show leniency. Having restored liberty to the Church, the Reformers restored religion to society; and this last was, of the two, the gift most needed.

The votaries of incredulity, for a while, hoped to reckon among their number Margaret of Valois, Duchess of Alençon, whom Francis loved with especial tenderness, and, as Brantôme informs us, used to call his "darling." The same tastes and general information distinguished both brother and sister. Of fine person like Francis, Margaret united to those eminent qualities, which in their combination constitutes remarkable characters, these gentler virtues which win the affection. In the gay world, the festive entertainment, the royal, the imperial court, she shone in queenly splendour, charming and captivating all hearts. Passionately fond of literature, and gifted with no ordinary genius, it was her delight to shut herself in her apartment, and there indulge in the pleasures of reflection, study, and meditation. But her ruling desire was to do good and prevent evil. When ambassadors from foreign countries had presented themselves before the king, they were accustomed afterwards to pay their respects to Margaret, and "they were greatly pleased with her," observes Brantôme, "and returning to their homes, noised abroad the fame of her:" and he adds that "the king would often hand over to her matters of importance, leaving them for her to decide."

This celebrated princess was through life distinguished by her strict morals; but whilst many who carry austerity on their lips, indulge laxity in conduct, the very reverse of this was seen in Margaret. Blameless in conduct, she was not altogether irreproachable in the use of her pen. Far from wondering at this, we might rather wonder that a woman dissolute as was Louisa of Savoy, should have a daughter so pure as Margaret. Attending the court, in its progress through the provinces, she employed herself in describing the manners of the time, and especially those of the priests and monks. "On these occasions," says Brantôme, "I often used to hear her recount stories to my grandmother, who constantly accompanied her in her litter, as *dame d'honneur*, and had charge of her writing desk." According to some, we have here the origin of the Heptameron; but more recent and esteemed critics have satisfied themselves that Margaret had no hand in forming that collection, in some parts chargeable with worse than levity, but that it was the work of Desperiers, her gentleman of the chamber.*

This Margaret, so charming, so full of wit, and living in so polluted an atmosphere, was to be one of the first won over by the religious impulse just then communicated to France.

* This is proved by one of the most distinguished critics of the age, M. Ch. Nodier, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, t. xx. wherein he observes, p. 350—"Desperiers is in reality and almost exclusively author of the Heptameron. I scruple not to say I have no doubt of this, and entirely coincide in the opinion of Bouistuan, who, solely on this account, omitted and withheld the name of the Queen of Navarre." If, as I think, Margaret did compose some tales, doubtless the most harmless of those in the Heptameron, it must have been in her youth—just after her marriage with the Duke of Alençon, (1509.) The circumstances mentioned by Brantôme, p. 346, that the king's mother and Madame de Savoy "being young," wished to "imitate" Margaret, is a proof of this. To this may be added the evidence of De Thou, who says, "Si tempora et juvenilem ætatem in qua scriptum est respicias, non prorsus damnandum, certe gravitate tantæ heroinæ et extrema vita minus dignum." (Thuanus, t. vi. p. 117.) Brantôme and De Thou are two unobjectionable witnesses.

But how, in the centre of so profane a court, and amid the sounds of its licentious gossip, was the Duchess of Alençon to be reached by the Reformation? Her soul, led to look to Heaven, was conscious of wants that the Gospel alone could meet. Grace can act in every place, and Christianity,—which, even before an apostle had appeared in Rome, had some followers among the household of Narcissus, and in the palace of Nero,*—in the day of its revival rapidly made its way to the court of Francis the First. There were ladies and lords who spoke to that princess concerning the things of faith, and the sun which was then rising on France sent forth one of its earliest beams on a man of eminent station, by whom its light was immediately reflected on the Duchess of Alençon.

Among the most distinguished lords of the court was Count William of Montbrun, a son of Cardinal Briçonnet of St. Malo, who had entered the church on his being left a widower. Count William, devoted to studious pursuits, himself also took orders, and was bishop, first of Lodeva, and afterwards of Meaux. Although twice sent on an embassy to Rome, he returned to Paris unseduced by the attractions and splendours of Leo X.

At the period of his return to France, a ferment was beginning to manifest itself. Farel, as Master of Arts, was lecturing in the college of Cardinal Lemoine, one of the four leading establishments of the faculty of theology at Paris, ranking equal with the Sorbonne. Two countrymen of Lefevre, Arnaud, and Gerard Roussel, and some others, enlarged this little circle of free and noble spirits. Briçonnet, who had so recently quitted the festivals of Rome, was all amazement at what had been doing in Paris during his absence. Thirsting after the truth, he renewed his former intercourse with Lefevre, and soon passed precious hours in company with the Doctor of the Sorbonne, Farel, the two Roussels, and their friends. Full of humility, the illustrious prelate sought instruction from the very humblest, but above all, he sought it of the Lord himself. "*I* am all dark," said he, 'waiting for the grace of the divine favour, from which my sins have banished me." His mind was, as if dazzled by the glory of the Gospel. His eyelids sank under its unheard-of brightness. "The eyes of all mankind," exclaimed he, "cannot take in the whole light of that sun!"†

Lefevre had commended the Bishop to the Bible,—he had pointed to it as that guiding clue which ever brings us back to the original truth of Christianity, such as it existed before all schools, sects, ordinances, and traditions, and as that mighty agent by means of which the religion of Jesus Christ is renewed in power. Briçonnet read the Scriptures. "Such is the sweetness of that heavenly manna," said he, "that it never cloys; the more we taste of it, the more we long for it." The simple and prevailing truth of Salvation filled him with joy; he had found Christ, he had found God Himself. "What vessel," he exclaimed, "is capable of receiving into it such vast and inexhaustible grace. But the mansion expands with our desire to lodge the good guest. Faith is the quartermaster who alone can find room for him, or rather who alone can enable us to dwell *in him.*" But, at the same time, the excellent bishop grieved to see that living word which the Reformation gave to the world so slighted at court, in the city, and among the people; and he exclaimed, "Singular innovation, so worthy of acceptation, and yet so ill received!"

Thus did evangelical truth open itself a way into the midst of the frivolous, dissolute, and literary court of Francis I. Several of those who composed it and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of that prince,—as John du Bellay, du Budé, Cop, the court physician, and even Petit, the king's confessor, seemed favourable to the views of Briçonnet and Lefevre. Francis, who loved learning, and invited to his court scholars "suspected" of Lutheranism, "in the thought," observes Erasmus, "that he should, in that way, adorn and illustrate his reign better than he could do by trophies, pyramids, or buildings,"—was himself persuaded by his sister, by Briçonnet, and the learned of his court and colleges. He was present at the discussions of the learned,—enjoyed listening to their discourse at table,—and would call them "his children." He assisted to prepare the way for the word of God, by founding professorships of Hebrew and Greek,—accordingly, Theodore Beza thus speaks, when placing his portrait at the head of the Reformers,—"Pious Reader! do not shudder at the sight of this adversary. Ought not he to have his part in this honour who banished barbarism from society, and with firm hand established in its place the cultivation of three languages and profitable studies that should serve as the portals of that new structure that was shortly to arise."

But there was at the court of Francis I. one soul which seemed prepared for the reception of the evangelic doctrines of the teachers of Etaples and of Meaux. Margaret, hesitating, and not knowing on what to lean in the midst of the profligate society that surrounded her, sought somewhat on which her soul might rest,—and found it in the Gospel. She turned toward that fresh breath of life which was then reviving the world, and inhaled it with delight as coming from Heaven. She gathered from some of the ladies of her court the teaching of the new preachers. Some there were who lent her their writings, and certain little books, called, in the language of the time "*tracts*;"—they spoke of "the primitive church, of the pure word of God, of a

* Romans xvi. 11. Phil. iv. 22.

† These expressions of Briçonnet are from a manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris—entitled Letters of Margaret Queen of Navarre, and which is marked S. F. 337. I shall more than once have occasion to quote this manuscript, which I found not easy to decipher. I quote the language of the time.

worship 'in spirit and truth,' of a Christian liberty that rejected the yoke of human traditions and superstitions, that it might adhere singly to God." It was not long before this princess sought interviews with Lefevre, Farel, and Roussel. Their zeal, piety, and walk, and all she saw of them, impressed her,—but it was her old friend, the bishop of Meaux, who was her guide in the path of faith.

Thus, at the glittering court of Francis I. —and in the dissolute house of Louisa of Savoy, was wrought one of those conversions of the heart which in every age are the work of the word of God. Margaret subsequently recorded in her poetical effusions the various emotions of her soul at this important period of her life, and we may there trace the course by which she was lead. We see that the sense of sin had taken strong hold upon her, and that she bewailed the levity with which she had once viewed the scandals of the court.

Is there in the abyss's lowest depth
A punishment that equals e'en the tenth
Of all my sin.

The corruption which she had so long overlooked, now that her eyes were opened, was seen in every thing about her—

Surely in *me* there dwells that evil root
That putteth forth *in others* branch and fruit.*

But amid all the horror she felt at her own state of heart, she yet acknowledged that a God of Peace had manifested himself to her soul—

Thou, O my God, hast in Thy *Grace* come down
To me, a worm of earth, who strength had none.

And soon a sense of the love of God in Christ was shed abroad in her heart:—

My Father, then,—but what a Father Thou,
Unseen,—that changest not,—endless of days,
Who graciously forgivest all my sins.
Dear Lord, Emanuel, behold me fall
Low at Thy sacred feet, a criminal!
Pity me, Father,—perfect in Thy love!
Thou art the sacrifice, and mercy-seat,
And Thou hast made for us an offering meet,
Well pleasing unto Thee, oh God above.

Margaret had found the faith, and her soul in its joy gave free expression to holy delight,—

Oh! Saviour Jesus—oh most holy Word!
Only begotten of Thy Father God,
The First—the Last—for whom all things were made—
Bishop and King, set over all as Head,
Through death, from fear of death, Thou sett'st us free!
Making us children by our faith in Thee,
Righteous and pure and good by faith to be.
Faith plants our souls in innocence again,
Faith makes us kings with Christ as kings to reign,
Faith gives us all things in our Head to gain.

From that time a great change was seen in the Duchess of Alençon—

Though poor, untaught, and weak I be,
Yet feel I rich, wise, strong in Thee.

However, the power of sin was not yet subdued—Her soul was still conscious of a want of blessed harmony, and of a degree of inward struggle that perplexed her—

By spirit noble, yet by nature serf,
Of heavenly seed,—begotten here on earth;
God's temple,—wherein things unclean find room;
Immortal,—and yet hastening to the tomb;
Though fed by God in earthly pastures roving;
Shrinking from ill,—yet sinful pleasures loving;
Cherishing truth—yet not to truth conformed;
Long as my days on earth prolonged are,
Life can have nought for me but constant war.

Margaret, seeking in nature symbols that might express the felt want and desire of her soul, chose for her emblem, says Brantôme, the *marigold*, "which in its flower and leaf has the most resemblance to the sun, and, turning, follows it in its course." She added this device, *Non inferiora secutus*—I seek not things below —"signifying," continues the annalist of the court, "that her actions, thoughts, purposes, and desires were directed to that exalted Sun, namely God,—whereupon it was suspected that she had imbibed the religion of Luther."

In fact, the princess shortly after experienced the truth of that word, "*All that will live godly in Jesus Christ shall suffer persecution.*" The new opinions of Margaret were the subject of conversation at court, and great was the sensation;—What! could the king's sister be one of those people?—For a moment it might have been feared that Margaret's disgrace was certain. But the king, who loved his sister, affected to disregard the rumour of the court. The conduct of Margaret gradually dissipated the opposition;—"Every one loved her, for," says Brantôme, "she was very kind, gentle, condescending, and charitable, very easy of access, giving away much in alms, overlooking no one, but winning all hearts by her gracious deportment."

In the midst of the corruption and frivolity of that age, the mind may joyfully contemplate this elect soul, which the grace of God gathered from beneath all its pomps and vanities. But her feminine character held her back. If Francis the First had had the convictions of his sister, we can hardly doubt he would have followed them out. The fearful heart of the princess trembled at the thought of facing the anger of her king. She continued to fluctuate between her brother and her Saviour, unwilling to give up either one or the other. We do not recognise in her the Christian who has attained to the perfect liberty of God's children, but the exact type of those souls—at all times so numerous, and especially among her sex, —who, drawn powerfully to look to heaven, have not strength sufficient to disengage themselves entirely from the bondage of earth.

Nevertheless, such as she is here seen, her appearance is a touching vision on the stage of history. Neither Germany nor England

* Marguerites de la Marguerite des princesses (Lyon 1547), tome 1er, Miroir de l'âme pecheresse, p. 15. The copy I have used seems to have belonged to the Queen of Navarre herself, and some notes appearing in it are, it is said, in her handwriting. It is now in the possession of a friend.

presents such a picture as Margaret of Valois. She is a star, slightly clouded, doubtless, but shedding a peculiarly soft light. And at the period we are contemplating, her light even shines forth with much radiance. Not till afterwards, when the angry glance of Francis the First denounces a mortal hatred of the Gospel, will his sister spread a veil over her holy faith. But at this period she is seen erect in the midst of a degraded court, and moving in it as the bride of Jesus Christ. The respect paid to her, the high opinion entertained of her understanding and character, pleads, more persuasively than any preacher, the cause of the Gospel at the court of France, and the power of this gentle female influence gains admission for the new doctrines. Perhaps it is to this period we may trace the disposition of the noblesse to embrace Protestantism. If Francis had followed in the steps of his sister, if the entire nation had opened its arms to Christianity, the conversion of Margaret might have been the channel of salvation to France. But whilst the nobles welcomed the Gospel, the throne and the people adhered faithful to Rome,—and a day came when it was a source of heavy misfortune to the Reformation to have numbered in its ranks the names of Navarre and Condé.

Thus already had the Gospel made converts in France. Lefevre, Briçonnet, Farel, Margaret, in Paris, joyfully followed in the direction of the movement. It seemed as if Francis himself were more attracted by the light of learning than repelled by the purity of the Gospel. The friends of God's word encouraged the most hopeful anticipations, and were pleasing themselves with the thought that the heavenly doctrine would spread, unresisted, through their country, when suddenly a powerful opposition was concocted in the Sorbonne, and at the court. France, which was to signalize herself among Roman Catholic states by three centuries of persecution of the Reformed opinions, arose against the Reformation with pitiless sternness. If the seventeenth century was, in France, an age of bloody persecution, the sixteenth was that of cruel struggle. In no country, perhaps, have those who professed the reformed faith met with more merciless opposers on the very spots where they brought the Gospel. In Germany, the anger of the enemy came upon them from other states, where the storm had been gathering. In Switzerland, it fell upon them from the neighbouring cantons; but in France it everywhere met them face to face. A dissolute woman and a rapacious minister then took the lead in the long line of enemies of the Reformation.

Louisa of Savoy, mother of the king and of Margaret, notorious for her gallantries, of overbearing temper, and surrounded by ladies of honour, whose licentiousness was the beginning of a long train of immorality and infamy at the court of France, naturally ranged herself on the side of the opposers of God's word. What rendered her more formidable was the almost unbounded influence she possessed over her son. But the Gospel encountered a still more formidable enemy in Anthony Duprat, Louisa's favourite, and, by her influence, elevated to the rank of chancellor of the kingdom. This man, whom a contemporary historian has designated as the most vicious of bipeds, was yet more noted for avarice than Louisa for her dissolute life. Having begun with enriching himself by perverting justice, he sought to add to his wealth at the cost of religion; and took orders with a view to get possession of the richest benefices.

Luxury and avarice thus characterized these two persons, who, being both devoted to the Pope, sought to cover the infamy of their lives by the shedding the blood of heretics.

One of their first steps was to hand over the kingdom to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope. The king, after the battle of Marignan, had a meeting with Leo X. at Bologna, and in that place was concluded the memorable Concordat, in virtue of which those two princes divided between them the spoils of the Church. They annulled the supremacy of Councils to ascribe supremacy to the *Pope*, and took from the respective churches the power of nominating to bishoprics, to give that power to the *king*. After this, Francis the First, supporting the Pontiff's train, repaired publicly to the cathedral church of Bologna to ratify the treaty. Sensible of the iniquity of the Concordat, he turned to Duprat, and whispered in his ear,—"There is enough in this to damn us both." But what signified to him salvation?—money and the Pope's alliance was what he sought.

The Parliament met the Concordat with a vigorous resistance. The king, after keeping its deputies waiting for some weeks at Amboise, sent for them one day into his presence, upon rising from table, and said: "There is a king in France, and I don't at all understand that any men should form a senate after the manner of Venice." He then ordered them to depart before sunset. From such a prince, Gospel liberty had nothing to hope. Three days afterwards, the Grand Chamberlain la Tremouille appeared in Parliament, and directed that the Concordat should be enregistered.

On this, the University was in motion. On the 18th of March, 1518, a solemn procession, at which were present the whole body of students and bacheiors in their corps, repaired to the church of St. Catherine of Scholars, to implore God to preserve the liberties of the Church and kingdom. "The halls of the different colleges were closed; strong bodies of students went armed through the streets, threatening and in some instances maltreating consequential persons, engaged pursuant to the king's directions, in making known the Concordat, and carrying it into effect." However, in the result, the University allowed the compact to be fulfilled, but without rescinding the resolutions in which their opposition to it was declared; and "from that time," says the Venetian ambassador Correro, "the king began to give away

bishopries at the solicitation of the ladies of the court, and to bestow abbey lands on his soldiers, so that at the French court bishoprics and abbeys were counted merchandise, just as among the Venetians they trade in pepper and cinnamon."

Whilst Louisa and Duprat were taking their measures to root up the Gospel by the destruction of the Gallican Church, a powerful party of fanatics were gathering together against the Bible. The truth of the Gospel has ever had two great adversaries,—the profligacy of the world, and the fanaticism of the priests. The scholastic Sorbonne and a shameless court were now about to go forward hand in hand against the confessors of Jesus Christ. The unbelieving Sadducees, and the hypocritical Pharisees, in the early days of the Gospel, were the fiercest enemies of Christianity, and they are alike in every age. At their head stood Noel Bedier, commonly called Beda, a native of Picardy, syndic of the Sorbonne, who had the reputation of the first blusterer and most factious disturber of his time. Educated in the dry maxims of scholastic morality, he had grown up in the constant hearing of the *theses* and *antitheses* of his college, and had more veneration for the hair-breadth distinctions of the school than for God's word, so that his anger was readily excited whenever any one ventured to give utterance to other thoughts. Of a restless disposition, that required continually to be engaged in pursuit of new objects, he was a torment to all about him; his very element was trouble; he seemed born for contention; and when adversaries were not at hand, he would fall upon his friends. Boastful and impetuous, he filled the city and the university with the noise of his disputation,—with his invectives against learning and the innovations of that age,—as also against those, who, in his opinion, did not sufficiently oppose them. Some laughed, others gave ear to the fierce talker, and in the Sorbonne his violence gave him the mastery. He seemed to be ever seeking some opponent, or some victim to drag to the scaffold—hence, before the "heretics" began to show themselves, his imagination had created them, and he had required that the vicar-general of Paris, Merlin, should be brought to the stake, on the charge of having defended Origen. But when he caught sight of the new teachers, he bounded like a wild beast that suddenly comes within view of its unsuspecting prey. "There are three thousand monks in one Beda," remarked the wary Erasmus.

Yet his violence injured the cause he laboured to advance. "What! can the Romish Church rest for her support on such an Atlas as that? Whence all this commotion but from the insane violence of Beda?" was the reflection of the wisest.

In truth the invectives that terrified the weak, revolted nobler minds. At the court of Francis the First, was a gentleman of Artois, by name Louis Berquin, about thirty years of age, who was never married. The purity of his life, his accurate knowledge, which had won him the appellation of "most learned among the noble," his ingenuousness, compassion for the poor, and unbounded attachment to his friends, distinguished him above his equals. The rites of the Church, its fasts, festivals, and masses, had not a more devout observer, and he held in especial horror every thing heretical. His devotion was indeed the wonder of the whole court.

It seemed as if nothing could have given this man a turn in favour of the Reformation; nevertheless, some points of his character disposed him toward the Gospel. He had a horror of all dissimulation, and having himself no ill-will to any, he could not endure injustice in others. The overbearing violence of Beda and other fanatics, their shuffling and persecutions disgusted his generous heart, and, as he was accustomed in every thing to go heartily to work, he, ere long, wherever he came, in the city and at court, even in the first circles, was heard vehemently protesting against the tyranny of those doctors, and pursuing into their very holes the pestilent hornets who then kept the world in fear.

But this was not all: for his opposition to injustice led Berquin to inquire after the truth. He resolved on knowing more of that Holy Scripture so dear to the men against whom Beda and his party were conspiring;—and scarcely had he begun to study it, than his heart was won by it. Berquin immediately sought the intimacy of Margaret, Briçonnet, Lefevre, and those who loved the truth; and in their society tasted of the purest delight. He became sensible that he had something else to do than to stand up against the Sorbonne, and gladly would he have communicated to all France the new convictions of his soul. With this view he sat down to compose and translate into French certain Christian writings. To him it seemed as if every one must confess and embrace the truth as promptly as he himself had done. The impatient zeal that Beda brought to the service of traditions of men, Berquin employed in the cause of God's truth. Somewhat younger than the syndic of the Sorbonne, less wary, less acute, he had in his favour the noble incentive of a love of truth. Berquin had a higher object than victory over his antagonist when he stood up against Beda. It was his aim to let loose the flood of truth among his countrymen. On this account, Theodore Beza observes, "that if Francis the First had been another Elector, Berquin might have come down to us as another Luther."

Many were the obstacles in his way. Fanaticism finds disciples everywhere; it is a contagious infection. The monks and ignorant priests sided with the syndic of the Sorbonne. An esprit de corps pervaded their whole company, governed by a few intriguing and fanatical leaders, who knew how to work upon the credulity and vanity of their colleagues, and by that means communicate to them their own animosities. At all their meetings these persons took the lead, lording

it over others, and reducing to silence the timid and moderate of their body. Hardly could they propose any thing, when this party exclaimed, in an overbearing tone, "Now we shall see who are of Luther's faction." If the latter offered any reasonable suggestion, instantly a shudder passed from Beda to Lecouturier, Duchesne, and the rest, and all exclaimed, "Why, they are worse than Luther." The manœuvre answered their purpose, and the timid, who prefer quiet to disputation, and are willing to give up their own opinion for their own ease,—those who do not understand the very simplest questions,—and, lastly, such as are easily turned round by mere clamour, were led away by Beda and his followers. Some silently, and some assenting aloud, submitted to the influence exercised over ordinary spirits by one proud and tyrannical mind. Such was the state of this association, regarded as venerable, and which, at this time, was found among the most determined opposers of the Christianity of the Gospel. Often would one glance within the interior of such bodies suffice to enable us to estimate at its true value the war they wage against truth.

Thus the University which, under Louis XII., had applauded the first inklings of independence in Allman, abruptly plunged once more, under the guidance of Duprat and Louisa of Savoy, into fanaticism and servility. If we except the Jansenists, and a few others, nowhere in the Gallican clergy do we find a noble and genuine independence. It has done no more than vibrate between servility to the court and servility to the Pope. If, under Louis XII. or Louis XIV. we notice some faint semblance of liberty, it is because its master in Paris was at strife with its master in Rome. Herein we have the solution of the change we have noticed. The University and the Bishops forgot their rights and obligations the moment the King ceased to enjoin the assertion of them!

Beda had long cherished ill-will against Lefevre. The renown of the doctor of Picardy irritated and ruffled the pride of his countryman, who would gladly have silenced him. Once before, Beda had attacked the doctor of Etaples, and, having as yet but little discernment of the true point of the evangelic doctrines, he had assailed his colleague on a point which, strange as it must to us appear, was very near sending Lefevre to the scaffold. The doctor had asserted that Mary the sister of Lazarus, Mary Magdalene, and the woman who was a sinner, (mentioned by Luke in his seventh chapter,) were three distinct persons. The Greek fathers had considered them as distinct, but the fathers of the *Latin* Church had spoken of them as one and the same. This shocking heresy, in relation to the three Marys, set Beda and all his clique in motion. Christendom itself was roused. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and one of the most eminent prelates of the age, wrote against Lefevre, and the whole Church declared against a judgment that is now universally received among Roman Catholics themselves. Already, Lefevre, condemned by the Sorbonne, was prosecuted by the Parliament on the charge of heresy, when Francis I., not sorry to have an opportunity of striking a blow at the Sorbonne, and humbling the monks, interfered, and rescued him from the hands of his persecutors.

Beda, enraged at seeing his victim thus snatched from his grasp, resolved on taking his next measures more cunningly. The name of Luther was beginning to be noised in France. The Reformer, after disputing against Eck at Leipsic, had agreed to acknowledge the universities of Erfurth and of Paris as his judges. The zeal displayed by the University against the Concordat doubtless led him to expect an impartial verdict. But a change had taken place, and the more decided their opposition to the encroachments of Rome, the more did the members of the University seem to have it at heart to make proof of their orthodoxy. Beda, accordingly, found them quite disposed to enter into all his views.

On the 20th of January, 1520, the questor of France purchased twenty copies of Luther's conference with Eck, to distribute them among the members of the commission charged to make its report on the matter. More than a year was taken up in the investigation. The German Reformation was beginning to produce a strong sensation in France. The several universities, then truly Catholic institutions, resorted to from all parts of Christendom, maintained a more direct and intimate intercourse, on topics of theology and philosophy, between Germany, France, and England, than exists in our own day. The report, brought to Paris, of Luther's labours and success, strengthened the hands of such men as Lefevre, Briçonnet, and Farel. Some of the divines of the Sorbonne were struck by the truths they saw in the writings of the Wittemberg monk. Now and then a bold confession was heard; but there were also fierce opposers. "Europe," says Crevier, "was all expectation of the decision of the University of Paris." The issue seemed doubtful; but Beda finally triumphed. In April, 1521, the University decreed that the writings of Luther should be publicly committed to the flames, and that the author should be compelled to retract.

Further measures were resolved on. Luther's disciples had crossed the Rhine, even before his writings. Maimbourg tells us that the University was quickly filled with foreigners, who, having obtained a reputation on the strength of some knowledge of Hebrew, and more of Greek, crept into the houses of persons of distinction, and took upon them the liberty of explaining the Scriptures. The faculty, therefore, sent a deputation to the king to call attention to these disorders.

Francis the First, caring little for theological dissensions, was then pursuing the career of his pleasures. Passing from one chateau to another, in company with his gentlemen and the ladies of his mother's and his

sister's court, he indulged in every species of dissolute excess, out of the range of the troublesome observation of his capital. In this way he passed through Brittany, Anjou, Guienne, Angoumois, Poitou; requiring, in villages and forests, the same attention and luxury as if he had been in the Chateau des Tournelles at Paris. Nothing was heard of but tournaments, single combats, masquerades, shows, and feastings, "such," says Brantôme, "that Lucullus himself never saw the like."

Suspending for a moment the course of his pleasures, he gave audience to the grave deputies of the Sorbonne; but he saw only men of learning in those whom the faculty designated as heretics; and should a prince, who boasts of having eclipsed and put *hors de page* the kings of France, stoop to humour a clique of fanatical doctors? "I command you," was his answer, "not to molest those people. To persecute those who teach us, would prevent able scholars from settling in our country."

The deputation quitted the royal presence in a rage. What then is to be the consequence? The danger is every day greater, already the heretical sentiments are counted as those of the best informed classes,—the devouring flame is circulating between the rafters,—the conflagration will presently burst forth, and the structure of the established faith will fall, with sudden crash, to the earth.

Beda and his party, failing to obtain the king's permission to resort to scaffolds, had recourse to more quiet persecution. There was no kind of annoyance to which the evangelic teachers were not subjected. Every day brought with it new rumours and new charges. The aged Lefevre, wearied out by these ignorant zealots, panted for quiet. The pious Briçonnet, who was unremitting in his attentions to the Doctor of Etaples, offered him an asylum. Lefevre, therefore, took leave of Paris, and repaired to Meaux. It was a first advantage gained by the enemies of the Gospel, and thenceforth it was seen that if the party cannot enlist the civil power on its side, it has ever a secret and fanatical police, which it knows how to use, so as to ensure the attainment of its ends.

Thus Paris was beginning to rise against the Reformation, and to trace, as it were, the first lines of that enclosure which, for three centuries, was to bar the entrance of the Reformation. God had appointed that in Paris itself its first glimmering should appear; but men arose who hastily extinguished it;—the spirit of the sixteen chiefs was already working, and other cities in the kingdom were about to receive that light which the capital itself rejected.

Briçonnet, on returning to his diocese, there manifested the zeal of a Christian and of a bishop. He visited all the parishes, and having called together the deans, curates, vicars, church-wardens, and principal parishioners, he made inquiries respecting the teaching and manner of life of the preachers. "At the time of the gathering," they replied, "the Franciscans of Meaux sally forth; a single preacher goes over four or five parishes in one day; repeating as many times the same sermon, not to feed the souls of his hearers, but to fill his belly, and enrich his convent. The scrip once replenished, the object is answered; the preaching is at an end, and the monks are not seen again in the churches until begging time comes round again. The only thing these shepherds attend to is the shearing of their flocks."

The majority of the curates lived upon their incomes at Paris. "Oh!" exclaimed the pious bishop, on finding the presbytery he had come to visit deserted, "must we not regard those who thus forsake the service of Christ, traitors to him?" Briçonnet resolved to apply a remedy to these evils, and convoked a synod of all his clergy for the 13th of October, 1519. But these worldly priests, who gave but little heed to the remonstrances of their bishop, and for whom Paris possessed so many attractions, took advantage of a custom, by virtue of which they were allowed to substitute one or more vicars to look after their flocks in their absence. Out of a hundred and twenty-seven vicars, Briçonnet, upon examination, found only fourteen whom he could approve.

Earthly-minded curates, imbecile vicars, monks whose God was their belly, such, then, was the state of the church. Briçonnet forbade the pulpit to the Franciscans, and, being persuaded that the only method of supplying able ministers in his diocese was himself to train them, he determined to found a school of theology at Meaux, under the superintendence of pious and learned doctors. It became necessary to look around for such persons. Beda, however, supplied him with them.

This fanatic and his troop continued their efforts, and complaining bitterly against the government for tolerating the new teachers, declared they would wage war against their doctrines without, and even against its orders. Lefevre had indeed quitted the capital, but were not Farel and his friends still there. Farel, it is true, did not preach, for he was not in priest's orders; but in the university, in the city, with professors, priests, students, and citizens, he boldly maintained the cause of the Reformation. Others, emboldened by his example, circulated more freely the word of God. Martial Mazurier, president of St. Michael's college, and distinguished as a preacher, unsparingly depicted the disorders of the time, in the darkest and yet the truest colours, and it seemed scarce possible to withstand the force of his eloquence. The rage of Beda, and those divines who acted with him, was at its height. "If we suffer these innovators," said Beda, "they will spread through our whole company, and there will be an end of our teaching and tradition, as well as of our places, and the respect France and all Christendom have hitherto paid us."

The doctors of the Sorbonne were the stronger party. Farel, Mazurier, Gerard Roussel, and his brother Arnaud, soon found

heir active service everywhere counteracted. The Bishop of Meaux pressed his friends to rejoin Lefevre,—and these worthy men, persecuted and hunted by the Sorbonne, and hoping to form with Briçonnet a sacred phalanx for the triumph of truth, accepted the bishop's invitation, and repaired to Meaux.* Thus, the light of the Gospel was gradually withdrawn from the capital where Providence had kindled its first sparks. "*This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil,*" (St. John iii. 19.) It is impossible not to discern that Paris then drew down upon it that judgment of God which is here conveyed in the words of Jesus Christ.

Margaret of Valois, successively deprived of Briçonnet, Lefevre, and their friends, found herself alone in the centre of Paris, and of the dissolute court of Francis I. A young princess, sister to her mother, Philibert of Savoy, lived on intimacy with her. Philibert, whom the king of France had given in marriage to Julian the Magnificent, brother of Leo X., in confirmation of the Concordat, had, after her nuptials, repaired to Rome, where the Pope, delighted with so illustrious an alliance, had expended no less than 150,000 ducats in festive entertainments on the occasion. In 1516, Julian, who then commanded the Papal forces, died, leaving his widow only eighteen. She attached herself to Margaret, being attracted by the influence which the character and virtues of that princess gave her over all about her. The grief of Philibert unclosed her heart to the voice of religion. Margaret imparted to her the fruit of her reading, and the widow of the lieutenant-general of the Church began to taste the sweetness of the saving truth. But Philibert had as yet too little experience to be a support to her friend, and often did Margaret tremble at the thought of her own extreme weakness. If the love she bore her king, and her fear of offending him, led her to any action contrary to her conscience, instantly her soul was troubled, and, turning in sorrow to the Lord, she found in him a master and brother more gracious and sweet to her heart than Francis himself. It was in such a season she breathed forth those feelings:—

Sweet Brother, who, in place of chastenings meet,
Lead'st gently home thy wandering sister's feet,
Giving thy Grace and Love in recompense
Of murmurings, presumption, and offence.
Too much, my Brother,—too much hast thou done:
The blessing is too vast for such an one.

When she saw all her friends retiring to Meaux, Margaret turned after them a look of sorrow from the midst of the festivities of the court. She seemed deserted of all,—her husband the Duke of Alençon was setting out for the army,—her young aunt Philibert was returning to Savoy. The Duchess wrote to Briçonnet, as follows:—

"Monsieur de Meaux,—Knowing that God is all-sufficient, I apply to you to ask your prayers that He will conduct in safety, according to His holy will, M. d'Alençon, who is about to take his departure, by order of the king, as lieutenant-general of his army, which I apprehend will not break up without a war; and, thinking that, besides the public good of the kingdom, you have an interest in all that concerns his and my salvation, I request your spiritual aid. To-morrow, my aunt leaves Nemours for Savoy. I must be mixed up with many things which I dread. Therefore, if you should know that master Michael could make a journey hither, it would be a comfort to me, which I desire only for the honour of God."

Michael Arand, whose counsel Margaret desired, was one of the members of the evangelic assembly at Meaux, who, at a later period, exposed himself to many dangers in preaching the Gospel.

The pious princess trembled to see an opposition gathering strength against the truth. Duprat and the retainers of the government, Beda and those who adhered to the University, inspired her with terror. Briçonnet wrote cheeringly—"It is the war which the gentle Jesus said he was come to send upon earth,—the fire, the fierce fire which transforms earthliness into that which is heavenly. With all my heart do I desire to help you, Madam; but do not expect from my weakness any more than the will to serve you. Whoever has faith, hope, love, has all that is necessary, and needeth not any other help or protection. God will be all,—and out of Him we can hope for nothing. Take with you into the conflict that mighty giant, unconquerable Love. The war is led on by Love. Jesus requires to have our hearts in his presence: wo befalls the Christian who parts company from Him. He who is present in person in the battle is sure of victory; but if the battle is fought out of His own presence, he will often lose ground."

The Bishop of Meaux was then beginning to experience what it is to contend for the word of God. The theologians and monks, irritated by the shelter he had afforded to the friends of the Reformation, vehemently accused him, so that his brother, the Bishop of St. Malo, came to Paris to inquire into the charges brought against him. Hence Margaret was the more touched by the comfortings which Briçonnet addressed to her; and she answered by offering him her assistance.

"If in any thing," wrote she, "you think that I can be of service to you or your's, be assured that I shall find comfort in doing all I can. Everlasting Peace be given to you after the long struggles you have waged for the faith—in the which cause *pray* that you may live and die.

"Your devoted daughter, MARGARET."

Happy would it have been if Briçonnet had died while contending for the truth. Yet was he still full of zeal. Philibert of Nemours, universally respected for her piety, charity, and blameless life, read with increasing in

* It was the persecution which arose against them in Paris, in 1521, which compelled them to leave that city. (Vie de Farel, par Chaupard.)

terest the evangelical writings sent her from time to time by the Bishop of Meaux. "I have received all the tracts you forwarded, wrote Margaret to Briçonnet, "of which my aunt of Nemours has taken some, and I mean to send her the last, for she is now in Savoy, called thither by her brother's marriage. Her absence is no small loss to me;—think of my loneliness in your prayers." Unhappily, Philibert did not live to declare herself openly in favour of the Reformation. She died, in 1524, at the castle of Vireu le Grand in Bugey, at the age of twenty-six. Margaret was deeply sensible of the loss of one who was to her a friend—a sister; one who could, indeed, enter into her thoughts. Perhaps no loss by death was the occasion of more sorrow to her, if we except that of her brother.

Alas! nor earth nor heaven above appears
To my sad eyes, so ceaseless are the tears
That from them flow.

Margaret, feeling her own weakness to bear up under her grief, and against the seductions of the court, applied to Briçonnet to exhort her to the love of God:—"The gentle and gracious Jesus, who wills, and who alone is able to work that which he wills, in his infinite mercy, visit your heart, and lead it to love him with an undivided love. None but He, Madam, hath power to do this, and we must not seek light from darkness, nor warmth from cold. When he draws, he kindles, and by the warmth draws us after him, enlarging our hearts. You write to me to pity you because you are alone; I do not understand that word. The heart that is in the world, and resting in it, is indeed lonely,—for many and evil are they who compass it about. But she whose heart is closed against the world and awake to the gentle and gracious Jesus, her true and faithful spouse, is *really* alone, living on supplies from One who is all to her,—and yet not alone, because never left by Him who replenishes and preserves all. I cannot and ought not to pity such solitude as this, which is more to be prized than the whole world around us, from which I am confident that God hath in his love delivered you, so that you are no longer its child. Continue, Madam,—alone, abiding in Him who is your all, and who humbled himself to a painful and ignominious death.

"In commending myself to your favour, I humbly entreat you not to use the words of your last letters. You are the daughter and the spouse of God only. No other father hath any claim upon you. I exhort and admonish you to be to Him such and so good daughter as He is to you a Father; and since you cannot attain to this, by reason that finite cannot compare with infinite, I pray Him to strengthen you, that you may love and serve Him with all your heart."

Notwithstanding these counsels, Margaret was not yet comforted. She grieved over the loss of those spiritual guides who had been removed from her. The new pastors set over her to reclaim her, did not possess her confidence; and notwithstanding what the bishop had said, she felt alone amidst the court, and all around her seemed like a desolate wilderness. She wrote to Briçonnet as follows:—"As a sheep wandering in a strange land, and turning from her pasture in distrust of her new shepherds, naturally lifts her head to catch the breeze from that quarter of the field where the chief shepherd once led her to the tender grass, just so I am constrained to implore your love. Come down from your mountain, and look in pity on the blindest of all your fold, astray among a people living in darkness.

(Signed) MARGUERITE."

The Bishop of Meaux, in his reply, taking up the comparison of a wandering sheep under which Margaret had pictured herself, uses it to depict the mysteries of Salvation under the figure of a wood. "The sheep," says he, "on entering this wood under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is at once charmed by the goodness, beauty, height, length, breadth, depth, and refreshing odours of the forest, and looking round about sees only Him in all, and all in Him; and hastening onward through its green alleys, finds it so sweet that the way becomes life, joy, and consolation." The bishop then describes the sheep trying in vain to penetrate to the bounds of the forest, (as a soul would fathom the deep things of God,) meeting with mountains which it in vain endeavours to ascend, being stopped on all sides by "inaccessible heights." He then shows the way by which the soul, inquiring after God, surmounts the difficulties, and how the sheep, among all the hirelings, finds out "the Chief Shepherd's nook," and "enters on the wing of meditation by faith;" then all is made plain and easy, and she begins to sing, "I have found him whom my soul loveth."

Thus wrote the Bishop of Meaux. In the fervour of his zeal he would at this time have rejoiced to see France regenerated by the Gospel. Often would he dwell especially on those three individuals who seemed called to preside over the destinies of his country; namely, the king, his mother, and his sister. He thought that if the royal family were but enlightened, the whole nation would be so; and that the clergy, aroused to emulation, would awake from their deathlike stupor. "Madam," wrote he to Margaret, "I humbly pray God that He will please, in His goodness, to kindle a fire in the hearts of the king, his mother, and yourself, so that from you three a flame may go forth through the nation, and reanimate especially that class, which, by its coldness, chills all the others."

Margaret did not share in these hopes. She says nothing of her mother, nor yet of her brother. These were themes she did not dare to touch; but in her answer to the bishop, in January, 1522, oppressed at heart by the indifference and worldliness all around her, she said,—"The times are so cold, the heart so frozen up;" and she signed herself—"Your cold-hearted, hungering and thirsting daughter, MARGARET"

This letter did not discourage Briçonnet, but it put him upon reflection; and feeling how much he who sought to reanimate others required to be reanimated himself, he asked the prayers of Margaret and of Madame de Nemours. "Madam," said he, with perfect simplicity, "I pray you to re-awaken by your prayers the poor drowsy one."

And such, in 1521, were the expressions interchanged at the court of France. Strange words, doubtless; and which now, after a lapse of above three centuries, a manuscript in the Royal Library reveals to us. Was this influence in high places favourable to the Reformation, or adverse to it? The spur of truth was felt indeed at the court, but perhaps did not arouse the slumbering beast,—exciting him to rage,—and causing him to dart more furiously on the weak ones of the flock.

In truth, the time was drawing nigh when the storm was to burst upon the Reformation; but first it was destined to scatter some seeds and gather in some sheaves. This city of Meaux which a century and a half later was to be honoured by the residence of the noble defender of the Gallican church against the claims of Rome, was called to be the first town in France, wherein regenerated Christianity should establish its hold. It was at this time the field on which the labourers profusely scattered their seed, and into which they had already put the sickle. Briçonnet, less given to slumber than he had said, cheered, watched, and directed every thing. His fortune was equal to his zeal. Never did any one make a more noble use of his means—and never did so noble a devotion promise at first to yield such abundant fruit. Assembled at Meaux, the pious teachers took their measures thenceforward with more liberty. The word of God was not bound; and the Reformation made a great advance in France. Lefevre, with unwonted energy, proclaimed that Gospel with which he would gladly have filled the world—"Kings, princes, nobles, the people, and all nations," he exclaimed, "ought to think and aspire only after Jesus Christ. Every priest should resemble that angel seen by John in the Apocalypse, flying through the air, having in his hand the everlasting Gospel, to preach to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Draw near ye pontiffs, kings, and generous hearts. Awake, ye nations, to the light of the Gospel, and receive the breath of eternal life. Sufficient is the word of God!"

Such, in truth, was the motto of the new school: *sufficient is the word of God.* The whole Reformation is imbodied in that truth. "To know Christ and his word," said Lefevre, Roussel, Farel, "is the only true, living, and universal Theology. He who knows that, knows every thing."

The truth produced a deep impression at Meaux. At first private meetings took place, then conferences, and lastly the Gospel was proclaimed in the churches. But a yet more formidable blow was struck against the authority of Rome.

Lefevre resolved to put it in the power of the Christians of France to read the Scriptures. On the 30th of October he published the French translation of the four Gospels; on the 6th of November the remaining books of the New Testament; and on the 12th of November, 1524, the whole of these collected in one volume at Meaux; and in 1525 a French version of the Psalms. Thus, in France, and almost at the same time as in Germany, we have the commencement of that publication of the Scriptures, in the vernacular tongue, which, after a lapse of three centuries, was to receive such wonderful development. In France, as in the countries beyond the Rhine, the Bible produced a decided effect. Many there were who had learned by experience that when they sought the knowledge of divine things, darkness and doubt encompassed them on all sides. How many were the passing moments,—perhaps even years,—in which they had been tempted to regard the most certain truths as mere illusions. We want a ray from heaven to enlighten our darkness. Such was the longing desire of many souls at the period of the Reformation. With feelings of this sort many received the Scriptures from the hands of Lefevre. They read them in their families and in private. The Bible became increasingly the subject of conversation. Christ appeared to these souls, so long misled, as the sun and centre of all discovery. No longer did they want evidence that Scripture was of the Lord: they knew it, for it had delivered them from darkness into light.

Such was the course by which some remarkable persons in France were at this time brought to know God. But there were yet humbler and more ordinary steps by which many of the poorer sort arrived at the knowledge of the truth. The city of Meaux was almost entirely peopled with artisans and dealers in woollen cloth. "Many," says a chronicler of the sixteenth century, "were taken with so ardent a desire to know the way of salvation, that artisans, carders, fullers, and combers, while at work with their hands, had their thoughts engaged in conversation on the word of God, and getting comfort from thence. On Sunday and on festivals, especially, they employed themselves in reading the Scriptures and inquiring into the good pleasure of the Lord."

Briçonnet rejoiced to see true piety take the place of superstition in his diocese. "Lefevre, availing himself of his great reputation for learning," observes a contemporary, (Fontaine,) "managed so to cajole and impose upon Messire Guillaume Briçonnet by his specious words, that he turned him aside into gross error, so that it has been found impossible to cleanse the town and diocese of Meaux from that wicked doctrine from that time to this, when it has marvellously spread abroad. The subverting of that good bishop was a sad event, for he had, before that, been very devout in his service to God and the Virgin Mary." However, not all had been so

grossly "turned aside," to adopt the expression of the Franciscan. The townspeople were divided in two parties. On one side were the Franciscan monks, and the partisans of Romanism: on the other, Briçonnet, Lefevre, Farel, and those who loved the new preaching. A man of low station, named Leclerc was one of the most servile adherents of the monks; but his wife and his two sons, Peter and John, had joyfully received the Gospel; and John, who was by trade a woolcarder, soon attracted notice among the infant congregations. James Pavanne, a native of Picardy, a young man of open and upright character evinced an ardent zeal for the Reformed opinions. Meaux was become a focus of light. Persons called thither by business, and who there heard the Gospel, returning, bore it with them to their respective homes. It was not merely in the city that the Scripture was the subject of inquiry; "many of the adjacent villages were awakened," says a chronicler, "so that in that diocese seemed to shine forth a sort of image of the regenerated church."

The environs of Meaux were, in autumn, clothed with rich harvests, and a crowd of labouring people resorted thither from the surrounding countries. Resting themselves, in the heat of the day, they would talk with the people of those parts of a seed-time and harvest of another kind. Certain peasantry, who had come from the Thierachia, and more particularly from Landouzy, after their return home continued in the doctrine they had heard, and, ere long, an evangelic church was formed in this latter place,*—a church, which is among the most ancient in the kingdom. "The report of this unspeakable blessing spread through France, says the chronicler. Briçonnet himself preached the Gospel from the pulpit, and laboured to diffuse, far and wide, that free, gracious, true, and clear light, which dazzles and illuminates every creature capable of receiving it; and, while it enlightens him, raises him by adoption to the dignity of a child of God.† He besought his hearers not to listen to those who would turn them aside from the Word. "Though an angel from heaven," exclaimed he, "should preach any other Gospel, do not give ear to him." At times melancholy thoughts presented themselves to his mind. He did not feel confident in his own steadfastness, and he recoiled from the thought of the fatal consequences that might result from any failure of faith on his part. Forewarning his hearers, he would say, "Though I, your bishop, should change my voice and doctrine, take heed that you change not with me." At that moment nothing foreboded such a calamity. "Not only," says the chronicler, "the word of God was preached, but it was practised: all kinds of works of charity and love were visible; the morals of the city were reformed, and its superstitions disappeared."

Still indulging in the thought of gaining over the king and his mother, the bishop sent to Margaret a translation of St. Paul's Epistles, richly illuminated, humbly soliciting her to present it to the king, "which, coming through your hands," added he, "cannot fail to be acceptable. They make a truly royal dish," continued the worthy bishop, "of a fatness that never corrupts, and having a power to restore from all manner of sickness. The more we taste them the more we hunger after them, with desires that are ever fed and never cloyed."*

What dearer commission could Margaret receive . . . . ? The moment seemed auspicious. Michel d'Arande was at Paris, detained there by command of the king's mother, for whom he was translating portions of the Scriptures. But Margaret would have preferred that Briçonnet should himself present St. Paul to her brother: "You would do well to come," wrote she, "for you know the confidence the king and his mother have in you."

Thus at this time (in 1522 and 1523) was God's word placed before the eyes of Francis the First and Louisa of Savoy. They were thus brought in contact with that Gospel of which they were afterwards to be the persecutors. We see nothing to indicate that that Word made on them any saving impression; curiosity led them to unclose that Bible which was the subject of so much discussion; but they soon closed it again as they had opened it.

Margaret herself with difficulty struggled against the worldliness which surrounded her. Her tender regard for her brother, respect for her mother, the flattery of the court, all conspired against the love she had vowed to Jesus Christ. Many indeed were her temptations. At times, the soul of Margaret, assailed by so many enemies, and dizzy with the tumult of life, turned aside from her Lord. Then becoming conscious of her sin, the princess shut herself in her apartments, and gave vent to her grief in sounds very different from those with which Francis and the young lords, who were the companions of his pleasures, filled the royal palaces in their carousings:—

I have forsaken thee, for pleasure erring;
In place of thee, my evil choice preferring;
And from thee wandering, whither am I come?
Among the cursed,—to the place of doom.
I have forsaken thee, oh Friend sincere;
And from thy love, the better to get free,
Have clung to things most contrary to thee.

After this, Margaret, turning in the direction of Meaux, wrote, in her distress,—"I again turn toward you, Mons. 'Fabry,' and your companions, desiring you in your prayers to entreat of the unspeakable mercy an alarum that shall rouse the unwatchful weak one from her heavy and deathlike slumbers."*

The friends of the Reformation were beginning to indulge in cheering anticipations. Who would be able to resist the Gospel if the authority of Francis the First should open the

* These facts are derived from old and much damaged papers discovered in the church of Landouzy-la-Ville (Aisne), by M. Colany, during the time he filled the office of pastor in that town.

† MS. in the Royal Library, S. F. No. 337.

* MS. in the Royal Library, S. F. No. 337

way for it. The corrupting influence of the court would be succeeded by a sanctifying example, and France would acquire a moral power which would constitute her the benefactress of nations

But the Romish party on their side had caught the alarm. One of their party at Meaux, was a Jacobin monk, of the name of Roma. One day, when Lefevre, Farel, and their friends were in conversation with him, and certain other partisans of the Papacy, Lefevre incautiously gave utterance to his hopes: "Already," said he, "the Gospel is winning the hearts of the nobles and the common people, and ere long we shall see it spreading throughout France, and casting down the inventions that men have set up." The aged doctor was warmed by his theme, his eyes sparkled, and his feeble voice seemed to put forth new power, resembling the aged Simeon giving thanks to the Lord because his eyes had seen His salvation. Lefevre's friends partook of his emotion; the opposers were amazed and silent.... Suddenly Roma rose from his seat, exclaiming, "Then I and all the monks will preach a crusade—we will raise the people, and if the king suffers the preaching of your Gospel, we will expel him from his kingdom by his own subjects." Thus did a monk venture to stand up against the knightly monarch. The Franciscans applauded his boldness. It was necessary to prevent the fulfilment of the aged doctor's predictions. Already the mendicant friars found their daily gatherings fall off. The Franciscans in alarm distributed themselves in private families. "Those new teachers are heretics," said they, "they call in question the holiest practices, and deny the most sacred mysteries." Then, growing bolder, the more violent of the party, sallying forth from their cloister, presented themselves at the bishop's residence, and being admitted,—"Make haste," said they, "to crush this heresy, or the pestilence which now afflicts Meaux will extend its ravages through the kingdom."

Briçonnet was roused, and for a moment disturbed by this invasion of his privacy; but he did not give way. Despising the interested clamour of a set of ignorant monks, he ascended the pulpit and preached in vindication of Lefevre, designating the monks as Pharisees and hypocrites. Still this opposition from without had already awakened anxiety and conflict in his soul. He tried to quiet his fears by persuading himself that it was necessary to pass through such spiritual struggles. "By such conflict," said he, in expressions that sound mystical to our ears, "we are brought to a death that ushers into life, and, while ever mortifying life,—living we die, and dying live."* The way had been more sure, if, turning to the Saviour, as the apostles, when "driven by the winds and tossed," he had cried out,—"Lord! save us, or we perish."

The monks of Meaux, enraged at this repulse, resolved to carry their complaint before a higher tribunal. An appeal lay open to them; and if the bishop should be contumacious, he may be reduced to compliance. Their leaders set forth for Paris, and concerted measures with Beda and Duchesne. They presented themselves before the Parliament, and lodged information against the bishop and the heretical teachers. "The town," said they, "and all the neighbouring country, is infected with heresy, and the muddy waters go forth from the bishop's palace."

Thus France began to hear the cry of persecution raised against the Gospel. The priestly and the civil power,—the Sorbonne and the Parliament laid their hands upon the sword, and that sword was destined to be stained with blood. Christianity had taught men that there are duties anterior to all civil relationships; it had emancipated the religious mind, laid the foundations of liberty of conscience, and wrought an important change in society;—for Antiquity, everywhere recognising the *citizen* and nowhere the *man*, had made of religion a matter of mere state regulation. But scarcely had these ideas of liberty been given to the world when the Papacy corrupted them. In place of the despotism of the prince, it substituted that of the priest. Often, indeed, had both prince and priest been by it stirred up against the Christian people. A new emancipation was needed: the sixteenth century produced it. Wherever the Reformation established itself, the yoke of Rome was thrown off, and liberty of conscience restored. Yet is there such a proneness in man to exalt himself above the truth, that even among many Protestant nations of our own time, the Church, freed from the arbitrary power of the priest, is near falling again into subserviency to the civil authority; thus, like its divine Founder, bandied from one despotism to another; still passing from Caiaphas to Pilate, and from Pilate to Caiaphas!

Briçonnet, who enjoyed a high reputation at Paris, easily cleared himself. But in vain did he seek to defend his friends; the monks were resolved not to return to Meaux empty-handed. If the bishop would escape, he must sacrifice his brethren. Of a character naturally timid, and but little prepared for "Christ's sake" to give up his possessions and standing,—alarmed, agitated, and desponding, he was still further misled by treacherous advisers: "If the evangelical divines should leave Meaux," said some, "they will carry the Reformation elsewhere." His heart was torn by a painful struggle. At length the wisdom of this world prevailed: on the 12th of April, 1523, he published an *ordonnance* by which he deprived those pious teachers of their license to preach. This was the first step in Briçonnet's downward career.

Lefevre was the chief object of enmity. His commentary on the four Gospels, and especially the epistle "to Christian readers," which he had prefixed to it, inflamed the wrath of Beda and his fellows. They de-

* MS. in the Royal Library, S. F. No. 337.

nounced the work to the faculty—"Has he not ventured," said the fiery syndic, "to recommend to all the faithful the reading of the Holy Scriptures? Does he not affirm that whosoever loves not the word of Christ is no Christian; and again, that the word of God is sufficient of itself to lead us to eternal life?"

But Francis I. saw nothing more in this accusation than a theological squabble. He appointed a commission, before which Lefevre successfully defended himself, and was honourably acquitted.

Farel, who had fewer protectors at court, found himself obliged to quit Meaux. It appears that he at first repaired to Paris, and that having there unsparingly assailed the errors of Rome, he again found himself obliged to remove, and left that city, retiring to Dauphiny, whither he was desirous of carrying the Gospel.

To have intimidated Lefevre, and caused Briçonnet to draw back, and Farel to seek refuge in flight, was a victory gained, so that the Sorbonne already believed they had mastered the movement. Monks and doctors exchanged congratulations; but enough was not done in their opinion,—blood had not flowed. They went, therefore, again to their work, and blood, since they were bent on shedding it, was now to slake the thirst of Roman fanaticism.

The evangelical Christians of Meaux, seeing their pastors dispersed, sought to edify one another. A wool-carder, John Leclerc, who had imbibed the true Christian doctrine from the instructions of the divines, the reading of the Bible, and some tracts, distinguished himself by his zeal and his expounding of the Scripture. He was one of those men whom the Spirit of God inspires with courage, and places in the foremost rank of a religious movement. The Church of Meaux soon came to regard him as its minister.

The idea of one universal priesthood, known in such living power to the first Christians had been revived by Luther* in the sixteenth century. But this idea seems then to have dwelt only in theory in the Lutheran Church, and was really acted out only among the congregations of the Reformed Churches. The Lutheran congregations (agreeing in this point with the Anglican Church) took, it seems, a middle course between the Romish and the Reformed Churches. Among the Lutherans, every thing proceeded from the pastor or priest; and nothing was counted valid in the Church but what was regularly conveyed through its rulers. But the Reformed Churches, while they maintained the divine appointment of the ministry,—by some sects denied,—approached nearer to the primitive condition of the apostolical communities. From this time forward, they recognised and proclaimed that the flock are not to rest satisfied with receiving what the priest gives out; that, since the Bible is in the hands of every one, the members of the Church, as well as those who take the lead, possess the key of that treasury whence the latter derive their instructions; that the gifts of God, the spirit of faith, of wisdom, of consolation, and of knowledge are not imparted to the minister alone; but that each is called upon to employ for the good of all whatever gift he has received: and that it may often happen that some gift needful for the edification of the Church may be denied to the pastor, and granted to some member of his flock. Thus the mere passive state of the Churches was changed into one of general activity; and it was in France especially that this transformation took place. In other countries, the Reformers are found almost exclusively among the ministers and doctors; but in France, the men who had read or studied had for fellow-labourers men of the lowest class. Among God's chosen servants in that country we have a doctor of the Sorbonne and a wool-comber.

Leclerc began to visit from house to house, strengthening and confirming the disciples in their faith. But not resting satisfied with these ordinary labours, he longed to see the papal edifice overthrown, and France coming forward to embrace the Gospel. His ungovernable zeal was such as to remind an observer of Hottinger at Zurich, and Carlstadt at Wittemberg. He wrote a proclamation against the Antichrist of Rome, in which he announced that the Lord was about to consume that wicked one with the spirit of his mouth, and proceeded boldly to post his placard at the very door of the cathedral. Soon all was confusion in the neighbourhood of the ancient edifice. The faithful were amazed, the priests enraged. What! shall a base wool-comber be allowed to assail the Pope? The Franciscans were furious. They insisted that at least on this occasion a terrible example should be made,—Leclerc was thrown into prison.

His trial took place in the presence of Briçonnet himself, who was now to witness and endure all that was done. The wool-comber was condemned to be publicly whipped through the city, three successive days, and on the third day to be branded on the forehead. The mournful spectacle began. Leclerc was led through the streets, his hands bound, his back bare, and receiving from the executioners the blows he had drawn upon himself by his opposition to the bishop of Rome. A great crowd followed the martyr's progress, which was marked by his blood: some pursued the heretic with yells: others, by their silence, gave no doubtful signs of sympathy with him; and one woman encouraged the martyr by her looks and words— she was his mother.

At length, on the third day, when the bloody procession was over, Leclerc was made to stop at the usual place of execution. The executioner prepared the fire, heated the iron which was to sear the flesh of the minister of the Gospel, and approaching him

* See pp. 154, 155.

branded him as a heretic on his forehead. Just then a shriek was uttered—but it came not from the martyr. His mother, a witness of the dreadful sight, wrung with anguish, endured a violent struggle between the enthusiasm of faith and maternal feelings; but her faith overcame, and she exclaimed in a voice that made the adversaries tremble, "Glory be to Jesus Christ and his witnesses."

Thus did this Frenchwoman of the sixteenth century have respect to that word of the Son of God,—"Whosoever loveth his son more than me is not worthy of me." So daring a courage at such a moment might have seemed to demand instant punishment; but that Christian mother had struck powerless the hearts of the priests and soldiers. Their fury was restrained by a mightier arm than theirs. The crowd falling back and making way for her, allowed the mother to regain, with faltering step, her humble dwelling. Monks, and even the town-serjeants themselves, gazed on her without moving; "not one of her enemies," says Theodore Beza, "dared put forth his hand against her." After this punishment, Leclerc, being set at liberty, withdrew, first to Rosay en Bric, a town six leagues from Meaux, and subsequently to Metz, where we shall again meet with him.

The enemy was triumphant. "The Cordeliers having regained possession of the pulpit, propagated their accustomed falsehoods and absurdities." But the poor working-people of Meaux, no longer permitted to hear the word of God in regular assemblies, began to hold their meetings in private, "imitating," says the chronicler, "the sons of the prophets in the days of Ahab, and the Christians of the early church; assembling, as opportunity offered, at one time in a house, at another in a cavern, and at times in a vineyard or a wood. On such occasions, he among them who was most conversant with the Holy Scriptures exhorted the rest; and this being done, they all prayed together with much fervency, cheered by the hope that the Gospel would be received in France, and the tyranny of Antichrist be at an end." Where is the power can arrest the progress of truth?

One victim, however, did not satisfy the persecutors; and if the first against whom their anger was let loose was but a woolcomber, the second was a gentleman of the court. It was become necessary to overawe the nobles as well as the people. The Sorbonne of Paris was unwilling to be outstripped by the Franciscans of Meaux. Berquin, "the most learned among the nobles," continuing to gather more confidence from the Scriptures, had composed certain epigrams against the "drones of the Sorbonne;" and had afterwards gone so far as to charge them with impiety.

Beda and Duchesne, who had not ventured any reply in their usual style to the witticisms of a gentleman of the court, adopted a different line of conduct when they discerned that serious convictions were at the bottom of these attacks. Berquin had become a *Christian;* his ruin was therefore decided on. Beda and Duchesne having seized some of his translations, found in them sufficient to bring more than one heretic to the stake: "He asserts," they exclaimed, "that it is wrong to invoke the Virgin Mary in place of the Holy Spirit, and to call her the *source of all grace!* He declares himself against the custom of speaking of her as *our hope* and *our life*, and says that these titles belong only to the Son of God." There were other charges against Berquin;—his closet was as it were a library, whence the supposed tainted works were diffused through the kingdom. Above all, Melancthon's *Loci Communes* served to stagger the more learned. The man of piety, entrenched amid his folios and *tracts*, had, in his Christian love, made himself translator, corrector, printer, and bookseller. . . . . It seemed indispensable to stop the stream at its source.

Accordingly, one day, while Berquin was quietly engaged in his studies, the house was of a sudden surrounded by armed men, demanding admittance. The Sorbonne and its agents, armed with authority from the Parliament, were at his door. Beda, the dreaded syndic, was at their head, and never did inquisitor more perfectly perform his function. Followed by his satellites, he made his way to Berquin's study, communicated the object of his mission, and desiring his followers to keep an eye upon him, commenced his search. Not a volume escaped his notice, and an exact inventory was made under his direction. Here lay a treatise by Melancthon; there a pamphlet by Carlstadt: farther on a work of Luther's;—here 'heretical' books which Berquin had translated from Latin into French; there—others of his own composition. With two exceptions, all the books seized abounded with Lutheran doctrine, and Beda quitted the house, carrying away his booty, and more elated than a general laden with the spoil of conquered nations.

Berquin perceived that a violent storm had burst upon his head, but his courage did not falter:—he had too much contempt for his adversaries to fear them. Meanwhile, Beda lost no time. On the 31st of May, 1523, the Parliament decreed that all the books seized at Berquin's house should be laid before the faculty of theology. Its decision was soon made known, and on the 25th of June, it condemned all the works, except the two already mentioned, to be burnt as heretical; and enjoined that Berquin should be required to abjure his errors. The Parliament ratified the decision. Berquin appeared at the bar of this formidable body: he knew that the next step beyond it might be to the scaffold; but, like Luther at Worms, he stood firm. It was in vain that the Parliament insisted on his retracting; he was not of those who fall away after being made partakers of the Holy Ghost. *He that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one touched him not.*

Hebrews vi. 4. 1 John v. 18. Every such fall proves that conversion has either been only apparent, or else partial;* now Berquin's was a real conversion. He answered the court before which he stood with decision; and the Parliament, using more severity than the Diet of Worms, directed its officers to take the accused into custody, and lead him away to prison. This took place on the 1st of August, 1523. On the 5th, the Parliament handed over the heretic to the Bishop of Paris, in order that that prelate might take cognisance of the affair, and, jointly with the doctors and counsellors, pass sentence on the culprit. Berquin was forthwith transferred to the official prison.

Beda, Duchesne, and their companions had their victim in their clutches; but the court bore no favour to the Sorbonne, and Francis was more powerful than Beda. A feeling of indignation spread among the nobles: what do those monks and priests mean, not to respect the rank of a gentleman? What charge do they bring against him?—was the question asked in the presence of Francis. Is it that he blames the practice of invoking the Virgin instead of the Holy Spirit? But Erasmus and many more have censured it. Is it on such frivolous charges they go the length of imprisoning an officer of the king? This attack of theirs is a blow struck against knowledge and true religion; an insult to nobles, knights, and royalty itself. The king decided on again making the Sorbonne feel the weight of his authority. He issued letters summoning the parties in the cause before his council, and on the 8th of August a messenger presented himself at the official prison, bearing a royal mandate enjoining that Berquin should be at liberty.

It seemed at first doubtful whether the monks would yield compliance. Francis had anticipated some difficulty, and, in charging the messenger with the execution of his orders, had added, "If you meet with any resistance, I authorize you to break open the doors." There was no misunderstanding these words. The monks and the Sorbonne submitted to the affront put upon them; and Berquin, released from durance, appeared before the king's council, and was there acquitted.

Thus did Francis I. humble the ecclesiastical power. Under his reign Berquin fondly hoped that France might free herself from the Papal yoke; and he began to meditate a renewal of hostilities. With this intent, he opened communications with Erasmus, who at once acknowledged his right intentions. But the philosopher, ever timid and temporizing, replied,—"Remember to avoid irritating the drones; and pursue your studies in peace. Above all, do not implicate me in your affairs, for that will be of no service to either of us."

Berquin was not discouraged. If the great genius of the age draws back, he will put his trust in God, who never deserts His work. God's work *will* be effected, either *by* humble instrumentality, or *without* it. Erasmus himself acknowledged that Berquin, like the palm tree, rose in renewed vigour from every new gust of persecution that assailed him.

Not such were all who had embraced the Evangelical doctrines. Martial Mazurier had been one of the most zealous of preachers. He was accused of having advocated very erroneous opinions; and even of having committed, while at Meaux, certain acts of violence. "This Martial Mazurier, being at Meaux,"—such are the words of a manuscript preserved in that city, and which we have already had occasion to quote,—"entering the church of the reverend Fathers, the Cordeliers, and seeing the statue of St. Francis, in high relief, outside the door of the convent, where that of St. Roche is now placed, struck it down and broke it." Mazurier was arrested and thrown into prison, where he at once fell back upon his own reflections and the keenest perplexity. It was the Gospel rule of morals, rather than its great doctrines, that had won him over to the ranks of the Reformers; and that rule, taken alone, brought with it no strength. Terrified at the prospect of the stake awaiting him, and believing that, in France, the victory would be sure to remain with Rome, he easily persuaded himself that he should have more influence and honour by going back to the Papacy. Accordingly, he recanted his former teaching, and directed that doctrines altogether opposed to those ascribed to him should be preached in his parish; and uniting, at a later period, with the most fanatical of the Romish party, and particularly with the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, he became thenceforward the most zealous supporter of the Papal cause. From the days of the Emperor Julian, apostates have ever been among the sternest enemies of the doctrines which they once professed.

An occasion soon offered for Mazurier to make proof of his zeal. The youthful James Pavanne had also been thrown into prison. Martial hoped to cover his own shame by involving another in the like fall. The youth, the amiable disposition, the learning, and the integrity of Pavanne, created a general interest in his favour; and Mazurier imagined that he himself should be deemed less culpable if he could but persuade Master James to a similar course. Visiting him in his cell, he began by pretending that he had advanced further in inquiry into the truth than Pavanne had done. "You are under a mistake, James," he often repeated to him: "You have not gone deep into these matters; you have made acquaintance only with the agitated surface of them." Sophisms, promises, threats, were freely resorted to. The unfortunate youth, deceived, disturbed, and perplexed, yielded to these perfidious advances; and on the morrow of Christmas day, 1524, he publicly ab

* This is believed to be a faithful rendering of the original. The interpretation and the application may be open to question.—(*Tr.*)

jured his pretended errors. But from that hour a spirit of melancholy and remorse, sent by the Almighty, weighed heavy on his soul. Deep sadness consumed him, and his sighs were unceasing. "Ah!" he repeated, "for me life has nothing left but bitterness." Such are the mournful consequences of apostasy.

Nevertheless, among those Frenchmen who had received the word of God were found men of more intrepid hearts than Pavanne and Mazurier. Towards the end of 1523, Leclerc settled at Metz, in Lorraine, "and there," says Theodore Beza, "he acted on the example of St. Paul, who, while labouring at Corinth as a tent-maker, persuaded both the Jews and the Greeks." Leclerc, while pursuing his industry as a wool-comber, instructed those of his own condition; and among these last there had been several instances of real conversion. Thus did this humble artisan lay the foundations of a church which afterwards became celebrated.

But at Metz, Leclerc did not stand alone. Among the ecclesiastics of that city was one John Châtelain, an Augustine monk of Tournay, and doctor of theology, who had been brought to the knowledge of God through his acquaintance with the Augustines of Antwerp. Châtelain had gained the reverence of the people by the strictness of his morals; and the doctrine of Christ, when preached by him, attired in cope and stole, appeared less strange to the inhabitants of Metz than when it proceeded from the lips of a poor artisan, laying aside the comb with which he carded his wool, to take up and explain a French version of the Gospels.

By the active zeal of these two men, the light of evangelical truth began to be diffused throughout the city. A very devout woman named Toussaint, one of the middle class of the people, had a son called Peter, with whom, in the hours of his childish sports, she would often speak of serious things. Every one, even to the humblest, lived then in expectation of some extraordinary event. One day the child was amusing himself in riding on a stick, in a room where his mother was conversing with some friends on the things of God, when she said, in a voice of emotion, "Antichrist will soon come with great power, and will destroy such as shall have been converted by the preaching of Elias." These words being frequently repeated, arrested the attention of the child, and he afterwards recalled them. At the time when the doctor of theology and the wool-comber were engaged in preaching the Gospel at Metz, Peter Toussaint was grown up. His relations and friends, wondering at his precocious genius, conceived the hope of seeing him in an exalted station in the Church. An uncle on his father's side was *primicier*, or head of the chapter of Metz. The cardinal John of Lorraine, son of Duke Réné, who kept a large establishment, expressed much regard for the *primicier* and his nephew, the latter of whom, notwithstanding his youth, had just before obtained a prebend, when his attention was drawn to the study of the Gospel. Why may not the preaching of Châtalain and Leclerc be that of Elias? It is true, Antichrist is everywhere arming against it. But what matter? "Let us," said he, "lift up our heads, looking to the Lord, who will come and will not tarry." The light of truth was beginning to find entrance among the principal families of Metz. The knight Esch, an intimate friend of the *primicier*, or dean, and much respected, had been recently converted. The friends of the Gospel were rejoicing in this event:—Pierre was accustomed to term him "our worthy master the knight;" adding with noble candour, "if we may be allowed to call any man master on earth."

Thus Metz was about to become a focus of light when the rash zeal of Leclerc abruptly arrested its slow but sure progress, and excited a commotion which threatened ruin to the infant church. The populace of Metz had continued to observe their accustomed superstitions, and Leclerc's spirit was stirred within him at the sight of the city almost wholly given to idolatry. One of their high festivals drew nigh. About a league distant from the city stood a chapel enclosing statues of the Virgin and of the most venerated saints of the surrounding country, whither the people of Metz were in the habit of resorting in pilgrimage on a certain day in the year, to worship these images and obtain the pardon of their sins.

On the eve of this festival the pious and the courageous spirit of Leclerc was deeply agitated. Had not God said—"*Thou shalt not bow down to their gods, but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images*"? Exodus xx. 4; xxiii. 24. Leclerc understood the words as addressed to himself, and without conferring with Châtelain, Esch, or any of those whom he may have expected would dissuade him, quitted the city, and approached the chapel. There he collected his thoughts as he sat silently before these statues. As yet the way was open to him to retire; but to-morrow—in a few hours—the entire population of a city, which ought to be worshipping God alone, will be bowing before these blocks of wood and stone. A struggle ensued in the heart of the humble woolcarder, similar to that which was so often endured in the hearts of the early Christians. What signified the difference, that here it was the images of the saints of the neighbouring country, and not of heathen gods and goddesses—did not the worship rendered to these images belong of right to God alone? Like Polyeucte before the idols of the temple, his heart shuddered and his courage was roused:

Ne perdons plus le temps, le sacrifice est prêt,
Allons y du vrai Dieu soutenir l'interet;
Allons fouler aux pieds ce foudre ridicule
Dont arme un bois pourri ce peuple trop crédule

Allons en éclairer l'aveuglement fatal,
Allons briser ces dieux de pierre et de métal;
Abandonnons nos jours, à cette ardeur celeste—
Faisons triompher Dieu; qu'il dispose du reste.
*Corneille, Polyeucte.**

Leclerc accordingly rose from his seat, and approaching the images, removed them, and broke them, in his holy indignation scattering the fragments before the altar. He did not doubt that this action was by special inspiration of the spirit of the Lord, and Theodore Beza was of the same judgment. This done Leclerc returned to Metz, re-entering it at day-break, and noticed only a few persons at the moment of his passing the gate of the city.

Meanwhile all were in motion in the ancient city of Metz. The bells rang, the various religious bodies mustered, and the entire population, headed by the priests and monks, left the city, reciting prayers and chanting hymns to the saints whom they were on their way to worship. Crosses and banners went forward in orderly procession, and drums and instruments of music mingled with the hymns of the faithful. After an hour's march, the procession reached the place of pilgrimage. But what was the astonishment of the priests, when advancing with censers in hand, they beheld the images they had come to worship mutilated, and their fragments strewed upon the earth. They drew back appalled,—and announced to the crowd of worshippers the sacrilege that had been committed. Instantly the hymns were hushed—the music stopped—the banners were lowered, and agitation pervaded the assembled multitude. Canons, curates, and monks, laboured still further to inflame their anger and excited them to search out the guilty person, and require that he should be put to death. A shout was raised on all sides. "Death—Death to the sacrilegious wretch." They returned in haste and disorder to the city.

Leclerc was known to all; several times he had been heard to call the images *idols*; moreover he had been observed at day-break returning from the direction of the chapel. He was apprehended, and at once confessed the fact, at the same time conjuring the people to worship God alone. But his appeal only the more inflamed the rage of the multitude, who would have dragged him to instant execution. Placed before his judges, he courageously declared that Jesus Christ—God manifest in the flesh—ought to be the sole object of their worship; and was sentenced to be burnt alive! He was conducted to the place of execution.

Here an awful scene awaited him: his persecutors had been devising all that could render his sufferings more dreadful. At the scaffold they were engaged heating pincers, as instruments of their cruelty. Leclerc heard with calm composure the savage yells of monks and people. They began by cutting off his right hand; then taking up the red-hot pincers, they tore away his nose; after this, with the same instrument they lacerated his arms, and having thus mangled him in many places, they ended by applying the burnings to his breasts. All the while that the cruelty of his enemies was venting itself on his body, his soul was kept in perfect peace. He ejaculated solemnly, —"*Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.*" The enemies were awed by the sight of so much composure,—believers were confirmed in their faith, and the people, whose indignation had vented itself in the first burst of anger, were astonished and affected. After undergoing these tortures, Leclerc was burned by a slow fire in conformity to the sentence. Such was the death of the first martyr of the Gospel in France.

But the priests of Metz did not rest there: in vain had they laboured to shake the fidelity of Châtelain—"He is like the deaf adder," said they, "he refuses to hear the truth." He was arrested by the servants of the Cardinal of Lorraine, and transferred to the castle of Nommeny.

After this he was degraded by the officers of the bishop, who stripped him of his vestments, and scraped the tips of his fingers with a piece of broken glass, saying, "Thus do we take away the power to sacrifice, consecrate, and bless, which thou didst formerly receive by the anointing of thy hands." Then throwing over him the habit of a layman, they handed him over to the secular power, which doomed him to be burnt alive. The fire was quickly lighted, and the servant of Christ consumed in the flames. "Nevertheless," observe the historians of the Gallician Church, who, in other respects, are loud in commendation of these acts of rigour, "Lutheranism spread through all the district of Metz."

From the moment this storm had descended on the church of Metz, distress and alarm had prevailed in the household of Toussaint. His uncle, the dean, without taking an active part in the measures resorted to against Leclerc and Châtelain, shuddered at the thought that his nephew was one among those people. His mother's fears were still more aroused: not a moment was to be lost: all who had given ear to the evangelic doctrine felt their liberty and lives to be in danger. The blood shed by the inquisitors had but increased their thirst for more. New scaffolds would ere long be erected: Pierre Toussaint, the knight Esch, and others besides, hastily quitted Metz, and sought refuge at Basle.

Thus violently did the storm of persecution rage at Meaux and at Metz. Repulsed from

* Polyeucte, by P. Corneille. What many admire in poetry, they pass condemnation on in history.

the northern provinces, the Gospel for a while seemed to give way; but the Reformation did not change its ground, and the south-eastern provinces became the basis and theatre of the movement.

Farel, who had retired to the foot of the Alps, was labouring actively in his work. It was a small thing to him to enjoy in the bosom of his family the sweets of domestic life. The report of the events that had taken place at Meaux and at Paris had communicated a degree of terror to his brothers; but a secret influence attracted them toward those new and wondrous truths which their brother William was in the habit of dwelling upon. The latter, with all the earnestness of his character, besought them to be converted to the Gospel; and Daniel, Walter, and Claude were at length won over to that God whom their brother declared to them. They did not at first relinquish the worship of their forefathers, but when persecution arose, they boldly suffered the loss of friends, property, and country, for the liberty to worship Christ.

The brothers of Luther and Zwingle do not appear to have been so decidedly converted to the Gospel. The Reformation in France had from its outset a peculiarly domestic character.

Farel's exhortations were not confined to his brothers. He made known the truth to his relatives and friends at Gap and its vicinity. It would even appear, if we give credit to one manuscript, that, availing himself of the friendship of certain ecclesiastics, he began to preach the Gospel in some of the churches; but other authorities affirm that he did not at this time occupy the pulpit. However that may be, the opinions he professed were noised abroad, and both priests and people insisted that he should be silenced: "What new and strange heresy is this?" said they; "how can we think that all the practices of devotion are useless? The man is neither monk nor priest: he has no business to preach."

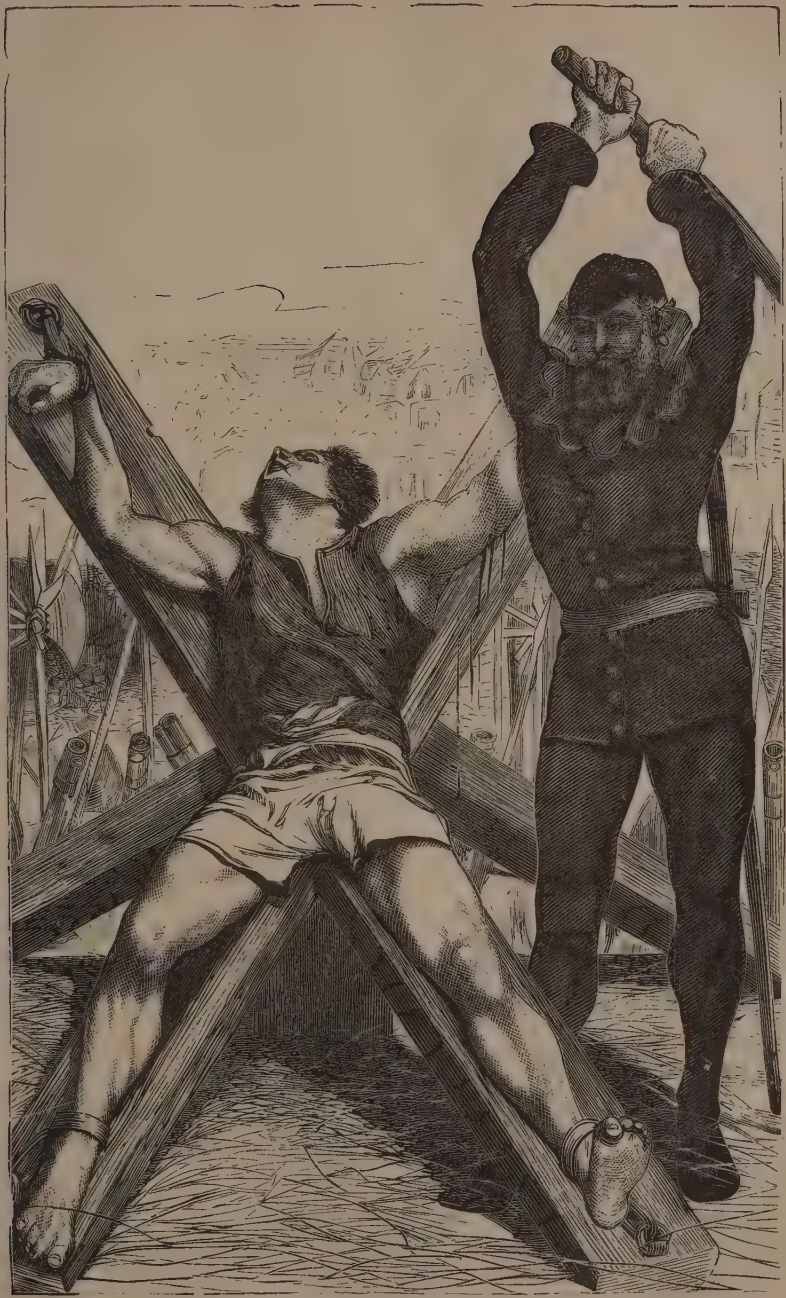
It was not long before the whole of the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, were combined against Farel. It was sufficiently evident that he was acting with that sect which was everywhere spoken against. "Let us cast out from amongst us," cried they, "this firebrand of discord." Farel was summoned before the judges, roughly handled, and forcibly expelled the city."

Yet he did not forsake his country,—the open plains and villages,—the banks of the Durance,—of the Guisanne,—of the Isere,—was there not many a soul in those localities that stood in need of the Gospel? and if he should run any risk, were not those forests, caverns, and steep rocks, which had been the familiar haunts of his childhood, at hand to afford him their shelter? He began therefore to traverse the country, preaching in private dwellings and secluded meadows, and retiring for shelter to the woods and overhanging torrents. It was a training by which God was preparing him for other trials: "Crosses, persecutions, and the lying-in-wait of Satan, of which I had intimation, were not wanting," said he; "they were even much more than I could have borne in my own strength, but God is my father: He has ministered, and will for ever minister to me all needful strength." Very many of the inhabitants of these countries received the truth from his lips; and thus the same persecution that drove Farel from Paris and Meaux was the means of diffusing the Reformation in the countries of the Saone, the Rhone, and the Alps. In all ages, it has been found that they who have been scattered abroad, *have gone everywhere preaching the word of God.*" (Acts viii.)

Among the Frenchmen who were at this time gained over to the Gospel, was a Dauphinese gentleman, the Knight Anemond de Coct, the younger son of the auditor of Coct, the lord of Chatelard. Active, ardent, truly pious, and opposed to the generally received veneration of relics, processions and clergy, Anemond readily received the evangelic doctrine, and was soon entirely devoted to it. He could not patiently endure the formality that reigned around him, and it was his wish to see all the ceremonies of the Church abolished. "The religion of the heart, the inward worship of the Spirit, was everything in his estimation: "Never," said he, "has my mind found any rest in externals. The sum of Christianity is in that text,—'John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.' We must become 'new creatures.'"

Coct, endued with the vivacity of his nation, spoke and wrote one day in French, the next in Latin. He read and quoted Donatus, Thomas Aquinas, Juvenal, and the Bible! His style was brief, and marked by abrupt transitions. Ever restless, he would present himself wherever a door seemed to be open to the Gospel, or a famous teacher was to be heard. His cordiality won the affection of all his acquaintances. "He is a man of distinction, both for his birth and his learning," observed Zwingle, at a later period, "but yet more distinguished for his piety and obliging disposition." Anemond is a sort of type of many Frenchmen of the Reformed opinions: vivacity, simplicity, a zeal which passes readily into imprudence,—such are the qualities often recurring among those of his countrymen who have embraced the Gospel. But at the very opposite extreme of the French character, we behold the grave aspect of Calvin, serving as a weighty counterpoise to the light step of Coct. Calvin and Anemond are as the two poles between whom the religious world of France revolves.

No sooner had Anemond received from Farel the knowledge of Jesus Christ than he set about winning souls to that doctrine of "spirit and life." His father was no more. His elder brother,—of a stern and haughty temper,—disdainfully repulsed his advances. Laurent,—the youngest of the family, and affectionately attached to him,—seemed but half to enter into the understanding of his words, and Anemond, disappointed in his



A CHRISTIAN'S MARTYRDOM.

own family, turned his activity in another direction.

Hitherto it was among the laity only that this awakening in Dauphiny had been known. Farel, Anemond, and their friends, wished much to see a priest taking the lead in the movement, which promised to make itself felt throughout the Alps. There dwelt at Grenoble a curate,—a minorite, by name Pierre de Sebville, famed for the eloquence of his preaching, right-minded and simple,—"conferring not with flesh and blood,"—and whom God, by gradual process, was drawing to the knowledge of Himself. It was not long before Sebville was brought to the acknowledgment that there is no unerring Teacher save the word of the Lord; and, relinquishing such teaching as rests only on the witness of men, he determined in his heart to preach a Gospel, at once "clear, pure, and holy." These three words exhibit the complete character of the Reformation. Coct and Farel rejoiced to hear this new preacher of Grace raising his powerful voice in their country; and they concluded that their own presence would thenceforth be less necessary.

The more the awakening spread, the more violently did opposition arise. Anemond, longing to know more of Luther, Zwingle, and of the countries which had been the birthplace of the Reformation,—and indignant at finding the Gospel rejected by his own countrymen, resolved to bid farewell to his country and family. He made his will,—settling his property, then in the hands of his elder brother, the lord of Chatelard, on his brother Laurent.* This done, he quitted Dauphiny and France, and passing over, with impetuous haste, countries which were then not traversed without much difficulty, he went through Switzerland, and scarcely stopping at Basle, arrived at Wittemberg, where Luther then was. It was shortly after the second diet at Nuremberg. The French gentleman accosted the Saxon Doctor with his accustomed vivacity,—spoke with enthusiastic warmth concerning the Gospel,—and dwelt largely on the plans he had formed for the propagation of the truth. The grave Saxon smiled as he listened to the southern imagination of the speaker; and Luther, who had some prejudices against the national character of the French, —was won and carried away by Anemond. The thought that this gentleman had made the journey from France to Wittemberg, for the Gospel's sake, affected him. "Certainly," remarked the Reformer to his friends, "that French knight is an excellent man, and both learned and pious:" and Zwingle formed a similar opinion of him.

Anemond having seen what had been effected by the agency of Luther and Zwingle, imagined that if they would but take in hand France and Savoy, nothing could stand against them; and accordingly, failing to persuade them to remove thither, he earnestly desired of them that, at least, they would write. He particularly besought Luther to address a letter to Charles Duke of Savoy, brother of Louisa and of Philibert, and uncle to Francis the First and Margaret. "That prince," observed he to Luther, "is much drawn to piety and true religion, and he takes pleasure in conversing concerning the Reformation with certain persons at his court. He is just the one to enter into your views,—for his motto is, '*Nihil deest timentibus Deum*;'* and that is your own maxim. Assailed alternately by the Empire and by France, humbled, broken in spirit, and continually in danger, his heart knows its need of God and His grace: all he wants is to be impelled to action: once gained over to the Gospel, his influence would be immense in Switzerland, Savoy, and France. Pray write to him."

Luther was a thorough German, and would not have been at ease beyond the frontier of his own nation. Yet, in true catholicity of heart, his hand was immediately put out where he recognised brethren; and wherever a word might be spoken with effect, he took care to make it heard. Sometimes on the same day he would write letters to countries separated by the widest distances,—as the Netherlands, Savoy, Livonia.

"Assuredly," he answered Anemond, "a love for the Gospel is a rare and inestimable jewel in a prince's crown." And he proceeded to write to the Duke a letter which Anemond probably carried with him as far as Switzerland.

"I beg your Highness's pardon," wrote Luther, "if I, a poor and unfriended monk, venture to address you; or rather I would ask of your Highness to ascribe this boldness of mine to the glory of the Gospel,—for I cannot see that glorious light arise and shine in any quarter, without exulting at the sight. . . . My hope is, that my Lord Jesus Christ may win over many souls by the power of your Serene Highness's example. Therefore it is I desire to instruct you in our teaching. We believe that the very beginning of salvation and the sum of Christianity consists in faith in Christ, who, by his blood alone,—and not by any works of ours,—has put away Sin, and destroyed the power of death. We believe that this faith is God's gift, formed in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and not attained by any effort of our own;—for faith is a principle of life, begetting man spiritually, and making him a new creature."

Luther passed thence to the effects of faith, and showed that it was not possible to be possessed of that faith without the superstructure of false doctrine and human merits,—built up so laboriously by the Church,—being at once swept away. "If Grace," said he, "is the purchase of Christ's blood, it follows

* "My brother Anemond Coct, when setting forth from this country, made me his heir." (MS. Letters in the Library at Neufchâtel.)

* "They that fear God shall want no good thing." (Hist. Gén. de la Maison de Savoie par Guichenon, ii. p. 228.)

that it is not the purchase of works of ours. Hence the whole train of works of all the cloisters in the world are,—for this purpose,—useless; and such institutions should be abolished, as opposed to the blood of Jesus Christ, and as leading men to trust in their own good works. Ingrafted in Christ, nothing remains for us but to do good; because being become good trees, we ought to give proof of it by bearing good fruits."

"Gracious Prince and Lord," said Luther, in conclusion: "May your Highness, having made so happy a beginning, help to spread this doctrine,—not by the sword, which would be a hinderance to the Gospel,—but by inviting to your states teachers who preach the Word. It is by the breath of His mouth that Jesus will destroy Antichrist; so that, as Daniel describes, he may be broken without hand. Therefore, most Serene Prince, let your Highness cherish that spark that has been kindled in your heart. Let a flame go forth from the house of Savoy, as once from the house of Joseph. May all France be as stubble before that fire. May it burn, blaze, purify,—that so that renowned kingdom may truly take the title of '*Most Christian*,'—which it has hitherto received only in reward of blood shed in the cause of Antichrist."

Thus did Luther endeavour to diffuse the Gospel in France. We have no means of knowing the effect of this letter on the Prince; but we do not find that he ever gave signs of a wish to detach himself from Rome. In 1523, he requested Adrian VI. to be godfather to his first-born son; and at a later period, we find the Pope promising him a cardinal's hat for his second son. Anemond, after making an effort to be admitted to see the court and Elector of Saxony, and, for this purpose, providing himself with a letter from Luther, returned to Basle, more than ever resolved to risk his life in the cause of the Gospel. In the ardour of his purpose he would have roused the entire nation. "All that I am, or ever can be," said he,—"All I have or ever can have, it is my earnest desire to devote to the glory of God."

At Basle, Anemond found his countryman Farel. The letters of Anemond had excited in him a great desire to be personally acquainted with the Swiss and German Reformers. Moreover, Farel felt the need of a sphere in which his activity might be more freely put forth. He accordingly quitted France, which already offered only the scaffold to the preachers of a pure Gospel. Taking by-paths, and hiding in the woods, he with difficulty escaped out of the hands of his enemies. Often had he mistaken the direction in which his route lay. "God," observes he, "designs, by my helplessness in these little matters, to teach me how helpless I am in greater things." At length he entered Switzerland, in the beginning of 1524. There he was destined to spend his life in the service of the Gospel: and then it was that France began to pour into Switzerland those noble heralds of the Gospel who were to seat the Reformation in *Romane* Switzerland, and communicate to it a new and powerful impulse throughout and far beyond the limits of the confederated cantons.

The catholicity of the Reformation is a beautiful character in its history. The Germans pass into Switzerland—the French into Germany—and, at a somewhat later period, we see the English and the Scotch passing to the Continent, and the Continental teachers to Great Britain. The Reformations of the several countries take their rise independently of each other; but as soon as they look around them, their hands are held out to each other. To them there is one Faith, one Spirit, one Lord. It is an error to treat the history of the Reformation in connection with any single country: the work was one and the same in all lands; and the Protestant Churches were from the very beginning, a "whole body fitly joined together." Eph. iv. 16.

Certain persons who had fled from France and Lorraine, at this time, formed in the city of Basle a French Church, whose members had escaped from the scaffold. These persons had spread the report of Lefevre, Farel, and the events that had occurred at Meaux; and when Farel entered Switzerland he was already known as one of the most fearless heralds of the truth.

He was immediately introduced to Œcolampadius, who, some time before this, had returned to Basle. Seldom does it happen that two characters more opposite are brought together. Œcolampadius charmed by his gentleness; Farel carried away his hearers by his earnestness; but from the moment they met, these two men felt themselves one in heart. It resembled the first meeting of Luther and Melancthon. Œcolampadius bade him welcome, gave him an apartment in his house, received him at his table, and introduced him to his friends; and it was not long before the learning, piety, and courage of the young Frenchman won the hearts of his new friends. Pellican, Imelia, Wolfhard, and others of the preachers of Basle, were fortified in their faith by the energy of his exhortations. Œcolampadius was just then suffering under depression of spirits:—"Alas," he wrote to Zwingle, "it is in vain I preach; I see no hope of any effect being produced. Perhaps among the *Turks* I might succeed better." "Oh," added he, sighing, "I ascribe the failure to myself alone." But the more he saw of Farel, the more his heart felt encouragement; and the courage he derived from the Frenchman laid the ground of an undying affection. "Dear Farel," said he to him, "I trust the Lord will make ours a friendship for all eternity; and if we are parted below, our joy will only be the greater when we shall be gathered in presence of Christ in the heavens?" Pious and affecting thoughts. The coming of Farel was evidently help from above.

But whilst the Frenchman took delight in the society of Œcolampadius, he drew back with cool independence from a man at whose

feet the principal nations of Christendom paid homage. The prince of scholars, the man whose smile and words were objects of general ambition, the teacher of that age—Erasmus, was passed over by Farel. The young Dauphinese had declined to pay his respects to the venerated philosopher of Rotterdam—having no relish for those who are never more than half-hearted for truth, and who in the clear understanding of the consequences of error, are nevertheless full of allowances for those who propagate it. Accordingly, we have in Farel that decision which has become one of the distinguishing characters of the Reformation in France, and in those cantons of Switzerland bordering on France—characters which have been by some deemed stiffness, exclusiveness, and intolerance. A controversy had commenced between Erasmus and Lefevre, arising out of the commentaries put forth by the latter; and in all companies, parties were divided for the one and against the other. Farel had unhesitatingly ranged himself on the side of his teacher. But that which chiefly roused his indignation was the cowardly course pursued by the philosopher toward the evangelical party;—Erasmus's doors were closed against them. That being the case, Farel will not enter them! To him, this was felt to be no loss; convinced as he was that the very ground of a true theology, the piety of the heart, was wanting to Erasmus. "Frobenius's *wife* knows more of theology than he does," remarked Farel; and stung by the intelligence that Erasmus had written to the Pope, advising him how to set about "extinguishing the spread of Lutheranism," he publicly declared that Erasmus was endeavouring to stifle the Gospel.

This independence of young Farel disturbed the composure of the man of learning. Princes, kings, learned men, bishops, priests, and men of the world, all were ready to offer him the tribute of their admiration. Luther himself had treated him with respect, so far as he was personally mixed up in this controversy; and this Dauphinese, a nameless refugee, ventured to brave his power. So insolent a freedom caused Erasmus more annoyance than the homage of the world at large could give him joy; and hence he lost no opportunity of venting his spite against Farel. Moreover, in assailing him, he contributed to clear himself, in the judgment of the Roman Catholics, of the suspicion of heresy. "I never met with such a liar, such a restless seditious spirit as that man," observed he; "his heart is full of vanity, and his tongue charged with malice." But the anger of Erasmus did not stop at Farel; it was directed against all the Frenchmen who had sought refuge at Basle, and whose frankness and decision were an offence to him. They paid evidently no respect to persons; and wherever the truth was not frankly confessed, they took no notice of the man, how great soever his genius might be. Wanting, perhaps, in the graciousness of the Gospel, there was in their faithfulness that which reminds one of the prophets of old: and it is truly delightful to contemplate men who stand erect before that to which the world bows down Erasmus, astonished by this lofty disdain, complained of it in all companies. "What mean we," wrote he to Melancthon, "to reject pontiffs and bishops, only to submit to the insolence of more cruel ragamuffin tyrants and madmen; for such it is that France has given us." "There are some Frenchmen," he wrote to the Pope's secretary, (at the same time sending him his book on Free Will,) "who are even more insane then the Germans themselves. They have ever on their lips these five words: *Gospel, Word of God, Faith, Christ, Holy Spirit;* and yet I doubt not but that it is the spirit of Satan that urges themon." Inplace of Farellus he often wrote *Fallicus*, thus designating as a cheat and deceiver one of the most frank-hearted men of his age.

The rage and anger of Erasmus were at their height, when information arrived that Farel had termed him a *Balaam*. Farel thought that Erasmus, like that prophet, was (perhaps unconsciously) swayed by gifts to curse the people of God. The man of learning, no longer able to restrain himself, resolved to chastise the daring Dauphinese: and one day, when Farel was discussing certain topics of Christian doctrine with some friends, in the presence of Erasmus, the latter rudely interrupted him with the question,—"On what ground do you call me Balaam?" Farel, who was at first disconcerted by the abruptness of the question, soon recovered himself, and made answer that it was not he who had given him that name. Being pressed to say who it was, he mentioned Du Blet of Lyons, who like himself had sought refuge at Basle. "Perhaps he may have made use of the expression," replied Erasmus, "but it is yourself who taught it him." Then ashamed to have lost his temper, he hastily changed the subject:—"Why is it," asked he, "that you assert that we are not to invoke the saints? Is it because Holy Scripture does not enjoin the practice?"—"It is," answered the Frenchman. "Well," said the man of learning, "I call on you to show from Scripture that we should invoke the Holy Ghost?" Farel gave this clear and solid answer: "If He be God, we must invoke Him."

"I dropt the conversation," said Erasmus, "for the night was closing in."* From that time, whenever Farel's name came under his pen, the opportunity was taken to represent him as a hateful person, on every account to be shunned. The Reformer's letters are, on the contrary, marked by moderation as regards Erasmus. Even in those most constitutionally hasty, the Gospel is a more gracious thing than Philosophy.

The Evangelic doctrine had already many friends in Basle, in the town-council, and among the people; but the Doctors and the

* Omissa disputatione, nam imminebat nox. (Ibid.) We have only Erasmus's account of this conversation; he himself reports that Farel gave a very different account of it.

University opposed it to the utmost of their power. Œcolampadius and Stor, pastor at Liestal, had maintained certain theses against them. Farel thought it well to assert in Switzerland also the great maxim of the Evangelic school of Paris and of Meaux,—*God's Word is all-sufficient.* He requested permission of the University to maintain some theses, —"the rather," he modestly added, "to be reproved if I am in error, than to teach others." But the University refused its permission.

Farel then appealed to the Council, and the Council issued public notice, that a Christian man, by name William Farel, having, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, prepared certain articles conformable to the Gospel, leave was given him to maintain the same in Latin. The University forbade all priests and students to be present at the conference, and the Council met the prohibition by one of an opposite tenor.

The following are some of the thirteen propositions that Farel put forth:—

"Christ has left us the most perfect rule of life; no one can lawfully take away, or add any thing thereto."

"To shape our lives by any other precepts than those of Christ leads directly to impiety."

"The true ministry of priests is to attend only to the ministry of the Word; and for them there is no higher dignity."

"To take from the *certainty* of the Gospel of Christ is to destroy it."

"He who thinks to be justified by any strength or merits of his own, and not by *faith*, puts himself in the place of God."

"Jesus Christ, who is head over all things, is our polar star, and the only guide we ought to follow."

Thus did this native of France stand up at Basle. A child of the mountains of Dauphiny, brought up at Paris, at the feet of Lefevre, thus boldly proclaimed in the celebrated Swiss University, and in presence of Erasmus, the great principles of the Reformation. Two leading ideas pervaded Farel's theses,—the one involved a return to the Scripture, the other a return to the Faith,—two movements distinctly condemned by the Papacy at the beginning of the eighteenth century as heretical and impious, in the celebrated constitution *Unigenitus*, and which, ever closely connected with each other, in reality overturn the whole of the Papal system. If Faith in Christ is the beginning and end of Christianity, the word of Christ, and not the voice of the Church is that to which we must adhere. Nor is this all; for if Faith unites in one the souls of believers, what signifies an external bond? Can that holy union depend for its existence on croziers, bulls, or tiaras? Faith knits together in spiritual and true oneness all those in whose hearts it has taken up its abode. Thus at one blow disappeared the triple delusion of human deservings, traditions of men, and simulated unity. And these compose the sum of Roman Catholicism.

The discussion was opened in Latin. Farel and Œcolampadius stated and established their articles, calling repeatedly upon those who differed from them to make answer; but none answered to the call. The sophists, as Œcolampadius terms them, boldly denied them, —but from their skulking corners. The people, therefore, began to look with contempt upon the cowardice of their priests, and learned to despise their tyranny.

Thus did Farel take his stand among the defenders of the Reformation. So much learning and piety rejoiced the hearts of observers, and already more signal victories were looked forward to.—"He is singly more than a match for all the Sorbonne put together," said they. His openness, sincerity, and candour, charmed all. But in the very height of his activity he did not forget that every mission must begin at our own souls. The mild Œcolampadius made with the earnest-hearted Farel an agreement, by which they mutually engaged to exercise themselves in humility and gentleness in their familiar intercourse. Thus on the very field of contention were these courageous men engaged in composing their souls to peace. —The impetuous zeal of Luther and of Farel were not unfrequently necessary virtues; for a degree of effort is required to move society and recast the Church. In our days we are very apt to forget this truth, which then was acknowledged by men of the mildest character. "Some there are," said Œcolampadius to Luther, in introducing Farel to him, "who would moderate his zeal against the opposers of the truth; but I cannot help discerning in that same zeal a wonderful virtue, and which, if but well directed, is not less needed than gentleness itself." Posterity has ratified the judgment of Œcolampadius.

In the month of May, 1524, Farel, with some friends from Lyons, repaired to Schaffhausen, Zurich, and Constance. Zwingle and Myconius welcomed with the liveliest joy the French refugee, and Farel never forgot the kindness of that welcome. But on his return to Basle he found Erasmus and others of his enemies at work, and received an order to quit the city. His friends loudly expressed their displeasure at this stretch of authority—but in vain, and he was driven from that Swiss territory which was even then regarded as an asylum for signal misfortunes.—"Such is our hospitality!" ejaculated Œcolampadius in indignation: "We are a people like unto Sodom."

At Basle, Farel had contracted a close friendship with the knight D'Esch—the latter resolved to bear him company, and they set forth, provided by Œcolampadius with letters for Capito and Luther, to whom the doctor of Basle commended Farel as the same William who had laboured so abundantly in the work of God. At Strasburg, Farel formed an intimacy with Capito, Bucer, and Hedio—but we have no account of his having gone to Wittemberg.

When God withdraws his servants from the field of combat, it is commonly that they may be again brought forward in increased

strength and more completely armed for the conflict. Farel and his companions from Meaux, from Metz, from Lyons, and from Dauphiny, driven by persecution from France, had been tempered with new firmness in Switzerland and in Germany, in the society of the early Reformers; and now, like soldiers scattered by the first charge of the enemy, but instantly collecting again their force, they were about to turn round and go forward in the name of the Lord. Not only on the frontiers, but in the interior of France, the friends of the Gospel were beginning to take courage. The signal was made—the combatants were arming for the assault—the word was given. "Jesus, his truth and grace"—a word of more power than the clang of arms in the tug of war, filled all hearts with enthusiasm, and all gave omen of a campaign pregnant with new victories and new and more wide-spreading calamities.

Montbeliard at this time stood in need of a labourer in the Gospel. Duke Ulric of Wurtemberg—young, impetuous and cruel—having been dispossessed of his hereditary states in 1519 by the Suabian league, had retired to that province, his last remaining possession. In Switzerland he became acquainted with the Reformers. His misfortunes had a wholesome effect, and he listened to the truth. Œcolampadius apprized Farel that a door was opened at Montbeliard, and the latter secretly repaired to Basle.

Farel had not regularly entered on the ministry of the word; but at this period of his life we see in him all the qualifications of a servant of the Lord. It was not lightly or rashly that he entered the service of the Church.—"If I considered my own qualifications," said he, "I would not have presumed to preach, but would have preferred to wait till the Lord should send more gifted persons." But he received at this time three several calls. No sooner had he reached Basle than Œcolampadius, moved by the wants of France, besought him to give himself to the work *there*. "Consider," said he, "how little Jesus is made known in their language—will you not teach them a little in their own dialect, to enable them to understand the Scriptures." At the same time the inhabitants of Montbeliard invited him among them, and lastly, the prince of that country gave his assent to the invitation. Was not this a thrice repeated call from God?" . . "I did not see," said he, "how I could refuse to act upon it. It was in obedience to God that I complied with it." Concealed in the house of Œcolampadius, little disposed to take the responsible post offered to him, and yet constrained to yield to so manifest an indication of God's will, Farel undertook the task—and Œcolampadius, calling upon the Lord, ordained him, giving him at the same time some wise counsels.—"The more you find yourselves inclined to vehemence," said he, "the more must you exercise yourself to maintain a gentle bearing;—temper your lion heart with the softness of the dove." The soul of Farel responded to such an appeal.

Thus Farel,—once the devoted adherent of the ancient Church,—was about to enter on the life of a servant of God, and of the Church in its renewed youth. If, in order to a valid ordination, Rome requires the imposition of the hands of a bishop deriving uninterrupted succession and descent from the Apostles, she does so—because she sets the tradition of men above the authority of the word of God. Every church in which the supremacy of the Word is not acknowledged, must needs seek authority from some other source;—and then what more natural than to turn to the most revered servants of God, and ask *of them* what we do not know that we have in God himself? If we do not speak *in the name of Jesus Christ*, is it not at least something gained to be able to speak in the name of St. John or of St. Paul? One who has with him the voice of antiquity is indeed more than a match for the rationalist, who speaks only his own thought. But Christ's minister has yet a higher authority. He preaches,—not because he is the successor of St. Chrysostom or St. Peter—but because the Word which he proclaims is from God. Successional authority,—venerable as it may appear,—is yet no more than a thing of man's invention, in place of God's appointment. In Farel's ordination, we see nothing of successionally derived sanction. Nay, more, we do not see in it that which becomes the congregations of the Lord,—among whom every thing should be done "*decently and in order*," and whose God is "*not the God of confusion*." In his case there was no setting apart by the Church; but then extraordinary emergencies justify extraordinary measures. At this eventful period, God himself was interposing, and Himself ordaining, by marvellous dispensations, those whom he called to bear a part in the regeneration of society; and *that* was an ordination that abundantly compensated for the absence of the Church's seal. In Farel's ordination we see the unchanging word of God, intrusted to a man of God, to bear it to the world;—the calling of God and of the people, and the consecration of the heart.—And perhaps no minister of Rome or of Geneva was ever more lawfully ordained for that holy ministry. Farel took his departure for Montbeliard, in company with the knight D'Esch.

Thus did Farel find himself occupying an advanced post. Behind him were Basle and Strasburg, assisting him by their advice and by the productions of their printing presses. Before him lay the provinces of Franchecomté, Burgundy, Lorraine, Lyons, and other districts of France; wherein men of God were beginning to stand up against error, in the thick darkness. He set himself immediately to preach Christ,—exhorting believers not to suffer themselves to be turned aside from the Holy Scriptures, either by threatenings or artifice. Taking the part long afterwards

taken by Calvin on a grander scale, Farel, at Montbeliard, was like a general stationed on a height, surveying, with searching vigilance, the field of battle, cheering those who were actively engaged, rallying those whom the enemy's charge had forced to give way, and by his courage animating those who hung back.* Erasmus wrote directly to his Roman Catholic friends, informing them that a Frenchman, escaped out of France, was making a great noise in these regions.

The efforts of Farel were not without effect. People wrote to him: "On all sides seem to multiply men who devote their lives to the extension of Christ's kingdom." The friends of the Gospel gave thanks to God for the daily increasing brilliancy in which the Gospel shone in France. Gainsayers were confounded, and Erasmus, writing to the bishop of Rochester, observed,—"The *faction* is every day spreading, and has penetrated into Savoy, Lorraine, and France."

For a considerable time Lyons seemed the centre of the Evangelic movement in the interior, as Basle was of that beyond the frontiers. Francis the First, called to the south, on an expedition against Charles V., arrived in those countries, attended by his mother and sister, and by his court. Margaret had with her, in her company, certain men who had embraced the Gospel. "The rest of her people she left behind," remarks a letter written at the time. Whilst under the eyes of Francis, 14,000 Swiss, 6,000 Frenchmen, and 1,500 noble knights, were defiling through Lyons, on their way to repel the Imperial army that had invaded Provence, and that great city resounded with the clang of arms, the tramp of cavalry, and the sound of trumpets,—the friends of the Gospel were on their way to the more peaceful triumphs. They were intent on attempting, at Lyons, what they had not been able to realize at Paris. Remote from the Sorbonne and the Parliament, a freer course might be open to God's word. Perhaps the second city of the kingdom was destined to be the first wherein the Gospel should be received. Was it not there that the excellent Peter Waldo had begun to make known the divine Word? In that earlier age he had roused the national mind. Now that God had made all things ready to emancipate His church, was there not ground to hope for more extensive and decisive results? Accordingly, the Lyonese, who in general were not, it must be confessed, "poor men," began to handle, with more confidence, the "sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."

Among those about Margaret's person, was her almoner. Michel d'Arande. The Duchess gave direction that the Gospel should be publicly preached in Lyons, and master Michel boldly proclaimed the pure word of God to a numerous auditory,—attracted partly by the good tidings, and partly by the favour with which the preacher and his preaching were regarded by the sister of their king.

Anthony Papillon, a man of cultivated mind, an accomplished Latinist, a friend of Erasmus, the earliest of his countrymen thoroughly instructed in the Gospel, accompanied the Princess. At Margaret's request he had translated Luther's tract on the monk's vows, "on which account he was often called in question by that vermin of the city of Paris," remarks Sebville. But Margaret had protected the scholar from the enmity of the Sorbonne, and had obtained for him the appointment of chief master of requests to the Dauphin, with a seat in the council. He was almost equally useful to the Gospel by the sacrifices he made for its cause as by his great prudence. Vaugris, a merchant, and Anthony Du Blet, a gentleman, and a friend of Farel, were the principal persons who took part with the Reformation at Lyons. The latter, whose activity was untiring, served as a sort of connecting link between the Christians scattered throughout those countries, and was the medium of their intercourse with Basle. The armed bands of Francis the First had done no more than traverse Lyons, whilst the spiritual soldiery of Jesus Christ had paused within it, and leaving the former to carry war into Provence, they commenced the "fight of faith" in the city of Lyons itself.

But their efforts were not confined to Lyons. Casting their eyes over the surrounding country, their operations were carried on, at one and the same time, at different points; and the Christians of Lyons supported and encouraged the confessors of Christ in the adjacent provinces, and bore His name where as yet it was not known. The new teaching reascended the banks of the Saone, and the voice of one "bringing the glad tidings" was heard in the narrow and irregular streets of Macon. Michel d'Arande, the almoner of the king's sister, himself visited that place in 1524, and, by Margaret's intercession, obtained license to preach in a town which was afterwards deluged with blood, and became forever memorable for its *sauteries*.

After extending their travels in the direction of the Saone, the Christians of Lyons, ever looking for an open door, reascended the acclivities of the Alps. There was, at Lyons, a Dominican named Maigret, who had been expelled from Dauphiny, where he had preached the new doctrine with singular boldness, and who earnestly requested that some one would go over and help his brethren of Grenoble and Gap. Papillon and Du Blet repaired thither.* A violent storm had

* The comparison is in the words of a friend who was acquainted with Farel, during his abode at Montbeliard:—Strenuum et oculatum imperatorem, qui iis etiam animum facias qui in acie versantur. (Toesanus Farello, MS. de Neufchâtel. 2d Sept. 1524.)

* Il y a eu deux grands personages à Grenoble. (Coct à Farel, Dec. 1524, MS. de Neufchâtel.) The title *Messire* is given to Du Blet, indicating a person of rank. I incline to think that that of *negotiator*, elsewhere given him, refers to his activity: yet he might be a merchant of Lyons

just broken out there against Sebville and his preaching. The Dominicans moved heaven and earth, and, in their rage at the escape of Farel, Anemond, Maigret, and the other preachers, sought to crush such as were within their clutches. They, therefore, insisted that Sebville should be arrested.

The friends of the Gospel at Grenoble aught the alarm. Was Sebville, also, on the eve of being lost to them? Margaret interceded with her brother. Some persons of distinction at Grenoble, including the king's advocate, either secretly or avowedly favourable to the Gospel, exerted themselves in his behalf; and he was happily rescued from the fury of his enemies.

His life was indeed saved, but his mouth was stopped. "Remain silent," said his friends, "or you will be brought to the scaffold." "Only think what it is," wrote he to De Coct, "to have silence imposed upon me, under pain of death." Some, whose firmness had been most relied on, were overawed by these threatenings. The king's advocate, and others, exhibited marked coldness, and many returned to the Roman Catholic communion, alleging that they would still offer to God a spiritual worship in the privacy of their hearts, and give to the outward observances of Catholicism a spiritual interpretation:—a melancholy snare, and one that leads men from one act of unfaithfulness to another. There is no false system adhesion to which may not in this way be justified. The unbeliever, taking up with fancied myths and allegories, will preach Christ from the pulpit:—and the follower of a superstition held in abhorrence among the heathen, will, by a moderate exercise of ingenuity, trace in it the symbol of a pure and elevated thought. In religion the very first essential is truth. There were, however, some of the Christians of Grenoble, and among them Amedee Galbert and a cousin of Anemond, who held fast to their faith. These men of piety were accustomed secretly to meet together with Sebville at each other's houses, and thus "spake often one to another." Their place of meeting was chosen for the sake of its retirement; they met at night in the apartment of a brother, with closed doors, to pray to Christ,—as if they had been robbers meeting for some guilty purpose! Rumour would often follow them to their humble meeting with some groundless alarm. Their enemies winked at such secret conventicles, but they had inwardly doomed to the stake any one who should venture to open his lips in public to speak the word of God.

It was at this juncture that Du Blet and Papillon arrived in Grenoble. Finding that Sebville had been silenced, they exhorted him to go to Lyons, and there preach Christ. The following Lent promised to afford him the favourable opportunity of a vast crowd of hearers. Michel d'Arande, Maigret, and Sebville agreed together to put themselves in front of the battle, and thus all was arranged for an impressive testimony to the truth in the second city of the kingdom. The rumour of the approaching Lent spread into Switzerland: "Sebville is at large, and is purposing to preach at Lyons, in the church of St. Paul," wrote Anemond to Farel. But disasters, bringing with them confusion throughout France, intervened, and prevented the spiritual contest. It is in periods of tranquillity that the Gospel achieves its blessed conquests. The battle of Pavia, which took place in the month of February, disconcerted the bold project of the Reformers.

Meanwhile, without waiting for Sebville, Maigret, amidst much opposition from the clergy and the monks, had from the beginning of the winter been preaching at Lyons, Salvation by Christ alone. In his sermons, he passed over the worship of the creature,—the saints,—the Virgin,—and the power of the priesthood. The great mystery of Godliness,—"God manifest in the flesh,"—was the one great doctrine exalted by him. "The early heresies of the Poor Men of Lyons were again showing themselves under a more dangerous form than ever," it was remarked. In spite of opposers, Maigret continued his preaching: the faith that animated him found utterance in emphatic words; it is in the very nature of Truth to embolden the heart that receives it. Nevertheless, it was decreed that at Lyons, as at Grenoble, Rome should get the upper hand. Under the very eyes of Margaret, the preacher was arrested, dragged through the streets, and committed to prison. Vaugris, a merchant who was just then leaving the town on his way to Switzerland, carried with him the news of what had happened. One thought cheered the melancholy these tidings diffused among the friends of the Reformation,—"Maigret is seized," said they, "but thanks be to God, *Madame d'Alençon* is on the spot."

Their hopes soon left them. The Sorbonne had formally condemned certain propositions maintained by the faithful preacher; Margaret, whose position was every day becoming more embarrassing, beheld the daring of the Reformers and the hatred of those in power both rising at the same moment. Francis the First was beginning to lose patience at the restless zeal of the preachers, and to regard them as fanatics whom it was good policy to reduce to submission. Margaret, therefore, fluctuating between her desires to serve her brethren in Christ, and the failure of her ability to preserve them, sent them word that they were to abstain from rushing into new difficulties, seeing that she could not again make application to the king in their behalf. The friends of the Gospel believed that this resolution could not be irrevocable: "God give her grace," said they "to say and write only what is needful to poor souls." But even if they should lose this help of man, Christ was with them,—and it seemed well that the soul should be stripped of other dependence, that it might lean upon God alone.

The friends of the Gospel had lost their power, and the powerful were declaring against it. Margaret was alarmed. Soon—heavy news, received from beyond the Alps, was to plunge the whole kingdom into mourning,—absorbing attention in the one object of saving France and her king. But if the Christians of Lyons were motionless, did not Basle contain within its walls soldiers escaped from the battle, and ready to renew it? The exiles from France have never forgotten her: banished for three centuries by Roman fanaticism, we see their last descendants carrying to the towns and plains of their father-land, the treasure of which the Pope deprives them. At the crisis, when the good soldiers of Christ in France dejectedly threw away their arms, we see the refugees at Basle preparing for renewed efforts. With the example before their eyes of the sceptre of St. Louis and of Charlemagne falling from the grasp of a Francis the First, should they not be incited to lay hold on a "kingdom which cannot be moved?" Heb. xii. 28.

Farel, Anemond, Esch, Toussaint, and their friends in Switzerland, composed an Evangelical Association, having for its object the deliverance of their country from spiritual darkness. Intelligence reached them from all sides, that there was an increasing thirst after God's word in France; it was desirable to take advantage of it, and to water and sow the seed while yet it was seed-time. Œcolampadius, Oswald Myconius, and Zwingle, continually encouraged them to this. The Swiss teacher, Myconius, wrote thus in January, 1525, to De Coct: "Exiled as you are from your country by the tyranny of Antichrist, your presence amongst us is the proof that you have courageously stood forth in the cause of Truth. The oppressions of *Christian* Bishops will lead the people to regard them as no better than deceivers. Stand fast; the time is not distant when we shall arrive in the wished-for haven, whether we be struck down by the oppressors or they themselves be cast down, and all will then be well with us, if we do but continue faithful to Jesus Christ."

These cheering words were precious indeed to the French refugees; but just then, a blow struck by those very Christians of Switzerland, and of Germany, who sought to cheer them, carried grief to their hearts. In the feeling of their recent escape from the fires of persecution, they, at this time, beheld with dismay the evangelical Christians beyond the Rhine disturbing their repose by their deplorable differences. The controversy, in relation to the Lord's Supper, had begun. Deeply affected, and feeling the need of mutual love, the French Reformers would have made any sacrifice to conciliate the divergent parties. It became the great object of their desire. None more than they felt from the outset the need of Christian unity. At a later period, Calvin afforded proof of this. "Would to God," said Peter Toussaint, "that, by my worthless blood, I could purchase peace, concord, and union in Christ Jesus." The French, gifted with quick discernment, saw, from the very beginning, how the rising dissensions would stand in the way of the Reformation. "All would go favourably beyond our hopes, if we were but agreed among ourselves. Many there are who would gladly come to the light, but they are prevented by seeing such divisions among the learned."

The French were the first to suggest conciliatory advances: "Why," wrote they from Strasburg, "why not send Bucer or some other man of learning to confer with Luther? The more we delay the wider will our differences become." These fears seemed every day more founded.

Failing in their endeavours, these Christians turned their eyes towards France, and the conversion of their own country to the faith thenceforth exclusively engaged the hearts of these generous men, whom history,—so loud in praise of men who have sought only their own glory,—has, for three centuries, scarcely mentioned. Cast upon a foreign soil, they threw themselves on their knees, and, daily in their solitude, called down blessings from God upon their fatherland. *Prayer* was the great instrument by which the Gospel spread through the kingdom, and the great engine by which the conquests of the Reformation were achieved.

But there were other men of prayer besides these. Never, perhaps, have the ranks of the Gospel comprised combatants more prompt to suffer in the hour of conflict. They felt the importance of scattering the Scriptures and pious writings in their country, which was still overclouded with the thick darkness of superstition. A spirit of inquiry was dawning in their nation, and it seemed necessary on all sides to unfurl the sails to the wind. Anemond, ever prompt in action, and Michel Bentin, another refugee, resolved to employ, in concert, their zeal and talents. Bentin decided to establish a printing-press at Basle, and the knight to turn to account the little he knew of German, by translating out of that language the more striking tracts written by the Reformers. "Oh!" exclaimed they, rejoicing in their project; "would to God that France were so supplied with Gospel writings that in cottages, and in palaces, in cloisters, and in presbyteries, and in the inner sanctuary of all hearts, a powerful witness might be borne for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."

For such an undertaking funds were necessary,—and the refugees were destitute of funds. Vaugris was then at Basle. Anemond, on parting with him, gave him a letter to the brethren of Lyons, some of whom had considerable possessions in lands, and, notwithstanding they were oppressed, remained faithful to the Gospel. In his letter, he asked their assistance; but that could not at all meet the extent of the need. The Frenchmen resolved to establish several presses at Basle, that should be worked day and night, so as to inundate all France with God's word. At

Meaux, Metz, and other places, there were those rich enough to contribute to this work; and as no one could appeal to Frenchmen with more authority than Farel, it was to him that Anemond made application.

We do not find that the scheme of Anemond was realized; but the work was carried out by others. The presses of Basle were incessantly employed in printing French works, which were forwarded to Farel, and by him introduced into France. One of the earliest of the issues of this Religious Tract Society was Luther's *Exposition of the Lord's Prayer*. "We sell the *Pater* at four deniers de Bâle to private persons," wrote Vaugris—"but to the wholesale dealer, we supply copies at the rate of 200 for two florins, which is something less."

Anemond was accustomed to transmit from Bâle to Farel any profitable books published or received in that city—at one time a tract on ordination, at another, an essay on the education of children. Farel looked through them, composing, translating, and seeming, at one and the same time, all activity, and yet all meditation. Anemond urged on and superintended the printing, and these letters, requests, and books, all these little single sheets, were among the instruments of regeneration to that age. While dissoluteness and profligacy descended from the throne to the lower orders, and darkness spread from the very steps of the altar, these writings, so inconsiderable and unnoticed, alone diffused the beams of light and the seeds of holiness.

But it was especially God's word that the evangelic merchant of Lyons required for his fellow-countrymen. That generation of the sixteenth century, so eager for all that could satisfy the re-awakened intellect, was to receive in its vernacular tongue those early records of the first ages, redolent with the young breath of human nature,—and those holy oracles of apostolic times, bright with the fulness of the revelation of Christ. Vaugris wrote to Farel—"Pray, see if it be not possible to have the New Testament translated by some competent hand;—it would be a great blessing to France, Burgundy, and Savoy. And if you should not be already provided with the proper types, I would order some from Paris or Lyons—but if we have the types at Basle, it would be all the better."

Lefevre had previously published at Meaux, but by detached portions, the books of the New Testament in the French language. Vaugris wished some one to undertake a revision of the whole for a new edition. Lefevre undertook to do so, and, as we have already related, published the entire volume on the 12th October, 1524. Conrad, an uncle of Vaugris, who had also sought an asylum in Basle, sent for a copy. De Coct, happening to be in company with a friend on the 18th November, first saw the book, and was overjoyed. "Lose no time in going to press again," said he, "for I doubt not a vast number of copies will be called for."*

* MS of the Conclave of Neufchâtel.

Thus was the word of God offered to France side by side with those traditions of the Church which Rome is still continually presenting to her. "How can we discern," asked the Reformers, "between what is of man in your traditions and that which is of God, save only by the Scriptures of truth?—The maxims of the Fathers, the decretals of the Church, cannot be the rule of faith: they show us what was the judgment of those earlier divines, but only from the Word can we gather the thoughts of God. Every thing must be tested by Scripture."

In this manner, for the most part, these printed works were circulated. Farel and his friends transmitted the sacred books to certain dealers or *colporteurs*—poor men of good character for piety, who, bearing their precious burden, went through towns and villages—from house to house—in Franchecomté, Burgundy, and the neighbouring districts, knocking at every door. The books were sold to them at a low price, that the interest they had in the sale might make them the more industrious in disposing of them. Thus as early as 1524 there existed in Basle, and having France for the field of their operations, a Bible society—an association of colporteurs—and a religious tract society. It is, then, a mistake to conceive that such efforts date only from our own age; they go back,—at least in the identity of the objects they propose,—not merely to the days of the Reformation, but still further, to the first ages of the Church.

The attention which Farel bestowed on France did not cause him to neglect the places where he resided. Arriving at Montbeliard, towards the end of July, 1524, he had no sooner sown the seed, than, to use the language of Œcolampadius, the first-fruits of the harvest began to appear. Farel, exulting, communicated his success to his friend.—"It is easy," replied the doctor of Basle, "to instil a few dogmas into the ears of our auditors; but God alone can change their hearts."

De Coct, overjoyed with this intelligence, hurried to Peter Toussaint's house. "Tomorrow," said he, with his usual vivacity, "I set off to visit Farel." Toussaint, more calm, was then writing to the evangelist of Montbeliard: "Have a care," wrote he; "the cause you have taken in hand is of solemn importance, and should not be contaminated by the counsels of men. The great ones may promise you their favour, assistance, ay, and heaps of gold—but to put put confidence in these things is to forsake Jesus Christ, and to walk in darkness." Toussaint was in the act of closing his letter when De Coct entered; and the latter, taking charge of it, set off for Montbeliard.

He found all the city in commotion. Several of the nobles, in alarm, and casting a look of contempt on Farel, exclaimed, "What can this poor wretch want with us? Would that he had never come amongst us. He must not remain here, or he will bring ruin upon us as well as upon himself." These nobles, who had retired to Montbeliard in company with

the duke for shelter, feared lest the stir which everywhere accompanied the spread of the Reformation, should by drawing upon them the notice of Charles V. and Ferdinand, lead to their being driven from their only remaining asylum. But the ecclesiastics were Farel's bitterest opponents. The superior of the Franciscans at Besançon hastened to Montbeliard, and concocted defensive measures with the clergy of that place. The following Sunday Farel had scarcely begun to preach when he was interrupted, and called a liar and a heretic. Immediately the whole assembly was in an uproar. The audience rose, and called for silence. The duke hastened to the spot, put both the superior and Farel under arrest, and insisted that the former should prove his charges, or else retract them. The superior chose the latter course, and an official report was published of the transaction.

This attack only rendered Farel more zealous than before: thenceforward he believed it his duty fearlessly to unmask these interested priests; and, drawing the sword of the Word, he applied it unsparingly. He was now more than ever led to imitate Jesus, rather in his character as the purifier of the temple, driving out thence the traffickers and money-changers, and overthrowing their tables—than as the one of whom prophecy declared, "*He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the streets.*" Œcolampadius was affrighted. These two men were the perfect types of two characters diametrically opposite, and yet both worthy of our admiration. "Your mission," wrote Œcolampadius to Farel, "is gently to draw men to the truth, not to drag them with violence; to preach the Gospel,—not to pronounce maledictions. Physicians resort to amputation, only when external applications have failed. Act the part of the *physician*, not of the executioner. In my judgment, it is not enough that you are gentle towards the friends of the Truth. You must likewise *win over the adversaries*. Or if the wolves are to be driven from the fold, at least let the sheep hear the voice of the shepherd. Pour oil and wine into the wounded heart —and be the herald of *glad tidings*, not a judge or tyrant." The report of these things spread both in France and Lorraine, and this gathering together of refugees in Basle and Montbeliard began to alarm the Sorbonne and the Cardinal. Gladly would they have broken up so ominous an alliance; for error knows no greater triumph than the enlisting a renegade in its ranks. Already had Martial Mazurier and others given the papal party in France an opportunity of rejoicing over shameful desertions; but if they could only succeed in seducing one of those confessors of Christ who had fled for safety to the banks of the Rhine, —one who had suffered much for the name of the Lord,—that were indeed a victory for the hierarchy. Measures were concerted and directed in the first instance against the youngest.

The Dean, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and all the circle which assembled at the prelate's house, deplored the sad fate of Peter Toussaint, once the object of so many hopes. He is at Basle, said they, living in the very house of Œcolampadius, in close intercourse with that leader in this heresy. They wrote to him movingly, as though his salvation was at stake. These letters were the more distressing to the poor young man, because they bore evident marks of sincere affection. One of his relations, probably the Dean himself, urged him to remove to Paris, Metz, or whatever place he pleased, provided it were but at a distance from the Lutherans. This relation, bearing in mind how much Toussaint was indebted to him, doubted not his immediate compliance with the injunction; when therefore he found his efforts unavailing, his affection was succeeded by violent hatred. This resistance, on the part of the young refugee, exasperated against him all his family and friends. Recourse was had to his mother, who was entirely under the influence of the monks: the priests came about her, frightening her, and persuading her that her son had been guilty of crimes which could not be named without shuddering. On this the distressed parent wrote to her son an affecting letter, "full of tears," as he says, in which she described her misery in heart-rending terms. "Oh! wretched mother," said she, "Oh! unnatural son! —Cursed be the breasts that suckled thee, cursed be the knees that bare thee."

Poor Toussaint was overwhelmed with consternation. What was he to do? Return to France he could not. To leave Basle and proceed to Zurich or Wittemberg, beyond the reach of his kindred, would only have added to their distress. Œcolampadius suggested a middle course. "Leave my house," said he. With a sorrowful heart Toussaint complied, and went to lodge with a priest, both ignorant and obscure, and so well fitted to quiet the fears of his relations. What a change for him! He had no intercourse with his host except at meals. At such times they were continually differing on matters of faith, but —no sooner was his meal ended, than Toussaint hastened to shut himself in his chamber; where, undisturbed by noise and controversy, he carefully studied the word of God. "The Lord is my witness," said he, "that in this valley of tears, I have but one desire, and that is, to see Christ's kingdom extend itself, that all with one mouth may glorify God."

One incident took place and cheered Toussaint. The enemies of the Gospel at Metz were becoming more and more powerful. At his entreaty, the Chevalier d'Esch undertook a journey, in July, 1525, to strengthen the evangelical Christians of that city. He traversed the forests of Vosges, and reached the place where Leclerc had laid down his life, bringing with him several books with which Farel had supplied him.

But the French exiles did not confine their attention to Lorraine. De Coct received letters from one of Farel's brothers, depicting, in gloomy colours, the condition of Dauphiny. He carefully avoided showing them, lest he

should alarm the faint-hearted, but bore them on his heart before God in fervent prayer, for His all-powerful aid. In December, 1524, one Peter Verrier, a messenger from Dauphiny, intrusted with commissions for Farel and Anemond, arrived on horseback at Montbeliard. The knight, with his usual impetuosity, immediately resolved on returning into France. "If the said Peter has brought money," wrote he to Farel, "do you take it: if he has brought letters, open them, take copies, and send them to me. Do not however sell the horse, but keep it, since I may perhaps need it. I am minded to enter France secretly, and visit Jacobus Faber (Lefevre) and Arandius. Write me your opinion of this plan."

Such was the unreserved confidence which existed among these refugees. De Coct, it is true, was already indebted thirty-six crowns to Farel, whose purse was ever at the service of his friends. The knight's plan of returning to France was one of more zeal than wisdom. His habitual want of caution would have exposed him to certain death. This Farel doubtless explained to him. Leaving Basle he withdrew to a small town, having, as he said, "great hopes of acquiring the German tongue, *God willing*."

Farel continued to preach the Gospel at Montbeliard. His spirit was grieved within him, beholding the great body of the people of that place wholly given to the worship of images. In his opinion it was no better than a return to heathen idolatry.

Nevertheless the exhortations of Œcolampadius, and the fear of compromising the truth, would, perhaps, have long restrained them, but for an unforeseen circumstance. One day, towards the end of February, (it was the feast of St. Anthony,) Farel was walking near the banks of a little river that runs through the town, below the lofty rock on which stands the citadel, when, as he reached the bridge, he met a procession reciting prayers to St. Anthony, and headed by two priests bearing the image of that saint. He thus found himself suddenly brought into contact with these superstitions. A violent struggle took place in his soul; shall he be silent, or conceal himself? would it not be a cowardly want of faith? These dumb idols, borne on the shoulders of ignorant priests, made his blood boil. He boldly advanced, snatched from the priests' arms the shrine of the holy hermit, and threw it from the bridge into the stream. Then, turning toward the astonished crowd, he exclaimed aloud, "Poor idolaters, will ye never put away your idols?"

The priests and people were motionless in astonishment. A holy fear for a while paralyzed them; but soon recovering, they exclaimed, "The image is sinking," and their motionless silence was succeeded by transports of rage. The crowd would have rushed upon the sacrilegious wretch who had hurled into the river the object of their adoration; but Farel, we know not how, escaped their fury.*

Many may regret that the Reformer allowed himself to be hurried into an act which tended to check the progress of the truth. We can enter into their feelings. Let no man think himself authorized to attack with violence an institution which has the public sanction. Yet is there in this zeal of the Reformer a something more noble than that cold prudence so common in the world, and which shrinks from incurring the smallest danger or making the most trifling sacrifice for the advancement of God's kingdom. Farel well knew that by this act he was exposing himself to the death which Leclerc had suffered. But his own conscience bore testimony that he desired only to promote the glory of God, and this elevated him above all fear.

After this incident of the bridge, in which we discern his natural character, Farel was obliged to conceal himself, and soon afterwards to quit the city. He took refuge with Œcolampadius at Basle; but he ever retained that attachment to Montbeliard, which a servant of God never ceases to cherish for the scene of the first-fruits of his ministry.

At Basle, sad tidings awaited him. Himself a fugitive, he now learned that Anemond de Coct was dangerously ill. Farel immediately remitted to him four gold crowns: but on the 25th of March, a letter from Oswald Myconius brought him intelligence of the knight's death. "Let *us* so live," wrote Oswald, "that we may enter into that rest which we trust the soul of Anemond has now entered upon."

Thus prematurely died Anemond;—still young, full of activity and energy,—in himself a host,—ready to undertake every labour, and brave every danger in the hope of evangelizing France. *God's ways are not our ways.* Not long before, and near Zurich too, another noble, Ulric von Hütten, had breathed his last. Points of resemblance are not wanting between the two; but the piety and Christian virtues of the native of Dauphiny entitle him to rank far above the level of the witty and intrepid enemy of the Pope and monks.

Shortly after Anemond's death, Farel, finding it impossible to remain at Basle whence he had already been expelled, joined his friends Capito and Bucer at Strasburg.

Thus at Montbeliard and at Basle, as well as at Lyons, the ranks of the Reformers were thinned. Of those who most zealously contended for the faith, some had been removed by death—others were scattered by persecution, and in exile. In vain did the combatants turn their efforts in every direction. On all

* M. Kirchhoffer, in his Life of Farel, gives this circumstance as an uncertain tradition; but it is related by Protestant writers, and besides seems to be perfectly consistent with the character of Farel and the fears of Œcolampadius. It is our duty to admit the weaknesses of the Reformation.

tides they were repulsed. But though the forces concentrated first at Meaux, then at Lyons, and lastly at Basle, had been successively broken up, there remained here and there, in Lorraine, at Meaux, and even in Paris, good soldiers, who struggled, more or less openly, in support of God's word in France. Though the Reformation saw its ranks broken, it still had its single champions. Against these the Sorbonne and the Parliament now turned their anger. The resolution was taken to exterminate from the soil of France the devoted men who had undertaken to plant thereon the standard of Jesus Christ;—and unprecedented misfortunes seemed at this season to conspire with the enemies of the Reformation to favour the attainment of their purpose.

During the latter part of Farel's stay at Montbeliard, great events had indeed taken place on the theatre of the world. Lannoy, and Pescara, Charles's generals, having quitted France on the approach of Francis I., that Prince crossed the Alps, and blockaded Pavia. On the 24th of February, 1525, Pescara attacked him. Bonnivet, la Trémouille, la Palisse, and Lescure died fighting by his side. The Duke of Alençon, the first prince of the blood and husband of Margaret, fled, carrying with him the rear-guard, and died of shame and grief at Lyons. Francis himself, thrown from his horse, surrendered his sword to Charles de Lannoy, viceroy of Naples, who received it kneeling on one knee. The King of France was the Emperor's prisoner! His captivity seemed to be the greatest of all misfortunes. "Nothing is left me but honour and life," wrote that Prince to his mother. But to none was this event more affecting than to Margaret. The glory of her country overclouded, France without a monarch, and exposed to accumulated dangers, her beloved brother the captive of his haughty foe, her husband dishonoured and dead,—what an overflowing cup of bitterness! But she had a Comforter:—and whilst her brother sought to comfort himself by repeating, "*Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur!*" (All is lost save honour!) . . She was able to say, "*Fors Jesus seul, mon frere, fils de Dieu,*"—"Save Christ alone, my brother, Son of God!"

All France, nobles, parliament, and people, were overwhelmed in consternation. Ere long, as in the first three centuries of the Church the calamity which had overtaken the state was charged upon the Christians,—and the cry of fanatics on all sides demanded their blood as the means of averting further misfortunes. The moment, therefore, was favourable to the opposers of the truth; it was not enough to have dislodged the evangelical Christians from the three strong positions they had taken up, it was necessary to profit by the popular panic to strike while the iron was hot, and utterly to extirpate a power which was becoming so formidable to the Papacy.

At the head of this conspiracy, and loudest in these clamours, were Beda, Duchesne, and Lecouturier. These irreconcilable enemies of the Gospel flattered themselves that they might easily obtain, from public terror, the victims hitherto refused. They went immediately to work, employing fanatical harangues, lamentations, threats, and libels, to arouse the angry passions of the nation and its governors,—vomiting fire and flame against their adversaries, and heaping insults upon them.

They stopped at nothing;—dishonestly quoting their words, without reference to any explanatory context, substituting expressions of their own in place of those used by the teachers they wished to inculpate, and omitting or adding according as was necessary to blacken the character of their opponents. Such is the testimony of Erasmus himself.

Nothing so much excited their anger as the doctrine of Salvation by Free Grace,—the corner-stone of Christianity and of the Reformation. "When I contemplate," said Beda, "these three men, Lefevre, Erasmus, and Luther, in other respects gifted with so penetrating a genius, leagued together in a conspiracy against meritorious works, and resting all the weight of salvation on faith alone, I am no longer astonished that thousands, led away by such teaching, begin to say, 'Why should I fast and mortify my body?' Let us banish from France this hateful doctrine of grace. This neglect of good works is a fatal snare of the devil."

Thus did the syndic of the Sorbonne fight against the faith. He would naturally find supporters in a profligate court, and likewise in another class of people, more respectable, but not less opposed to the Gospel;—we mean those grave men, and rigid moralists, who, devoted to the study of laws and judicial forms, discern in Christianity no more than a system of laws, and in the Church only a sort of moral police, and who, unable to make the doctrines of man's spiritual helplessness, the new birth, and justification by faith, square with the legal habit of their minds, are induced to regard them as fanciful imaginations, dangerous to public morals and to national prosperity. This aversion to the doctrine of free grace manifested itself in the sixteenth century under two widely different forms. In Italy and in Poland it took the form of Socinianism, so called from its originator, who was descended from a celebrated family of jurists at Sienna; while in France, it showed itself in the stern decrees and burnings of the Parliament.

Contemning the great truths of the Gospel, as promulgated by the Reformers, and thinking it necessary to do something at this season of overwhelming calamity, the Parliament presented an address to Louisa of Savoy, remonstrating strongly on the conduct of the government towards the new teaching: "Heresy," said they, "has raised its head amongst us, and the king, by his neglecting to bring the heretics to the scaffold, has drawn down upon us the wrath of heaven."

At the same time the pulpits resounded

with lamentations, threatenings, and maledictions; and prompt and signal punishments were loudly demanded. Martial Mazurier took a prominent part among the preachers of Paris, and endeavouring by his violence to efface the recollection of his former connection with the partisans of the Reformation, inveighed against such as were "secretly the disciples of Luther." "Know you," cried he, "the rapid progress of this poison? Know you its strength? It acts with inconceivable rapidity; in a moment it may destroy tens of thousands of souls. Ah! well may we tremble for France."

It was not difficult to excite the Queen-mother against the favourers of the Reformation. Her daughter Margaret, the chief personages of the court, she herself, Louisa of Savoy, who had ever been devoted to the Roman Pontiff, had been by certain of the fanatics charged with countenancing Lefevre, Berquin, and the other innovators. Had she not been known, insinuated her accusers, to read their tracts and translations of the Bible? The Queen-mother was not unwilling to clear herself of such dishonouring suspicions. Already she had despatched her confessor to the Sorbonne to inquire of that body as to the best method of extirpating this heresy. "The detestable doctrine of Luther," said she in her message to the faculty, "every day gains new adherents." The faculty smiled on the receipt of this message. The time had been when the representations they had made were dismissed without so much as a hearing; but now their advice was humbly solicited in the matter. At length they held within their grasp that heresy which they had so long desired to stifle. They deputed Noel Beda to return an immediate answer to the Queen-regent. "Since," said the fanatical syndic, "the sermons, discussions, and books, with which we have so often opposed heresy, have failed to arrest its progress, a proclamation ought to be put forth, prohibiting the circulation of the writings of the heretics—and if these measures should prove insufficient, force and restraint should be employed against the *persons* of the false teachers; for they who resist the light must be subdued by *punishments* and *terror*."

But Louisa had not even waited for their answer. Scarcely had Francis fallen into the hands of Charles V., when she wrote to the Pope, consulting him as to his wishes with respect to heretics. It was important to Louisa's policy to secure to herself the favour of a pontiff who had power to raise all Italy against the conqueror of Pavia; and she did not think that favour would be too dearly bought at the cost of some French blood. The Pope, delighted at the opportunity of letting loose his vengeance in the "most Christian kingdom," against a heresy of which he had failed to arrest the progress either in Switzerland or Germany, gave instant directions for the establishment of the Inquisition in France, and despatched a bull to that effect to the Parliament. At the same time Duprat, whom the Pontiff had created a cardinal, at the same time bestowing upon him the archbishopric of Sens and a rich abbey, laboured to testify his gratitude for these favours, by his indefatigable opposition to the heretics. Thus the Pope, the Regent, the doctors of the Sorbonne and the Parliament, the Chancellor and the fanatics, were now combining to ruin the Gospel and put its confessors to death.

The Parliament was first in motion. The time had arrived, when it was necessary that the first body in the state should take steps against the new doctrine: moreover, it might seem called to act, inasmuch as the public tranquillity was at stake. Accordingly, the Parliament, "under the impulse of a holy zeal against the innovations," issued an edict, "that the Bishop of Paris, and certain other bishops, should be held responsible to M. Philippe Pott, president of requests, and Andrew Verjus, its counsellor, and to Messires William Duchesne, and Nicolas Leclerc, doctors of divinity, to institute and conduct the trial of persons tainted with the Lutheran doctrine."

"And with a purpose of making it appear that those persons were acting rather under the authority of the Church than of the Parliament, it pleased his Holiness, the Pope, to forward a brief, dated 20th May, 1525, in which he approved the commissioners that had been named."

"Accordingly, in pursuance of these measures, all who, being called before these deputies, were by the bishop or by the ecclesiastical judges, pronounced *Lutherans*, were handed over to the secular arm,—that is, to the said Parliament, who forthwith condemned them to the flames."* We quote the very words of a manuscript of that age.

Such was the dreadful court of Inquisition, appointed, during the captivity of Francis I., to take cognisance of the charge against the evangelic Christians of France, as dangerous to the state. Its members were two laymen and two ecclesiastics: and one of these latter was Duchesne, next to Beda the most fanatical of the adverse party. Shame had prevented their placing Beda himself in the commission, but his influence was only the more secured by the precaution.

Thus the machinery was set up, its various springs in order,—and every one of its blows likely to be mortal. It was an important point to settle against whom its first proceedings should be taken. Beda, Duchesne, and Leclerc, M. Philip Pott, the president, and Andrew Verjus, the counsellor, met to deliberate on this point. Was there not the Count of Montbrun, the old friend of Louis XII., and the former ambassador at the court of Rome, Briçonnet, then Bishop of Meaux? This committee of public safety, of 1525,

* The MS. of the Library of St. Genevieve, whence I have derived this fragment, bears the name of Lezeau, but in the catalogue that of Lefebre.

thought that by singling out its object from an elevated station, it should strike terror through all hearts. This consideration seems to have decided them; and the venerable bishop received notice of trial.

Far from quailing before the persecution of 1523, Briçonnet had persisted, in conjunction with Lefevre, in opposing the popular superstitions. The more eminent his station in the Church and in the State, the more fatal did the effect of his example appear, and the more did his enemies judge it necessary to extort from him a public recantation, or to bring him to a yet more public retribution. The court of Inquisition lost no time in collecting and preparing the evidence against him. He was charged with harbouring the teachers of the new heresy: it was alleged that a week after the superior of the Cordeliers had preached in St. Martin's church at Meaux, by direction of the Sorbonne, to restore sound doctrine,—Briçonnet had himself occupied the pulpit, and, in publicly refuting him, had designated the preacher and his brother Cordeliers impostors, false prophets, and hypocrites; and that, not satisfied with that, he had, through his official, summoned the superior to appear personally to answer to him.

It would even seem, if we may trust to one manuscript of the time, that the Bishop had gone much further, and that he in person, attended by Lefevre, had in the autumn of 1524, gone over his diocese, committing to the flames, wherever he came, all images, the crucifix alone excepted. So daring a conduct, which would go to prove so much decision, combined with much timidity in the character of Briçonnet—if we give credit to the fact—would not fix upon him the blame visited on other *iconoclasts;* for he was at the head of that Church whose superstitions he then sought to reform, and was therefore acting at least in the sphere of his rights and duties.*

However we may regard it, in the eyes of the enemies of the Gospel the charge against Briçonnet was of a very aggravated character. He had not merely impugned the Church's authority, he had erected himself against the Sorbonne itself,—that society, all the energies of which were directed to the perpetuation of its own greatness. Great, therefore, was the joy in the society at the intelligence that its adversary was to stand a trial before the Inquisition, and John Bochart, one of the leading lawyers of the time, pleading before the Parliament against Briçonnet, exclaimed aloud,—"Neither the Bishop nor any single individual can lawfully exalt himself or open his mouth against the faculty. Neither is the faculty called to discuss or give its reasons at the bar of the said Bishop whose duty it is to offer no opposition to the wisdom of that holy society, but to esteem it as under the guidance of God himself."

In conformity with this representation, the Parliament put forth an edict on the 3d October, 1525, wherein, after authorizing the arrest of all those who had been informed against, it gave orders that the bishop should be examined by Master James Menager and Andrew Verjus, counsellors of the court, touching the matters charged against him.

The order of the Parliament struck terror to the Bishop's heart. Briçonnet, twice honoured with the post of ambassador at Rome,—Briçonnet, a bishop, a noble, the intimate friend of Louis XII. and Francis I.,—to undergo an interrogatory by two counsellors of the court. . . . . He who had fondly dreamed that God would kindle in the hearts of the king, his mother, and his sister, a flame that would run through the kingdom, now beheld that kingdom turning against him in the endeavour to quench that fire which it had received from heaven. The king was a captive; his mother was placing herself at the head of the enemy's force; and Margaret, dismayed by the misfortunes of her country, no longer dared to avert the blow directed against her dearest friends, and falling first on the spiritual father who had so often cheered and comforted her. Not long before this, she had written to Briçonnet a letter full of pious emotions. "Oh," she had said, "that this poor languid heart might experience some warmth of that love with which I would that it were burnt to ashes." But the time had arrived when the question was one of literal burnings. Such mystical expressions were not now in season; and one who resolved to confess the faith must brave the scaffold! The poor Bishop, who had been so sanguine in the hope to see the Reformation gradually and gently winning its way in men's minds, trembled in dismay, when he found, that, at the eleventh hour, it must be purchased, at the sacrifice of life itself. It is possible such a thought may never before have occurred to him, and he recoiled from it in an agony of fear.

One hope, however, remained for Briçonnet; and that was, that he might be allowed to appear before the Chambers of Parliament in general assembly, agreeably to the privilege belonging, by custom, to his rank. Doubtless, in that august and numerous assembly, some generous hearts would respond to his appeal and espouse his cause. Accordingly, he humbly petitioned the court to grant him this indulgence; but his enemies had equally with himself calculated the possible issue of

* In the library of the pastors of Neufchâtel is a letter of Sebville, in which the following passage occurs: "Je te notifie que l'eveque de Meaux en Brie pres Paris *cum Jacobo Fabro stapulensi*, depuis trois mois, en visitant l'eveché ont brulé *actu* tous les images, reservé le crucifix, et sont personellement ajournés à Paris a ce mois de mars venant pour repondre *coram suprema curia et universitate.*" I am rather disposed to think the fact truly stated, though Sebville was not on the spot. Mezeray, Daniel, and Maimbourg make no mention of it. These Roman Catholic writers, who are not very circumstantial, may have had motives for passing over the fact in silence, considering the issue of the trial; and moreover, the report of Sebville agrees with all the known facts. However, the matter is open to question.

such a hearing. Had they not learned a lesson when Luther, in presence of the Germanic Diet, at Worms, had shaken the resolution of those who had previously seemed most decided? Carefully closing every avenue of escape, they had exerted themselves with such effect, that the Parliament, on the 25th October, 1525, in an edict affirming that previously issued, refused Briçonnet the favour he had petitioned for.

Behold the Bishop of Meaux, placed like a common priest of the lowest order before Masters James Menager and Andrew Verjus. Those two jurisconsults, the obedient tools of the Sorbonne, were not likely to be swayed by those higher considerations to which the Chambers of Parliament might be accessible; they were men of facts:—was it, or was it not, a fact that the Bishop had set himself in opposition to the society? With them, this was the only question. Accordingly, Briçonnet's conviction was secured.

Whilst the sword was thus impending over the head of the Bishop, the monks, priests, and doctors made the best use of their time; they saw plainly that if Briçonnet could be persuaded to retract, their interests would be better served than by his martyrdom. His death would but inflame the zeal of those who were united with him in their faith, while his apostasy would plunge them in the deepest discouragement. They accordingly went to work. They visited him, and pressed him with their entreaties. Martial Mazurier especially strained every nerve to urge him to a fall, as he himself had fallen. Arguments were not wanting, which might, to Briçonnet, seem specious. Would he then take the consequence, and be rejected from his office? If he remained in the church, might not he use his influence with the king and the court to an extent of good which it was not easy to estimate? What would become of his friends when his power was at an end? Was not his resistance likely to compromise the success of a Reformation which, to be salutary and lasting, ought to be carried into effect by the legitimate influence of the clergy? How many would be stumbled by his persisting in opposition to the Church; and, on the other hand, how many would be won over by his concessions? His advisers pretended that they, too, were anxious for a Reformation;—"All is going on by insensible steps," said they; "both at the court, in the city, and in the provinces, things are progressing—and would he, in the mere lightness of his heart, dash the fair prospect in view! After all, he was not asked to relinquish what he had taught, but merely to comply with the established order of the Church. Could it be well, at a time when France was suffering under the pressure of so many reverses,—to stir up new confusions? "In the name of religion, country, friends—nay, even of the Reformation itself—*consent!*" said they. Such are the sophisms that are the ruin of many a noble enterprise.

Yet every one of these considerations had its influence on the Bishop's mind. The Tempter, who came to Jesus in the wilderness, presented himself to Briçonnet in fair and specious colours;—and instead of saying, with his Master, "*Get thee behind me, Satan!*" he heard, listened, and considered his suggestions. . . . Thenceforward his faithfulness was at an end.

Briçonnet had never been embarked, with all his heart, like Farel or Luther in the movement which was then remoulding the Church. There was in him a sort of mystical tendency, which enfeebles the souls in which it gains place, and takes from them the firmness and confidence which are derived from a Faith that rests simply on the word of God. The cross he was called to take up, that he might follow Christ, was too heavy for him. 'Shaken in resolution, alarmed, dizzy, and not knowing which way to turn, he faltered, and stumbled against the stone that had been artfully laid in his path . . he fell;—and, instead of throwing himself into the arms of Christ, he cast himself at the feet of Mazurier, and by a shameful recantation, brought a dark cloud upon the glory of a noble fidelity.

Thus fell Briçonnet, the friend of Lefevre and of Margaret; and thus the earliest protector of the Gospel in France, denied that good news of Grace, in the criminal thought that his abiding faithful would compromise his influence in the Church, at the court, and in the kingdom. But what his enemies represented as the saving of his country, was, perhaps, the greatest of its misfortunes. What might not have been the consequence, if Briçonnet had possessed the courage of Luther? If one of the most eminent of the French bishops, enjoying the respect of the king and the love of the people, had ascended the scaffold, and there, like "the poor of this world," sealed, by a courageous confession and a Christian death, the truth of the Gospel,—would not France herself have been put upon reflection? Would not the blood of the Bishop of Meaux have served, like that of Polycarp and Cyprian, as *seed of the Church*; and should we not have seen those provinces, so famed for many recollections, emancipating themselves, in the sixteenth century, from the spiritual darkness in which they are still enveloped?

Briçonnet underwent the form of an interrogatory, in presence of Masters James Menager and Andrew Verjus, who declared that he had sufficiently vindicated himself from the crime charged against him. He was then put under penance, and convened a synod, at which he condemned the writings of Luther, retracted whatever he had taught at variance with the Church's teaching, restored the custom of invocation of saints, persuading such as had left the rites of the Church to return to them; and, as if desiring to leave no doubt as to his reconciliation with the Pope and the Sorbonne, kept a solemn fast on All-saints-eve, and issued orders for pompous processions, in which he appeared personally, evidencing still further

his faith by his largesses and apparent devotion.*

The fall of Briçonnet is perhaps the most memorable of all those recorded of that period. There is no like example of one so deeply engaged in the work of the Reformation so abruptly turning against it; yet must we carefully consider both his character and his fall. Briçonnet stood relatively to Rome as Lefevre stood in relation to the Reformation. Both represented a sort of *juste milieu*,—appertaining, in strictness of speech, to neither party,—as it were, one on the right and the other on the left centre. The Doctor of Etaples leans towards the Word; the Bishop inclines towards the Hierarchy;—and when these men, who touch each other, are driven to decision, we see the one range himself on the side of Christ, and the other on the side of Rome. We may add, that it is not possible to think that Briçonnet can have entirely laid aside the convictions of his faith; and at no time did the Roman doctors put confidence in him; not even after he had retracted. But he did, as did afterwards the Bishop of Cambray, whom he in some points resembled; he flattered himself he might *outwardly* submit to the Pope's authority, while he in his heart continued subject to the divine Word. Such weakness is incompatible with the principle of the Reformation. Briçonnet was one of the most distinguished of the quietist or mystic school; and it is well known that one of the leading maxims of that school has ever been to settle down in, and adapt itself to, the church in which it exists, whatever that church may be.

The mournful fall of Briçonnet was felt as a shock to the hearts of his former friends, and was the sad forerunner of those deplorable apostasies to which the friendship of the world so often led, in another age of French history. The man who seemed to hold the reins of the movement was abruptly precipitated from his seat, and the Reformation was, in that country, thenceforth to pursue its course without a leader or guide, in loneliness and secrecy. But the disciples of the Gospel from that time lifted up their eyes, regarding, with more fixedness of faith, their Head in heaven, whose unchanging faithfulness their souls had known.

The Sorbonne was triumphant. A great advance toward the final ruin of the Reformation in France had been made, and it was important to follow up their success. Lefevre stood next after Briçonnet, and Beda had, therefore, without loss of time, turned his hostility against him, publishing a tract against the celebrated doctor, full of such gross calumnies, that we have Erasmus's judgment of them, that "even cobblers and smiths could lay their finger on the falsehood of them." What seemed above all to enrage him was that doctrine of *Justification by Faith*, which Lefevre had proclaimed in the ears of Christians. To this Beda continually recurred as an article which, according to him, overturned the Church. "What?" he exclaimed, "Lefevre affirms that whoever ascribes to himself the power to save himself will be lost, whilst whosoever, laying aside all strength of his own, casts himself into the arms of Christ, shall be saved. . . . . Oh, what heresy! thus to teach the uselessness of meritorious works. . . . . What hellish doctrine!—what delusion of the devil! Let us oppose it with all our power."

Instantly that engine of persecution, which took effect in the recantation or in the death of its victims, was turned against Lefevre; and already hopes were entertained that he would share the fate of Leclerc the woolcomber, or that of the Bishop Briçonnet. His trial was quickly gone through; and a decree of Parliament condemned nine propositions extracted from his commentaries on the Gospels, and placed his translation of the Scriptures in the list of prohibited works.

These measures were felt by Lefevre to be only the prelude of others. From the first intimation of the approaching persecution he had clearly perceived, that in the absence of Francis the First he would not be able to bear up under his enemies' attacks, and that the time had arrived to act on the direction, "*When they persecute you in one city, flee ye unto another.*" Matt. x. 14—23. Lefevre quitted Meaux, where, ever since the bishop's apostasy, he had experienced nothing but bitterness of soul, and had found his efforts paralyzed; and as he looked back upon his persecutors, he shook off the dust from his feet,—"not to call down evil upon them, but in testimony of the evils that were coming upon them: for," says he, "as that dust is shaken from off our feet, just so are they cast off from the favour and presence of the Lord."

The persecutors beheld their victim at large; but they derived comfort from the thought that, at least, France was delivered from this father of heresy.

Lefevre, a fugitive from his enemies, arrived at Strasburg under an assumed name. There he was immediately introduced to the friends of the Reformation; and what must have been his joy, to hear publicly taught that same Gospel of which he had caught the first gleams in the Church;—why, it was just his own faith! It was exactly what he had intended to express! It was as if he had been a second time born to the Christian life. Gerard Roussel, one of those Evangelical Christians, who, nevertheless, like the Doctor of Etaples, attained not to complete enfranchisement, had been likewise compelled to quit France. Both together attended the lectures of Capito and Bucer, and met in private intercourse with those faithful teachers. It was even rumoured that they had been commissioned to do so by Margaret, the king's sister. But the adoring contemplation of the ways of God, rather than polemical questions, engaged Lefevre's attention. Casting a glance upon the state of Christendom,

* Mezeray, ii. p. 981; Daniel v p. 64[4]; Moreri, *article* Briçonnet.

and filled with wonder at what he beheld passing on its stage, moved with feelings of gratitude, and full of hopeful anticipation, he threw himself on his knees, and prayed to the Lord "to perfect that which he saw then beginning."

At Strasburg one especially agreeable surprise awaited him: his pupil, "his son in the faith," Farel, from whom he had been parted by persecution for nearly three years, had arrived there just before. The aged doctor of the Sorbonne found, in his young pupil, a man in the vigour of life, a Christian "strong in the faith;" and Farel grasped with affectionate respect the shrivelled hand which had guided its earliest steps, conscious of the liveliest joy at thus recovering his spiritual father in the society of faithful men, and in a city that had received the truth. They attended in company the pure teaching of eminent teachers; broke bread together in the supper of the Lord, according to Christ's institution, and received touching proofs of the love of the brethren. "Do you recollect," said Farel to Lefevre, "an expression you once let fall to me, when we were both as yet in darkness? '*William, God will renew the world; and you will live to see it!*' See here the beginning of what you then foretold." "Yes," answered the pious old man, "God is renewing the world. . . . O, my son, continue to preach boldly the holy Gospel of Jesus Christ."

Lefevre, from an excess of prudence, doubtless, chose to remain incognito at Strasburg, and took the name of *Anthony Peregrinus*, whilst Roussel chose that of *Solnin*. But the celebrated doctor could not elude notice; and soon the whole city, even to the very children, saluted him with marks of respect. He did not dwell by himself, but lodged in the same house with Capito, Farel, Roussel, and Vedastus, (known and loved for his retiring diffidence,) and a certain converted Jew named Simon. The houses of Capito, Œcolampadius, Zwingle, and Luther, offered a kind of open table and lodging. Such, in those days, was the attraction of "brotherly love." Many Frenchmen, besides, were residing in this city on the banks of the Rhine, and there composed a church in which Farel often preached the doctrine of Salvation. Such Christian communion soothed the feeling of banishment from their native land.

Whilst these brethren were thus enjoying the asylum afforded them by brotherly love, those in Paris and other parts of France were exposed to great danger. Briçonnet had recanted; Lefevre was beyond the frontier: all this was something gained, but the Sorbonne was still without those public examples of punishment which it had advised. Beda and his followers were without victims. One man there was who gave them more annoyance than either Briçonnet or Lefevre, and he was Louis Berquin. The gentleman of Artois, more fearless than his tutors, allowed no opportunity to pass of teasing the monks and theologians, and unmasking their fanaticism. Passing from the capital to the provinces, he would collect the writings of Erasmus and of Luther. These he would translate; at other times himself composing controversial tracts, and defending and disseminating the new teaching with the zeal of a young convert. Louis Berquin was denounced by the bishop of Amiens, Beda seconded the accusation, and the Parliament committed him to prison. "This one," said the enemy, "shall not escape so easily as Briçonnet or Lefevre." But their bolts and bars had no effect on Berquin. In vain did the superior of the Carthusians and other persons labour to persuade him to apologize; he declared he would not retract an iota. "It seemed then," says a chronicler "that no way remained but to send him to the stake."

Margaret, in consternation at what had happened to Briçonnet, dreaded to see Berquin dragged to that scaffold which the bishop had so shamefully eluded. Not daring to visit him in his prison, she endeavoured to convey a few words of consolation to him—and he may have been upon her heart—when the princess composed that touching complaint in which a prisoner thus addresses the Lord:

> O refuge free to all who feel distress!
> Their help and stay!—Judge of the fatherless.
> Exhaustless treasure of consoling grace!
> The iron doors, the moat, the massive wall
> Keep far from me,—a lone, forgotten thrall—
> Friend, kinsman, brother,—each familiar face.
> Yet mercy meets even this extremity;
> For iron doors can never shut out *Thee!*—
> Thou, Lord! art with me here—here in this dismal place.

But Margaret did not rest there, she immediately wrote to her brother to solicit a pardon for her attendant. Fortunate might she deem herself if her efforts were not too late to rescue him from the hatred of his enemies.

While awaiting this victim, Beda resolved to strike terror into the adversaries of the Sorbonne and monks, by crushing the most celebrated man among them. Erasmus had declared himself against Luther:—But this mattered little:—if the ruin of Erasmus could be accomplished, then beyond all doubt the destruction of Farel, of Luther, and their associates would be sealed. The surest way of reaching our mark is to aim beyond it. Let the ecclesiastical power only set its heel on the neck of the philosopher of Rotterdam, and where was the heretical doctor who could hope to escape the vengeance of Rome? The attack had already been commenced by Lecculturier, better known by his Latin name of Sutor, who, from the solitude of a Carthusian cell, launched against Erasmus a publication of the most violent character, in which he called his adversaries, theologasters and miserable apes, and charged them with scandalous offences, with heresy and blasphemy. Handling subjects which he did not understand, he reminded his readers, as Erasmus sarcastically remarks, of the old proverb:—"Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

Beda hastened to the assistance of his confederate. He ordered Erasmus to write no more; and himself taking up the pen, which he had enjoined the greatest writer of the age to lay down, he made a selection of all the calumnies which the monks had invented against the philosopher, translated them into French, and formed them into a book which he circulated at court and in the city, in the hope that all France would join in the outcry he was raising. This book was the signal for a general onset; the enemies of Erasmus started up on every side. Nicolas D'Ecmond, an old Carmelite of Louvain, used to exclaim, as often as he mounted the pulpit, "There is no difference between Erasmus and Luther, unless it be that Erasmus is the greater heretic of the two;" and wherever the Carmelite might be,—at the table or on a journey, on the land or on the water,—he was raving against Erasmus, the heresiarch and forger. The faculty of Paris, excited by these clamours, drew up a decree of censure against the illustrious writer.

Erasmus was astounded. Was this, then, the fruit of all his politic forbearance,—was it for this that he had even engaged in hostilities against Luther? He with an intrepidity which no one else had displayed, had flung himself into the breach,—and was he now to be trampled down only that the common enemy might be reached more safely over his prostrate body? His indignation is raised at the thought, he turns sharply round, and while yet warm from his attack upon Luther, deals his retributive blows on the fanatical doctors who have assailed him in the rear. Never was his correspondence more active than now. He takes a survey of his position, and his piercing eye immediately discovers in whose hands rests the balance of his fate. He hesitates not an instant;—he will at once lay his complaint and his protest at the feet of the Sorbonne,—of the Parliament,—of the King,—of the Emperor himself.—"How was this fearful flame of Lutheranism kindled?"—says he, writing to those among the divines of the Sorbonne in whose impartiality he still reposed some confidence:—"How has it been fanned into fury,—except by such outrages as these which Beda has committed? In war,—a soldier who has done his duty receives a reward from his generals,—but the only reward that you,—the generals in this war,—have to bestow upon me,—is to deliver me up to the calumnies of Beda and Lecouturier!"

"What," he exclaims, addressing the Parliament of Paris, "when I had these Lutherans on my hands,—when, under the auspices of the Emperor, the Pope and the other princes, I was struggling against them, even at the peril of my life, must I be assailed behind my back by the foul libels of Lecouturier and Beda? Ah, if evil fortune had not deprived us of King Francis, I might have appealed to that avenger of the muses against these insults of the barbarians. But now it rests with you to restrain their malignity."

No sooner did an opportunity present itself of conveying a letter to the King, than he wrote to him also. His penetrating glance detected in these fanatical doctors of the Sorbonne, the germs of the League, the precursor of the three Priests, who at a later period were to set up the *sixteen* against the last of the race of Valois;—his genius enabled him to warn the King of future crimes and miseries which the experience of his successors would but too fully realize.—"Religion," said he, "is their pretext,—but their true aim is despotic power, to be exercised even over princes.—They are moving onward with a steady step, though their path lies under ground. Should the sovereign not be inclined to submit himself in all things to their guidance, they will immediately declare that he may be deposed by the *Church*; that is to say, by a few false monks, and a few false divines conspiring together against the public peace." Erasmus, when writing to Francis the First, could not have touched a more sensitive string.

Finally, that he might still more effectually secure himself against the malice of his enemies, Erasmus invoked the protection of Charles the Fifth himself.—"Invincible Emperor," said he, "a horrible outcry has been raised against me, by men who, under the pretence of religion, are labouring to establish their own tyrannical power, and to gratify their own sensual appetites. I am fighting under your banner, and under the standard of Jesus Christ. It is by your wisdom and your authority that peace must be restored to the Christian world."

It was in language like this that the prince of literature addressed himself to the rulers of the age. The danger which impended over his head was averted; the secular power interposed, and the vultures were compelled to abandon the prey which in fancy they had already clutched. They then turned their eyes elsewhere in search of other victims, and they were soon found.

It was in Lorraine first that blood was appointed to flow afresh. From the earliest days of the Reformation, there had been an alliance in fanaticism between Paris and the country of the Guises. If Paris was at peace for a while, Lorraine took up the work, and then Paris began, again, to give time for Nancy and Metz to recruit their strength. The first blow, apparently, was destined to fall upon an excellent man, one of the refugees of Basle, a friend of Farel and Toussaint. The Chevalier d'Esch, while residing at Metz, had not been able to screen himself from the suspicions of the priests. It was ascertained that he carried on a correspondence with Christians of the Evangelic Faith, and on that discovery he was thrown into prison at Pont-à-Mousson, a place situated five miles from Metz, on the banks of the Moselle. The tidings filled the French refugees, and the Swiss themselves, with the deepest concern. "Alas! for that innocent heart!" exclaimed Œcolampadius: "I have full confidence in the Lord," added he, "that he will preserve this man to us, either in life as a preacher of righteousness

to make known His name; or in death to confess Him as a martyr." But at the same time Œcolampadius censured the thoughtlessness, —the precipitancy,—and what he termed the imprudent zeal for which the French refugees were distinguished. "I wish," said he, "that my dear friends, the worthy gentlemen of France, would not be so eager to return to their own country, until they have made all due inquiries beforehand; for the devil lays his snares everywhere. Nevertheless, let them obey the Spirit of Christ, and may that Spirit never forsake them.

There was reason, indeed, to tremble for the fate of the chevalier. The rancour of the enemy had broken out in Lorraine with redoubled fury. Brother Bonaventure Renel, the principal of the Cordeliers, and the confessor of Duke Anthony the Good, a man of an audacious temper, and of very qu stionable moral character, allowed that weak prince, who reigned from 1508 to 1544, a large measure of license in his pleasures; and persuaded him, on the other hand, by way of atonement, as it were, to exercise a merciless severity against all innovators. "It is quite sufficient for any one," said the prince, profiting by the able instructions of Renel, "if he can repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave-Maria;* the greatest doctors are those who occasion the greatest disorders."

Towards the end of the year 1524, information was conveyed to the Duke's court, that a pastor, named Schuch, was preaching a new kind of doctrine in the town of Saint Hippolyte, at the foot of the Vosages. "Let them return to their duty," said Anthony *the Good*, "or I will march against the town, and lay it waste with fire and sword!"

Hereupon the faithful pastor resolved to devote himself for his flock: he repaired to Nancy, where the prince resided. Immediately on his arrival, he was lodged in a noisome prison, under the custody of brutal and cruel men: and now at last brother Bonaventure had the heretic in his power. It was he who presided at the tribunal before which he was examined. "Heretic!" cried he addressing the prisoner, "Judas! Devil!" Schuch, preserving the utmost tranquillity and composure, made no reply to these insults; but holding in his hand a little Bible, all covered with notes which he had written in it, he meekly and earnestly confessed Jesus Christ and him crucified! On a sudden, he assumed a more animated mein,—stood up boldly, raised his voice as if moved by the Spirit from on high, —and, looking his judges in the face, denounced against them the fearful judgments of God.

Brother Bonaventure and his companions, inwardly appalled, yet agitated with rage, rushed upon him at once with vehement cries, snatched away the Bible, from which he read those menacing words,—and "raging like so many mad dogs," says the chronicler, "because they could not wreak their fury on the doctrine, carried the book to their convent, and burnt it there."

The whole court of Lorraine resounded with the obstinacy and presumption of the minister of St. Hippolyte; and the prince, impelled by curiosity to hear the heretic, resolved to be present at his final examination,—secretly, however, and concealed from the view of the spectators. But as the interrogatory was conducted in Latin, he could not understand it: only he was struck with the steadfast aspect of the minister, who seemed to be neither vanquished nor abashed. Indignant at this obstinacy, Anthony the Good started from his seat, and said as he retired,—"Why dispute any longer? He denies the sacrament of the mass; let them proceed to execution against him." Schuch was immediately condemned to be burnt alive. When the sentence was communicated to him, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and mildly made answer; "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." (Psalm cxxii. 1.)

On the 19th of August, 1525, the whole city of Nancy was in motion. The bells gave notice of the death of a heretic. The mournful procession set out. It must pass before the convent of the Cordeliers, and there the whole fraternity were gathered in joyful expectation before the door. As soon as Schuch made his appearance, Father Bonaventure, pointing to the carved images over the convent gateway, cried out, "Heretic, pay honour to God, his mother, and the saints!" —"O hypocrites!" replied Schuch, standing erect before those pieces of wood and stone, "God will destroy you, and bring your deceits to light!"

When the martyr reached the place of execution, his books were first burnt in his presence, and then he was called upon to recant; but he refused, saying, "Thou, God, hast called me, and thou wilt strengthen me to the end;" and immediately he began, with a loud voice, to repeat the 51st Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God! according to thy loving-kindness!" Having mounted the pile, he continued to recite the psalm until the smoke and flames stifled his voice.

Thus did the persecutors in France and Lorraine behold a renewal of their triumphs, —their counsels had at length been followed. At Nancy the ashes of a heretic had been scattered to the winds: this seemed a challenge addressed to the capital of France. What! should Beda and Lecourturier be the last to show their zeal for the Pope? Rather let one blazing pile serve as the signal for another, and heresy, swept from the soil of France, would soon be driven back beyond the Rhine.

But Beda was not to pursue his successful career, until a contest, half serious, half ludicrous, had taken place between him and one of those men with whom the struggle against Popery was only a capricious effort of the intellect, not the solemn engagement and willing duty of the heart.

Among the learned men whom Briçonnet had allured to his diocese was a doctor of the

Sorbonne, named Peter Caroli, a man of a vain and frivolous cast of mind, and as quarrelsome and litigious as Beda himself. Caroli viewed the new doctrine as the means of making an impression, and of thwarting Beda, whose ascendancy he could not endure.—Accordingly, on his return from Meaux to Paris he caused a great sensation, by introducing into every pulpit what was called "the new way of preaching." Then began a pernicious strife between the two doctors; it was blow for blow and trick for trick. Beda cites Caroli before the Sorbonne, and Caroli summons him before the episcopal court to answer for an infringement of privilege. The Sorbonne proceeds with the inquiry, and Caroli gives intimation of an appeal to the Parliament. A provisional sentence excludes him from the pulpit, and still he goes on preaching in all the churches of Paris. Being absolutely forbidden to preach in any pulpit, he takes to publicly expounding the Psalms in the college of Cambray. The Sorbonne prohibits him from continuing that practice, but he asks permission to conclude the exposition of the twenty-second Psalm which he has begun. Finally, on this petition being rejected, he posts the following placard on the college-gates:—"*Peter Caroli, being desirous to obey the injunctions of the sacred faculty, has ceased to teach; he will resume his lectures, whenever it shall please God, at the verse where he left off:* THEY HAVE PIERCED MY HANDS AND MY FEET.'" Thus had Beda at length found an opponent with whom he was fairly matched. If Caroli had defended the truth in right earnest, the stake would have been his reward; but he was of too carnal a spirit to expose himself to the risk of death. How could capital punishment be inflicted on a man who laughed his judges out of countenance? Neither the episcopal court, nor the parliament, nor the council, could ever proceed to a definitive judgment in *his* cause. Two such men as Caroli would have wearied out the activity of Beda himself;—but two like him the Reformation did not produce.

This troublesome contest concluded, Beda applied himself to matters of more serious concern. Happily for the syndic of the Sorbonne, there were men who gave persecution a better hold of them than Caroli. Briçonnet, indeed, and Erasmus, and Lefevre, and Berquin had escaped him; but since he cannot reach these distinguished personages, he will content himself with meaner victims. The poor youth, James Pavanne, ever since his abjuration at Christmas, 1524, had done nothing but weep and sigh. He was constantly seen with a gloomy brow, his eyes fixed on the ground, groaning inwardly, and muttering reproaches against himself for having denied his Lord and Saviour.

Pavanne undoubtedly was the most retiring and the most inoffensive of men;—but what of that?—he had been at Meaux, and this, in those days, was sufficient. "Pavanne has relapsed!" was the cry: "the dog has returned to his vomit, and the swine that was washed to his wallowing in the mire." He was seized immediately, cast into prison, and after a while brought before the judges. This was all that young Pavanne desired.—He felt his mind relieved as soon as the fetters were fastened on his limbs, and recovered all his energy in the open confession of Jesus Christ! The persecutors smiled when they saw that this time nothing could disappoint them of their victim,—no recantation,—no flight,—no intervention of a powerful protection. The meekness of the youth, his candour, his courage, were altogether unavailing to appease the malice of his enemies. He, on the contrary, looked on them with affection,—for by loading him with chains, they had restored his peace of mind and his joy,—but that benevolent look of his only hardened their hearts the more. The proceedings against him were conducted with all despatch, and a very short time had elapsed before a pile was erected in the Place de Grève, on which Pavanne made a joyful end,—strengthening by his example all who in that great city had openly or secretly embraced the Gospel of Christ.

But this was not enough for the Sorbonne. If men of mean condition only are to be sacrificed, their number at least must make amends for their want of rank. The flames in the Place de Grève have struck terror into Paris and into the whole of France; but another pile, kindled on some other spot, will redouble that terror. It will be the subject of conversation at the court, in the colleges, in the workshop of the artisan: and tokens like these, better than all the edicts that can be issued, will prove that Louisa of Savoy, the Sorbonne, and the Parliament, are determined to sacrifice the very last heretic to the anathemas of Rome.

In the forest of Livry, three leagues distant from Paris, and not far from the site of an ancient abbey of the order of St. Augustin, lived a hermit, who, having chanced in his wanderings to fall in with some of the men of Meaux, had received the truth of the Gospel into his heart. The poor hermit had felt himself rich indeed that day in his solitary retreat, when, along with the scanty dole of bread which public charity had afforded him, he brought home Jesus Christ and his grace. He understood from that time how much better it is to give than to receive. He went from cottage to cottage in the villages around, and as soon as he crossed the threshold, began to speak to the poor peasants of the Gospel, and the free pardon which it offers to every burdened soul, a pardon infinitely more precious than any priestly absolution. The good hermit of Livry was soon widely known in the neighbourhood of Paris; many came to visit him at his poor hermitage, and he discharged the office of a kind and faithful missionary to the simple-minded in all the adjacent districts.

It was not long before intelligence of what was doing by the new evangelist reached the

ears of the Sorbonne, and the magistrates of Paris. The hermit was seized,—dragged from his hermitage—from his forest—from the fields he had daily traversed,—thrown into a dungeon in that great city which he had always shunned,—brought to judgment,—convicted,—and sentenced to "the exemplary punishment of being burnt by a slow fire."

In order to render the example the more striking, it was determined that he should be burnt in the close of Notre Dame; before that celebrated cathedral, which typifies the majesty of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole of the clergy were convened, and a degree of pomp was displayed equal to that of the most solemn festivals. A desire was shown to attract all Paris, if possible, to the place of execution. "The great bell of the church of Notre Dame swinging heavily," says an historian, "to rouse the people all over Paris." And accordingly from every surrounding avenue, the people came flocking to the spot. The deep-toned reverberations of the bell made the workman quit his task, the student cast aside his books, the shopkeeper forsake his traffic, the soldier start from the guard-room bench,—and already the close was filled with a dense crowd, which was continually increasing. The hermit, attired in the robes appropriated to obstinate heretics, bareheaded, and with bare feet, was led out before the doors of the cathedral. Tranquil, firm, and collected, he replied to the exhortations of the confessors, who presented him with the crucifix, only by declaring that his hope rested solely on the mercy of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne, who stood in the front rank of the spectators, observing his constancy, and the effect it produced upon the people, cried aloud—"He is a man foredoomed to the fires of hell." The clang of the great bell, which all this while was rung with a rolling stroke, while it stunned the ears of the multitude, served to heighten the solemnity of that mournful spectacle. At length the bell was silent,—and the martyr having answered the last interrogatory of his adversaries by saying that he was resolved to die in the faith of his Lord Jesus Christ, underwent his sentence of being "burnt by a slow fire." And so, in the cathedral close of Notre Dame, beneath the stately towers erected by the piety of Louis the younger, amidst the cries and tumultuous excitement of a vast population, died peaceably, a man whose name history has not deigned to transmit to us,—"the hermit of Livry."

While men were thus engaged in destroying the first confessors of Jesus Christ in France, God was raising up others gifted with ampler powers for his service. A modest student—a humble hermit—might be dragged to the stake, and Beda might almost persuade himself that the doctrine they proclaimed would perish with them. But Providence has resources which the world knows not of. The Gospel, like the fabled bird of antiquity, contains within itself a principle of life which the flames can never reach, and from the ashes in which it seemed to lie extinguished, it springs afresh, pure and vigorous as ever. Often, when the storm is at its height, when the fiery bolt of persecution appears to have laid the truth prostrate, and enduring, impenetrable darkness to have closed over it,—even at that moment there comes a gleam of light, and announces a great deliverance at hand So, when all earthly powers were leagued together in France to effect the ruin of the Reformation, God was preparing an instrument, apparently feeble, to maintain His rights at a future day, and with more than human intrepidity to defend His cause. Averting our eyes from the persecutions and cruelties which have succeeded each other so rapidly since Francis I. became the prisoner of Charles,—let us turn them on a child who shall hereafter be called forth to take his station as a leader of a mighty host in the holy warfare of Israel.

Among the inhabitants of the city and university of Paris who listened to the sound of the great bell, was a young scholar of sixteen, a native of Noyon, in Picardy, of middle stature, and pale, and somewhat dark complexion, whose powerful and sagacious mind was indicated by the keenness and peculiar brightness of his eye, and the animated expression of his countenance. His dress, which was extremely neat, but perfectly unostentatious, corresponded to the modesty and decorum of his character This young man, whose name was John Cauvin or Calvin, was a student at the college of La Marche, of which Mathurin Cordier, a man celebrated for his integrity, learning, and peculiar skill in the instruction of youth, was at that time the regent. Educated in all the superstitions of Popery, the student of Noyon was blindly submissive to the Church, dutifully observant of all the practices she enjoined, and fully persuaded that heretics well deserved the flames to which they were delivered. The blood which was then flowing in Paris was, in his eyes, an additional aggravation of the crime of heresy. But, although by natural disposition timid, and, to use his own words, soft and pusillanimous, he was endowed with that uprightness of mind, and that generosity of heart which induce men to sacrifice everything to the convictions of their conscience. Vainly, therefore, were those appalling spectacles presented to him in his youth; vain was the example of the murderous flames kindled in the Place de Grève and in the close of Notre Dame, for the destruction of the faithful followers of the Gospel. The remembrance of such horrors could not, afterwards, deter him from entering on that "new way" which seemed to lead only to the dungeon and the scaffold. In other respects the character of the youthful Calvin afforded indications of what he was hereafter to become. The austerity of his morals was the precursor of equal austerity in his doctrine, and the scholar of sixteen already gave promise of a man who would take up in earnest all that should be imparted

to him, and would rigidly exact from others what, in his own case, he felt it so much a matter of course to perform. Silent and grave while attending on the college lectures, taking no pleasure in the sports and idle frolics which others pursued during the hours of recreation; —shrinking in disgust from all participation in vice, he sometimes censured the disorders of his fellow-pupils with severity—with a measure, even, of acrimony.[325] Accordingly, a canon of Noyon assures us that his companions had surnamed him the "*accusative*." He stood among them as the representative of conscience and duty,—so far was he from being in reality what some calumniators endeavoured to make him. The pale aspect, the piercing eye of a student of sixteen already inspired his associates with more respect than the black gowns of their masters; and this boy from Picardy, low in stature, and timid in demeanour, who came day by day to take his seat on the benches of the college of La Marche, was, even then, by the seriousness of his conversation and sobriety of his life unconsciously discharging the office of a minister and a Reformer.

Nor was it in these particulars alone that the stripling of Noyon evinced his superiority to his compeers. His extreme timidity sometimes restrained him from manifesting the antipathy he felt to vanity and to vice; but in his studies he was already exerting all the force of his genius, and all the intensity of his will,—and any one who observed him, might have predicted that his life would be consumed in labour. The facility of his comprehension was wonderful,—while his classfellows were advancing by painful steps, he was bounding lightly over the course,—and the knowledge which others were long in acquiring superficially, was instantaneously seized by his youthful genius, and permanently impressed on his memory. His masters, therefore, were obliged to withdraw him from the ranks, and introduce him singly to the higher branches of learning.

Among his fellow-students were the young men of the family of Mommor, a house reckoned among the first nobility of Picardy. John Calvin was intimately connected with these young noblemen, especially with Claude, who at a later period was abbot of St. Eloi, and to whom he dedicated his Commentary on Seneca. It was in their company that he had come to Paris. His father, Gerard Calvin, notary apostolic, and procurator-fiscal of the county of Noyon, secretary of the diocese, and proctor of the chapter, was a man of judgment and ability, whose talents had raised him to offices which were sought after by the best families; and all the noblesse of the province, but particularly the illustrious family of Mommor, entertained the highest esteem for him. Gerard, who resided at Noyon,* had married a young woman from Cambray named Jane Lefranq, remarkable for her beauty, and worthy of esteem for her humble piety, by whom he had already had a son called Charles, when on the 10th of July, 1509, she gave birth to a second son, who received the name of John, and was baptized in the church of St. Godebert.* A third son, named Anthony, who died young, and two daughters, made up the entire family of the procurator-fiscal of Noyon.

Gerard Calvin, living in habits of familiar intercourse with the ecclesiastical dignitaries and chief men of the province, was desirous that his children should receive the same education as those of the highest rank. John, in whom he had perceived an early development of talent, was brought up with the children of the family of Mommor: he lived in the house as one of themselves, and shared in the lessons of the young Claude. The effect of early discipline and culture in such a family was to impart to his intellectual character a degree of refinement which otherwise it could scarcely have acquired. He was afterwards sent to the college of Capettes, an establishment within the city of Noyon. The child had but few recreations. That severity, which was one feature in the character of the son, found a place likewise in the temperament of the father. Gerard brought him up rigidly,—from his earliest years he was obliged to bend to the inflexible rule of duty.—which after a little while became habitual to him,—and thus the influence of the father counteracted that of the family of Mommor. Timid by nature, —with something, as he tells us himself, of rustic bashfulness in his disposition, and rendered still more diffident by his father's severity, John would often escape from the splendid mansion of his protectors, to bury himself in solitude and obscurity. In hours of seclusion like this, his youthful spirit grew familiar with lofty conceptions. It appears that he sometimes went to the neighbouring village of Pont l'Evêque, where his grandfather inhabited a cottage,† and where other relatives also, who at a later period changed their name through hatred of the heresiarch,

* "On the spot where now stands a house, distinguished by the sign of the Stag." (Desmay, Doct. de la Sorbonne. Vit. de Jean Calvin, heresiarque, p. 30. Levasseur, Ann. de Noyon, p. 1157.)

* The calumnious and extravagant tales which have been circulated in regard to the person of Calvin, may be traced to a very early origin. J. Levasseur, who was afterwards dean of the chapter of Noyon, relates that when his mother brought him into the world, the birth of the child was preceded by the preternatural appearance of a swarm of large flies —"a sure presage that he would be an evil speaker and slanderer." (Annales de la Cathedrale de Noyon, p. 115.) These absurdities, and others of the same stamp, which have been invented to the prejudice of the Reformer may be safely left to refute themselves without any effort on our part. In our own day, those among the Romish doctors who are not ashamed to employ the weapons of calumny, make a selection of these coarse and ridiculous stories, not daring to repeat them all; yet they are all of equal value.

† "It is reported that his grandfather was a cooper." (Drelincourt, p. 36. Levasseur ann. de Noyon, p. 1151.)

then offered a kindly welcome to the son of the procurator-fiscal. But it was to study, chiefly, that young Calvin devoted his days. While Luther, who was to act upon the mass of the people, was brought up at first as a peasant's son, Calvin, ordained to act chiefly as a theologian and a reasoner, and to become the legislator of the renovated Church, received, even in his childhood, a more liberal education.

A spirit of piety evinced itself betimes in the child's heart. One of his biographers tells us that he was taught, while yet young, to pray in the open air, under the vault of heaven,—a practice which helped to awaken within his soul the sentiment of an omnipresent Deity.* But although Calvin may, even in his earliest years, have heard the voice of God addressed to his heart, no one in the city of Noyon was more exact than he in the observance of every rule established by the Church. Gerard, therefore, remarking the bent of his mind, conceived the design of devoting his son to theology. The knowledge of his destination contributed undoubtedly to impress upon his mind that serious and theological cast by which it was afterwards distinguished. His intellect was formed by nature to take a decided bias from the first, and to nourish the most elevated thoughts at an early age. The report that he was a chorister boy at this time is admitted by his adversaries themselves to be destitute of foundation; but they confidently affirm that while yet a child, he was seen in religious processions carrying, instead of a cross, a sword with a cross shaped hilt. "A presage," they add, "of what he was one day to become." "The Lord has made my mouth like a sharp sword," says the servant of the Lord, in Isaiah. The same may be said of Calvin.

Gerard was poor: the education of his son was burthensome to him, and he wished to attach him irrevocably to the church. The Cardinal of Lorraine had been appointed coadjutor to the Bishop of Metz, when only four years old. It was then a common practice to bestow ecclesiastical titles and revenues upon children. Alphonso of Portugal was created a cardinal by Leo the Tenth, at the age of eight: Odet de Chatillon received the same dignity from Clement the Seventh at the age of eleven; and at a later period, the celebrated Mother Angelica, of Port Royal, was made coadjutrix of that convent at the age of seven. Gerard, who died a faithful Catholic, was regarded with favour by Charles de Hangest, bishop of Noyon, and his vicars-general. Accordingly, the chaplaincy of La Gesine having become vacant by the resignation of the incumbent, the bishop, on the 15th May, 1521, bestowed that benefice on John Calvin, whose age was then nearly twelve. He was inducted by the chapter a week after. On the eve of Corpus Christi, the bishop solemnly cut the child's hair; and by this ceremony of tonsure John was invested with the clerical character, and became capable of entering into sacred orders, and holding a benefice without residing on the spot.

Thus was it ordered that Calvin, in his childhood, should have personal experience of the abuses of the Church of Rome. There was not a tonsured head in the kingdom more sincerely pious than the chaplain of La Gesine, and the thoughtful child was himself perhaps a little astonished at the operation performed by the bishop and his vicars-general. But in the simplicity of his heart, he revered those exalted personages too highly to harbour the least suspicion regarding the lawfulness of his tonsure. He had enjoyed the distinction about two years, when Noyon was visited with a terrible pestilence. Several of the canons petitioned the chapter that they might be allowed to quit the city. Already many of the inhabitants had been struck by the "great death;" and Gerard began to reflect with alarm that his son John, the hope of his age, might, in a moment, be snatched from his tenderness by this scourge of God. The children of the Mommor family were going to Paris to continue their studies. This was the very opportunity that the procurator-fiscal had always desired for his son. Why should he separate John from his fellow-pupils? On the 15th August, 1823, therefore, he presented to the chapter a petition that the young chaplain might have "liberty to go whithersoever he would, during the continuance of the plague, without losing his allowances; which was granted accordingly, until the feast of St. Remigius."* Thus it was that John Calvin, at the age of fourteen, quitted his paternal home. Calumny must be intrepid indeed, to attribute his departure to other causes, and, in sheer wantonness, provoke that disgrace which justly recoils on all who give currency to evil reports, after their falsehood has been demonstrated. It would appear, that on his arrival in Paris, Calvin was received into the house of one of his uncles, Richard Calvin, who lived near the church of St. Germain l'Auxerois. "And so, while flying from the plague," says the canon of Noyon, "he encountered a more fatal pestilence."

A new world opened itself to the young man in this metropolis of literature. He determined to profit by his fortune, applied himself to study, and made great progress in latinity. He became intimately acquainted with the writings of Cicero, and learned from that great master to employ the language of the Romans with an ease, a purity, an idiomatic grace which excited the admiration of his enemies themselves. But he also discovered

* Calvin's Leben von Fisher, Leipzig. 1794.—The author does not quote the authority on which he relates this fact.

* The particulars here given rest on the testimony of the priest, and vicar-general Desmay, (Jean Calvin, heresiarque. p. 32.) and the canon Levasseu, (Ann. de Noyon, p. 1160.) who found them, as they assure us, in the registers of the chapter of Noyon. These Romish authors, therefore, refute the inventions or mistakes of Richelieu and other writers.—See the preface.

in that language a store of wealth which he was afterwards to transfer into his own.

Hitherto the latin had been the sole language of literature. It was, and even to our own days it has continued, the language of the Romish church. The modern tongues of Europe were created,—at least they were emancipated,—by the Reformation. The exclusive agency of the priests was now at an end; the people were called upon to learn and to know for themselves. In this single fact was involved the abrogation of the language of the priests,—the inauguration of the language of the people. It is not to the Sorbonne alone,—it is not to a few monks, a few divines, a few men of letters, that the new doctrine is to be addressed; it is to the noble, to the burgher, to the artisan,—all men now are to be preached to: nay, more,—all men now are to become preachers; wool-combers and knights no less than curates and doctors. A new language, therefore, is wanted, or, at any rate, the ordinary language of the people must undergo a mighty transformation,—must experience a happy deliverance from its shackles: drawn from the common uses of life, it must be indebted to a renovated Christianity for its patent of nobility. The Gospel, so long laid to sleep, is now awake again: it appeals to the nation at large; it kindles the most generous affections of the soul; it opens the treasures of heaven to a generation whose thoughts were all confined within the petty circle of the world below; it agitates the masses; it speaks to them of God, of man, of good and evil, of the Pope, of the Bible, of a crown in heaven,—it may be, also, of a scaffold upon earth. The popular idiom, which hitherto had been employed only by chronicler and the minstrel, was summoned, by the Reformation, to act a new part, and consequently to receive a new development. Society finds a new world rising up around it; and for this new world there must needs be new languages. The Reformation freed the French language from the swaddling bands in which it had hitherto been confined, and reared it to a speedy and vigorous maturity. Since then, that language has had full possession of all the exalted privileges that belong to a dialect conversant with the operations of mind and the great concerns of heaven,—privileges which, under the tutelage of Rome, it had never enjoyed. True it is that the people form their own language; they, and they alone, invent those happy words,—those figurative and energetic phrases, which give colouring and animation to human speech. But there are latent powers in language which they know not how to elicit, and which men of cultivated intellect can alone call into action. When the time arrived for Calvin to engage in discussion and controversy, he was forced, by the exigency of the case to enrich his native tongue with modes of expression hitherto unknown to it,—indicating the dependence, the connection, the minute diversity of ideas, the transition from one to another, and the various steps in the process of logical deductions.

The elements of all this were already working in the brain of the young student of the college of La Marche. This child, who was to exert so powerful a mastery over the human heart, was destined to exhibit equal power in bending and moulding to his will the idiom which was to serve as his instrument. The French of Calvin eventually became the language of Protestant France, and when we speak of Protestant France, we speak of the most cultivated portion of the French nation; since out of that portion arose those families of scholars and dignified magistrates, who contributed so much to the refinement of the national character—out of that portion arose also the society of Port Royal,* one of the great agents by which the prose and even the poetry of France have been modelled,—a society which aimed at introducing into the catholicism of the Gallican Church both the *doctrine* and the *language* of the Reformation, and failing in one of these objects, succeeded in the other; for who can deny that Roman Catholic France had to learn from her antagonists among the Jansenists and Reformers how to handle those weapons of style, without which it would have been impossible for her to maintain her ground against them?†

In the mean time, while the future Reformer of religion and of language, was ripening in the college of La Marche, all was in commotion around that young and thoughtful scholar, without his being at all affected by the mighty movement which agitated society. The flames that consumed the hermit and Pavanne, shed dismay over Paris. But the persecutors were not satisfied; a system of terror was set on foot throughout the whole of France. The friends of the Reformation no longer dared to correspond with each other, lest their letters should be intercepted, and so betray to the vengeance of the tribunals, not only those who had written them, but those also to whom they were addressed.‡ One man, however, was bold enough to undertake the office of conveying intelligence of what was passing in Paris and in France, to the refugees at Basle,—by means of an unsigned letter sewed up in his doublet. He escaped the scattered parties of arquebusiers,—the marechanssée of the different districts,—the strict examinations of the provosts and their lieutenants,—and arrived at Basle with the doublet on his back and its hidden deposit untouched. The tidings of which he was the bearer, struck terror into the hearts of Toussaint and his friends.—"It is piteous to hear of the cruelties they are committing yonder!"‖—exclaims Toussaint. A

* M. A. Arnauld, the grandfather of Mother Angelica and of all the Arnaulds of Port Royal, was a Protestant,—see "Port Royal, par M. Sainte-Beuve."

† Etudes Liter. sur Calvin, par M. A. Sayers, Genève, 1839. art. iv. This work has been followed by similar inquiries regarding Farel, Viret, and Beza.

‡ "Not a person dares to write to me."—(Toussaint to Farel, 4th September, 1525. MS. of Neufchâtel.)

‖ Toussaint to Farel, 4th Sept. 1525.

little before this, two Franciscan friars had arrived at Basle closely pursued by the officers of justice. One of these friars, named John Prevost, had preached at Meaux, and had afterwards been thrown into prison in Paris.*—The accounts they brought from the capital, as well as from Lyons, through which city they had passed on their way, excited the deepest compassion in the minds of the refugees: "May our Lord visit them with his grace!" said Toussaint, writing to Farel;—"believe me when I tell you that at times I am in great anxiety and tribulation."

These excellent men did not lose heart, however. In vain were all the Parliaments on the watch; in vain did the spies of the Sorbonne and the monks creep into churches and colleges, and even into private families, to catch up any word of Evangelic doctrine that might be dropped there; in vain did the king's *gens d'armes* patrol the highways to intercept everything that seemed to bear the impress of the Reformation;—these Frenchmen, thus hunted and trodden on by Rome and her myrmidons, had faith in better days to come; and even now, the termination of what they called the Babylonish captivity was greeted by them afar. "At length," said they, "the seventieth year will arrive—the year of deliverance, and liberty of spirit and conscience will be ours." But the seventy years were to be extended to nearly three centuries, and unheard-of calamities were to be endured before these hopes should be realized. It was not in man, however, that the refugees put their trust. "They who have begun the dance," said Toussaint, "will not stop short in the middle of it."—But they believed that the Lord "knew those whom he had chosen, and would accomplish the deliverance of His people by the hand of His power."

The Chevalier d'Esch had actually tasted the mercy of deliverance. Being dismissed from the prison of Pont-à-Mousson, he had hastened to Strasburg; but his stay there was short. For "the honour of God," wrote Toussaint to Farel, "immediately prevail on our worthy master, the Chevalier, to return as quickly as possible, for our other brethren have need of such a leader." In fact, the French refugees had now fresh cause of alarm. They were apprehensive that the dispute respecting the Lord's Supper, which had afflicted them so grievously in Germany, would find its way across the Rhine, and prove the source of new troubles in France. Francis Lambert, the monk of Avignon, after visiting Zurich and Wittemberg, had arrived at Metz, where he was regarded with a measure of distrust, for it was feared that he might introduce the sentiments of Luther, and by fruitless, and, as Toussaint calls them, "monstrous" controversies, impede the progress of the Reformation. Esch, therefore, returned to Lorraine, to be again exposed to great dangers, "in common with all in that region who were seeking the glory of Christ."

* Toussaint to Farel, 21st July, 1525.

But Toussaint was not the man who would invite others to join the battle, while he himself kept aloof from it. Deprived of the comfort of daily intercourse with Œcolampadius, reduced to the society of an ill-nurtured priest, he had sought more communion with Christ, and had gained an accession of courage. If he could not return to Metz, might he not at least go to Paris? True,—the smoke that ascended from the piles on which Pavanne and the hermit of Livry had been sacrificed was scarcely yet cleared away, and its dark shadow might seem to repel from the capital all whose faith bore any resemblance to their's. But if, as he had heard, the terror that prevailed in the colleges of Paris and amidst her streets was such, that none dared even to name the Gospel or the Reformation,—was not this a reason why he should repair thither? Toussaint quitted Basle, and took up his abode within those perilous walls, heretofore the seat of revelry and licentious pleasure, now the stronghold of fanaticism. His desire was to pursue his studies in Christian literature, and at the same time to form a connection with the brethren who were in the colleges, particularly with those who were in the college of Cardinal Lemoine, where Lefevre and Farel had taught. But he was not long left at liberty to prosecute his design. The tyranny of the parliamentary commissaries and the doctors of the Sorbonne now reigned supreme over the capital, and whosoever was obnoxious to these was sure to be accused of heresy. A duke and an abbot, whose names are not upon record, denounced Toussaint as a heretic; and, one day, the king's sergeants arrested the young Lorrainer, and threw him into prison. Separated from all his friends, and treated as a criminal, Toussaint felt his helplessness more as a sinner than a captive. "O Lord!" cried he, "withdraw not thy Spirit from me, for without that Holy Spirit I am altogether carnal, and a sink of iniquity." While his body was held in chains, his heart turned for solace to the remembrance of those who were still at large to struggle for the Gospel. There was Œcolampadius, his father, "whose work," says he, "we are in the Lord."* There was Lefevre, whom (obviously on account of his age,) he deemed "unmeet to bear the burthen of the Gospel;" there was Roussel, "by whom he trusted that the Lord would do great things;" and Vaugris, who had manifested all the zeal "of the most affectionate brother," in his efforts to rescue him from the power of his enemies. There was Farel also, to whom he wrote—"I entreat your prayers on my behalf, that I may not faint in this conflict." How effectual must he have found the repetition of those beloved names in awakening thoughts which mitigated the bitterness of his captivity—for he showed no signs of fainting. Death, it is true, seemed to be impending over his

* This letter is without a date, but it appears to have been written shortly after the liberation of Toussaint, and it shows the thoughts which occupied him at that period.

head, in a city where the blood of multitudes of his brethren was afterwards to be poured out like water; and, on the other hand, offers of the most lavish kind were made by the friends of his mother, and of his uncle the dean of Metz, as well as by the Cardinal of Lorraine, to induce him to recant. But his reply to such offers was—"I despise them all. I know that God is now putting me to the trial. I would rather endure hunger—I would rather be a very abject in the house of the Lord, than dwell with great riches in the palaces of the ungodly." At the same time he made a clear and open confession of his faith: "I glory," he said, "in being called a heretic by those whose lives and doctrine I see to be directly opposite to those of Christ." And the young man subscribed himself, "Peter Toussaint, unworthy of his name of *Christian*."

Thus, in the absence of the monarch, new attacks were levelled against the Reformation. Berquin, Toussaint, and many others were in bonds; Schuch, Pavanne, and the hermit of Livry had been put to death; Farel, Lefevre, Roussel, and many other defenders of sound doctrine were in exile; and the tongues of the most eloquent were chained. The light of the Gospel waxed dim; the storm roared around, bending, and shaking as if it would uproot that tree which the hand of God had so recently planted on the French soil.

To those humbler victims who had already fallen, others of more note were now to succeed. The enemy, failing in their efforts when directed against persons of distinction, had submitted to work from beneath upwards; hoping gradually to bring to bear on the more eminent in station the sentence of condemnation and death. It was a sort of countermarch which answered the purpose they had in view. Scarcely had the wind scattered the ashes with which persecution strewed the Place de Grève and the close of Notre Dame, when further blows were struck. The excellent Messire Anthony Du Blet, the "negociateur" of Lyons, sunk under the persecutions of the enemies of the truth; as did also another disciple, Francis Moulin. No detailed account of their deaths has come down to us.* Not stopping there, the persecutors proceeded to take a higher aim. One there was whose eminent rank placed her beyond their reach—but who might yet be stricken in the persons of those dear to her.—This was the Duchess of Alençon. Michel d'Arende, her chaplain,—for the sake of whom Margaret had dismissed her other preachers, and who was accustomed in her presence to publish a pure Gospel, was singled out for attack, and threatened with imprisonment and death. About the same time Anthony Papillon, for whom the princess had obtained the office of Chief Master of Requests to the Dauphin, died suddenly, and a report, generally prevalent even among the enemies, ascribed his death to poison.

The persecution was spreading through the kingdom, and drawing nearer to the person of Margaret. The isolated champions of truth were, one after another, stretched upon the field. A few more such victories, and the soil of France would be purged from heresy. Underhand contrivances and secret practices took the place of clamour and the stake. The war was conducted in open day; but it was decided that it should also be carried on darkly and in secrecy. If, in dealing with the common people, fanaticism employs the tribunal and the scaffold, it has in reserve poison and the dagger for those of more note. The doctors of a celebrated school are but too well known for having patronized the use of such means; and kings themselves have fallen victims to the steel of the assassins. But if France has had in every age its *Seides*, it has also had its Vincents de Paul and its Fenelons. Strokes falling in darkness and silence were well fitted to spread terror on all sides; and to this perfidious policy and these fanatical persecutions, in the interior of the kingdom, were now added the fatal reverses experienced beyond the frontier. A dark cloud was spread over the whole nation. Not a family, especially among the higher classes, but was either mourning for a father, a husband, or a son, who had fallen on the plains of Italy, or trembling for the liberty or life of one of its members. The signal misfortunes which had burst upon the nation diffused everywhere a leaven of hatred against the heretics. The people, the parliament, the Church, and even the throne, were joined hand in hand.

Was there not enough to bow the heart of Margaret in the defeat at Pavia, the death of her husband, and the captivity of her brother? Was she doomed to view the final extinction of that soft light of the Gospel in which her heart had found such joy? News arrived from Spain which added to the general distress. Mortification and sickness had reduced the haughty Francis to the brink of the grave. If the king should continue a captive, or die, and the regency of his mother be protracted for some years, there was apparently an end of all prospect of a Reformation. "But when all seems lost," observed, at a later period, the young scholar of Noyon, "God interposes to deliver and guard His church in His own wondrous way.' The Church of France which was as if travailing in birth, was to have a brief interval of ease before its pains returned upon it; and God made use of a weak woman.—one who never openly declared for the Gospel.—in order to give to the Church this season of rest. Margaret herself, at this time, thought more of saving the king and the kingdom, than of delivering the comparatively unknown Christians, who were yet resting many hopes upon her interference. But under the dazzling surface of human affairs, God often hides the mysterious ways in which He rules His people. A generous

* Periit Franciscus Molinus ac Dubletus. (Erasm. Epp. p. 1109.) Erasmus in his letter addressed to Francis I., in July, 1526, names all those who, during the captivity of that prince, fell victims to the Romish fanatics.

project was suggested to the mind of the Duchess of Alençon; it was, to cross the sea, or traverse the Pyrenees, and rescue Francis I. from the power of Charles V. Such was the object to which her thoughts were henceforth directed.

Margaret announced her intention, and France hailed it with grateful acclamation. Her genius, her great reputation, and the attachment existing between herself and her brother, helped much to counterbalance, in the eyes of Louisa and of Duprat, her partiality for the new doctrines. All eyes were turned upon her, as the only person capable of extricating the nation from its perilous position. Let Margaret in person make an appeal to the powerful emperor and his ministers, and employ the admirable genius with which she was gifted, in the effort to give liberty to her brother and her king.

Yet very various feelings existed among the nobility and the people in the prospect of the Duchess trusting herself in the centre of the enemies' councils, and among the stern soldiery of the Catholic king. All admired, but without sharing in her confidence and devotedness: her friends had fears for her, which, in the result, were but too near being realized: but the evangelical party were full of hope. The king's captivity had been to them the occasion of hitherto unprecedented severities—his restoration to liberty they expected would put a period to those rigours. Let the king once find himself beyond the Spanish frontier.—and the gates of those prison houses and castles, wherein the servants of God's word were immured, would instantly be set open. Margaret was more and more confirmed in a project to which she felt herself drawn by so many various motives.

My heart is fixed; and not the heavens above
From its firm purpose can my spirit move;
Nor hell, with all its powers, my course withstand
For Jesus holds its keys within his hand.

Her woman's heart was strengthened with that faith which overcomes the world, and her resolution was irrevocably settled. Preparation was accordingly made for her journey.

The archbishop of Embrun, afterwards cardinal of Tournon, and the president of Selves, had already repaired to Madrid to treat for the ransom of the king. They were placed under the direction of Margaret, as was also the bishop of Tarbes, afterwards cardinal of Grammont; full powers being given to the Princess. At the same time Montmorency, afterwards so hostile to the Reformation, was despatched in haste to Spain to solicit a safe-conduct for the king's sister. The Emperor at first hesitated, alleging that it was for his ministers to arrange terms.—"One hour's conference between your majesty, the king my master, and Madame d'Alençon," remarked Selves, "would forward matters more than a month's discussion between the diplomatists." Margaret, impatient to attain her object, set out unprovided with a safe-conduct, accompanied by a splendid retinue. She took leave of the court and passed through Lyons, taking the direction of the Mediterranean; but on her road she was joined by Montmorency, who was the bearer of letters from Charles, guaranteeing her liberty for a period of three months. She reached Aigues-Mortes, and at that port the sister of Francis the First embarked on board a vessel prepared for her. Led by Providence into Spain rather for the deliverance of nameless and oppressed Christians, than for the liberation of the powerful monarch of France, Margaret committed herself to that sea whose waves had borne her brother when taken prisoner after the fatal battle of Pavia.

BOOK XIII.

THE PROTEST AND THE CONFERENCE.

1526—1529.

Twofold Movement of Reform—Reform, the Work of God—First Diet of Spire—Palladium of Reform—Proceedings of the Diet—Report of the Commissioners—The Papacy described—Destruction of Jerusalem—Instructions of Seville—Change of Policy—The Holy League—Religious Liberty proposed—Crisis of the Reformation—Italian War—Emperor's Manifesto—Italian Campaign—March on Rome—Revolt of the Troops—Papal Army—The Assault—The Sack—German Humours—Violence of the Spaniards—Profitable Calm—Constitution of the Church—Philip of Hesse—The Monk of Marburg—Lambert's Paradoxes—Friar Boniface—Disputation at Homburg—Triumph of the Gospel in Hesse—Constitution of the Church—Synods—Two Elements in the Church—Luther on the Ministry—Organization of the Church—Evils of State Interference—Luther's Letter to the Elector—German Mass—Melancthon's Instructions—Disaffection—Visitation of the Reformed Churches—Important Results—The Reformation Advances—Elizabeth of Brandenburg—A Pious Princess—Edict of Ofen—Persecutions—Windeler and Carpenter—Persecutions—Keyser—Alarm in Germany—Pack's Forgery—League of the Reformed Princes—Advice of the Reformers—Luther's pacific Counsel—Surprise of the Papist Princes—Pack's Scheme not improbable—Vigour of the Reformation—Alliance between Charles and Clement—Omens—Hostility of the Papists—Arbitrary Proposition of Charles—The Schism completed—The Protest—Principles of the Protest—The Supremacy of the Gospel—Union of Truth and Charity—Ferdinand rejects the Protest—Joy of the Protestants—Exultation of the Papists—Peter Muerstatt—Christian Unity a Reality—Escape of Grynæus—Melancthon's Dejection—The Princes, the true Reformers—Germany and Reform—Union necessary to Reform—Difficulty of Union—A Lutheran Warning—Proposed Conference at Marburg—Melancthon and Zwingle—Zwingle's Departure—Rumours in Zurich—Hoc est Corpus Meum—The Discussion—Figures—Scripture explained by Scripture—The Spiritual Eating—Zwingle's Old Song—Agitation in the Conference—Metaphor—Christ's Humanity Finite—Testimony of Augustin—Luther's Violence—End of the Conference—The Landgrave Mediates—Their Last Meeting—Zwingle's Emotion—Sectarian Spirit of the Germans—Brotherhood Rejected—Christian Charity Prevails—The Real Presence—Luther's Dejection—State of Political Affairs—Luther's Battle Sermon.

I. We have witnessed the commencement, the struggles, the reverses, and the progress of the Reformation; but the conflicts that we have hitherto described have been but partial; we are entering upon a new period,—that of general battles. Spire (1529) and Augsburg (1530) are two names that shine forth with more immortal glory than Marathon, Pavia, or Marengo. Forces that up to the present time were separate, are now uniting into one energetic band; and the power of God is working in these brilliant actions, which open a new era in the history of nations, and communicate an irresistible impulse to mankind. The passage from the middle ages to modern times has arrived.

A great protest is about to be accomplished; and although there have been protestants in the Church from the very beginning of Christianity, since liberty and truth could not be maintained here below, save by protesting continually against despotism and error, Protestantism is about to take a new step. It is about to become a body, and thus attack with greater energy that "mystery of iniquity" which for ages has taken a bodily shape at Rome, in the very temple of God.[1]

But although we have to treat of protests, it must not however be imagined that the Reformation is a negative work. In every sphere in which any thing great is evolved, whether in nature or society, there is a principle of life at work,—a seed that God fertilizes. The Reformation, when it appeared in the sixteenth century, did not, it is true, perform a new work, for a reformation is not a formation; but it turned its face toward the beginnings of Christianity, thither were its steps directed; it seized upon them with adoration, and embraced them with affection. Yet it was not satisfied with this return to primitive times. Laden with its precious burden, it again crossed the interval of ages, and brought back to fallen and lifeless Christendom the sacred fire that was destined to restore it to light and life. In this twofold movement consisted its action and its strength. Afterwards, no doubt, it rejected superannuated forms, and combatted error; but this was, so to speak, only the least of its works, and its third movement. Even the protest of which we have to speak had for its end and aim the re-establishment of truth and of life, and was essentially a positive act.

This powerful and rapid twofold action of reform, by which the apostolic times were re-established at the opening of modern history, proceeded not from man. A reformation is not arbitrarily made, as charters

[1] 2 Thess. ii.

and revolutions are in some countries. A real reformation, prepared during many ages, is the work of the Spirit of God. Before the appointed hour, the greatest geniuses and even the most faithful of God's servants cannot produce it; but when the reforming time is come, when it is God's pleasure to intervene in the affairs of the world, the divine life must clear a passage, and it is able to create of itself the humble instruments by which this life is communicated to the human race. Then, if men are silent, the very stones will cry out.[1]

It is to the protest of Spire (1529) that we are now about to turn our eyes; but the way to this protest was prepared by years of peace, and followed by attempts at concord that we shall have also to describe. Nevertheless the formal establishment of Protestantism remains the great fact that prevails in the history of the Reformation from 1526 to 1529.

The Duke of Brunswick had brought into Germany the threatening message of Charles the Fifth. The Emperor was about to repair from Spain to Rome to come to an understanding with the Pope, and from thence to pass into Germany to constrain the heretics. The last summons was to be addressed to them by the Diet of Spire, 1526.[2] The decisive hour for the Reformation was about to strike.

On the 25th June, 1526, the diet opened. In the instructions, dated at Seville, 23d March, the Emperor ordered that the Church customs should be maintained entire, and called upon the diet to punish those who refused to carry out the edict of Worms.[3] Ferdinand himself was at Spire, and his presence rendered these orders more formidable. Never had the hostility which the Romish partisans entertained against the evangelical princes, appeared in so striking a manner. "The Pharisees," said Spalatin, "pursue Jesus Christ with violent hatred."[4]

Never also had the evangelical princes showed so much hope. Instead of presenting themselves frightened and trembling, like guilty men, they were seen advancing, surrounded by the ministers of the Word, with uplifted heads and cheerful looks. Their first step was to ask for a place of worship. The Bishop of Spire, count-palatine of the Rhine, having indignantly refused this strange request,[5] the princes complained of it as of an injustice, and ordered their ministers to preach daily in the halls of their palaces. An immense crowd from the city and the country, which amounted to many thousands, immediately filled them.[1] In vain on the feast days did Ferdinand, the ultra-montane princes, and the bishops assist in the pomps of the Roman worship in the beautiful cathedral of Spire; the unadorned Word of God, preached in the Protestant vestibules, engrossed the hearers, and the Mass was celebrated in an empty church.[2]

It was not only the ministers, but the knights and the grooms, "mere idiots," who, unable to control their zeal, everywhere extolled the Word of the Lord.[3] All the followers of the evangelical princes wore these letters braided on their right sleeves: V. D. M. I. Æ., that is to say, "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."[4] The same inscription might be read on the escutcheons of the princes, suspended over their hotels. The Word of God—such from this moment was the palladium of the Reform.

This was not all. The Protestants knew that the mere worship was not sufficient: the Landgrave had therefore called upon the Elector to abolish certain "court customs" which dishonoured the Gospel. These two princes had consequently drawn up an order of living which forbade drunkenness, debauchery, and other vicious customs prevalent during a diet.[5]

Perhaps the Protestant princes sometimes put forward their dissent beyond what prudence would have required. Not only they did not go to Mass, and did not observe the prescribed fasts, but still further, on the meagre days, their attendants were seen publicly bearing dishes of meat and game, destined for their masters' tables, and crossing, says Cochlœus, in the presence of the whole auditory, the halls in which the worship was celebrating. "It was," says this writer, "with the intent of attracting the Catholics by the savour of the meats and of the wines."[6]

The Elector in effect had a numerous court: seven hundred persons formed his retinue. One day he gave a banquet at which twenty-six princes with their gentlemen and councillors were present. They continued playing until a very late hour—ten at night. Everything in Duke John announced the most powerful prince of the empire. The youthful Landgrave of Hesse, full of zeal and knowledge, and in the strength of a first Christian love, made a still deeper impression on those who ap-

[1] Luke xix. 40.

[2] See book x. chap. xiv. The Diet of Spire, held in 1526, must not be confounded with that of 1529, at which the protest took place.

[3] Sleidan, Hist. Ref. book vi.

[4] Christum pharisæis vehementer fuisse invisum. (Seckend. ii. p. 46.)

[5] Fortiter interdixit. (Cochlœus, p. 138.)

[1] Ingens concursus plebis et rusticorum. (Cochlœus.) Multis millibus hominum accurrentibus. (Seckend. ii. p. 48.)

[2] Populum a sacris avertebant. (Cochlœus, p. 138.)

[3] Ministri eorum, equites et stabularii, idiotæ, petulanter jactabant verbum Domini. (Ibid.)

[4] Verbum Domini Manet in Æternum. (Ibid.)

[5] Adversus inveteratos illos et impios usus nitendum esse. (Seck. ii. p. 46.)

[6] Ut complures allicerentur ad eorum sectam, in ferculis portabantur carnes coctæ in diebus jejunii, aperte in conspectu totius auditorii. (Cochlœus, p. 138.)

proached him. He would frequently dispute with the bishops, and thanks to his acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, he easily stopped their mouths.[1]

This firmness in the friends of the Reformation produced fruits that surpassed their expectation. It was no longer possible to be deceived: the spirit that was manifested in these men was the spirit of the Bible. Every where the sceptre was falling from the hands of Rome. "The leaven of Luther," said a zealous Papist, "sets all the people of Germany in a ferment, and foreign nations themselves are agitated by formidable movements.[2]

It was immediately seen how great is the strength of deep convictions. The states that were well disposed towards the Reform, but which had not ventured to give their adhesion publicly, became emboldened. The neutral states, which demanded the repose of the empire, formed the resolution of opposing the edict of Worms, the execution of which would have spread trouble through all Germany, and the Papist states lost their boldness. The bow of the mighty was broken.[3]

Ferdinand did not think proper, at so critical a moment, to communicate to the diet the severe instructions he had received from Seville.[4] He substituted a proposition of a nature to satisfy both parties.

The laymen immediately recovered the influence of which the clergy had dispossessed them. The ecclesiastics resisted a proposal in the college of princes that the diet should occupy itself with church abuses, but their exertions were unavailing. Undoubtedly a non-political assembly would have been preferable to the diet, but it was already something that religious matters were no longer to be regulated solely by the priests.

The deputies from the cities having received communication of this resolution, called for the abolition of every usage contrary to the faith in Jesus Christ. In vain did the bishops exclaim that, instead of abolishing pretended abuses, they would do much better to burn all the books with which Germany had been inundated during the last eight years. "You desire," was the reply, "to bury all wisdom and knowledge."[5] The request of the cities was agreed to,[1] and the diet was divided into committees for the abolition of abuses.

Then was manifested the profound disgust inspired by the priests of Rome. "The clergy," said the deputy from Frankfort, "make a jest of the public good, and look after their own interests only." "The laymen," said the deputy from Duke George, "have the salvation of Christendom much more at heart than the clergy."

The commissions made their report: people were astonished at it. Never had men spoken out so freely against the pope and the bishops. The commission of the princes, in which the ecclesiastics and the laymen were in equal numbers, proposed a fusion of Popery and Reform. "The Priests would do better to marry," said they, "than to keep women of ill-fame in their houses; every man should be at liberty to communicate under one or both forms; German and Latin may be equally employed in the Lord's Supper and in Baptism; as for the other sacraments, let them be preserved, but let them be administered gratuitously. Finally, let the Word of God be preached according to the interpretation of the Church (this was the demand of Rome,) but always explaining Scripture by Scripture" (this was the great principle of the Reformation) Thus the first step was taken towards a national union. Still a few more efforts, and the whole German race would be walking in the direction of the Gospel.

The evangelical Christians, at the sight of this glorious prospect, redoubled their exertions. "Stand fast in the doctrine," said the Elector of Saxony to his councillors.[2] At the same time hawkers in every part of the city were selling Christian pamphlets, short and easy to read, written in Latin and in German, and ornamented with engravings, in which the errors of Rome were vigorously attacked.[3] One of these books was entitled, *The Papacy with its Members painted and described by Doctor Luther.* In it figured the pope, the cardinal, and then all the religious orders, exceeding sixty, each with their costumes and description in verse. Under the picture of one of these orders were the following lines:

Greedy priests, see, roll in gold
Forgetful of the humble Jesu:

under another:

We forbid you to behold
The Bible, lest it should mislead you;[4]

and under a third:

We can fast and pray the harder
With an overflowing larder.[5]

[1] Annales Spalatini.

[2] Germaniæ populi Lutherico fermento inescati, et in externis quoque nationibus, gravissimi erant motus. (Cochlœus, p. 138.)

[3] 1 Samuel ii. 4.

[4] Some historians appear to think that these instructions were communicated in reality at the very opening of the diet. Ranke shows that this was not the case; but adds, that he sees no reason why the commissaries should have thought themselves authorized to make any other proposition. The motives that I have assigned appear to me the true ones. I shall state below why the commissaries returned afterwards to the imperial instructions.

[5] Omnes libros esse comburendos. Sed rejectum est quia sic omnis doctrina et eruditio theologica interitura esset (Seckend. ii. p. 45.)

[1] Civitatum suffragia multum valuerunt. (Ibid.)

[2] Elector Saxoniæ conciliarios suos exhortatus est, in doctrina evangelica firmi. (Ibid. p. 48.)

[3] Circumferebantur item libri Lutherani vernales per totam civitatem. (Cochlœus, p. 138.)

[4] Dass die Schrift sie nicht verführe,
Durft ihr keinen nich studir.
(L. Opp. xix. p. 536.)

[5] Doch war ihr küch mimmer leer. (Ibid.)

"Not one of these orders," said Luther to the reader, "thinks either of faith or charity. This one wears the tonsure, the other a hood; this a cloak, that a robe. One is white, another black, a third gray, and a fourth blue. Here is one holding a looking-glass, there one with a pair of scissors. Each has his playthings.....Ah! these are the palmer-worms, the locusts, the canker-worms, and the caterpillars which, as Joel saith, have eaten up all the earth."[1]

But if Luther employed the scourges of sarcasm, he also blew the trumpet of the prophets; and this he did in a work entitled *The Destruction of Jerusalem*. Shedding tears like Jeremiah, he denounced to the German people a ruin like that of the Holy City, if like it they rejected the Gospel.[2] "God has imparted to us all his treasures," exclaimed he; "he became man, he has served us,[3] he died for us, he has risen again, and he has so opened the gates of heaven, that all may enter.....The hour of grace is come.....The glad tidings are proclaimed.....But where is the city, where is the prince that has received them? They insult the Gospel: they draw the sword, and daringly seize God by the beard.[4].....But wait.....He will turn round; with one blow will he break their jaws, and all Germany will be but one wide ruin."

These works had a very great sale.[5] It was not only the peasants and townspeople who read them, but nobles also and princes. Leaving the priests alone at the foot of the altar, they threw themselves into the arms of the new Gospel.[6] The necessity of a reform of abuses was proclaimed on the 1st of August by a general committee.

Then Rome, which had appeared to slumber, awoke. Fanatical priests, monks, ecclesiastical princes, all beset Ferdinand. Cunning, bribery, nothing was spared. Did not Ferdinand possess the instructions of Seville? To refuse their publication was to effect the ruin of the Church and of the empire. Let the voice of Charles oppose its powerful *veto* to the dizziness that is hurrying Germany along, said they, and Germany will be saved! Ferdinand made up his mind, and at length, on the 3d August, published the decree, drawn up more than four months previously in favour of the edict of Worms.[7]

[1] L. Opp. xix. p. 535. Joel i. 4.

[2] Libelli, parvuli quidem mole, sed virulentia perquam grandes, sermo Lutheri Teuthonicus de destructione Jerusalem. (Cochlœus. p. 138.)

[3] Wird Mensch, dienet uns, stirbt fur uns. (Luth. Opp. xiv. (L.) p. 226.)

[4] Greiffen Gott zu frech in den Bart. (Ibid.) Deo nimis ferociter barbam vallicant. (Cochlœus.)

[5] Perquam plurima vendebantur exemplaria. (Cochlœus. p. 139.)

[6] Non solum plebs et rustica turba, verum etiam plerique optimatum et nobilium trahebantur in favorem novi Evangelii, atque in odium antiquæ religionis. (Cochlœus, p. 160.)

[7] Sleidan. Hist. de la Ref. liv. vi. p. 229.

The persecution was about to begin; the reformers would be thrown into dungeons, and the sword drawn on the banks of the Guadalquivir would pierce at last the bosom of Reform.

The effect of the imperial ordinance was immense. The breaking of an axle-tree does not more violently check the velocity of a railway train. The Elector and the Landgrave announced that they were about to quit the diet, and ordered their attendants to prepare for their departure. At the same time the deputies from the cities drew towards these two princes, and the Reformation appeared on the brink of entering immediately upon a contest with the Pope and Charles the Fifth.

But it was not yet prepared for a general struggle. It was necessary for the tree to send out its roots deeper, before the Almighty unchained the stormy winds against it. A spirit of blindness, similar to that which in former times was sent out upon Saul and Herod,[1] then seized upon the great enemy of the Gospel; and thus was it that Divine Providence saved the Reform in its cradle.

The first movement of trouble was over. The friends of the Gospel began to consider the date of the imperial instructions, and to weigh the new political combinations which seemed to announce to the world the most unlooked-for events. "When the Emperor wrote these letters," said the cities of Upper Germany, "he was on good terms with the Pope, but now everything is changed. It is even asserted that he had told Margaret, his deputy in the Low Countries, to proceed *gently* with respect to the Gospel. Let us send him a deputation." That was not necessary. Charles had not waited until now to form a different resolution. The course of public affairs, taking a sudden turn, had rushed into an entirely new path. Years of peace were about to be granted to the Reform.

Clement VII., whom Charles was about to visit, according to the instructions of Seville, in order to receive in Rome itself and from his sacred hands the imperial crown, and in return to give up to the pontiff the Gospel and the Reformation,—Clement VII., seized with a strange infatuation, had suddenly turned against this powerful monarch. The Emperor, unwilling to favour his ambition in every point, had opposed his claims on the states of the Duke of Ferrara. Clement immediately became exasperated, and cried out that Charles wished to enslave the peninsula, but that the time was come for re-establishing the independence of Italy. This great idea of Italian independence, entertained at that period by a few literary men, had not, as now, penetrated the mass of the nation. Clement therefore hastened to have recourse to political combinations. The Pope, the Vene-

[1] 1 Sam. xvi. 14—23; Matt. ii.

tians, and the King of France, who had scarcely recovered his liberty, formed a *holy league*, of which the King of England was by a bull proclaimed the preserver and protector.[1] In June 1526, the Emperor caused the most favourable propositions to be presented to the Pope; but these advances were ineffectual, and the Duke of Sessa, Charles' ambassador at Rome, returning on horseback from his last audience, placed a court-fool behind him, who, by a thousand monkey-tricks, gave the Roman people to understand how they laughed at the projects of the Pope. The latter responded to these bravadoes by a brief, in which he threatened the Emperor with excommunication, and without loss of time pushed his troops into Lombardy, whilst Milan, Florence, and Piedmont declared for the Holy League. Thus was Europe preparing to be avenged for the triumph of Pavia.

Charles did not hesitate. He wheeled to the right as quickly as the Pope had done to the left, and turned abruptly towards the evangelical princes. "Let us suspend the Edict of Worms," wrote he to his brother; "let us bring back Luther's partisans by mildness, and by a good council cause the evangelical truth to triumph." At the same time he demanded that the Elector, the Landgrave, and their allies should march with him against the Turks—or against Italy, for the common good of Christendom.

Ferdinand hesitated. To gain the friendship of the Lutherans was to forfeit that of the other princes. The latter were already beginning to utter violent threats.[2] The Protestants themselves were not very eager to grasp the Emperor's hand. "It is God, God himself, who will save his churches."[3]

What was to be done? The edict of Worms could neither be repealed nor carried into execution.

This strange situation led of necessity to the desired solution: religious liberty. The first idea of this occurred to the deputies of the cities. "In one place," said they, "the ancient ceremonies have been preserved; in another they have been abolished; and both think they are right. Let us allow each one to do as he thinks fit, until a council shall re-establish the desired unity by the Word of God." This idea gained favour, and the *recess* of the diet, dated the 27th August, decreed that a universal, or at least a national free council should be convoked within a year, that they should request the Emperor to return speedily to Germany, and that, until then, each state should behave in its own territory in a manner so as to be able to render an account to God and to the Emperor.[1]

Thus they escaped from their difficulty by a middle course; and this time it was really the true one. Each one maintained his rights, while recognising another's. The diet of 1526 forms an important epoch in history: an ancient power, that of the middle ages, is shaken; a new power, that of modern times, is advancing; religious liberty boldly takes its stand in front of Romish despotism; a lay spirit prevails over the sacerdotal spirit. In this single step there is a complete victory: the cause of the Reform is won.

Yet it was little suspected. Luther, on the morrow of the day on which the *recess* was published, wrote to a friend: "The diet is sitting at Spire in the German fashion. They drink and gamble, and there is nothing done except that."[2] "Le congrès danse et ne marche pas,"[3] has been said in our days. It is because great things are often transacted under an appearance of frivolity, and because God accomplishes his designs unknown even to those whom he employs as his instruments. In this diet a gravity and love of liberty of conscience were manifested, which are the fruits of Christianity, and which in the sixteenth century had its earliest, if not its most energetic development among the German nations.

Yet Ferdinand still hesitated. Mahomet himself came to the aid of the Gospel. Louis, king of Hungary and Bohemia, drowned at Mohacz on the 29th August, 1526, as he was fleeing from before Soliman II., had bequeathed the crown of these two kingdoms to Ferdinand. But the Duke of Bavaria, the Waywode of Transylvania, and, above all, the terrible Soliman, contested it against him. This was sufficient to occupy Charles' brother: he left Luther, and hastened to dispute the two thrones.

II. The Emperor immediately reaped the fruits of his new policy. No longer having his hands tied by Germany, he turned them against Rome. The Reformation had been exalted and the Papacy was to be abased. The blows aimed at its pitiless enemy were about to open a new career to the evangelical work.

Ferdinand, who was detained by his Hungarian affairs, gave the charge of the Italian expedition to Freundsberg, that old general who had patted Luther in a friendly manner on the shoulder as the Reformer was about to appear before the diet of Worms.[4] This

[1] Sleidan, Hist. de la Ref. liv. vi.; Bullar. Mag. roman. x.

[2] Ferdinandus, ut audio, graviter minatur.—(Corp. Ref. i. p. 801.)

[3] Imperator pollicetur.....sed nemo his promissis movetur. Spero Deum defensurum esse suas Ecclesias. (Ibid

[1] Unusquisque in sua ditione ita se gereret ut rationem Deo et imperatori reddere posset.—(Seckend. ii. p. 41.)

[2] Potatur et luditur, præterea nihil. (J. Epp. iii. p. 126.)

[3] The congress dances, but does not move forward.

[4] See book vii. chap. viii.

veteran, observed a contemporary,[1] who "bore in his chivalrous heart God's holy Gospel, well fortified and flanked by a strong wall," pledged his wife's jewels, sent recruiting parties into all the towns of Upper Germany, and owing to the magic idea of a war against the Pope, soon witnessed crowds of soldiers flocking to his standard." "Announce," Charles had said to his brother, —"announce that the army is to march against the Turks; every one will know what Turks are meant."

Thus the mighty Charles, instead of marching with the Pope against the Reform, as he had threatened at Seville, marches with the Reform against the Pope. A few days had sufficed to produce this change of direction: there are few such in history in which the hand of God is more plainly manifested. Charles immediately assumed all the airs of a reformer. On the 17th September, he addressed a manifesto to the Pope,[2] in which he reproaches him for behaving not like the father of the faithful, but like an insolent and haughty man;[3] and declares his astonishment that, being Christ's vicar, he should dare to shed blood to acquire earthly possessions, "which," added he, "is quite contrary to the evangelical doctrine."[4] Luther could not have spoken better. "Let your holiness," continued Charles the Fifth, "return the sword of St. Peter into the scabbard, and convoke a holy and universal council." But the sword was much more to the pontiff's taste than the council. Is not the Papacy, according to the Romish doctors, the source of the two powers? Can it not depose kings, and consequently fight against them?[5] Charles prepared to requite "eye for eye, and tooth for tooth."[6]

Now began that terrible campaign during which the storm burst on Rome and on the Papacy that had been destined to fall on Germany and the Gospel. By the violence of the blows inflicted on the pontifical city, we may judge of the severity of those that would have dashed in pieces the reformed churches. While we retrace so many scenes of horror, we have constant need of calling to mind that the chastisement of the seven-hilled city had been predicted by the Divine Scriptures.[7]

[1] Haug marschalk, surnamed Zeller.

[2] Caroli Imperat. Rescriptum ad Clementis Septimi criminationes. (Goldasti, Constitut. Imperiales, i. p. 479.)

[3] Non jam pastoris seu communis patris laudem, sed superbi et insolentis nomen. (Ibid. p. 487.)

[4] Cum id ab evangelica doctrina, prorsus alienum videtur. (Ibid. p. 489.)

[5] Utriusque potestatis apicem Papa tenet. (Turrecremata de Potestate Papali.)

[6] Exod. xxi. 24.

[7] Revel. xviii. We should not, however, restrict this prediction to the incomplete sack of 1527, and from which the city soon recovered.

In the month of November, Freundsberg, at the head of fifteen thousand men, was at the foot of the Alps. The old general, avoiding the military roads, that were well guarded by the enemy, flung himself into a narrow path, over frightful precipices, that a few blows of the mattock would have rendered impassable. The soldiers are forbidden to look behind them; nevertheless their heads turn, their feet slip, and horse and foot fall from time to time down the abyss. In the most difficult passes, the most sure-footed of the infantry lower their long pikes to the right and left of their aged chief, by way of barrier, and Freundsberg advances, clinging to the lansquenet in front, and pushed on by the one behind. In three days the Alps are crossed, and on the 19th November the army reaches the territory of Brescia.

The Constable of Bourbon, who since the death of Pescara was commander-in-chief of the imperial army, had just taken possession of the duchy of Milan. The Emperor having promised him this conquest for a recompense, Bourbon was compelled to remain there some time to consolidate his power. At length, on the 12th February, he and his Spanish troops joined the army of Freundsberg, which was becoming impatient at his delays. The Constable had many men, but no money: he resolved therefore to follow the advice of the Duke of Ferrara, that inveterate enemy of the princes of the Church, and proceed straight to Rome.[1] The whole army received this news with a shout of joy. The Spaniards were filled with a desire of avenging Charles the Fifth, and the Germans were overflowing with hatred against the Pope: all exulted in the hope of receiving their pay and of having their labours richly recompensed at last by the treasures of Christendom that Rome had been accumulating for ages. Their shouts re-echoed beyond the Alps. Every man in Germany thought that the last hour of the Papacy had now come, and prepared to contemplate its fall. "The Emperor's forces are triumphing in Italy," wrote Luther; "the Pope is visited from every quarter. His destruction draweth nigh; his hour and his end are come."[2]

A few slight advantages gained by the papal soldiers in the kingdom of Naples, led to the conclusion of a truce that was to be ratified by the Pope and by the Emperor. At this news a frightful tumult broke out in the Constable's army. The Spanish troops revolted, compelled him to flee, and pillaged his tent. Then approaching the lansquenets, they began to shout as loudly as they could,

[1] Guicciardini, History of the Wars in Italy, book xviii. p. 698.

[2] Papa ubique visitatur, ut destruatur; venit enim finis et hora ejus. (Luther to Haussmann, 10th January, 1527. Epp. iii. p. 156.)

the only German words they knew: *Lance! lance! money! money!*[1] These words found an echo in the bosoms of the Imperialists; they were moved in their turn, and also began to cry with all their might: *Lance! lance! money! money!* Freundsberg beat to muster, and having drawn up the soldiers around him and his principal officers, calmly demanded, if he had ever deserted them. All was useless. The old affection which the lansquenets bore to their leader seemed extinct. One chord alone vibrated in their hearts: they must have pay and war. Accordingly, lowering their lances, they presented them, as if they would slay their officers, and again began to shout, "Lance! lance! money! money!" Freundsberg, whom no army however large had ever frightened,—Freundsberg, who was accustomed to say, "the more enemies, the greater the honour," seeing these lansquenets, at whose head he had grown gray, aiming their murderous steel against him, lost all power of utterance, and fell senseless upon a drum, as if struck with a thunderbolt.[2] The strength of the veteran general was broken for ever. But the sight of their dying captain produced on the lansquenets an effect that no speech could have made. All the lances were upraised, and the agitated soldiers retired with downcast eyes. Four days later, Freundsberg recovered his speech. "Forward," said he to the Constable; "God himself will bring us to the mark." Forward! forward! repeated the lansquenets. Bourbon had no other alternative: besides, neither Charles nor Clement would listen to any propositions of peace. Freundsberg was carried to Ferrara, and afterwards to his castle of Mindelheim, where he died after an illness of eighteen months; and on the 18th April, Bourbon took the highroad to Rome, which so many formidable armies coming from the north had already trodden.

Whilst the storm descending from the Alps was approaching the eternal city, the Pope lost his presence of mind, sent away his troops, and kept only his body-guard. More than thirty thousand Romans, it is true, capable of bearing arms, paraded their bravery in the streets, dragging their long swords after them, quarrelling and fighting; but these citizens, eager in the pursuit of gain, had little thought of defending the Pope, and desired on the contrary that the magnificent Charles would come and settle in Rome, hoping to derive great profit from his stay.

On the evening of the 5th May Bourbon arrived under the walls of the capital; and he would have begun the assault at that very moment if he had had ladders. On the morning of the 6th the army, concealed by a thick fog which hid their movements,[1] was put in motion, the Spaniards marching to their station above the gate of the Holy Ghost, and the Germans below.[2] The Constable wishing to encourage his soldiers, seized a scaling-ladder, mounted the wall, and called on them to follow him. At this moment a ball struck him: he fell, and expired an hour after. Such was the end of this unhappy man, a traitor to his king and to his country, and suspected even by his new friends.

His death, far from checking, served only to excite the army. Claudius Seidenstucker, grasping his long sword, first cleared the wall; he was followed by Michael Hartmann, and these two reformed Germans exclaimed that God himself marched before them in the clouds. The gates were opened, the army poured in, the suburbs were taken, and the Pope, surrounded by thirteen cardinals, fled to the Castle of St. Angelo. The Imperialists, at whose head was now the Prince of Orange, offered him peace on condition of his paying three hundred thousand crowns. But Clement, who thought that the Holy League was on the point o delivering him, and who fancied he already saw their leading horsemen, rejected every proposition. After four hour's repose, the attack was renewed, and by an hour after sunset the army was master of all the city. It remained under arms and in good order until midnight, the Spaniards in the Piazza Navona, and the Germans in the Campo-fiore. At last, seeing no demonstrations either of war or peace, the soldiers disbanded and ran to pillage.

Then began the famous "Sack of Rome." The Papacy had for centuries put Christendom in the press. Prebends, annates, jubilees, pilgrimages, ecclesiastical graces,—she had made money of them all. These greedy troops, that for months had lived in wretchedness, determined to make her disgorge. No one was spared, the imperial not more than the ultramontane party, the Ghibelines not more than the Guelfs. Churches, palaces, convents, private houses, basilics, banks, tombs—every thing was pillaged, even to the golden ring that the corpse of Julius II. still wore on its finger. The Spaniards displayed the greatest skill; they scented out and discovered treasures in the most mysterious hiding-places; but the Neapolitans were still more outrageous.[3] "On every side were heard," says Guicciardini, "the piteous shrieks of the Roman women

[1] Lanz, lanz, gelt, gelt.

[2] Cum vero hastas ducibus obverterent indignatione et ægritudine animi oppressus, Fronsbergius subito in deliquium incidit, ita ut in tympano quod adstabat desidere cogeretur, nullumque verbum proloqui amplius posset. (Seckend. ii. p. 79.)

[1] Guicciardini, vol. ii. p. 721.

[2] Since the new wall built by Urban VIII. on the top of the Janiculum, the gates of the Holy Ghost and of Seltimiana have become useless.

[3] Jovius Vita Pompeii Colonnæ, p. 191; Ranke Deutsche Gesch. ii. p. 398.

and of the nuns whom the soldiers dragged away by companies to satiate their lust."[1]

At first the Germans found a certain pleasure in making the Papists feel the weight of their swords. But ere long, happy at finding food and drink, they were more pacific than their allies. It was upon those things which the Romans called "holy" that the anger of the Lutherans was especially discharged. They took away the chalices, the pyxes, the silver remonstrances, and clothed their servants and camp-boys with the sacerdotal garments.[2] The Campofiore was changed into an immense gambling-house. The soldiers brought thither golden vessels and bags full of crowns, staked them upon one throw of the dice, and after losing them, they went in search of others. A certain Simon Baptista, who had foretold the sack of the city, had been thrown into prison by the Pope; the Germans liberated him, and made him drink with them. But, like Jeremiah, he prophesied against all. "Rob, plunder," cried he to his liberators; "you shall however give back all; the money of the soldiers and the gold of the priests will follow the same road."

Nothing pleased the Germans more than to mock the papal court. "Many prelates," says Guicciardini, "were paraded on asses through all the city of Rome."[3] After this procession, the bishops paid their ransom; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who made them pay it a second time.[4]

One day a lansquenet named Guillaume de Sainte Celle, put on the Pope's robes, and placed the triple crown upon his head; others, adorning themselves with the red hats and long robes of the cardinals, surrounded him; and all going in procession upon asses through the streets of the city, arrived at last before the castle of Saint Angelo, where Clement VII. had retired. Here the soldier-cardinals alighted, and lifting up the front of their robes, kissed the feet of the pretended pontiff. The latter drank to the health of Clement VII., the cardinals kneeling did the same, and exclaimed that henceforward they would be pious popes and good cardinals, who would have a care not to excite wars, as all their predecessors had done. They then formed a conclave, and the Pope having announced to his consistory that it was his intention to resign the Papacy, all hands were immediately raised for the election, and they cried out "Luther is Pope! Luther is Pope!"[5]

[1] Guicciardini, ii. p. 724.

[2] Sacras vestes profanis induebant lixis. (Cochlœus. p. 156.)

[3] Wars of Italy, ii. p. 723.

[4] Eundem civem seu curialem haud raro, nunc ab Hispanis, nunc a Germanis ære mutuato redimi. (Cochlœus, p. 156.)

[5] Milites itaque levasse manum ac exclamasse: Lutherus Papa! Lutherus Papa! (Ibid.)

Never had pontiff been proclaimed with such perfect unanimity. Such were the humours of the Germans.

The Spaniards did not let them off so easily. Clement VII. had called them "Moors," and had published a plenary indulgence for whoever should kill any of them. Nothing, therefore, could restrain their fury. These faithful Catholics put the prelates to death in the midst of horrible tortures, destined to extort their treasures from them: they spared neither rank, sex, nor age. It was not until after the sack had lasted ten days, and a booty of ten million golden crowns had been collected, and from five to eight thousand victims had perished, that quiet began to be in some degree restored.

Thus did the pontifical city expire in the midst of a long and cruel pillage, and that splendour with which Rome from the beginning of the sixteenth century had filled the world faded in a few hours. Nothing could preserve this haughty city from chastisement, not even the prayers of its enemies. "I would not have Rome burnt," Luther had exclaimed; "it would be a monstrous deed."[1] The fears of Melancthon were still keener: "I tremble for the libraries," said he, "we know how hateful books are to Mars."[2] But in despite of these wishes of the reformers, the city of Leo X. fell under the judgment of God.

Clement VII., besieged in the castle of Saint Angelo, and fearful that the enemy would blow his asylum into the air with their mines, at last capitulated. He renounced every alliance against Charles the Fifth, and bound himself to remain a prisoner until he had paid the army four hundred thousand ducats. The evangelical Christians gazed with astonishment on this judgment of the Lord. "Such," said they, "is the empire of Jesus Christ, that the Emperor, pursuing Luther on account of the Pope, is constrained to ruin the Pope instead of Luther. All things minister unto the Lord, and turn against his adversaries."[3]

III. And in truth the Reform needed some years of repose that it might increase and gain strength; and it could not enjoy peace, unless its great enemies were at war with each other. The madness of Clement VII. was as it were the *lightning-conductor* of the Reformation, and the ruin of Rome built up the Gospel. It was not only a few months' gain; from 1526 to 1529 there was a calm in Germany by which the Reformation profited to organize and extend itself. A constitution was now to be given to the renovated Church.

[1] Roman nollem exustam, magnum enim portentum esset. (Epp. iii. p. 221.)

[2] Metuo bibliothecis. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 869.)

[3] Ut Cæsar pro Papa Lutherum persequens, pro Luthero papam cogatur vastare. (L. Epp. iii. p. 188.)

The papal yoke having been broken, the ecclesiastical order required to be re-established. It was impossible to restore their ancient jurisdiction to the bishops; for these continental prelates maintained that they were, in an especial manner, the Pope's servants. A new state of things was therefore called for, under pain of seeing the Church fall into anarchy. Provision was made for it. It was then that the evangelic nations separated definitely from that despotic dominion which had for ages kept all the West in bondage.

Already on two occasions the diet had wished to make the reform of the Church a national work; the Emperor, the Pope, and a few princes were opposed it; the Diet of Spire had therefore resigned to each state the task that it could not accomplish itself.

But what constitution were they about to substitute for the papal hierarchy?

They could, while suppressing the Pope, preserve the Episcopal order: it was the form most approximate to that which was on the point of being destroyed.

They might, on the contrary, reconstruct the ecclesiastical order, by having recourse to the sovereignity of God's Word, and by re-establishing the rights of the Christian people. This form was the most remote from the Roman hierarchy. Between these two extremes there were several middle courses.

The latter plan was Zwingle's; but the reformer of Zurich had not fully carried it out. He had not called upon the Christian people to exercise the sovereignity, and had stopped at the council of two hundred as representing the Church.[1]

The step before which Zwingle had hesitated might be taken, and it was so. A prince did not shrink from what had alarmed even republics. Evangelical Germany, at the moment in which she began to try her hand on ecclesiastical constitutions, began with that which trenched the deepest on the papal monarchy.

It was not, however, from Germany that such a system could proceed. If the aristocratic England was destined to cling to the episcopal form, the docile Germany was destined the rather to stop in a governmental medium. The democratic extreme issued from Switzerland and France. One of Calvin's predecessors then hoisted that flag which the powerful arm of the Genevese Reformer was to lift again in after-years and plant in France, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, and even in England, whence it was a century later to cross the Atlantic and summon North America to take its rank among the nations.

None of the evangelical princes was so enterprising as Philip of Hesse, who has been compared to Philip of Macedon in subtlety, and to his son Alexander in courage. Philip comprehended that religion was at length acquiring its due importance; and far from opposing the great development that was agitating the people, he put himself in harmony with the new ideas.

The morning-star had risen for Hesse almost at the same time as for Saxony. In 1517, when Luther was preaching in Wittemberg the gratuitous remission of sins men and women were seen in Marburg repairing secretly to one of the ditches of the city, and there, near a solitary loophole, listening to the words that issued from within, and that preached doctrines of consolation through the bars. It was the voice of the Franciscan James Limburg, who having declared that, for fifteen centuries, the priests had falsified the Gospel of Christ, had been thrown into this gloomy dungeon. These mysterious assemblies lasted a fortnight.—On a sudden the voice ceased; these lonely meetings had been discovered, and the Franciscan, torn from his cell, had been hurried away across the Lahnberg towards some unknown spot. Not far from the Ziegenberg, some weeping citizens of Marburg came up with him, and hastily snatching aside the canvass that covered his car, they asked him, "Whither are you going?"—"Where God wills," calmly replied the friar.[1] There was no more talk of him, and it is not known what became of him. These disappearances are usual in the Papacy.

Scarcely had Philip prevailed in the Diet of Spire, when he resolved on devoting himself to the Reformation of his hereditary states.

His resolute character made him incline towards the Swiss reform: it was not therefore one of the moderates that he required. He had formed a connexion at Spire with James Sturm, the deputy from Strasburg, who spoke to him of Francis Lambert of Avignon, who was then at Strasburg. Of a pleasing exterior and decided character, Lambert added to the fire of the South the perseverance of the North. He was the first in France to throw off the cowl, and he had never since then ceased to call for a radical reform in the Church. "Formerly," said he, "when I was a hypocrite, I lived in abundance; now I consume frugally my daily bread with my small family;[2] but I had rather be poor in Christ's kingdom, than possess abundance of gold in the dissolute dwellings of the Pope." The Landgrave saw that Lambert was such a man as he required, and invited him to his court.

Lambert, desiring to prepare the reform of Hesse, drew up one hundred and fifty eight theses, which he entitled "paradoxes," and posted them, according to the custom of the times, on the church doors.

[1] *Supra*, b. xi. ch. x.

[1] Rommel, Phil. von Hesse, i. p. 128.

[2] Nunc cum familiola mea panem manduco et potum capio in mensura. (Lamberti Commentarii de Sacro Conjugio.)

Friends and enemies immediately crowded round them. Some Roman Catholics would have torn them down, but the reformed townspeople kept watch, and holding a synod in the public square, discussed, developed, proved these propositions, and ridiculed the anger of the Papists.

A young priest, Boniface Dornemann, full of self-conceit, whom the bishop, on the day of his consecration, had extolled above Paul for his learning, and above the Virgin for his chastity, finding himself too short to reach Lambert's placard, had borrowed a stool, and surrounded by a numerous audience, had begun to read the propositions aloud.[1]

"All that is deformed, ought to be reformed. The Word of God alone teaches us what ought to be so, and all reform that is effected otherwise is vain."[2]

This was the first thesis. "Hem!" said the young priest, "I shall not attack that." He continued.

"It belongs to the Church to judge on matters of faith. Now the Church is the congregation of those who are united by the same spirit, the same faith, the same God, the same Mediator, the same Word, by which alone they are governed, and in which alone they have life."[3]

"I cannot attack that proposition," said the priest.[4] He continued reading from his stool.

"The Word is the true key. The kingdom of heaven is open to him who believes the Word, and shut against him who believes it not. Whoever, therefore, truly possesses the Word of God, has the power of the keys. All other keys, all the decrees of the councils and popes, and all the rules of the monks, are valueless."

Friar Boniface shook his head and continued.

"Since the priesthood of the Law has been abolished, Christ is the only immortal and eternal priest, and he does not, like men, need a successor. Neither the Bishop of Rome nor any other person in the world is his representative here below. But all Christians, since the commencement of the Church, have been and are participators in his priesthood."

This proposition smelt of heresy. Dornemann, however, was not discouraged; and whether it was from weakness of mind, or from the dawning of light, at each proposition that did not too much shock his prejudices, he failed not to repeat: "Certainly, I shall not attack that one!" The people listened in astonishment, when one of them,—whether he was a fanatical Romanist, a fanatical Reformer, or a mischievous wag, I cannot tell—tired of these continual repetitions, exclaimed: "Get down, you knave, who cannot find a word to impugn." Then rudely pulling the stool from under him, he threw the unfortunate clerk flat in the mud.[1]

On the 21st October, at seven in the morning, the gates of the principal Church of Homburg were thrown open, and the prelates, abbots, priests, counts, knights, and deputies of the towns, entered in succession, and in the midst of them was Philip, in his quality of first member of the Church.

After Lambert had explained and proved his theses, he added: "Let him stand forth who has anything to say against them."—There was at first a profound silence; but at length Nicholas Ferber, superior of the Franciscans of Marburg, who in 1524, applying to Rome's favourite argument, had entreated the Landgrave to employ the sword against the heretics, began to speak with drooping head, and downcast eyes; but as he invoked Augustin, Peter Lombard, and other doctors to his assistance, the Landgrave observed to him: "Do not put forward the wavering opinions of men, but the Word of God, which alone fortifies and strengthens our hearts." The Franciscan sat down in confusion, saying: "This is not the place for replying." The disputation, however, recommenced, and Lambert, showing all the fire of the South, so astonished his adversary, that the superior, alarmed at what he called "thunders of blasphemy and lightnings of impiety,"[2] sat down again, observing a second time, "This is not the place for replying."

In vain did the Chancellor Feige declare to him that each man had the right of maintaining his opinion with full liberty; in vain did the Landgrave himself exclaim that the Church was sighing after truth: silence had become Rome's refuge. "I will defend the doctrine of purgatory," a priest had said prior to the discussion; "I will attack the paradoxes under the sixth head, (on the true priesthood,") had said another;[3] and a third had exclaimed, "I will overthrow those under the tenth head, (on images;") but now they were all dumb.

Upon this Lambert, clasping his hands, exclaimed with Zacharias: *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.*

After three days of discussion, which had been a continual triumph for the evangelical doctrine, men were selected and

[1] Cum statura homines hujusmodi esset ut inter Pygmæos internosci difficulter posset, scabellum sibi dari postulabat, eoque conscenso, cœpit, &c. (Othon. Melandri Jocorum Cent.)

[2] Vana est omnis Reformatio quæ alioqui fit. (Paradoxa Lamberti: Sculteti Annal.)

[3] Ecclesia est congregatio eorum quos unit idem spiritus. (Ibid.)

[4] Hanc equidem haud impugnaverim. Illam ne quidem attigerim. (Othon. Mel. Joc. Cent.)

[1] Apagesis, nebulo! qui quod impugnes infirmesque invenire haud possis! hisque dictis scabellum ei mox subtrahit, ut miser ille præceps in lutum ageretur. (Oth. Mel. Joc. Cent.)

[2] Fulgura impietatum, tonitrua blasphemiarum.

[3] Erant enim prius qui dicerent: Ego asseram purgatorium; alius, Ego impugnabo paradoxa tituli sexti, etc. (Lamberti Epistola ad Cclon.)

commissioned to constitute the churches of Hesse in accordance with the Word of God. They were more than three days occupied in the task, and then their new constitution was published in the name of the synod.

The first ecclesiastical constitution produced by the Reformation should have a place in history, so much the more as it was then set forward as a model for the new Churches of Christendom.[1]

The autonomy or self-government of the Church is its fundamental principle: it is from the Church, from its representatives assembled in the name of the Lord, that this legislation emanates; there is no mention in the prologue either of state or of Landgrave.[2] Philip, content with having broken for himself and for his people the yoke of a foreign priest, had no desire to put himself in his place, and was satisfied with an external superintendence, necessary for the maintenance of order.

A second distinctive feature in this constitution is its simplicity both of government and worship. The assembly conjures all future synods not to load the Churches with a multitude of ordinances, "seeing that where orders abound, disorder superabounds." They would not even continue the organs in the churches, "because," said they, "men should understand what they hear."[3] The more the human mind has been bent in one direction, the more violent is the reaction in the contrary direction when it is unbent. The Church passed at that time from the extreme of symbols to that of simplicity. These are the principal features of this constitution:—

"The Church can only be taught and governed by the Word of its Sovereign Pastor. Whoever has recourse to any other word shall be deposed and excommunicated.[4]

"Every pious man, learned in the Word of God, whatever be his condition, may be elected bishop if he desire it, for he is called inwardly of God.[5]

"Let no one believe that by a bishop we understand any thing else than a simple minister of the Word of God.[6]

"The ministers are servants, and consequently they ought not to be lords, princes, or governors.

"Let the faithful assemble and choose their bishops and deacons. Each church should elect its own pastor.[1]

"Let those who are elected bishops be consecrated to their office by the imposition of the hands of three bishops; and as for the deacons, if there are no ministers present, let them receive the laying on of hands from the elders of the Church.[2]

"If a bishop causes any scandal to the Church by his effeminacy, or by the splendour of his garments, or by the levity of his conduct, and if, on being warned, he persists, let him be deposed by the Church.[3]

"Let each church place its bishop in a condition to live with his family, and to be hospitable, as St. Paul enjoins; but let the bishops exact nothing for their casual duties.[4]

"On every Sunday let there be in some suitable place an assembly of all the men who are in the number of the saints, to regulate with the bishop, according to God's Word, all the affairs of the Church, and to excommunicate whoever gives occasion of scandal to the Church; for the Church of Christ has never existed without exercising the power of excommunication.[5]

"As a weekly assembly is necessary for the direction of the particular churches, so a general synod should be held annually for the direction of all the churches in the country.[6]

"All the pastors are its natural members; but each church shall further elect from its body a man full of the Spirit and of faith, to whom it shall intrust its powers for all that is in the jurisdiction of the synod.[7]

"Three visiters shall be elected yearly, with commission to go through all the churches, to examine those who have been elected bishops, to confirm those who have been approved of, and to provide for the execution of the decrees of the synod."

It will no doubt be found that this first evangelical constitution went in some points to the extreme of ecclesiastical democracy; but certain institutions had crept in that were capable of increase and of changing its nature. Six superintendents for life were afterwards substituted for these annual visiters, (who, according to the primitive insti-

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[1] This constitution will be found in Schminke, Monumenta Hassiaca, vol. ii. p. 588: "Pro Hassiæ Ecclesiis, et si deinde nonnullæ *aliæ* ad idem *nostro exemplo* provocarentur."

[2] Synodus *in nomine Domini* congregata. (Ibid.)

[3] Ne homines non intelligant. (Ibid. cap. 3.)

[4] Non admittimus verbum aliud quam ipsius pastoris nostri. (Ibid. cap. 2.)

[5] Si quis pius, in verbo sancto et exercitatus, docere petit verbum sanctum, non repellatur, a Deo enim interne mittitur. (Ibid. cap. 23.)

[6] Ne quis putet, nos hic per episcopos, alios intelligere, quam ministros Dei verbi. (Ibid.)

[1] Eligat quævis ecclesia episcopum suum. (Ibid. cap. 23.)

[2] Manus imponant duo ex senioribus, nisi alii episcopi intersint. (Ibid. cap. 21.)

[3] Deponat ecclesia episcopum suum, quod ad eam spectet judicare de voce pastorum. (Ibid. cap. 23.)

[4] Alat quævis ecclesia episcopum suum sicque illi administret ut cum sua familia vivere possit. (Ibid. cap. 23.)

[5] Fiat conventus fidelium in congruo loco, ad quem quotquot ex viris in sanctorum numero habentur. . . . Christi ecclesiam nunquam fuisse sine excommunicatione. (Ibid. cap. 15.)

[6] Ut semel pro toto Hessia celebretur synodus apud Marpurgum tertia dominica post pascha. (Ibid. cap. 18.)

[7] Universi episcopi. . . . Quælibet ecclesia congregetur et eligat ex se ipsa unum plenum fide et Spiritu Dei. (Ibid.)

tution, might be simple members of the church;) and, as has been remarked,[1] the encroachments, whether of these superintendents or of the state, gradually paralyzed the activity and independence of the churches of Hesse. This constitution fared as did that of the Abbé Siéyes, in the year 8, which, being destined to be republican, served through the influence of Napoleon Bonaparte to establish the despotism of the Empire.

It was not the less a remarkable work. Romish doctors have reproached the Reformation for making the Church a too interior institution.[2] In effect, the Reformation and Popery recognise two elements in the Church,—the one exterior, the other interior; but while Popery gives precedence to the former, the Reformation assigns it to the latter. If, however, it be a reproach against the Reformation for having an inward Church only, and for not creating an external one, the remarkable constitution of which we have just exhibited a few features, will save us the trouble of reply. The exterior ecclesiastical order, which then sprung from the very heart of the Reformation, is far more perfect than that of Popery.

One great question presented itself: Will these principles be adopted by all the Churches of the Reformation?

Every thing seemed to indicate as much. The most pious men thought at that time that the ecclesiastical power proceeded from the members of the Church. By withdrawing from the hierarchical extreme, they flung themselves into a democratical one. Luther himself had professed this doctrine as early as 1523. The Calixtins of Bohemia, on seeing the bishops of their country refuse them ministers, had gone so far as to take the first vagabond priest. "If you have no other means of procuring pastors," wrote Luther to them, "rather do without them, and let each head of a family read the Gospel in his own house, and baptize his children, sighing after the sacrament of the altar as the Jews at Babylon did for Jerusalem.[3] The consecration of the Pope creates priests—not of God, but of the devil, ordained solely to trample Jesus Christ under foot, to bring his sacrifice to naught, and to sell imaginary holocausts to the world in his name.[4] Men become ministers only by election and calling, and that ought to be effected in the following manner:—

"First, seek God by prayer;[5] then being assembled together with all those whose hearts God has touched, choose in the Lord's name him or them whom you shall have acknowledged to be fitted for this ministry. After that, let the chief men among you lay their hands on them, and recommend them to the people and to the Church."[1]

Luther, in thus calling upon the people alone to nominate their pastors, submitted to the necessities of the times. It was requisite to constitute the ministry; but the ministry having no existence, it could not then have the legitimate part that belongs to it in the choice of God's ministers.

But another necessity, proceeding in like manner from the state of affairs, was to incline Luther to deviate from the principles he had laid down.

The German Reformation can hardly be said to have begun with the lower classes, as in Switzerland and France; and Luther could scarcely find anywhere that Christian people, which should have played so great a part in his new constitution. Ignorant men, conceited townspeople, who would not even maintain their ministers—these were the members of the Church. Now what could be done with such elements?

But if the people were indifferent, the princes were not so. They stood in the foremost rank of the battle, and sat on the first bench in the council. The democratic organization was therefore compelled to give way to an organization conformable to the civil government. The Church is composed of Christians, and they are taken wherever they are found—high or low. It was particularly in high stations that Luther found them. He admitted the princes as representatives of the people; and henceforward the influence of the state became one of the principal elements in the constitution of the evangelical Church.

In the mind of the Reformer, this guardianship of the princes was only to be provisional. The faithful being then in minority, they had need of a guardian; but the era of the Church's majority might arrive, and with it would come its emancipation.

We may admit that this recourse to the civil power was at that time necessary, but we cannot deny that it was also a source of difficulties. We will point out only one. When Protestantism became an affair of governments and nations, it ceased to be universal. The new spirit was capable of creating a new earth. But instead of opening new roads, and of purposing the regeneration of all Christendom, and the conversion of the whole world, the Protestants sought to settle themselves as comfortably as possible in a few German duchies. This timidity, which has been called prudence, did immense injury to the Reformation.

[1] Rettig, Die Freie Kirche.

[2] This is the opinion set forth in the *Symbolik* of Dr. Möhler, the most celebrated defender of the Romish doctrine among our contemporaries.

[3] Tutius enim et salubrius esset, quemlibet patrem-familias suæ domui legere Evangelium. (L. Opp. lat. ii. p. 363.)

[4] Per ordines papisticos non sacerdotes Dei sed sacerdotes Satanæ. tantum ut Christum conculcent. (Ibid. p. 364.)

[5] Orationibus tum privatis tum publicis. (Ibid. p 370.)

[1] Eligite quem et quos volueritis. Tum impositis super eos manibus, sint hoc ipso vestri episcopi, vestri ministri, seu pastores. (L. Opp. lat. ii. p. 370.)

The organizing power being once discovered, the Reformers thought of organization, and Luther applied to the task; for although he was in an especial manner an assailant and Calvin an organizer, these two qualities, as necessary to the Reformers of the Church as to the founders of empires, were not wanting in either of these great servants of God.

It was necessary to compose a new ministry, for most of the priests who had quitted the Papacy were content to receive the watchword of Reform without having personally experienced the sanctifying virtue of the Truth. There was even one parish in which the priest preached the Gospel in his principal Church, and sang Mass in its succursal.[1] But something more was wanting: a Christian people had to be created. "Alas!" said Luther of some of the adherents of the Reform, "they have abandoned their Romish doctrines and rites, and they scoff at ours."[2]

Luther did not shrink from before this double necessity; and he made provision for it. Understanding that a general visitation of the churches was necessary, he addressed the Elector on this subject, on the 22d October 1526. "Your highness, in your quality of guardian of youth, and of all those who know not how to take care of themselves," said he, "should compel the inhabitants, who desire neither pastors nor schools, to receive these means of grace, as they are compelled to work on the roads, on bridges, and such like services.[3] The papal order being abolished, it is your duty to regulate these things; no other person cares about them, no other can, and no other ought to do so. Commission, therefore, four persons to visit all the country; let two of them inquire into the tithes and church property; and let two take charge of the doctrine, schools, churches, and pastors." We naturally ask, on reading these words, if the church which was formed in the first century, without the support of princes, could not in the sixteenth be reformed without them?

Luther was not content with soliciting in writing the intervention of the prince. He was indignant at seeing the courtiers, who in the time of the Elector Frederick had shown themselves the inveterate enemies of the Reformation, rushing now, "sporting, laughing, skipping," as he said, on the spoils of the Church. Accordingly, at the end of this year, the Elector having come to Wittemberg, the Reformer repaired immediately to the palace, made his complaint to the prince-electoral, whom he met at the gate, then without caring about those who stopped him, made his way by force into his father's bedchamber, and addressing this prince, who was surprised at so unexpected a visit, begged him to remedy the evils of the Church. The visitation of the churches was resolved upon, and Melancthon was commissioned to draw up the necessary instructions.

In 1526, Luther had published his "German Mass," by which he signified the order of church service in general. "The real evangelical assemblies," he said, "do not take place publicly, pell-mell, admitting people of every sort;[1] but they are formed of serious Christians, who confess the Gospel by their words and by their lives,[2] and in the midst of whom we may reprove and excommunicate, according to the rule of Christ Jesus.[3] I cannot institute such assemblies, for I have no one to place in them;[4] but if the thing becomes possible, I shall not be wanting in this duty."

It was also with a conviction that he must give the Church, not the best form of worship imaginable, but the best possible, that Melancthon laboured at his Instructions.

The German Reformation at that time tacked about, as it were. If Lambert in Hesse had gone to the extreme of a democratical system, Melancthon in Saxony was approximating the contrary extreme of traditional principles. A conservative principle was substituted for a reforming one. Melancthon wrote to one of the inspectors:[5] "All the old ceremonies that you can preserve, pray do so.[6] Do not innovate much, for every innovation is injurious to the people."[7]

They retained, therefore, the Latin liturgy, a few German hymns being mingled with it;[8] the communion in one kind for those only who scrupled from habit to take it in both; a confession made to the priest without being in any way obligatory; many saints' days, the sacred vestments,[9] and other rites, "in which," said Melancthon, "there is no harm, whatever Zwingle may say."[10] And at the same time they set forth

[1] In æde parochiali evangelico more docebat, in filiali missi fiabat. (Seck. p. 102.)

[2] Sic enim sua papistica neglexerunt, et nostra contemnunt. (L. Epp. iii. p. 224.)

[3] Als oberster vormund der Jugend und aller die es bedurfen, sall sie mit Gewalt dazu halten. (Ibid. p. 136.)

[1] Non publice, sive promiscue et admissa omnis generis plebe. (De Missa Germ.)

[2] Qui nomina sua in catalogum referrent, adds he. (Ibid.)

[3] Excommunicari qui Christiano more se non gererent. (Ibid.)

[4] Neque enim habeo qui sint idonei. (Ibid.)

[5] Dr. Dewette thinks this letter is Luther's. (L. Epp. iii. p. 352.) It appears clear to me, as also to Dr. Bretschneider, that it is Melancthon's. Luther never went so far in the way of concession.

[6] Observo quantum ex veteribus cæremoniis retineri potest, retineas. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 990.)

[7] Omnis novitas nocet in vulgo. (Ibid.)

[8] Non aboleas eam totam (the Latin mass): satis est alicubi miscere Germanicas cantationes. (Ibid.)

[9] Ut retineantur vestes usitatæ in sacris. (Corp. Ref. ad Jonam, 20th December, 1527.)

[10] Vel si Zwinglius ipse prædicaturus sit. (Corp Ref. ii. p. 910.)

with reserve the doctrines of the Reformation.

It is but right to confess the dominion of facts and circumstances upon these ecclesiastical organizations; but there is a dominion which rises higher still—that of the Word of God.

Perhaps what Melancthon did was all that could be effected at that time: but it was necessary for the work to be one day resumed and re-established on its primitive plan, and this was Calvin's glory.

A cry of astonishment was heard both from the camp of Rome and from that of the Reformation. "Our cause is betrayed," exclaimed some of the evangelical Christians: "the liberty is taken away that Jesus Christ had given us.[1]

On their part the Ultramontanists triumphed in Melancthon's moderation: they called it a retractation, and took advantage of it to insult the Reform. Cochlœus published a "horrible" engraving, as he styles it himself, in which, from beneath the same hood was seen issuing a seven-headed monster representing Luther. Each of these heads had different features, and all, uttering together the most frightful and contradictory words, kept disputing, tearing, and devouring each other.[2]

The astonished Elector resolved to communicate Melancthon's paper to Luther. But never did the Reformer's respect for his friend show itself in a more striking manner. He only made one or two unimportant additions to this plan, and sent it back accompanied with the highest eulogiums. The Romanists said that the tiger caught in a net was licking the hands that clipped his talons. But it was not so. Luther knew that the aim of Melancthon's labours was to strenghten the very soul of the Reformation in all the churches of Saxony. That was sufficient for him. He thought besides, that in every thing there must be a transition; and being justly convinced that his friend was more than himself a man of transition, he frankly accepted his views.

The general visitation began. Luther in Saxony, Spalatin in the districts of Altenburg, and Zwickau, Melanchton in Thuringia, and Thuring in Franconia, with ecclesiastical deputies and several lay colleagues, commenced the work in October and November, 1528.

They purified the clergy by dismissing every priest of scandalous life;[3] they assigned a portion of the church property to the maintenance of public worship, and they placed the remainder beyond the reach of plunder; they continued the suppression of the convents; they established everywhere unity of instruction; and "Luther's greater and smaller catechisms," which appeared in 1529, contributed more perhaps than any other writings to propagate throughout the new churches the ancient faith of the Apostles; they commissioned the pastors of the great towns, under the title of superintendents, to watch over the churches and the schools; they maintained the abolition of celibacy; and the ministers of the Word, become husbands and fathers, formed the germ of a third estate, whence in after-years were diffused in all ranks of society learning activity, and light. This is one of the truest causes of the intellectual and moral superiority that indisputably distinguishes the evangelical nations.

The organization of the churches in Saxony, notwithstanding its imperfections, produced for that time at least the most important results. This was because the Word of God prevailed; and because, wherever this Word exercises its power, secondary errors and abuses are paralyzed. The very discretion that was employed proceeded in reality from a good principle. The reformers, unlike the enthusiasts, did not utterly reject an institution because it was corrupted. They did not say, for example: "The sacraments are disfigured, let us do without them! the ministry is corrupt, let us reject it!"—but they rejected the abuse, and restored the use. This prudence is the mark of a work of God; and if Luther sométimes permitted the chaff to remain along with the wheat, Calvin appeared later, and more thoroughly purged the Christian threshing-floor.

The organization which was at that time accomplishing in Saxony, exerted a strong reaction on all the German empire, and the doctrine of the Gospel advanced with gigantic strides. The design of God in turning aside from the reformed states of Germany, the thunderbolt that he caused to fall upon the seven-hilled city, was clearly manifest. Never were years more usefully employed; and it was not only to framing a constitution that the Reformation devoted itself, it was also to extend its doctrine.

The duchies of Luneburg and Brunswick, many of the most important imperial cities, as Nuremberg, Augsburg, Ulm, Strasburg, Gottingen, Gosslar, Nordhausen, Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg, removed the tapers from the chapels, and substituted in their place the brighter torch of the Word of God.

In vain did the frightened canons allege the authority of the Church. "The authority of the Church," replied Kempe and Zechenhagen, the reformer of Hamburg, "cannot be acknowledged unless the Church herself obeys her pastor Jesus Christ."[1] Pomeranus

[1] Alii dicerent prodi causam. (Camer. Vita Melancthon, p. 107.)

[2] Monstrosus ille Germaniæ partus, Lutherus sepiceps. (Cochlœus, p. 169.)

[3] Viginti fere rudes et inepti, multique concubinarii et potatores deprehensi sunt. (Seckend. p. 102.)

[1] Evangelici auctoritatem Ecclesiæ non aliter agnoscendam esse contendebant quam si vocem pastoris Christi sequeretur. (Seckend. i. v. 245.

visited many places to put a finishing hand to the Reform.

In Franconia, the Margrave George of Brandenburg, having reformed Anspach and Bayreuth, wrote to his ancient protector, Ferdinand of Austria, who had knit his brows on hearing of his reforming proceedings: "I have done this by God's order; for he commands princes to take care not only of the bodies of their subjects, but also of their souls."[1]

In East Friesland, on new-year's day, 1527, a Dominican, named Resius, having put on his hood,[2] ascended the pulpit at Noorden, and declared himself ready to maintain certain theses according to the tenor of the Gospel. Having silenced the Abbey of Noorden by the soundness of his arguments, Resius took off his cowl, laid it on the pulpit, and was received in the nave by the acclamations of the faithful. Ere long the whole of Friesland laid aside the uniform of Popery, as Resius had done.

At Berlin, Elizabeth, electress of Brandenburg, having read Luther's works, felt a desire to receive the Lord's supper in conformity with Christ's institution: a minister secretly administered it at the festival of Easter, 1528; but one of her children informed the Elector. Joachim was greatly exasperated, and ordered his wife to keep her room for several days;[3] it was even said that he intended to shut her up.[4] This princess, being deprived of all religious support, and mistrusting the perfidious manœuvres of the Romish priests, resolved to escape by flight; and she claimed the assistance of her brother, Christian II. of Denmark, who was then residing at Torgau. Taking advantage of a dark night, she quitted the castle in a peasant's dress, and got into a rude country-waggon that was waiting for her at the gate of the city. Elizabeth urged on the driver, when, in a bad road, the wain broke down. The electress, hastily unfastening a handkerchief she wore round her head, flung it to the man, who employed it in repairing the damage, and ere long Elizabeth arrived at Torgau. "If I should expose you to any risk," said she to her uncle, the Elector of Saxony, "I am ready to go wherever Providence may guide me." But John assigned her a residence in the castle of Lichtenberg, on the Elbe, near Wittemberg. Without taking upon us to approve of Elizabeth's flight, let us acknowledge the good that God's Providence drew from it. This amiable lady, who lived at Lichtenberg, in the study of His word, seldom appearing at court, frequently going to hear Luther's sermons, and exercising a salutary influence over her children, who sometimes had permission to see her, was the first of those pious princesses whom the house of Brandenburg has counted, and even still counts, among its members.

At the same time, Holstein, Sleswick, and Silesia decided in favour of the Reformation: and Hungary, as well as Bohemia, saw the number of its adherents increase.

In every place, instead of a hierarchy seeking its righteousness in the works of man, its glory in external pomp, its strength in a material power, the Church of the Apostles reappeared, humble as in primitive times, and like the ancient Christians, looking for its righteousness, its glory, and its power solely in the blood of Christ and in the Word of God.[1]

IV. All these triumphs of the Gospel could not pass unperceived; there was a powerful reaction, and until political circumstances should permit a grand attack upon the Reformation on the very soil where it was established, and of persecuting it by means of diets, and if necessary by armies, they began to persecute in detail in the Romish countries with tortures and the scaffold.

On the 20th August, 1527, King Ferdinand, by the Edict of Ofen in Hungary, published a tariff of crimes and penalties, in which he threatened death by the sword, by fire, or by water,[2] against whoever should say that Mary was a woman like other women; or partake of the sacrament in an heretical manner; or consecrate the bread and wine, not being a Romish priest; and further, in the second case, the house in which the sacrament should have been administered was to be confiscated or rased to the ground.

Such was not the legislation of Luther. Link having asked him if it were lawful for the magistrate to put the false prophets to death, meaning the Sacramentarians, whose doctrines Luther attacked with so much force,[3] the Reformer replied: "I am slow whenever life is concerned, even if the offender is exceedingly guilty.[4] I can by no means admit that the false teachers should be put to death,[5] it is sufficient to remove them." For ages the Romish Church has bathed in blood. Luther was the first to profess the great principles of humanity and religious liberty.

They sometimes had recourse to more expeditious proceedings than the scaffold

[1] Non modo quoad corpus, sed etiam quoad animam. (Seckend. ii. p. 121.)

[2] Resius, cucullum indutus, suggestum ascendit. (Scultet. Ann. p. 93.)

[3] Aliquot diebus a marito in cubiculo detenta fuisse. (Seckend. ii. p. 122.)

[4] Marchio statuerat eam immurare. (L. Epp. ad Lenkium, iii. p. 296.)

[1] Revelation xii. 11.

[2] Die sollen mit den Feuer Schwerdt oder Wasser gestraft werden. (Ferd. Mandat. L. Opp. xix. p. 596.)

[3] Contra hostes sacramentarios strenue nobiscum certare. (Epp. to Lenk, July 14, 1528.)

[4] Ego ad judicium sanguinis tardus sum, etiam ubi meritum abundat. (Ibid.)

[5] Nullo modo possum admittere falsos doctores occidi. (Ibid.)

itself. George Winkler, pastor of Halle, having been summoned before Archbishop Albert in the spring of 1527, for having administered the sacrament in both kinds, had been acquitted. As this minister was returning home along an unfrequented road in the midst of the woods, he was suddenly attacked by a number of horsemen, who murdered him, and immediately fled through the thickets without taking any thing from his person.[1] "The world," exclaimed Luther, "is a cavern of assassins under the command of the devil; an inn, whose landlord is a brigand, and which bears this sign, *Lies and Murder;* and none are more readily murdered therein than those who proclaim Jesus Christ."

At Munich George Carpenter was led to the scaffold for having denied that the baptism of water is able by its own virtue to save a man. "When you are thrown into the fire," said some of his brethren, "give us a sign by which we may know that you persevere in the faith."—"As long as I can open my mouth, I will confess the name of the Lord Jesus."[2] The executioner stretched him on a ladder, tied a small bag of gunpowder round his neck, and then flung him into the flames. Carpenter immediately cried out, "Jesus! Jesus!" and the executioner having turned him again and again with his hooks, the martyr several times repeated the word Jesus, and expired.

At Landsberg nine persons were consigned to the flames, and at Munich twenty-nine were thrown into the water. At Scherding, Leonard Keyser, a friend and disciple of Luther, having been condemned by the bishop, had his head shaved, and being dressed in a smock frock, was placed on horseback. As the executioners were cursing and swearing, because they could not disentangle the ropes with which he was to be bound, he said to them mildly: "Dear friends, your bonds are not necessary; my Lord Christ has already bound me." When he drew near the stake, Keyser looked at the crowd and exclaimed: "Behold the harvest! O Master, send forth thy labourers!" He then ascended the scaffold and said: "O Jesus, save me! I am thine." These were his last words.[3] "Who am I, a wordy preacher," exclaimed Luther, when he received the news of his death, "in comparison with this great doer?"[4]

Thus the Reformation manifested by such striking works the truth that it had come to re-establish; namely, that faith is not, as Rome maintains, an historical, vain, lead knowledge,[1] but a lively faith, the work of the Holy Ghost, the channel by which Christ fills the heart with new desires and with new affections, the true worship of the living God.

These martyrdoms filled Germany with horror, and gloomy forebodings descended from the thrones among the ranks of the people. Around the domestic hearth, in the long winter evenings, the conversation wholly turned on prisons, tortures, scaffolds, and martyrs; and the slightest noise alarmed the old men, women, and children. These narratives gained strength from mouth to mouth; the rumour of a universal conspiracy against the Gospel spread through all the empire. Its adversaries, taking advantage of this terror, announced with a mysterious air that they must look during this year (1528) for some decisive measures against the Reform.[2] One scoundrel resolved to profit by this state of mind to satisfy his avarice.

No blows are more terrible to a cause than those which it inflicts upon itself. The Reformation, seized with a dizziness, was on the verge of self-destruction. There is a spirit of error that conspires against the cause of truth, beguiling by subtlety;[3] the Reformation was about to experience its attacks, and to stagger under the most formidable assault,—perturbation of thought, and estrangement from the ways of wisdom and of truth.

Otho of Pack, vice-chancellor to Duke George of Saxony, was a crafty and dissipated man,[4] who took advantage of his office, and had recourse to all sorts of practices to procure money. The Duke having on one occasion sent him to the Diet of Nuremberg as his representative, the Bishop of Merseberg confided to him his contribution towards the imperial government. The bishop having been afterwards called upon for this money, Pack declared that he had paid it to a citizen of Nuremberg, whose seal and signature he produced. This paper was a forgery; Pack himself was the author of it.[5] This wretch, however, put an impudent face on the matter, and as he was not convicted, he preserved the confidence of his master. Ere long an opportunity presented itself of exercising his criminal talent on a larger scale.

No one entertained greater suspicions with regard to the Papists than the Landgrave of Hesse. Young, susceptible, and

[1] Mox enim ut interfecerunt aufugerunt per avia loca, nihil prædæ aut pecuniæ capientes. (Cochl. p. 152.)

[2] Dum os aperire licebit, servatoris nostri nomen profiteri nunquam intermittam. (Scultet. ii. p. 110.)

[3] Incenso jam igne, clara voce proclamavit: *Tuus sum Jesu! Salva me!* (Seckend. ii. p. 85.)

[4] Tam impia verbosus prædicator, illi tam potenti verbi operator. (L. Epp. iii. p. 1214.

[1] Si quis dixerit fidem non esse veram fidem, licet non fit viva, aut eum qui fidem sine charitate habet, non esse Christianum, anathema sit. (Conc. Frid. Sess. 6, p. 28.)

[2] Nescio quid mirari quod hoc anno contra reformationem expectandum sit. (Seckend. ii. p. 101.)

[3] 2 Corinthians xi. 3.

[4] Homo erat versutus, et præterea prodigus, quo vitio ad alia inductus est. (Seckend. ii. p. 94.

[5] It is still to be seen in the records at Dresden.

restless, he was always on the alert. In the month of February, 1528, Pack happening to be at Cassel to assist Philip in some difficult business, the Landgrave imparted to him his fears. If any one could have had any knowledge of the designs of the Papists, it must have been the vice-chancellor, one of the greatest enemies to the Reform. The crafty Pack heaved a sigh, bent down his eyes, and was silent. Philip immediately became uneasy, entreated him, and promised to do nothing that would injure the Duke. Then Pack, as if he had allowed an important secret to be torn from him with regret, confessed that a league against the Lutherans had been concluded at Breslau on the Wednesday following *Jubilate* Sunday, 12th May, 1527; and engaged to procure the original of this act for the Landgrave, who offered him for this service a remuneration of ten thousand florins. This was the greatest transaction that this wretched man had ever undertaken; but it tended to nothing less than the utter overthrow of the empire.

The Landgrave was amazed: he restrained himself, however, wishing to see the act with his own eyes before informing his allies. He therefore repaired to Dresden. "I cannot," said Pack, "furnish you with the original: the Duke always carries it about his person to read it to other princes whom he hopes to gain over. Recently at Leipsic, he showed it to Duke Henry of Brunswick. But here is a copy made by his highness' order. The Landgrave took the document, which bore all the marks of the most perfect authenticity. It was crossed by a cord of black silk, and fastened at both ends by the seal of the ducal chancery.[1] Above was an impression from the ring Duke George always wore on his finger, with the three quarterings that Philip had so often seen; at the top, the coronet, and at the bottom, the two lions. He has no more doubts as to its authenticity. But how can we describe his indignation as he read this guilty document? King Ferdinand, the Electors of Mentz and of Brandenburg, Duke George of Saxony, the Dukes of Bavaria, the Bishops of Salzburg, Wurtzburg, and Bamberg, have entered into a coalition to call upon the Elector of Saxony to deliver up the arch-heretic Luther, with all the apostate priests, monks, and nuns, and to re-establish the ancient worship. If he make default, his states are to be invaded, and this prince and his descendants are to be for ever dispossessed. The same measure was next to be applied to the Landgrave, only ("it was your father-in-law, Duke George," said Pack to Philip, "who got this clause inserted") his states shall be restored to him in consideration of his youth, if he becomes fully reconciled to the Holy Church. The document stated moreover the contingents of men and money to be provided by the confederates, and the shares they were to have in the spoils of these two heretical princes.[1]

Many circumstances tended to confirm the authenticity of this paper. Ferdinand, Joachim of Brandenburg, and George of Saxony, had in fact met at Breslau on the day indicated, and an evangelical prince, the Margrave George, had seen Joachim leave Ferdinand's apartments, holding in his hand a large parchment to which several seals were attached. The agitated Landgrave caused a copy to be taken of this document, promised secrecy for a time, paid Pack four thousand florins, and engaged to make up the sum agreed upon, if he would procure him the original. And then, wishing to prevent the storm, he hastened to Weimar to inform the Elector of this unprecedented conspiracy.

"I have seen," said he to John and his son, "nay more—I have had in my hands, a duplicate of this horrible treaty. Signatures, seals—nothing was wanting.[2] Here is a copy, and I bind myself to place the original before your eyes. The most frightful danger threatens us—ourselves, our faithful subjects, and the Word of God."

The Elector had no reason to doubt the account the Landgrave had just given him: he was stunned, confounded, and overpowered. The promptest measures alone could avert such unheard of disasters: everything must be risked to extricate them from certain destruction. The impetuous Philip breathed fire and flames;[3] his plan of defence was already prepared. He presented it, and in the first moment of consternation he carried the consent of his ally, as it were by assault. On the 9th March 1528, the two princes agreed to employ all their forces to defend themselves, and even to take the offensive, and to sacrifice life, honour, rank, subjects, and states, to preserve the Word of God. The Dukes of Prussia, Mecklenburg, Luneburg, and Pomerania, the Kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Margrave of Brandenburg, were to be invited to enter into this alliance. Six hundred thousand florins were destined for the expenses of the war; and to procure them, they would raise loans, pledge their cities, and sell the offerings in the churches.[4] They had already begun to raise a powerful army.[5] The Landgrave set out in person for Nuremberg and Anspach. The alarm was general in those countries; the commo-

[1] Cui filum sericum circumligatum, et sigillum cancellariæ impressum erat. (Seck. ii. p. 94.)

[1] Hortleber. De Bello Germanico, ii. p. 579.

[2] Nam is affirmabat se archetypon vidisse, commemorabat σφραγιδας. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 986.)

[3] Mirabiliter incensus erat. (Ibid.)

[4] Venditisque templorum donariis. (Seck. ii. p. 95.)

[5] Magno studio validum comparaverunt ambo exercitum. (Coch. p. 171.)

tion was felt throughout all Germany,[1] and even beyond it. John Zapolya, King of Hungary, at that time a refugee at Cracow, promised a hundred thousand florins to raise an army, and twenty thousand florins a month for its maintenance. Thus a spirit of error was misleading the princes; if it should carry away the Reformers also, the destruction of the Reformation was not far distant.

But God was watching over them. Supported on the rock of the Word, Melancthon and Luther replied: "It is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." As soon as these two men whom the danger threatened (for it was they who were to be delivered up to the papal power) saw the youthful Landgrave drawing the sword, and the aged Elector himself putting his hand on the hilt, they uttered a cry, and this cry, which was heard in heaven, saved the Reform.

Luther, Pomeranus, and Melancthon immediately forwarded the following advice to the Elector: "Above all things, let not the attack proceed from our side, and let no blood be shed through our fault. Let us wait for the enemy, and seek after peace.—Send an ambassador to the Emperor to make him acquainted with this hateful plot."

Thus it was that the faith of the children of God, which is so despised by politicians, conducted them aright, at the very moment when the diplomatists were going astray. The Elector and his son declared to the Landgrave that they would not assume the offensive. Philip was in amazement. "Are not the preparations of the Papists worthy an attack?" asked he.[2] "What! we will threaten war, and yet not make it! We will inflame the hatred of our antagonists, and then leave them time to prepare their forces! No, no; forward! It is thus we shall secure the means of an honourable peace."——"If the Landgrave desires to begin the war," replied the Reformer, "the Elector is not obliged to observe the treaty; for we must obey God rather than men. God and the right are above every alliance. Let us beware of painting the devil on our doors, and inviting him as godfather.[3] But if the Landgrave is attacked, the Elector ought to go to his assistance; for it is God's will that we preserve our faith." This advice which the Reformers gave, cost them dear. Never did man, condemned to the torture, endure a punishment like theirs. The fears excited by the Landgrave were succeeded by the terrors inspired by the Papist princes. This cruel trial left them in great distress. "I am worn away with sorrow," cried Melancthon; "and this anguish puts me to the most horrible torture.[1] The issue," added he, "will be found on our knees before God."[2]

The Elector, drawn in different directions by the theologians and the politicians, at last took a middle course: he resolved to assemble an army, "but only," said he, "to obtain peace." Philip of Hesse at length gave way, and forthwith sent copies of the famous treaty to Duke George, to the Dukes of Bavaria, and to the Emperor's representatives, calling upon them to renounce such cruel designs. "I would rather have a limb cut off," said he to his father-in-law, "than know you to be a member of such an alliance."

The surprise of the German courts, when they read this document, is beyond description. Duke George immediately replied to the Landgrave that he had allowed himself to be deceived by unmeaning absurdities; that he who pretended to have seen the original of this act was an infamous liar, and an incorrigible scoundrel; and that he called upon the Landgrave to give up his authority, or else it might well be thought that he was himself the inventor of this impudent fabrication. King Ferdinand, the Elector of Brandenburg, and all the pretended conspirators made similar replies.

Philip of Hesse saw that he had been deceived;[3] his confusion was only exceeded by his anger. He had therefore himself justified the accusations of his adversaries who called him a hot-headed young man, and had compromised to the highest degree the cause of the Reformation and that of his people. He said afterwards, "If that had not happened, it would no more happen now. Nothing that I have done in all my life has caused me greater vexation."

Pack fled in alarm to the Landgrave, who caused him to be arrested; and envoys from the several princes whom this scoundrel had compromised met at Cassel, and proceeded to examine him. He maintained that the original act of the alliance had really existed in the Dresden archives. In the following year the Landgrave banished him from Hesse, showing by this action that he did not fear him. Pack was afterwards discovered in Belgium; and at the demand of Duke George, who had never shown any pity towards him, he was seized, tortured, and finally beheaded.

The Landgrave was unwilling to have taken up arms to no purpose. The archbishop-elector of Mentz was compelled, on the 11th June, 1528, to renounce in the camp of Herzkirchen all spiritual jurisdic-

[1] Non leviter commotos esse nostrorum animos. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 986.)

[2] Landgravius præparamenta adversariorum pro agressione habebat. (Seck. ii. p. 95.)

[3] Man darf den Teufel nicht über die Thür malen, noch ihn zu gevattern bitten. (L. Epp. iii. p. 321.)

[1] Curæ vehementer cruciarunt. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 988.)

[2] Εν γοναστιοις. (Ibid.)

[3] Wir fühlten dass wir betrogen waren (Hort leber, iv. p. 567.)

tion in Saxony and Hesse.[1] This was no small advantage.

Scarcely had the arms been laid aside, before Luther took up his pen, and began a war of another kind. "Impious princes may deny this alliance as long as they please," wrote he to Link; "I am very certain that it is not a chimera. These insatiable leeches will take no repose until they see the whole of Germany flowing with blood."[2] This idea of Luther's was the one generally entertained. "The document presented to the Landgrave may be," it was said, "Pack's invention; but all this fabric of lies is founded on some truth. If the alliance has not been concluded, it has been conceived."[3]

Melancholy were the results of this affair. It inspired division in the bosom of the Reformation, and fanned the hatred between the two parties.[4] The sparks from the piles of Keyser, Winckler, Carpenter, and so many other martyrs, added strength to the fire that was already threatening to set the empire in flames. It was under such critical circumstances, and with such menacing dispositions, that the famous Diet of Spire was opened in March 1529. The Empire and the Papacy were in reality preparing to annihilate the Reformation, although in a manner different from what Pack had pretended. It was still to be learnt whether there would be found in the revived Church more vital strength than there had been in so many sects that Rome had easily crushed. Happily the faith had increased, and the constitution given to the Church had imparted greater power to its adherents. All were resolved on defending a doctrine so pure, and a church government so superior to that of Popery. During three years of tranquillity, the Gospel tree had struck its roots deep; and if the storm should burst, it would now be able to brave it.

V. The sack of Rome, by exasperating the adherents of the Papacy, had given arms to all the enemies of Charles V. The French army under Lautrec had forced the imperial army, enervated by the delights of a new Capua, to hide itself within the walls of Naples. Doria, at the head of his Genoese galleys had destroyed the Spanish fleet, and all the imperial power seemed drawing to an end in Italy. But Doria suddenly declared for the Emperor; pestilence carried off Lautrec and half of his troops; and Charles, suffering only from alarm, had again grasped the power with a firm resolution to unite henceforward closely with the Pontiff, whose humiliation had nearly cost him so dear. On his side Clement VII., hearing the Italians reproach him for his illegitimate birth, and even refuse him the title of Pope, said aloud, that he would rather be the Emperor's groom than the sport of his people. On the 29th June, 1528, a peace between the heads of the Empire and of the Church was concluded at Barcelona, based on the destruction of heresy; and in November a diet was convoked to meet at Spire on the 21st February, 1529 Charles was resolved to endeavour at first to destroy the Reform by a federal vote; but if this vote did not suffice, to employ his whole power against it. The road being thus traced out, they were about to commence operations.

Germany felt the seriousness of the position. Mournful omens filled every mind. About the middle of January, a great light had suddenly dispersed the darkness of the night.[1] "What that forebodes," exclaimed Luther, "God only knows!" At the beginning of April there was a rumour of an earthquake that had engulfed castles, cities, and whole districts in Carinthia and Istria, and split the tower of St. Mark at Venice into four parts, "If that is true," said the Reformer, "these prodigies are the forerunners of the day of Jesus Christ."[2] The astrologers declared that the aspect of the quartiles of Saturn and Jupiter, and the general position of the stars was ominous.[3] The waters of the Elbe rolled thick and stormy, and stones fell from the roofs of churches. "All these things," exclaimed the terrified Melancthon, "excite me deeply."[4]

The letters of convocation issued by the imperial government agreed but too well with these prodigies. The Emperor, writing from Toledo to the Elector, accused him of sedition and revolt. Alarming whispers passed from mouth to mouth that were sufficient to cause the fall of the weak. Duke Henry of Mecklenburg and the Elector-palatine hastily returned to the side of Popery.

Never had the sacerdotal party appeared in the diet in such numbers, or so powerful and decided.[5] On the 5th March, Ferdinand, the president of the diet, after him the Dukes of Bavaria, and lastly the ecclesiastical Electors of Mentz and Treves, had entered the gates of Spire surrounded by a numerous armed escort.[6] On the 13th March, the Elector of Saxony arrived, attended only by Melancthon and Agricola.

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[1] Kopp. Hess. Gerichts. (Verf. i. p. 107.)

[2] Sanguisugæ insatiabiles quiescere nolunt, nisi Germaniam sanguine madere sentiant. 14th June. 1528.

[3] Non enim prorsus confictares. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 988.)

[4] Hæc minæ apud inimicos odia auxerint.—(Ibid. p. 985.)

[1] An aurora borealis. "Magnum chasma, quo nox tota illuminabatur." (L. Epp. iii. p. 420.)

[2] Si vera sunt, diem Christi præcurrunt hæc monstra. (Ibid. p. 438.)

[3] Adspectum τετραγώνων Saturni et Jovis. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1075.)

[4] Ego non leviter commoveor his rebus. (Ibid.) p. 1076.)

[5] Nunquam fuit tanta frequentia ullis conciliis ἀσχημοσύνη quanta in his est. (Corp. Ref. p. 1039.)

[6] Mogantinum et Trevirensem cum comitatu armato. (Seckend. ii. p. 129.)

But Philip of Hesse, faithful to his character, entered the city on the 18th March to the sound of trumpets, and with two hundred horsemen.

The divergence of men's minds soon became manifest. A Papist did not meet an Evangelical in the street without casting angry glances upon him and secretly threatening him with perfidious machinations.[1] The Elector-palatine passed the Saxons without appearing to know them;[2] and although John of Saxony was the most important of the electors, none of the chiefs of the opposite party visited him. Grouped around their tables, the Roman Catholic princes seemed absorbed in games of hazard.[3]

But ere long they gave positive marks of their hostile disposition. The Elector and the Landgrave were prohibited from having the Gospel preached in their mansions. It was even asserted at this early period that John was about to be turned out of Spire, and deprived of his electorate.[4] "We are the execration and the sweepings of the world," said Melancthon; "but Christ will look down on his poor people, and will preserve them."[5] In truth God was with the witnesses to his Word. The people of Spire thirsted for the Gospel, and the Elector wrote to his son on Palm Sunday: "About eight thousand persons were present to-day in my chapel at morning and evening worship."

The Roman party now quickened their proceedings: their plan was simple but energetic. It was necessary to put down the religious liberty that had existed for more than three years, and for that purpose they must abrogate the decree of 1526, and revive that of 1521.

On the 15th March the imperial commissaries announced to the diet that the last resolution of Spire, which left each state free to act in conformity with the inspirations of its conscience, having given rise to great disorders, the Emperor had annulled it by virtue of his supreme power. This arbitrary act, and which had no precedent in the Empire, as well as the despotic tone with which it was accompanied, filled the evangelical Christians with indignation and alarm. "Christ," exclaimed Sturm, "has again fallen into the hands of Caiaphas and Pilate."[6]

A commission was charged to examine the imperial proposition. The Archbishop of Salsburg, Faber, and Eck, that is to say, the most violent enemies of the Reformation, were among its members. "The Turks are better than the Lutherans," said Faber, "for the Turks observe fast-days and Lutherans violate them.[1] If we must choose between the Holy Scriptures of God and the old errors of the Church, we should reject the former."[2] "Every day in full assembly Faber casts some new stone against the Gospellers," says Melancthon.[3] "Oh, what an Iliad I should have to compose," added he, "if I were to report all these blasphemies!"

The priests called for the execution of the Edict of Worms, 1521, and the evangelical members of the commission, among whom were the Elector of Saxony and Sturm, demanded on the contrary the maintenance of the Edict of Spire, 1526. The latter thus remained within the bounds of legality, whilst their adversaries were driven to *coups d'état*. In fact, a new order of things having been legally established in the Empire, no one could infringe it; and if the diet presumed to destroy by force what had been constitutionally established three years before, the evangelical states had the right of opposing it. The majority of the commission felt that the re-establishment of the ancient order of things would be a revolution no less complete than the Reformation itself. How could they subject anew to Rome and to her clergy those nations in whose bosom the Word of God had been so richly spread abroad? For this reason, equally rejecting the demands of the priests and of the Evangelicals, the majority came to a resolution on the 24th March, that every religious innovation should continue to be interdicted in the places where the Edict of Worms had been carried out; and that in those where the people had deviated from it, and where they could not conform to it without danger of revolt, they should at least effect no new reform; they should touch upon no controverted point, they should not oppose the celebration of the Mass, they should permit no Roman Catholic to embrace Lutheranism,[4] they should not decline the Episcopal jurisdiction, and should tolerate no Anabaptists or Sacramentarians. The *status-quo* and no proselytism—such were the essentials of this resolution.

The majority no longer voted as in 1526: the wind had turned against the Gospel. Accordingly this proposition, after having been delayed a few days by the festival of Easter, was laid before the diet on the 6th April, and passed on the 7th.[5]

[1] Vultu significant quantum nos oderint, et quid machinentur. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1040)

[2] Pfalz kennt kein Sachsen mehr. (Epp. Alberti Mansfeld.)

[3] Adversæ partes proceres alea tempus perdere. (L. Epp. iii. p. 438.)

[4] Alii exclusum Spiræ, alii adentum electoratum. (Ibid.)

[5] Sed Christus respiciet et salvabit populum pauperem. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1040.)

[6] Christus est denuo in manibus Caiaphi et Pilati. (Jung Beyträge, p. 4.)

[1] Vociferatus est Turcos Lutheranis meliores esse. (Corp. Ref. p. 1041.)

[2] Malle abjicere scripturam quam veteres errores Ecclesiæ (Ibid. p. 1046.)

[3] Faber lapidat nos quotidie pro concione.—(Ibid.)

[4] Nec catholicos a libero religionis exercitio impediri debere, neque cuiquam ex his licere Lutheranismum amplecti. (Seckend. ii. p 12[illegible].

[5] Sleidan, i. p. 261.

If it became a law, the Reformation could neither be extended into those places where as yet it was unknown, nor be established on solid foundations in those where it already existed. The re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy, stipulated in the proposition, would infallibly bring back the ancient abuses; and the least deviation from so vexatious an ordinance, would easily furnish the Romanists with a pretext for completing the destruction of a work already so violently shaken.

The Elector, the Landgrave, the Margrave of Brandenburg, the Prince of Anhalt, and the Chancellor of Luneburg on one side, and the deputies for the cities on the other, consulted together. An entirely new order of things was to proceed from this council. If they had been animated by selfishness, they would perhaps have accepted this decree. In fact they were left free, in appearance at least, to profess their faith: ought they to demand more? could they do so? Were they bound to constitute themselves the champions of liberty of conscience in all the world? Never, perhaps, had there been a more critical situation; but these noble-minded men came victorious out of the trial. What! should they legalize by anticipation the scaffold and the torture! Should they oppose the Holy Ghost in its work of converting souls to Christ! Should they forget their Master's command: "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?*" If one of the states of the empire desired some day to follow their example and be reformed, should they take away its power of doing so? Having themselves entered the kingdom of heaven, should they shut the door after them? No! rather endure everything, sacrifice everything, even their states, their crowns, and their lives!

"Let us reject this decree," said the princes. "In matters of conscience the majority has no power."—"It is to the decree of 1526," added the cities, "that we are indebted for the peace that the empire enjoys: to abolish it would be to fill Germany with troubles and divisions. The diet is incompetent to do more than preserve religious liberty until a council meets." Such in fact is the grand attribute of the state; and if in our days the Protestant powers should seek to influence the Romish governments, they should strive solely to obtain for the subjects of the latter that religious liberty which the Pope confiscates to his own advantage wherever he reigns alone, and by which he profits greatly in every evangelical state. Some of the deputies proposed refusing all assistance against the Turks, hoping thus to force the Emperor to interfere in this question of religion. But Sturm called upon them not to mingle political matters with the salvation of souls. They resolved therefore to reject the proposition, but without holding out any threats. It was this noble resolution that gained for modern times liberty of thought and independence of faith.

Ferdinand and the priests, who were not less resolute, determined however on vanquishing what they called a daring obstinacy; and they commenced with the weaker states. They began to frighten and divide the cities, which had hitherto pursued a common course. On the 12th April they were summoned before the diet: in vain did they allege the absence of some of their number, and ask for delay. It was refused, and the call was hurried on. Twenty-one free cities accepted the proposition of the diet, and fourteen rejected it. It was a bold act on the part of the latter, and was accomplished in the midst of the most painful sufferings. "This is the first trial," said Pfarrer, second deputy of Strasburg; "now will come the second: we must either deny the Word of God or—be burnt."[1]

A violent proceeding of Ferdinand immediately commenced the series of humiliations that were reserved for the evangelical cities. A deputy of Strasburg should, in conformity with the decree of Worms, have been a member of the imperial government from the commencement of April. He was declared excluded from his rights until the Mass should be re-established in Strasburg. All the cities united in protesting against this arbitrary act.

At the same time, the Elector-palatine and King Ferdinand himself begged the princes to accept the decree, assuring them that the Emperor would be exceedingly pleased with them. "We will obey the Emperor," replied they calmly, "in everything that may contribute to maintain peace and the honour of God."

It was time to put an end to this struggle. On the 18th April it was decreed that the evangelical states should not be heard again and Ferdinand prepared to inflict the decisive blow on the morrow.

When the day came, the king appeared in the diet, surrounded by the other commissaries of the Empire, and by several bishops. He thanked the Roman Catholics for their fidelity, and declared that the resolution having been definitively agreed to, it was about to be drawn up in the form of an imperial decree. He then announced to the Elector and his friends, that nothing more remained to them than to submit to the majority.

The evangelical princes, who had not expected so positive a declaration, were excited at this summons, and passed, according to custom, into an adjoining chamber to deliberate. But Ferdinand was not in a humour to wait for their answer. He rose, and all the imperial commissaries with him. Vain were all endeavours to stop him. "I

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[1] Das wort Gottes zu wiederrufen oder aber brennen. (Jung Beyträge, p. 37.)

have received an order from his imperial majesty," replied he; "I have executed it. All is over."

Thus Charles' brother notifies an order to the Christian princes, and then he retires without caring even if there was any reply to make. To no purpose they sent a deputation entreating the King to return. "It is a settled affair," repeated Ferdinand; "submission is all that remains."[1] This refusal completed the schism: it separated Rome from the Gospel. Perhaps more justice on the part of the Empire and of the Papacy might have prevented the rupture that since then has divided the Western Church.

VI. If the imperial party displayed such contempt, it was not without a cause. They felt that weakness was on the side of the Reformation, and strength on the side of Charles and of the Pope. But the weak have also their strength; and this the evangelical princes were aware of. As Ferdinand paid no attention to their reclamations, it remained for them to pay none to his absence, to appeal from the report of the diet to the Word of God, and from the Emperor Charles to Jesus Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords.

They resolved upon this step. A declaration was drawn up to that effect, and this was the famous *Protest* that henceforward gave the name of *Protestant* to the renovated Church. The Elector and his allies having returned to the common hall of the diet, thus addressed the assembled states:—[2]

"Dear Lords, Cousins, Uncles, and Friends! Having repaired to this diet on the convocation of his majesty, and for the common good of the Empire and of Christendom, we have heard and learnt that the decisions of the last diet concerning our holy Christian Faith are to be repealed, and that it is proposed to substitute for them restrictive and onerous resolutions.

"King Ferdinand and the other imperial commissaries, by affixing their seals to the last *Recess* of Spire, had promised, however, in the name of the Emperor, to carry out sincerely and inviolably all that it contained, and to permit nothing that was contrary to it. In like manner, also, you and we, electors, princes, prelates, lords, and deputies of the Empire, bound ourselves to maintain always and with all our might all the articles of this decree.

"We cannot therefore consent to its repeal.

"Firstly, because we believe that his imperial majesty, as well as you and we, are called to maintain firmly what has been unanimously and solemnly resolved.

"Secondly, because it concerns the glory of God and the salvation of our souls, and that in such matters we ought to have regard, above all, to the commandment of God, who is King of kings and Lord of lords; each of us rendering him account for himself, without caring the least in the world about majority or minority.[1]

"We form no judgment on that which concerns you, most dear lords; and we are content to pray God daily that he will bring us all to unity of faith, in truth, charity, and holiness through Jesus Christ, our Throne of Grace and our only Mediator.

"But in what concerns us, adhesion to your resolution (and let every honest man be judge!) would be acting against our conscience, condemning a doctrine that we maintain to be Christian, and pronouncing that it ought to be abolished in our states, if we could do so without trouble.

"This would be to deny our Lord Jesus Christ, to reject his holy Word, and thus give him just reason to deny us in turn before his Father, as he has threatened.

"What! we ratify this edict! We assert that when Almighty God calls a man to His knowledge, this man cannot however receive the knowledge of God! Oh! of what deadly backsliding should we not thus become the accomplices, not only among our own subjects, but also among yours!

"For this reason we reject the yoke that is imposed on us. And although it is universally known that in our states the holy sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord is becomingly administered, we cannot adhere to what the edict proposes against the Sacramentarians, seeing that the imperial edict did not speak of them, that they have not been heard, and that we cannot resolve upon such important points before the next council.

"Moreover"—and this is the essential part of the protest—"the new edict declaring the ministers shall preach the Gospel, explaining it according to the writings accepted by the holy Christian Church; we think that, for this regulation to have any value, we should first agree on what is meant by this true and holy Church. Now, seeing that there is great diversity of opinion in this respect; that there is no sure doctrine but such as is conformable to the Word of God; that the Lord forbids the teaching of any other doctrine; that each text of the Holy Scriptures ought to be explained by other and clearer texts; that this holy book is, in all things necessary for the Christian, easy of understanding, and calculated to scatter the darkness: we are resolved, with

[1] Die artikel weren beschlossen. (Jung Beytr. p. 90.)

[2] There are two copies of this act; one of them is brief, and the other, which is longer, was transmitted in writing to the imperial commissaries. It is from the latter we extract the passages in the text. They will both be found in Jung Beyträge, p. 91–105. See also Müller's *Historie der Protestation*, p. 52

[1] Ein jeglicher fur sich selbt vor Gott stehen. (Jung Beyträge, p. 96.)

the grace of God, to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of his only Word, such as it is contained in the biblical books of the Old and New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it.[1] This Word is the only truth; it is the sure rule of all doctrine and of all life, and can never fail or deceive us. He who builds on this foundation shall stand against all the powers of hell, whilst all the human vanities that are set up against it shall fall before the face of God.

"For these reasons, most dear Lords, Uncles, Cousins, and Friends, we earnestly entreat you to weigh carefully our grievances and our motives. If you do not yield to our request, we PROTEST by these presents, before God, our only Creator, Preserver, Redeemer, and Saviour, and who will one day be our Judge, as well as before all men and all creatures, that we, for us and for our people, neither consent nor adhere in any manner whatsoever to the proposed decree in any thing that is contrary to God, to his holy Word, to our right conscience, to the salvation of our souls, and to the last decree of Spire."

"At the same time we are in expectation that his imperial majesty will behave towards us like a Christian prince who loves God above all things; and we declare ourselves ready to pay unto him, as well as unto you, gracious lords, all the affection and obedience that are our just and legitimate duty."

Thus, in the presence of the diet, spoke those courageous men whom Christendom will henceforward denominate THE PROTESTANTS.

They had barely finished when they announced their intention of quitting Spire on the morrow.[2]

This protest and declaration produced a deep impression. The diet was rudely interrupted and broken into two hostile parties,—thus preluding war. The majority became the prey of the liveliest fears. As for the Protestants relying, *jure humano*, upon the Edict of Spire, and *jure divino*, upon the Bible, they were full of courage and firmness.

The principles contained in this celebrated protest of the 19th April 1529, constitute the very essence of Protestantism. Now this protest opposes two abuses of man in matters of faith: the first is the intrusion of the civil magistrate, and the second is the arbitrary authority of the Church. Instead of these two abuses, Protestantism sets up above the magistrate the power of conscience; and above the visible Church the authority of the Word of God. It declines, in the first place, the civil power in divine things, and says with the Prophets and Apostles: *We must obey God rather than man.*

In presence of the crown of Charles the Fifth, it uplifts the crown of Jesus Christ. But it goes further: it lays down the principle, that all human teaching should be subordinate to the oracles of God. Even the primitive Church, by recognising the writings of the Apostles, had performed an act of submission to this supreme authority, and not an act of authority, as Rome maintains; and the establishment of a tribunal charged with the interpretation of the Bible, had terminated only in slavishly subjecting man to man in that which should be the most unfettered—conscience and faith. In this celebrated act of Spire no doctor appears, and the Word of God reigns alone. Never has man exalted himself like the Pope; never have men kept in the background like the Reformers.

A Romish historian maintains that the word *Protestant* signifies *enemy of the Emperor and of the Pope*.[1] If by this it is meant that Protestantism, in matters of faith, rejects the intervention both of the Empire and of the Papacy, it is well. Even this explanation, however, does not exhaust the meaning of the word, for Protestantism rejected the authority of man solely to place Jesus Christ on the throne of the Church, and his Word in the pulpit.

There has never been anything more positive, and at the same time more aggressive, than the position of the Protestants at Spire. By maintaining that their faith is alone capable of saving the world, they defended with intrepid courage the rights of Christian Proselytism. We cannot abandon this Proselytism without deserting the Protestant principle.

The Protestants of Spire were not content to exalt the truth; they defended charity. Faber and the other Papal partisans had endeavoured to separate the princes, who in general walked with Luther, from the cities that ranged themselves rather on the side of Zwingle. Œcolampadius had immediately written to Melancthon, and enlightened him on the doctrines of the Zurich Reformer. He had indignantly rejected the idea that Christ was banished into a corner of heaven, and had energetically declared that, according to the Swiss Christians, Christ was in every place upholding all things by the Word of his power.[2] "With the visible symbols," he added, "we give and we receive the invisible grace, like all the faithful."[3]

These declarations were not useless. There were at Spire two men who from different motives opposed the efforts of Faber, and seconded those of Œcolampadius. The Landgrave, ever revolving pro-

[1] Allein Gottes wort, lauter und rein, und nichts das dawieder ist. (Jung Beyträge, p. 101.)
[2] Also zu verritten urlaub genommen. (Ibid. p. 52.)

[1] Perduelles in Pontificem ac Cæsarem. (Pallavicini, C. T. I. p. 217.)
[2] Ubique ut et portet omnia verbo vertutis suæ. (Hospin. Hist. Sacr. ii. p. 112.)
[3] Χάριν λαμβάνειν τῶν ὁρατῶν μετὰ τῶν συμβόλων ἡμεῖς πάντες. (Ibid.)

jects of alliance in his mind, felt clearly that if the Christians of Saxony and of Hesse allowed the condemnation of the Churches of Switzerland and of Upper Germany, they would by that very means deprive themselves of powerful auxiliaries.[1] Melancthon, who was far from desiring, as the Landgrave, a diplomatic alliance, for fear that it would hasten on a war, defended the great principles of justice, and exclaimed: "To what just reproaches should we not be exposed, were we to recognise in our adversaries the right of condemning a doctrine without having heard those who defend it!" The union of all evangelical Christians is therefore a principle of primitive Protestantism.

As Ferdinand had not heard the protest of the 19th April, a deputation of the evangelical states went the next day to present it to him. The brother of Charles the Fifth received it at first, but immediately after desired to return it. Then was witnessed a strange scene—the king refusing to keep the protest, and the deputies to take it back. At last the latter, from respect, received it from Ferdinand's hands; but they laid it boldly upon a table, and directly quitted the hall.

The king and the imperial commissaries remained in presence of this formidable writing. It was there—before their eyes—a significant monument of the courage and faith of the Protestants. Irritated against this silent but mighty witness, which accused his tyranny, and left him the responsibility of all the evils that were about to burst upon the Empire, the brother of Charles the Fifth called some of his councillors, and ordered them instantly to carry back this important document to the Protestants.

All this was unavailing; the protest had been enregistered in the annals of the world, and nothing could erase it. Liberty of thought and of conscience had been conquered for ages to come. Thus all evangelical Germany, foreseeing these things, was moved at this courageous act, and adopted it as the expression of its will and of its faith. Men in every quarter beheld in it not a political event, but a Christian action, and the youthful electoral prince, John Frederick, in this respect the organ of his age, cried to the Protestants of Spire: "May the Almighty, who has given you grace to confess energetically, freely, and fearlessly, preserve you in that Christian firmness until the day of eternity!" [2]

While the Christians were filled with joy, their enemies were frightened at their own work. The very day on which Ferdinand had declined to receive the protest, Tuesday, 20th April, at one in the afternoon, Henry of Brunswick and Philip of Baden presented themselves as mediators, announcing, however, that they were acting solely of their own authority. They proposed that there should be no more mention of the decree of Worms, and that the first decree of Spire should be maintained, but with a few modifications; that the two parties, while remaining free until the next council, should oppose every new sect, and tolerate no doctrine contrary to the sacrament of the Lord's body.[1]

On Wednesday, 21st April, the evangelical states did not appear adverse to these propositions; and even those who had embraced the doctrine of Zwingle declared boldly that such a proposal would not compromise their existence. "Only let us call to mind," said they, "that in such difficult matters we must act, not with the sword, but with the sure Word of God.[2] For, as Saint Paul says: *What is not of faith is sin.* If therefore we constrain Christians to do what they believe unjust, instead of leading them by God's Word to acknowledge what is good, we force them to sin, and we incur a terrible responsibility."

The fanatics of the Roman party trembled as they saw the victory nearly escaping from them; for they rejected all compromise, and desired purely and simply the re-establishment of the Papacy. Their zeal overcame everything, and the negotiations were broken off.

On Thursday, 22d April, the diet assembled at seven in the morning, and the *Recess* was read precisely as it had been drawn up before, without even mentioning the attempt at conciliation which had just failed.

Faber triumphed. Proud of having the ear of kings, he tossed himself furiously about, and one would have said, to see him, relates an eye-witness, that he was a Cyclops forging in his cavern the monstrous chains with which he was about to bind the Reform and the Reformers.[3] The Papist princes, carried away by the tumult, gave the spur, says Melancthon, and flung themselves headlong into a path filled with dangers.[4] Nothing was left for the evangelical Christians but to fall on their knees and cry to the Lord. "All that remains for us to do," repeated Melancthon, "is to call upon the Son of God." [5]

The last sitting of the diet took place on

[1] Omni studio laborabat ut illos uniret. (Seck. ii. p. 127.)

[1] In eo mansuros esse, nec passuros ut ulla nominum machinatione ab ea sententia divellerentur. (Seckend. ii. p. 121.)

[1] Vergleich artikel. (Jung Beyträge, p. 55.)

[2] In deisen Schweren Sachen, nichts mit Gewalt noch Schwerdt, sondern mit Gottes gewissem wort. (Ibid. p. 59.) This document is from the pen of Sturm.

[3] Cyclops ille nunc ferocem se facit. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1062.)

[4] Ut ingrediantur lubricum isti iter, impingendo stimulis calces. (Ibid.)

[5] De quo reliquum est ut invocemus Filium Dei. (Ibid.)

the 24th April. The princes renewed their protest, in which fourteen free and imperial cities joined: and they next thought of giving their appeal a legal form.

On Sunday, 25th April, two notaries, Leonard Stetner of Freysingen and Pangrace Saltzmann of Bamberg, were seated before a small table in a narrow chamber on the ground-floor of a house situated in St. John's Lane, near the church of the same name in Spire, and around them were the chancellors of the princes and of the evangelical cities, assisted by several witnesses.[1]

This little house belonged to an humble pastor, Peter Muterstatt, deacon of St. John's, who, taking the place of the Elector or of the Landgrave, had offered a domicile for the important act that was preparing. His name shall in consequence be transmitted to posterity. The document having been definitively drawn up, one of the notaries began reading it. "Since there is a natural communion between all men," said the Protestants, "and since even persons condemned to death are permitted to unite and appeal against their condemnation; how much more are we, who are members of the same spiritual body, the Church of the Son of God, children of the same heavenly Father, and consequently brothers in the Spirit,[2] authorized to unite when our salvation and eternal condemnation are concerned."

After reviewing all that had passed in the diet, and after intercalating in their appeal the principal documents that had reference to it, the Protestants ended by saying: "We therefore appeal for ourselves, for our subjects, and for all who receive or who shall hereafter receive the Word of God, from all past, present, or future vexatious measures, to his Imperial Majesty, and to a free and universal assembly of holy Christendom." This document filled twelve sheets of parchment; the signatures and seals were affixed to the thirteenth.

Thus in the obscure dwelling of the chaplain of St. John's was made the first confession of the true Christian union. In presence of the holy mechanical unity of the Pope, these confessors of Jesus raised the banner of the living unity of Christ; and, as in the days of our Saviour, if there were many synagogues in Israel, there was at least but one single temple. The Christians of Electoral Saxony, of Luneburg, of Anhalt, of Hesse and the Margravate, of Strasburg, Nuremberg, Ulm, Constance, Lindau, Memmingen, Kempten, Nordlingen, Heilbron, Reutlingen, Isny, Saint Gall, Weissenburg, and Windshiem, clasped each other's hands on the 25th April, near the church of St. John, in the face of threatening persecutions. Among them might be found those who, like Zwingle, acknowledged in the Lord's Supper the entirely spiritual presence of Jesus Christ, as well as those who, like Luther, admitted his corporeal presence. There existed not at that time in the evangelical body any sects, hatred, or schism. Christian unity was a reality. That upper chamber in which, during the early days of Christianity, the apostles with the women and the brethren "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication,"[1] and that lower chamber where, in the first days of the Reformation, the renewed disciples of Jesus Christ presented themselves to the Pope and the Emperor, to the world and to the scaffold, as forming but one body, are the two cradles of the Church; and it is in this its hour of weakness and humiliation that it shines forth with the brightest glory.

After this appeal each one returned silently to his dwelling. Several tokens excited alarm for the safety of the Protestants. A short time previously Melancthon hastily conducted through the streets of Spire towards the Rhine his friend Simon Grynæus, pressing him to cross the river. The latter was astonished at such precipitation.[2] "An old man of grave and solemn appearance, but who is unknown to me," said Melancthon, "appeared before me and said: "In a minute officers of justice will be sent by Ferdinand to arrest Grynæus." As he was intimate with Faber, and had been scandalized at one of his sermons, Grynæus had gone to him, and begged him no longer to make war against the truth. Faber had dissembled his anger, but immediately after repaired to the king, from whom he had obtained an order against the importunate professor of Heidelberg.[3] Melancthon doubted not that God had saved his friend by sending one of His holy angels to forewarn him. Motionless on the banks of the Rhine he waited until the waters of that stream had rescued Grynæus from his persecutors. "At last," cried Melancthon, as he saw him on the opposite side, "he is torn from the cruel teeth of those who drink innocent blood."[4] When he returned to his house, Melancthon was informed that the officers in search of Grynæus had ransacked it from top to bottom.[5]

Nothing could detain the Protestants longer in Spire. Accordingly, on the morning after their appeal, (Monday, 26th April,) the

[1] Unten in einem Kleinen Stublein. (Jung Beyträge, p. 78. Instrumentum Appellationis.)

[2] Membra unius corporis spiritualis Jesu Christi et filii unius patris cœlestis, ideoque fratres spirituales. (Seckend. ii. p. 130.)

[1] Acts i. 14.

[2] Miranti quæ esset tantæ festinationis causa. (Camerarius Vita Mel. p. 113.)

[3] Faber qui valde offenderetur orationi tali, dissimulare tamen omnia. (Ibid.)

[4] Ereptus quasi e faucibus eorum qui sitiunt sanguinem innocentium. (Mel. ad Camer. 23d April, Corp. Ref. i. p. 1062.)

[5] Affluit armata quædam manus ad comprehendum Grynæum missa. (Camer. Vit. Mel. p. 113.)

Elector, the Landgrave, and the Dukes of Luneburg, quitted the city, reached Worms, and then returned by Hesse into their own states. The appeal of Spire was published by the Landgrave on the 5th, and by the Elector on the 13th May.

Melancthon had returned to Wittemberg on the 6th May, persuaded that the two parties were about to draw the sword. His friends were alarmed at seeing him agitated, exhausted, and like one dead.[1] "It is a great event that has just taken place at Spire," said he. "It is big with dangers, no. only to the Empire, but also to Religion itself.[2] All the pains of hell oppress me."[3]

It was Melancthon's greatest affliction that all these evils were attributed to him, as indeed he ascribed them himself. "One single thing has injured us," said he; "our not having approved, as was required of us, the edict against the Zwinglians." Luther did not take this gloomy view of affairs; but he was far from comprehending the force of the protest. "The diet," said he, "has come to an end almost without results, except that those who scourge Jesus Christ have not been able to satisfy their fury."[4]

Posterity has not ratified this decision, and, on the contrary, dating from this epoch the definitive formation of Protestantism, it has hailed in the Protest of Spire one of the greatest movements recorded in history.

Let us see to whom the chief glory of this act belongs. The part taken by the princes, and especially by the Elector of Saxony, in the German Reformation, must strike every impartial observer. These are the true Reformers—the true Martyrs. The Holy Ghost, that bloweth where it listeth, had inspired them with the courage of the ancient confessors of the Church; and the God of Election was glorified in them. A little later perhaps this great part played by the princes might have produced deplorable consequences: there is no grace of God that man may not pervert. But nothing should prevent us from rendering honour to whom honour is due, and from adoring the work of the eternal Spirit in these eminent men who, under God, were in the sixteenth century the saviours of Christendom.

The Reformation had taken a bodily form. It was Luther alone who had said No at the Diet of Worms: but Churches and ministers, princes and people, said No at the Diet of Spire.

In no country had superstition, scholasticism, hierarchy, and popery, been so powerful as among the Germanic nations. These simple and candid people had humbly bent their neck to the yoke that came from the banks of the Tiber. But there was in them a depth, a life, a need of interior liberty, which, sanctified by the Word of God, might render them the most energetic organs of Christian truth. It was from them that was destined to emanate the reaction against that material, external, and legal system, which had taken the place of Christianity; it was they who were called to shatter in pieces the skeleton which had been substituted for the spirit and the life, and restore to the heart of Christendom, ossified by the hierarchy, the generous beatings of which it had been deprived for so many ages. The Universal Church will never forget the debt it owes to the Princes of Spire and to Luther.

VII. The protest of Spire had still further increased the indignation of the Papal adherents; and Charles the Fifth, according to the oath he had made at Barcelona, set about preparing "a suitable antidote for the pestilential disease with which the Germans were attacked, and to avenge in a striking manner the insult offered to Jesus Christ."[1] The Pope, on his part, endeavoured to combine all the other princes of Christendom in this crusade; and the peace of Cambray, concluded on the 5th August, tended to the accomplishment of his cruel designs. It left the Emperor's hands free against the heretics. After having entered their protest at Spire, it was necessary for the Evangelicals to think of maintaining it.

The Protestant states that had already laid the foundations of an evangelical alliance at Spire, had agreed to send deputies to Rothach; but the Elector, staggered by the representations of Luther, who was continually saying to him, "It is by keeping yourselves tranquil and in quietness that you will be saved,"[2] ordered his deputies to listen to the propositions of his allies, but to decide upon nothing. They adjourned to a new conference, which never took place. Luther triumphed; for human alliances failed. "Christ the Lord will know how to deliver us without the Landgrave, and even against the Landgrave," said he to his friends.[3]

Philip of Hesse, who was vexed at Luther's obstinacy, was convinced that it arose from a dispute about words. "They will hear no mention of alliances because of the Zwinglians," said he; "well then, let us put an end to the contradictions that separate them from Luther."

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[1] Ita fuit perturbatus ut primis diebus pene extinctus sit. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1067.)

[2] Non enim tantum imperium, sed religio etiam periclitantur. (Ibid.)

[3] Omnes dolores inferni oppresserant me. (Ibid. and p. 1069.)

[4] Christo mastiges et Psycho-tyranni suum furorem non potuerunt explere. (L. Epp. Linco, 5th May, 1529.)

[1] Illatamque Christo injuriam pro viribus ulciscentur. (Dumont, Corp. Univ. Diplomatique, iv. p. 1, 5.)

[2] Isaiah xxx. 15. L. Epp. iii. p. 454.

[3] Unser Her. Christus, &c. (Ibid.) This confidence of Luther shocks a Lutheran Historian (Plank, ii. p. 454.)

The union of all the disciples of the Word of God seemed in fact a necessary condition to the success of the Reform. How could the Protestants resist the power of Rome and of the Empire, if they were divided? The Landgrave no doubt wished to unite their minds, that he might afterwards be able to unite their arms; but the cause of Christ was not to triumph by the sword. If they should succeed in uniting their hearts and prayers, the Reform would then find such strength in the faith of its children, that Philip's spearmen would no longer be necessary.

Unfortunately this union of minds, that was now to be sought after above all things, was a very difficult task. Luther in 1519 had at first appeared not only to reform, but entirely renovate the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, as the Swiss did somewhat later. "I go to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper," he had said, "and I there receive a sign from God that Christ's righteousness and passion justify me; such is the use of the Sacrament."[1] This discourse, which had gone through several impressions in the cities of Upper Germany, had prepared men's minds for the doctrine of Zwingle. Accordingly Luther, astonished at the reputation he had gained, published this solemn declaration in 1527: "I protest before God and before the whole world that I have never walked with the Sacramentarians."

Luther in fact was never Zwinglian as regards the Communion. Far from that, in 1519, he still believed in Transubstantiation. Why then should he speak of a sign? It was for this reason. While, according to Zwingle, the bread and wine are signs of the body and blood of Christ, according to Luther, the very body and blood of Jesus Christ are signs of God's grace. These opinions are widely different from one another.

Ere long this disagreement declared itself. In 1527 Zwingle in his *Friendly Exposition*[2] repeated Luther's opinion with mildness and respect. Unfortunately the pamphlet of the Saxon Reformer "against the enthusiasts" was then issuing from the press, and in it Luther expressed his indignation that his adversaries should dare to speak of Christian unity and peace. "Well!" exclaimed he, "since they thus insult all reason, I will give them a Lutheran warning. Cursed be this concord! cursed be this charity! down, down with it, to the bottomless pit of hell! If I should murder your father, your mother, your wife, your child, and then, wishing to murder you, I should say to you, Let us be at peace, my dear friend! what answer would you make?—It is thus that the enthusiasts who murder Jesus Christ my Lord, God the Father, and Christendom my mother, wish to murder me also; and then they say, Let us be friends!"

Zwingle wrote two replies "to the excellent Martin Luther," in a cold tone and with a haughty calmness more difficult to pardon than the invectives of the Saxon doctor. "We ought to esteem you a vessel of honour, and we do so with joy," said he, "notwithstanding your faults." Pamphlet followed pamphlet, Luther always writing with the same impetuosity, and Zwingle with the same coolness and irony.

Such were the doctors whom the Landgrave undertook to reconcile. Already, during the sitting of the Diet of Spire, Philip of Hesse, who was afflicted at hearing the Papists continually repeating, "You boast of your attachment to the pure Word of God, and yet you are nevertheless disunited," had made overtures to Zwingle in writing. He now went farther, and invited the theologians of the different parties to meet at Marburg. These invitations met with various receptions. Zwingle, whose heart was large and fraternal, answered the Landgrave's call; but Luther, who discovered leagues and battles behind this pretended concord, rejected it.

It seemed, however, that great difficulties would detain Zwingle. To travel from Zurich to Marburg, it was necessary to pass through the territories of the Emperor and of other enemies to the Reformation; the Landgrave himself did not conceal the dangers of the journey;[2] but in order to obviate these difficulties, he promised an escort from Strasburg to Hesse, and for the rest "the protection of God."[3] These precautions were not of a nature to reassure the Zurichers.

Reasons of another kind detained Luther and Melancthon. "It is not right," said they, "that the Landgrave has so much to do with the Zwinglians. Their error is of such a nature that people of acute minds are easily tainted by it. Reason loves what it understands, particularly when learned men clothe their ideas in a scriptural dress."

Melancthon did not stop here, but put forth the very extraordinary notion of selecting Papists as judges of the discussion. "If there were no impartial judges," said he, "the Zwinglians would have a good chance of boasting of victory."[4] Thus, according to Melancthon, Papists would be impartial judges when the real presence was the subject of discussion! He went still farther. "Let the Elector," he wrote on the 14th May to the Prince Electoral, "refuse to

[1] In the writing entitled, *Dass diese Worte noch feste Stehen.* (L. Opp. xix.)

[2] *Amica exegesis*, id est, Expositio Eucharistæ negotii ad M. Lutherum. (Zw. Opp.)

[3] Eine Lutherische Warnung. (L. Opp. xix. p. 391. Wider die Schwärmgeister.)

[1] Inter nos ipsos de religionis doctrina non consentire. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 287.)

[2] Viam Francofurdi capias, quam autem hac periculosiorem esse putamus. (Ibid. p. 312.)

[3] Juvante Deo tuti. (Ibid. p. 329.)

[4] Papistische als unparteische. (Corp. Ref. i p. 1066.)

permit our journey to Marburg, so that we may allege this excuse. "The Elector would not lend himself to so disgraceful a proceeding; and the Reformers of Wittemberg found themselves compelled to accede to the request of Philip of Hesse. But they did so with these words: "If the Swiss do not yield to us, all your trouble will be lost;" and they wrote to the theologians among their friends who were convoked by the Prince: "Stay away if you can; your absence will be very useful to us."

Zwingle, on the contrary, who would have gone to the end of the world, made every exertion to obtain from the magistrates of Zurich permission to visit Marburg. "I am convinced," said he to the secret council, "that if we doctors meet face to face, the splendour of truth will illuminate our eyes."[2] But the council that had only just signed the first religious peace,[3] and who feared to see war burst out afresh, positively refused to allow the departure of the Reformer.

Upon this Zwingle decided for himself. He felt that his presence was necessary for the maintenance of peace in Zurich; but it was the welfare of all Christendom that summoned him to Marburg. Accordingly, raising his eyes to heaven, he resolved to depart, exclaiming, "O God! Thou hast never abandoned us; Thou wilt perform thy will for thine own glory."[4] During the night of the 31st August, Zwingle, who was unwilling to wait for the Landgrave's safe-conduct, prepared for his journey. Rodolph Collin, the Greek professor, was alone to accompany him. The Reformer wrote to the Smaller and to the Great Council: "If I leave without informing you, it is not because I despise your authority, most wise lords; but because, knowing the love you bear towards me, I foresee that your anxiety will oppose my going."

As he was writing these words, a fourth message arrived from the Landgrave, more pressing still than the preceding ones. The Reformer sent the prince's letter to the burgomaster with his own; he then quitted his house privily by night,[5] concealing his departure both from his friends, whose importunity he feared, and from his enemies, whose snares he had good cause to dread. He did not even tell his wife where he was going lest it should distress her. He and Collin then mounted two horses that had been hired for the purpose,[6] and rode off rapidly in the direction of Basle.

During the day the rumour of Zwingle's absence spread through Zurich, and his enemies were elated. "He has fled the country," said they; "he has run away with a pack of scoundrels!" "As he was crossing the river at Bruck," said others, "the boat upset and he was drowned." "The devil," affirmed many with a malicious smile, "appeared to him bodily and carried him off."[1]—"There was no end to their stories," says Bullinger. But the council immediately resolved on acceding to the wish of the Reformer. On the very day of his departure they appointed one of the councillors, Ulric Funck, to accompany him to Marburg, who forthwith set out with a domestic and one arquebusier. Strasburg and Basle in like manner sent statesmen in company with their theologians, under the idea that this conference would doubtless have also a political object.

Zwingle arrived safe and sound at Basle,[2] and embarked on the river on the 6th September with Œcolampadius and several merchants.[3] In thirteen hours they reached Strasburg, where the two Reformers lodged in the house of Matthew Zell, the cathedral preacher. Catherine, the pastor's wife, prepared the dishes in the kitchen, waited at table, according to the ancient Germaa manners,[4] and then sitting down near Zwingle, listened attentively, and spoke with so much piety and knowledge, that the latter soon ranked her above many doctors.

Zwingle, after discussing with the Strasburg magistrates the means of resisting the Romish league, and the organization to be given to the Christian confederacy,[5] quitted Strasburg; and he and his friends, conducted along by-roads, through forests, over mountains and valleys, by secret but sure paths, at last arrived at Marburg, escorted by forty Hessian cavaliers.[6]

Luther, on his side, accompanied by Melancthon, Cruciger, and Jonas, had stopped on the Hessian frontier, declaring that nothing should induce him to cross it until he had a safe conduct from the Landgrave. This document being obtained, Luther arrived at Alsfeld, where the scholars, kneeling under the Reformer's windows, chanted their pious hymns. He entered Marburg on the 30th September, a day after the arrival of the Swiss. Both parties went to inns; but they

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[1] Si potes, noli adesse. (L. Epp. iii. p. 501.)

[2] Ut veritatis splendor oculos nostros feriat. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 321.)

[3] See below, Book xvi. chap. ii. anno 1529.

[4] Dei nunquam fallentis, qui nos nunquam deseruit, gratiam reputavi. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 356.)

[5] Sabbati die, mane ante lucem, 1 Septembris. (Ibid.)

Equis conductoriis. (Ibid. p. 361.)

[1] Der Tufel vere by imm gesin. (Bulling ii. p. 224.)

[2] Integer et sanus Basiliam pervenit. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 361.)

[3] Aliquos mercatorum fide dignos, comites.—(Ibid.)

[4] Ich bin 14 Tag magd und Köchin gewesen. (Fussl. Beytr. v. p. 313.) See her remarkable correspondence with the superintendent Rabus. (Ibid. p. 191-354.)

[5] De jure præsidendi conciliis civitatum Christianaum. (Ibid. v. p. 364.) See book xvi. of this History.

[6] Per devia et sylvas, montes et valles, tutissimos, et occultos. (Ibid. p. 368.)

had scarcely alighted, before the Landgrave invited them to come and lodge in the castle, thinking by this means to bring the opposing parties closer together. Philip entertained them in a manner truly royal.[1] "Ah!" said the pious Jonas, as he wandered through the halls of the palace, "it is not in honour of the Muses, but in honour of God and of his Christ, that we are so munificently treated in these forests of Hesse!" After dinner, on the first day, Œcolampadius, Hedio, and Bucer, desirous of entering into the prince's views, went and saluted Luther. The latter conversed affectionately with Œcolampadius in the castle-court; but Bucer, with whom he had once been very intimate, and who was now on Zwingle's side, having approached him, Luther said to him, smiling, and making a sign with his hand: "As for you, you are a good-for-nothing fellow and a knave!"[2]

The unhappy Carlstadt, who had begun all this dispute, was at that time in Friesland, preaching the spiritual presence of Christ, and living in such destitution that he had been forced to sell his Hebrew Bible to procure bread. The trial had crushed his pride, and he wrote to the Landgrave: "We are but one body, one house, one people, one sacerdotal race; we live and die by one and the same Saviour.[3] For this reason, I, poor and in exile, humbly pray your highness, by the blood of Jesus Christ, to allow me to be present at this disputation."

But how bring Luther and Carlstadt face to face? and yet how repel the unhappy man? The Landgrave, to extricate himself from this difficulty, referred him to the Saxon Reformer. Carlstadt did not appear.

Philip of Hesse desired that, previously to the public conference, the theologians should have a private interview. It was however considered dangerous, says a contemporary, for Zwingle and Luther, who were both naturally violent, to contend with one another at the very beginning; and as Œcolampadius and Melancthon were the mildest, they were apportioned to the roughest.[4] On Friday the 1st October, after divine service, Luther and Œcolampadius were conducted into one chamber, and Zwingle and Melancthon into another. The combatants were then left to struggle two and two.

The principal contest took place in the room of Zwingle and Melancthon. "It is affirmed," said Melancthon to Zwingle, "that some among you speak of God after the manner of the Jews, as if Christ was not essentially God." "I think on the Holy Trinity," replied Zwingle, "with the Council of Nice and the Anathasian creed." "Councils! creeds! What does that mean?" asked Melancthon. "Have you not continually repeated that you recognise no other authority than that of Scripture?" "We have never rejected the councils," replied the Swiss Reformer, "when they are based on the authority of the Word of God.[1] The four first councils are truly sacred as regards doctrine, and none of the faithful have ever rejected them." This important declaration, handed down to us by Œcolampadius, characterizes the Reformed theology.[2]

"But you teach," resumed Melancthon, "like Thomas Munster, that the Holy Ghost acts quite alone, independently of the sacraments and of the Word of God." "The Holy Ghost," replied Zwingle, "works in us justification by the Word, but by the Word preached and understood, by the soul and the marrow of the Word, by the mind and will of God clothed in human language."[3]

"At least," continued Melancthon, "you deny original sin, and make sin to consist only in actual and external works, like the Pelagians, the philosophers and the Papists."

This was the principal difficulty. "Since man naturally loves himself," replied Zwingle, "instead of loving God; in that there is a crime, a sin that condemns him."[4] He had more than once before expressed the same opinion;[5] and yet Melancthon exulted on hearing him: "Our adversaries," said he afterwards, "have given way on all these points!"

Luther had pursued the same method with Œcolampadius as Melancthon with Zwingle. The discussion had in particular turned on baptism. Luther complained that they would not acknowledge that by this simple sign a man became a member of the Church. "It is true," said Œcolampadius, "that we require faith—either an actual or a future faith. Why should we deny it? Who is a Christian, if it be not he who believes in Christ? However, I should be unwilling to deny that the water of baptism is in a certain sense a water of regeneration; for by it he whom the Church knew not becomes its child."[6]

These four theologians were in the very heat of their discussions, when domestics

[1] Excepit it. arce hospitio et mensa regali.—(Corp. Ref. i. p. 1056.)

[2] Subridens aliquantulum respondit. *tu es nequam et nebulo.* (Sculteti Annal. ad. 1529.)

[3] State papers of Cassel.

[4] Abgetheilt zu den rühren. (Bull. ii. p. 225.)

[1] Ubi unquam concilia rejicimus, verbi divini auctoritati suffulta? (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 191.)

[2] The word *Reformed* is used to distinguish the doctrine and the church of Zwingle and Calvin from those of Luther.

[3] Mens et medulla verbi, mens et voluntas Dei amicta tamen humanis verbis. (Zw. Epp. iv. p. 173.)

[4] Malum, peccatum. (Ibid. p. 172.)

[5] De peccato originali ad Urb. Rhegium.—(Ibid. iii. p. 632.)

[6] Atque adeo ipse non negarim, aquam baptismi esse aquam regenerantem: fit enim puer ecclesiæ, qui dudum ab ecclesia non agnoscebatur. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 193.)

came to inform them that the prince's dinner was on the table. They immediately rose, and Zwingle and Melancthon meeting Luther and Œcolampadius, who were also quitting their chamber, the latter approached Zwingle, and whispered mournfully in his ear: "I have fallen a second time into the hands of Dr. Eck."[1] In the language of the Reformers nothing stronger could be said.

It does not appear that the conference betweeen Luther and Œcolampadius was resumed after dinner. Luther's manner held out little hope; but Melancthon and Zwingle returned to the discussion, and the Zurich doctor finding the Wittemberg professor escape him like an eel, as he said, and take "like Proteus a thousand different forms," seized a pen in order to fix his antagonist. Zwingle committed to writing whatever Melancthon dictated, and then wrote his reply, giving it to the other to read.[2] In this manner they spent six hours, three in the morning and three in the afternoon.[3] They prepared for the general conference.

Zwingle requested that it should be an open one; Luther opposed this. It was resolved that the princes, nobles, deputies, and theologians should be admitted; but a great crowd of citizens, and even many scholars and gentlemen, who had come from Frankfort, from the Rhine districts, from Strasburg, from Basle and other Swiss towns, were excluded. Brenz speaks of fifty or sixty hearers; Zwingle of twenty-four only.[4]

On a gentle elevation, watered by the Lahn, is situated an old castle, overlooking the city of Marburg; in the distance is seen the beautiful valley of the Lahn, and beyond, the mountain-tops rising one above another, until they are lost in the horizon. It was beneath the vaults and Gothic arches of an ancient hall in this castle, called the Knights' Hall, that the conference was to take place.

On Saturday morning (2d October) the Landgrave took his seat in the hall, surrounded by his court, but so plainly dressed that no one would have taken him for a prince. He wished to avoid the appearance of playing the part of a Constantine in the affairs of the Church. Before him was a table which Luther, Zwingle, Melancthon, and Œcolampadius approached. Luther, taking a piece of chalk, bent over the velvet cloth which covered it, and steadily wrote four words in large characters. All eyes followed the movement of his hand, and soon they read Hoc est Corpus Meum.[1] Luther wished to have this declaration continually before him, that it might strengthen his faith, and be a sign to his adversaries.

Behind these four theologians were seated their friends,—Hedio, Sturm, Funck, Frey, Eberard, Than, Jonas, Cruciger, and others besides. Jonas cast an inquiring glance upon the Swiss: "Zwingle," said he, "has a certain rusticity and arrogance;[2] if he is well versed in letters, it is in spite of Minerva and of the Muses. In Œcolampadius there is a natural goodness and admirable meekness. Hedio seems to have as much liberality as kindness; but I find in Bucer the cunning of a fox, that knows how to give himself an air of sense and prudence." Men of moderate sentiments often meet with worse treatment than those of the extreme parties.

Other sentiments animated those who contemplated this assembly from a distance. The great men who had led the people in their footsteps on the plains of Saxony, on the banks of the Rhine, and in the lofty valleys of Switzerland, were there met face to face: the Chiefs of Christendom, separated from Rome, were come together to see if they could remain one. Accordingly, from all parts of Germany, prayers and anxious looks were directed towards Marburg. "Illustrious princes of the Word,"[3] cried the evangelical Church through the mouth of the poet Cordus, "penetrating Luther, mild Œcolampadius, magnanimous Zwingle, pious Snepf, eloquent Melancthon, courageous Bucer, candid Hedio, excellent Osiander, valiant Brenz, amiable Jonas, fiery Craton, Mænus, whose soul is stronger than his body, great Dionysius, and you Myconius—all you whom Prince Philip, that illustrious hero, has summoned, ministers and bishops, whom the Christian cities have sent to terminate the schism, and to show us the way of truth; the suppliant Church falls weeping at your feet, and begs you by the bowels of Jesus Christ to bring this matter to a happy issue, so that the world may acknowledge in your resolution the work of the Holy Ghost himself."[4]

The Landgrave's chancellor, John Feige, having reminded them in the prince's name that the object of this colloquy was the re-establishment of union, "I protest," said Luther, "that I differ from my adversaries with regard to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and that I shall always differ from them. Christ has said, *This is my body*

[1] Lutherum Œcolampadem ita excepit, ut ad eum veniens clam queratur, se denuo in Eccium incidisse. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 369.)

[2] At Melancthon, cum nimis lubricus esset et Protei in morem se in omnia transformaret, me compulit, ut sumpto calamo manu armarem.—(Ibid.)

[3] Istud colloquium sex in horas traximus. (Ibid. 370.)

[4] Quinquaginta aut sexaginta colloquio præsentes. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 201.) Pauci arbitrii ad summum quatuor et viginti. (Epp. ii. p. 370.)

[1] This is my body. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 175.)

[2] In Zwinglio agreste quiddam est et arrogantulum. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1097.)

[3] Insignes verbi proceres. (Bull. ii. p. 236.)

[4] Et cupido supplex vobis Ecclesia voto
Vestros cadit flens ad pedes. (Bull. ii. p. 236.)

Let them show me that a body is not a body. I reject reason, common sense, carnal arguments, and mathematical proofs. God is above mathematics.[1] We have the Word of God; we must adore it and perform it!"

"It cannot be denied," said Œcolampadius, "That there are figures of speech in the Word of God; as *John is Elias, the rock was Christ, I am the vine.* The expression *This is my body*, is a figure of the same kind." Luther granted that there were figures in the Bible, but he denied that this last expression was figurative.

All the various parties, however, of which the Christian Church is composed see a figure in these words. In fact, the Romanists declare that *This is my body* signifies not only "my body," but also "my blood," "my soul," and even "my Divinity," and "Christ wholly."[2] These words, therefore, according to Rome, are a synecdoche, a figure by which a part is taken for the whole. And, as regards the Lutherans, the figure is still more evident.[3] Whether it be synecdoche, metaphor, or metonymy, there is still a figure.

In order to prove it, Œcolampadius employed this syllogism:—

"What Christ rejected in the sixth chapter of St. John, he could not admit in the words of the Eucharist.

"Now Christ, who said to the people of Capernaum, *The flesh profiteth nothing*, rejected by those very words the oral manducation of his body.

"Therefore he did not establish it at the institution of his Supper."

LUTHER.—"I deny the minor (the second of these propositions;) Christ has not rejected all oral manducation, but only a material manducation, like that of the flesh of oxen or of swine."[4]

ŒCOLAMPADIUS.—"There is danger in attributing too much to mere matter."

LUTHER.—"Every thing that God commands becomes spirit and life. If it is by the Lord's order that we lift up a straw, in that very action we perform a spiritual work. We must pay attention to him who speaks, and not to what he says. God speaks: Men, worms, listen!—God commands: let the world obey! and let us all together fall down and humbly kiss the Word."[5]

ŒCOLAMPADIUS.—"But since we have the spiritual eating, what need of the bodily one?"

LUTHER.—"I do not ask what need we have of it; but I see it written, *Eat, this is my body.* We must therefore believe and do. We must do—we must do![1]—If God should order me to eat dung, I would do it, with the assurance that it would be salutary."[2]

At this point Zwingle interferred in the discussion. "We must explain Scripture by Scripture," said he. "We cannot admit two kinds of corporeal manducation, as if Jesus had spoken of eating, and the Capernaites of tearing in pieces, for the same word is employed in both cases. Jesus says that to eat his flesh corporeally profiteth nothing (John vi. 63;) whence it would result that he had given us in the Supper a thing that would be useless to us.—Besides there are certain words that seem to me rather childish,—the dung, for instance. The oracles of the demons were obscure, not so are those of Jesus Christ."

LUTHER.—"When Christ says the flesh profiteth nothing, he speaks not of his own flesh, but of ours."

* * * * *

ZWINGLE.—"The soul is fed with the Spirit and not with the flesh."

LUTHER.—"It is with the mouth that we eat the body; the soul does not eat it."[3]

ZWINGLE.—"Christ's body is therefore a corporeal nourishment, and not a spiritual."

LUTHER.—"You are captious."

ZWINGLE.—"Not so; but you utter contradictory things."

LUTHER.—"If God should present me wild apples, I should eat them spiritually. In the Eucharist, the mouth receives the body of Christ, and the soul believes in his words."

Zwingle then quoted a great number of passages from the Holy Scripture, in which the sign is described by the very thing signified; and thence concluded that, considering our Lord's declaration in St. John, *The flesh profiteth nothing*, we must explain the words of the Eucharist in a similar manner.

Many hearers were struck by these arguments. Among the Marburg professors sat the Frenchman Lambert; his tall and spare frame was violently agitated. He had been at first of Luther's opinion,[4] and was then hesitating between the two Reformers. As he went to the conference, he said: "I desire to be a sheet of blank paper, on which the finger of God may write his truth."—

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[1] Deum esse supra mathematicam. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 175.)

[2] If any one denies that the body and blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, with his soul and his divinity, and consequently the whole Jesus Christ (totum Christum), is contained in the sacrament of the Eucharist, let him be anathema. (Council of Trent, Sess. 13.)

[3] Tota Christi persona. (Form. concord. viii.)

[4] Qualis est carnis bovillæ aut suillæ. (Scult. p. 217.)

[5] Quum præcipit quid, pareat mundus; et omnes osculemur verbum. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 176.)

[1] *Man mus es thun* sæpe inculcabat. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 176.)

[2] Si juberet fimum comedere, facerem. (Ibid.

[3] Anima non edit ipsum (corpus) corporaliter (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 370.)

[4] See his Commentary on St. Luke (xxii. 19 20.)

Ere long he exclaimed, after hearing Zwingle and Œcolampadius: "Yes! the Spirit, that is what vivifies!"[1] When this conversion was known, the Wittembergers, shrugging their shoulders, said, "Gallic fickleness!" "What!" replied Lambert, "was St. Paul fickle because he was converted from Pharisaism? And have we ourselves been fickle in abandoning the lost sects of Popery?"

Luther was, however, by no means shaken. "*This is my body*," repeated he, pointing with his finger to the words written before him. "*This is my body.* The devil himself shall not drive me from that. To seek to understand it, is to fall away from the faith."[2]

"But doctor," said Zwingle, "St. John explains how Christ's body is eaten, and you will be obliged at last to leave off singing always the same song."

"You make use of unmannerly expressions," replied Luther.[3] The Wittembergers themselves called Zwingle's argument "his old song."[4] Zwingle continued without being disconcerted: "I ask you, doctor, whether Christ in the sixth chapter of St. John did not wish to reply to the question that had been put to him?"

LUTHER.—"Mr. Zwingle, you wish to stop my mouth by the arrogancy of your language. That passage has nothing to do here."

ZWINGLE, hastily.—"Pardon me, doctor, that passage breaks your neck."

LUTHER.—"Do not boast so much! You are in Hesse, and not in Switzerland. In this country we do not break people's necks."

Then turning towards his friends, Luther complained bitterly of Zwingle; as if the latter had really wished to break his neck. "He makes use of soldier-like and blood-stained words," said he.[5] Luther forgot that he had employed a similar expression in speaking of Carlstadt.[6]

ZWINGLE resumed: "In Switzerland also there is strict justice, and we break no man's neck without trial. That expression signifies merely that your cause is lost and hopeless."

Great agitation prevailed in the Knights' Hall. The roughness of the Swiss and the obstinacy of the Saxon had come into collision. The Landgrave, fearing to behold the failure of his project of conciliation, nodded assent to Zwingle's explanation.—"Doctor," said he to Luther, "you should not be offended at such common expressions." It was in vain: the agitated sea could not again be calmed. The prince therefore arose, and they all repaired to the banqueting hall. After dinner they resumed their tasks.

"I believe," said Luther, "that Christ's body is in heaven, but I also believe that it is in the sacrament. It concerns me little whether that be against nature, provided that it is not against faith.[1] Christ is substantially in the sacrament, such as he was born of the Virgin."

ŒCOLAMPADIUS, quoting a passage from St. Paul: "We know not Jesus Christ after the flesh."[2]

LUTHER.—"After the flesh means, in this passage, after our carnal affections."[3]

ŒCOLAMPADIUS.—"You will not allow that there is a metaphor in these words, *This is my body*, and yet you admit a synecdoche."

LUTHER.—"Metaphor permits the existence of a sign only; but it is not so with synecdoche. If a man says he wishes to drink a bottle, we understand that he means the beer in the bottle. Christ's body is in the bread, as a sword in the scabbard,[4] or as the Holy Ghost in the dove."

The discussion was proceeding in this manner, when Osiander, pastor of Nuremberg, Stephen Agricola, pastor of Augsburg, and Brenz, pastor of Halle in Swabia, author of the famous Syngramma, entered the hall. These also had been invited by the Landgrave. But Brenz, to whom Luther had written that he should take care not to appear, had no doubt by his indecision retarded his own departure as well as that of his friends. Places were assigned them near Luther and Melancthon. "Listen, and speak if necessary," they were told. They took but little advantage of this permission. "All of us, except Luther," said Melancthon, "were silent personages."[5]

The struggle continued.

When Zwingle saw that exegesis was not sufficient for Luther, he added dogmatical theology to it, and, subsidiarily, natural philosophy.

"I oppose you," said he, "with this article of our faith: *Ascendit in cœlum*—he ascended into heaven. If Christ is in heaven as regards his body, how can he be in the bread? The Word of God teaches us that he was like his brethren in all things, (Heb. ii. 17.) He therefore cannot be in several places at once."

[1] He added, that the body of Christ was in the Eucharist neither mathematically or commensurably, nor really (neque mathematice seu commensurative, neque re ipsa.) (Epist. Lamb. de Marb. col.)

[2] Si interrogo, excido a fide. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 177.)

[3] Invidiose loqueris. (Bull. ii. p. 228.)

[4] Veterem suam cantilenam. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 221.)

[5] Verbum istud, tanquam castrense et cruentum. (Hospin. p. 131.)

[6] Book ix.

[1] Non curo quod sit contra naturam, modo non contra fidem. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 178.)

[2] 2 Cor. v. 16.

[3] Pro carnalibus affectibus. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 202.)

[4] Corpus est in pane sicut gladius in vagina. (Ibid.)

[5] Fuimus ἀῶφα πρόσωπα. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1098.)

Luther.—"Were I desirous of reasoning thus, I would undertake to prove that Jesus Christ had a wife; that he had black eyes,[1] and lived in our good country of Germany.[2] I care little about mathematics."

"There is no question of mathematics here," said Zwingle, "but of St. Paul, who writes to the Philippians, μορφὴν δούλου λαβών."[3]

Luther, interrupting him.—"Read it to us in Latin or in German, not in Greek."

Zwingle (in Latin.)—"Pardon me: for twelve years past I have made use of the Greek Testament only." Then continuing to read the passage, he concluded from it that Christ's humanity is of a finite nature like our own.

Luther, pointing to the words written before him.—"Most dear sirs, since my Lord Jesus Christ says, *Hoc est corpus meum*, I believe that his body is really there."

Here the scene grew animated. Zwingle started from his chair, sprung towards Luther, and striking the table before him, said to him:[4]

"You maintain then, doctor, that Christ's body is locally in the Eucharist; for you say Christ's body is really *there—there—there*," repeated Zwingle. "*There* is an adverb of place.[5] Christ's body is then of such a nature as to exist in a place. If it is in a place, it is in heaven, whence it follows that it is not in the bread."

Luther.—"I repeat that I have nothing to do with mathematical proofs. As soon as the words of consecration are pronounced over the bread, the body is there, however wicked be the priest who pronounces them."

Zwingle.—"You are thus re-establishing Popery."[6]

Luther.—"This is not done through the priest's merits, but because of Christ's ordinance. I will not, when Christ's body is in question, hear speak of a particular place. I absolutely will not."

Zwingle.—"Must every thing, then, exist precisely as you will it?"

The Landgrave perceived that the discussion was growing hot; and as the repast was waiting, he broke off the contest.[7]

The next day was Sunday, the 3d October. The conference was continued, perhaps because of an epidemic (the Sweating Sickness) that had just broken out at Marburg, and did not allow of the conference being prolonged. Luther, returning to the discussion of the previous evening, said:

"Christ's body is in the sacrament, but it is not there as in a place."

Zwingle.—"Then it is not there at all."

Luther.—"Sophists say that a body may very well be in several places at once. The universe is a body, and yet we cannot assert that it is in a particular place."

Zwingle.—"Ah! you speak of sophists, doctor: really you are, after all, obliged to return to the onions and flesh-pots of Egypt.[1] As for what you say, that the universe is in no particular place, I beg all intelligent men to weigh this proof." Then Zwingle, who, whatever Luther said, had more than one arrow in his quiver, after having established his proposition by exegesis and philosophy, resolved on confirming it by the testimony of the Fathers of the Church.

"Listen," said he, "to what Fulgentius, bishop of Ruspa, in Numidia, said, in the fifth century, to Trasamond, king of the Vandals: 'The Son of God took the attributes of true humanity, and did not lose those of true Divinity. Born in time, according to his mother, he lives in eternity according to the Divinity that he holds from the Father: coming from man, he is man, and consequently in a place; proceeding from the Father, he is God, and consequently present in every place. According to his human nature, he was absent from heaven while he was upon earth, and he quitted the earth when he ascended into heaven; but, according to his Divine nature, he remained in heaven when he came down thence, and he did not abandon the earth when he returned thither.'"[2]

But Luther still replied: "It is written, *This is my body.*" Zwingle, becoming impatient, said, "All that is idle wrangling. An obstinate disputant might also maintain this expression of our Saviour to his mother, *Behold thy son*, pointing to St. John. Vain would be all explanation; he would not cease to cry, No, no! He said, *Ecce filius tuus*, Behold thy son, behold thy son! Listen to a new testimony; it is from the great Augustin: 'Let us not think,' says he, 'that Christ, according to his human form, is present in every place; let us beware, in our endeavour to establish his Divinity, of taking away his truth from his body. Christ is now every where present like God; and yet, in consequence of his real body, he is in a definitive part of heaven.'"[3]

"St. Augustin," replied Luther, "is no

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[1] Quod uxorem et nigros oculos habuisset. (Scultet. p. 225.)

[2] In Germania diuturnum contubernium egisse. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 202)

[3] Having taken the form of a servant. (Phil. ii. 7.)

[4] Ibi Zwinglius illico prosiliens. (Scultet. p. 225.

[5] Da, da, da. *Ibi* est adverbium loci. (Ibid.)

[6] Damit richtend ir das papstum uf. (Zw. Opp. vi. p. 57.)

[7] Cœna instabat et diremit certamen. (Ibid. iv. p. 179.)

[1] Ad cæpas et ollas Ægyptiacas. (Zw. Opp. ii. part 3, p. 57.)

[2] Secundum humanam substantiam, absens cœlo, cum esset in terra, et derelinquens terram cum ascendisset in cœlum. (Fulgentius to King Trasamond, lib. ii.)

[3] In loco aliquo cœli propter veri corporis modum. (Aug. Ep. p. 57.)

nere speaking of the Eucharist. Christ's body is not in the Eucharist as in a place."

Œcolampadius saw that he might take advantage of this assertion of Luther's. "The body of Christ," said he, "is not locally in the Eucharist, therefore no real body is there; for every one knows that the essence of a body is its existence in a place."

Here finished the morning's discussion.

Œcolampadius, upon reflection, felt convinced that Luther's assertion might be looked upon as an approximation. "I remember," said he after dinner, "that the doctor conceded this morning that Christ's body was not in the sacrament as in a place. Let us therefore inquire amicably what is the nature of Christ's bodily presence."

"You will not make me take a step further," exclaimed Luther, who saw where they wished to drag him; "you have Fulgentius and Augustin on your side, but all the other Fathers are on ours."

Œcolampadius, who seemed to the Wittembergers to be vexatiously precise,[1] then said, "Name these doctors. We will take upon ourselves to prove that they are of our opinion."

"We will not name them to you,"[2] said Luther. "It was in his youth," added he, "that Augustin wrote what you have quoted; and, besides, he is an obscure author." Then, retreating to the ground which he had resolved never to quit, he was no longer content to point his finger at the inscription, *Hoc est corpus meum*, but seized the velvet cover on which the words were written, pulled it off the table, held it up in front of Zwingle and Œcolampadius, and placing it before their eyes,[3] "See!" said he, "see! This is our text; you have not yet driven us from it, as you had boasted, and we care for no other proofs."

"If this be the case," said Œcolampadius, "we had better leave off the discussion. But I will first declare, that, if we quote the Fathers, it is only to free our doctrine from the reproach of novelty, and not to support our cause by their authority." No better definition can be given of the legitimate use of the Doctors of the Church.

There was no reason, in fact, for prolonging the conference. "As Luther was of an intractable and imperious disposition," says even his great apologist Seckendorf, "he did not cease from calling upon the Swiss to submit simply to his opinion."[4]

The Chancellor, alarmed at this termination of the colloquy, exhorted the theologians to come to an understanding. "I know but one means for that," said Luther; "and this it is: Let our adversaries believe as we do." "We cannot," replied the Swiss. "Well then," replied Luther, "I abandon you to God's judgment, and pray that he will enlighten you." "We will do the same," added Œcolampadius.

While these words were passing, Zwingle was silent, motionless, and deeply moved; and the liveliness of his affections, of which he had given more than one proof during the conference, was then manifested in a very different manner. He burst into tears in the presence of all.

The conference was ended. It had been in reality more tranquil than the documents seem to show, or perhaps the chroniclers appreciated such matters differently from ourselves. "With the exception of a few sallies, all had passed off quietly, in a courteous manner, and with very great gentleness," says an eye-witness.[1] "During the colloquy no other words than these were heard: 'Sir, and very dear friend, your charity,' or other similar expressions. Not a word of schism or of heresy. It might have been said that Luther and Zwingle were brothers, and not adversaries."[2] This is the testimony of Brenz. But these flowers concealed an abyss, and Jonas, also an eye-witness, styles the conference "a very sharp contest."[3]

The contagion that had suddenly broken out in Marburg was creating frightful ravages, and filled every body with alarm.[4]—Each one was anxious to leave the city. "Sirs," remarked the Landgrave "you cannot separate thus." And desirous of giving the doctors an opportunity of meeting one another with minds unoccupied by theological debates, he invited them all to his table. This was Sunday night.

Philip of Hesse had all along shown the most constant attention, and each one imagined him to be on his side. "I would rather place my trust in the simple words of Christ, than in the subtle thoughts of man," was a remark he made, according to Jonas;[5] but Zwingle affirmed that this prince thought now as he did, although with regard to certain persons he dissembled his opinions.—Luther, sensible of the weakness of his defence as to the declarations of the Fathers, transmitted a note to Philip, in which several passages were pointed out from Hilary,

[1] Quem omnes sperassemus mitiorem, interdum videbatur paulo morosior, sed citra contumeliam. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 201.)

[2] Non nominabimus illos. (Scultet. p. 228.)

[3] Da hub Luther die Sammaten deck auf, und Zeigt ihm den Spruch, den er mit kreyden hett für sich geschrieben. (Osiander; Niederer's Nachrichten, ii. p. 114.)

[4] Lutherus vero ut erat fero et imperioso ingenio. (Seck. p. 136.)

[1] Omnia humanissime et summa cum mansuetudine transigebantur. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 201.)

[2] Amicissime Domine, Vestra charitas, et id genus..... Dixisses Lutherum et Zwinglium non adversarios. (Ibid.)

[3] Acerrimo certamine. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1096.

[4] Nisi *Sudor Anglicus* subito Marburgum invasisset et terrore omnium animos percutisset.—(Hospin. p. 131.)

[5] Dicitur palam proclamasse. (Corp. Ref. p. 1097.)

Chrysostom, Cyprian, Irenæus, and Ambrose, which he thought were in his favour.

The time of departure drew near, and nothing had been done. The Landgrave toiled earnestly at the union, as Luther wrote to his wife.[1] He invited the theologians one after another into his closet;[2] he pressed, entreated, warned, exhorted, and conjured them. "Think," said he, "of the salvation of the Christian republic, and remove all discord from its bosom.[3] Never had general at the head of an army taken such pains to win a battle.

A final general meeting took place, and undoubtedly the Church has seldom witnessed one of greater solemnity. Luther and Zwingle, Saxony and Switzerland, met for the last time. The Sweating Sickness was carrying off men around them by thousands;[4] Charles the Fifth and the Pope were uniting in Italy; Ferdinand and the Roman Catholic princes were preparing to tear in pieces the Protest of Spire: the thunder-cloud became more threatening every day; union alone seemed capable of saving the Protestants, and the hour of departure was about to strike—an hour that would separate them perhaps for ever.

"Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree," said Zwingle; "and as for the rest, let us remember that we are brothers. There will never be peace between the Churches if, while we maintain the grand doctrine of salvation by faith, we cannot differ on secondary points.[5] Such is, in fact, the true principle of Christian union. The sixteenth century was still too deeply sunk in scholasticism to understand this: let us hope that the nineteenth century will comprehend it better.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the Landgrave; "you agree! Give then a testimony of your unity, and recognise one another as brothers."—"There is no one upon earth with whom I more desire to be united, than with you," said Zwingle, approaching the Wittemberg doctors.[6] Œcolampadius, Bucer, and Hedio said the same.

"Acknowledge them! acknowledge them as brothers!" continued the Landgrave.[7] Their hearts were moved; they were on the eve of unity: Zwingle, bursting into tears, in the presence of the Prince, the courtiers, and divines, (it is Luther himself who records this,[1]) approaches Luther, and holds out his hand. The two families of the Reformation were about to be united: long quarrels were about to be stifled in their cradle; but Luther rejects the hand that is offered him: "You have a different spirit from ours," said he. These words communicate to the Swiss, as it were, an electrical shock. Their hearts sunk each time Luther repeated them, and he did so frequently. It is he himself who is our informant.

A brief consultation took place among the Wittemberg doctors. Luther, Melancthon, Agricola, Brenz, Jonas, and Osiander, conferred together. Convinced that their peculiar doctrine on the Eucharist was essential to salvation, they considered all those who rejected it as without the pale of the faith. "What folly!"[2] said Melancthon, who afterwards almost coincided with Zwingle's sentiments: "they condemn us, and yet they desire we should consider them as our brothers!" "What versatility!" added Brenz: "they accused us but lately of worshipping a bread-god, and they now ask for communion with us!"[3] Then, turning towards Zwingle and his friends, the Wittembergers said: "You do not belong to the communion of the Christian Church: we cannot acknowledge you as brethren!"[4]

The Swiss were far from partaking of this sectarian spirit. "We think," said Bucer, "that your doctrine strikes at the glory of Jesus Christ, who now reigns at the right hand of the Father. But seeing that in all things you acknowledge your dependence on the Lord, we look at your conscience, which compels you to receive the doctrine you profess, and we do not doubt that you belong to Christ."

"And we," said Luther—"we declare to you once more that our conscience opposes our receiving you as brethren."—"If such is the case," replied Bucer, "it would be folly to ask it."

"I am exceedingly astonished that you wish to consider me as your brother," pursued Luther. "It shows clearly that you do not attach much importance to your own doctrine."

"Take your choice," said Bucer, proposing a dilemma to the Reformer: "either you should not acknowledge as brethren those who differ from you in any point—and if so, you will not find a single brother in your own ranks[5]—or else you will re-

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[1] Da arbeit der Landgraf heftig. (L. Epp. iii. p. 512.)

[2] Unumquemque nostrum seorsim absque arbitris. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 203.)

[3] Compellans, rogans, monens, exhortans, postulans ut Reipublicæ Christianæ rationem haberemus, et discordiam e medio tolleremus. (Ibid.)

[4] Multa perierunt millia. (Hospin. p. 121.)

[5] Quod nulla unquam Ecclesiarum pax constituta sit, si non in multis aliis dissentiendi a se facultatem faciant. (Scultet. p. 207.)

[6] Es werend' keine lüth uff Erden. (Bull. ii. p. 225.)

[7] Idque Princeps valde urgebat. (L. Epp. iii. p. 513.

[1] Zwinglius palam lacrymans corem Langravio et omnibus. (Hospin. p. 136.)

[2] Vide eorum stultitiam! (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1108.)

[3] Nos tanquam adoratores panifici Dei traduxerant. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 203.)

[4] Eos a communione Ecclesiæ Christianæ alienos esse. (Ibid.)

[5] Nemo alteri vel inter ipsos frater erit. (Zw Opp. iv. p. 194.)

ceive some of those who differ from you, and then you ought to receive us."

The Swiss had exhausted their solicitations. "We are conscious," said they, "of having acted as if in the presence of God. Posterity will be our witness."[1] They were on the point of retiring: Luther remained like a rock, to the Landgrave's great indignation.[2] The Hessian divines, Kraft, Lambert, Snepf, Lonicer, and Melander, united their exertions to those of the Prince.

Luther was staggered, and conferred anew with his colleagues. "Let us beware," said he to his friends, "of wiping our noses too roughly, lest blood should come."[3]

Then turning to Zwingle and Œcolampadius, they said: "We acknowledge you as friends; we do not consider you as brothers and members of Christ's Church.[4] But we do not exclude you from that universal charity which we owe even to our enemies."[5]

The hearts of Zwingle, Œcolampadius, and Bucer, were ready to burst,[6] for this concession was almost a new insult. Nevertheless, they resolved to accept what was offered them. "Let us carefully avoid all harsh and violent words and writings," said they; "and let each one defend himself without railing."[7]

Luther then advanced towards the Swiss, and said: "We consent, and I offer you the hand of peace and charity." The Swiss rushed in great emotion towards the Wittembergers, and all shook hands.[8] Luther himself was softened: Christian charity resumed her rights in his heart. "Assuredly," said he, "a great portion of the scandal is taken away by the suppression of our fierce debates; we could not have hoped for so much. May Christ's hand remove the last obstacle that separates us.[9] There is now a friendly concord between us, and if we persevere in prayer, brotherhood will come."

It was desirable to confirm this important result by a report. "We must let the Christian world know," said the Landgrave, "that, except the manner of the presence of the body and blood in the Eucharist, you are agreed in all the articles of faith."[1] This was resolved on; but who should be charged with drawing up the paper? All eyes were turned upon Luther. The Swiss themselves appealed to his impartiality.

Luther retired to his closet, lost in thought, uneasy, and finding the task very difficult. "On the one hand," said he, "I should like to spare their weakness;[2] but, on the other, I would not in the least degree strike at the holy doctrine of Christ." He did not know how to set about it, and his anguish increased. He got free at last. "I will draw up the articles," said he, "in the most accurate manner. Do I not know that whatever I write, they will never sign them?"[3] Ere long fifteen articles were committed to paper, and Luther, holding them in his hand, repaired to the theologians of the two parties.

These articles are of importance. The two doctrines that were evolved in Switzerland and in Saxony, independently of each other, were brought together and compared. If they were of man, there would be found in them a servile uniformity; or a remarkable opposition. This was not the case. A great unity was found between the German and Swiss Reformations, for they both proceeded from the same Divine teaching; and a diversity on secondary points, for it was by man's instrumentality that God had effected them.

Luther took his paper, and reading the first article, said:

"First, we believe that there is one sole, true, and natural God, Creator of heaven and earth and of all creatures; and that this same God, one in essence and in nature, is threefold in person, that is to say, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as was declared in the Nicene Council, and as all the Christian Church professes."

To this the Swiss gave their assent.

They were agreed also on the divinity and humanity of Jesus Christ; on his death and resurrection, on original sin, justification by faith, the operation of the Holy Ghost and of the Word of God, baptism, good works, confession, civil order, and tradition.

Thus far all were united. The Wittembergers could not recover from their astonishment.[4] The two parties had rejected, on the one hand, the errors of the Papists, who make religion little more than an outward form; and, on the other, those of the Enthusiasts, who speak exclusively of internal feelings; and they were found drawn up

[1] Id testabitur posteritas. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 194.)
[2] Principi illud durum videbatur. (Ibid. p. 203.)
[3] Ne nimis mungendo, sanguinem eliceremus. (L. Epp. in his letter written to Gerbellius on the same day—Monday.)
[4] Agnoscere quidem velimus tanquam amicos, sed non tanquam fratres. (Zw. Opp. iv. p. 203.)
[5] Charitate quæ etiam hosti debetur. (Ibid. p. 190.)
[6] Indignissime affecti sunt. (Ibid.)
[7] Quisque suam sententiam doceat absque invectivis. (L. Epp. iii. p. 514.)
[8] Dedimus tamen manus pacis et caritatis.—(Ibid. p. 513.)
[9] Utinam et ille reliquus scrupulus per Christum tandem tollatur,—in his letter written to Gerbellius after leaving this meeting.

[1] Ut orbi Christiano notum fieret eos in omnibus fidei capitibus consentire. (Hospin. p. 127.)
[2] Het gern ihrer Schwachheit verschont. (Niederer Nachr. ii. p. 120.)
[3] Doch zuletz sprach er Ich will die artikel auf aller pesste stellen, sy werdens doch nicht annemen. (Ibid.)
[4] Quod mirari non satis potuimus. (Brentius Zw. Opp. iv. p. 203.)

under the same banners between these two camps. But the moment was come that would separate them. Luther had kept till the last the article on the Eucharist.

The Reformer resumed:

"We all believe with regard to the Lord's Supper, that it ought to be celebrated in both kinds, according to the primitive institution; that the Mass is not a work by which a Christian obtains pardon for another man, whether dead or alive; that the sacrament of the altar is the sacrament of the very body and very blood of Jesus Christ; and that the spiritual manducation of this body and blood is specially necessary to every true Christian."[1]

It was now the turn of the Swiss to be astonished. Luther continued:

"In like manner, as to the use of the sacrament, we are agreed that, like the Word, it was ordained of Almighty God, in order that weak consciences might be excited by the Holy Ghost to faith and charity."

The joy of the Swiss was redoubled. Luther continued: "And although at present we are not agreed on the question whether the real body and blood of Christ are corporeally present in the bread and wine, yet both the interested parties shall cherish more and more a truly Christian charity for one another, so far as conscience permits; and we will all earnestly implore the Lord to condescend by his Spirit to confirm us in the sound doctrine."[2]

The Swiss obtained what they had asked: unity in diversity. It was immediately resolved to hold a solemn meeting for the signature of the articles.

They were read over again. Œcolampadius, Zwingle, Bucer, and Hedio, signed them first on one copy; while Luther, Melancthon, Jonas, Osiander, Brentz, and Agricola, wrote their names on the other; both parties then signed the copy of their adversaries, and this important document was sent to the press.[3]

Thus the Reformation had made a sensible step at Marburg. The opinion of Zwingle on the spiritual presence, and of Luther on the bodily presence, are both found in Christain antiquity; but both the extreme doctrines have been always rejected: that of the Rationalists, on the one hand, who behold in the Eucharist nothing but a simple commemoration; and of the Papists, on the other, who adore in it a transubstantiation. These are both errors; while the doctrines of Luther and Zwingle, and the medium taken by Calvin, already maintained by some of the Fathers, were considered in ancient times as different views of the same truth. If Luther had yielded, it might have been feared that the Church would fall into the extreme of Rationalism; if Zwingle, that it would rush into the extreme of Popery. It is a salutary thing for the Church that these different views should be entertained; but it is a pernicious thing for individuals to attach themselves to one of them, in such a manner as to anathematize the others. "There is only this little stumbling-block," wrote Melancthon, "that embarrasses the Church of our Lord."[1] All,—Romanists and Evangelicals, Saxons and Swiss, admitted the presence, and even the real presence of Christ; but here was the essential point of separation: is this presence effected by the faith of the communicant, or by the *opus operatum* of the priest? The germs of Popery, Sacerdotalism, Puseyism, are inevitably contained in this latter thesis. If it is maintained that a wicked priest (as has been said) operates this real presence of Christ by three words, we enter the Church of the Pope. Luther appeared sometimes to admit this doctrine, but he has often spoken in a more spiritual manner; and taking this great man in his best moments, we behold no more than an essential unity and a secondary diversity in the two parties of the Reformation. Undoubtedly the Lord has left his Church outward seals of his grace; but he has not attached salvation to these signs. The essential point is the connection of the faithful with the Word, with the Holy Ghost, with the Head of the Church. This is the great truth which the Reform proclaims, and which Lutheranism itself recognises. After the Marburg conference, the controversy became more moderate.

There was another advantage. The evangelical divines at Marburg marked with one accord their separation from the Papacy. Zwingle was not without fear (unfounded, no doubt) with regard to Luther: these fears were dispersed. "Now that we are agreed," said he, "the Papists will no longer hope that Luther will ever be one of them."[2] The Marburg articles are the first bulwark erected in common by the Reformers against Rome.

It was not, then, in vain that, after the protest of Spire, Philip of Hesse endeavoured, at Marburg, to bring together the friends of the Gospel. But, if the religious object was partially attained, the political object almost entirely failed. They could not arrive at a confederation of Switzerland and Germany. Nevertheless, Philip of

[1] Quod spiritualis manducatio hujus corporis et sanguinis unicuique Christiano præcipue necessaria sit. (Scultet. p. 232.)

[2] Osiander (a Lutheran) employs the accusative, "in *den* rechten Verstand," which would indicate a movement towards an object that we do not possess: Bullinger and Scultet (both Reformed divines) have the dative.

[3] Bullinger and others indicate the 3d October as the day on which the articles were signed; Osiander, an eye-witness, and whose narrative is very exact, says it was the 4th, which agrees with all the other data.

[1] Hic unus in Ecclesia hæret scrupulus. (Corp. Ref. i. p. 1106.)

[2] Pontifici non ultra possunt sperare Lutherum suum fore. (Zw. Opp. ii. p. 370.)

Hesse and Zwingle, with a view to this, had numerous secret conversations, which made the Saxons uneasy, as they were not less opposed to Zwingle's politics than to his theology. "When you have reformed the peasant's cap," said Jonas to him, "you will also claim to reform the sable hat of princes."

The Landgrave, having collected all the doctors at his table on the last day, they shook hands in a friendly manner,[1] and each one thought of leaving the town.

On Tuesday the 5th October, the Landgrave quitted Marburg early, and in the afternoon of the same day Luther departed, accompanied by his colleagues; but he did not go forth as a conqueror. A spirit of dejection and alarm had taken possession of his mind.[2] He writhed in the dust, like a worm, according to his own expression. He fancied he should never see his wife and children again, and cried out that he, "the consoler of so many tortured souls, was now without any consolation!"[3]

This state might partly arise from Luther's want of brotherly feeling; but it had other causes also. Soliman had come to fiulfil a promise made to King Ferdinand. The latter having demanded, in 1528, the surrender of Belgrade, the Sultan had haughtily replied, that he would bring the keys himself to Vienna. In fact, the Grand Turk, crossing the frontiers of Germany, had invaded countries "on which the hoofs of the Mussulman war-horses had never trod," and eight days before the conference at Marburg, he had covered with his innumerable tents the plain and the fertile hills in the midst of which rise the walls of Vienna. The struggle had begun underground, the two parties having dug deep galleries beneath the ramparts. Three different times the Turkish mines were sprung; the walls were thrown down;[4] "the balls flew through the air like a flight of small birds," says a Turkish historian; "and there was a horrible banquet, at which the genii of death joyously drained their glasses."[5]

Luther did not keep in the background. He had already written against the Turks, and now he published a *Battle Sermon*. "Mahomet," said he, "exalts Christ as being without sin; but he denies that he was the true God; therefore he is his enemy. Alas! to this hour the world is such that it seems everywhere to rain disciples of Mahomet. Two men ought to oppose the Turks: the first is Christian, that is to say, Prayer; the second is Charles, that is to say, The sword." And in another place, "I know my dear Germans well, fat and well-fed swine; as soon as the danger is removed, they think only of eating and sleeping. Wretched man! if thou dost not take up arms the Turk will come; he will carry thee away into his Turkey; he will there sell thee like a dog; and thou shalt serve him night and day, under the rod and the cudgel, for a glass of water and a morsel of bread. Think on this; be converted, and implore the Lord not to give thee the Turk for thy schoolmaster."[1]

The two arms pointed out by Luther were, in reality, vigorously employed; and Soliman, perceiving at last that he was not the "soul of the universe," as his poets had styled him, but that there was a strength in the world superior to his own, raised the siege of Vienna on the 16th October; and "the shadow of God over the two worlds," as he called himself, "disappeared and vanished in the Bosphorus."

But Luther imagined that, when retiring from before the walls of Vienna, "the Turk, or at least his god, who is the devil," had rushed upon him; and that it was this enemy of Christ and of Christ's servants that he was destined to combat and vanquish in his frightful agony.[2] There is an immediate reaction of the violated law upon him who violates it. Now Luther had transgressed the royal law, which is charity, and he suffered the penalty. At last he reentered Wittemberg, and flung himself into the arms of his friends, "tormented by the angel of death."[3]

Without, however, overlooking the essential qualities of a Reformer that Luther manifested at Marburg, there are in God's work, as in a drama, different parts. What various characters we see among the Apostles and among the Reformers! It has been said that the same characters and the same parts were assigned to St. Peter and to Luther, at the time of the Formation and of the Reformation of the Church.[4] They were both in fact men of the initiative, who start forward quite alone, but around whom an army soon collects at the sight of the standard which they wave.

But there was perhaps in the Reformer a characteristic that was not found to the same degree in the Apostle; this is firmness.

As for Zwingle, he quitted Marburg in alarm at Luther's intolerance. "Lutheranism," wrote he to the Landgrave, "will lie as

[1] Die Händ einander früntlich gebotten. (Bull. ii. p. 236.)

[2] Ego vix et ægre domum reversus sum. (L. Epp. iii. p. 520.)

[3] Sic me vexante Angelo Satanæ, ut desperarim me vivum et salvum visurum meos. (Ibid.)

[4] Ipsam urbem in tribus locis, suffoso solo et pulvere supposito disjicit et patefecit. (Ibid. p. 518.)

[5] Dschelalsade, quoted by Ranke.

[1] Heer predigt wider die Türken. (L. Opp. (W.) xx. p. 2691.)

[2] Forte ipsum Turcam partim in isto agone cogor ferre et vincere, saltem ejus Deum, diabolum. (L. Epp. iii. p. 520.)

[3] Angelus Satanæ, vel quisquis est diabolus mortis ita me fatigat. (Ibid. p. 515.)

[4] Dr. Vinet.

heavy upon us as Popery."[1] He reached Zurich on the 19th October. "The truth," said he to his friends, "has prevailed so manifestly, that if ever any one has been defeated before all the world, it is Luther, although he constantly exclaimed that he was invincible."[2] On his side, Luther spoke in a similar strain. "It is through fear of their fellow-citizens," added he, "that the Swiss, although vanquished, are unwilling to retract."[3]

If it should be asked on which side the victory really was, perhaps we ought to say that Luther assumed the air of a conqueror, but Zwingle was so in reality. The conference propagated through all Germany the doctrine of the Swiss, which had been little known there till that time, and it was adopted by an immense number of persons. Among these were Laffards, first rector of St. Martin's School at Brunswick, Dionysius Melander, Justus Lening, Hartmann, Ibach, and many more. The Landgrave himself, a short time before his death, declared that this conference had induced him to renounce the oral manducation of Christ.[4]

Still the dominant principle at this celebrated epoch was unity. The adversaries are the best judges. The Roman Catholics were exasperated that the Lutherans and Zwinglians had agreed on all the essential points of faith. "They have a fellow-feeling against the Catholic Church," said they, "as Herod and Pilate against Jesus Christ." The enthusiastic sects said the same,[1] and the extreme hierarchial as well as the extreme radical party deprecated equally the unity of Marburg.

Ere long a greater agitation eclipsed all these rumours, and events which threatened the whole evangelical body, proclaimed its great and intimate union with new force. The Emperor, it was everywhere said, exasperated by the Protest of Spire, has landed at Genoa with the pomp of a conqueror. After having sworn at Barcelona to reduce the heretics under the power of the Pope, he is going to visit this pontiff, humbly to bend the knee before him; and he will rise up only to cross the Alps and accomplish his terrible designs. "The Emperor Charles," said Luther, a few days after the landing of this prince, "has determined to show himself more cruel against us than the Turk himself, and he has already uttered the most horrible threats. Behold the hour of Christ's agony and weakness. Let us pray for all those who will soon have to endure captivity and death."[2]

Such was the news that then agitated all Germany. The grand question was, whether the Protest of Spire could be maintained against the power of the Emperor and of the Pope. This was seen in the year 1530.

[1] Das Lutherthum werde so schwer, als das Papsthum. (Zw. Epp. p. 374.)

[2] Lutherus impudens et contumax aperte est victus. (Ibid. p. 370.)

[3] Metuebant plebem suam ad quam non licuisset reverti. (Zw. Opp. ii. p. 19.)

[4] Rommels Anmerkungen, p. 227—229.

[1] Pontificiis et catabaptistis multum displicuit consensus Marpurgi. (Scultet. p. 208.)

[2] Carolus Cæsar multo atrocius minatur et sævire statuit in nos, quam Turca. (L. Epp. iii. p. 324.)

BOOK XIV.

THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION.

1530.

Two Striking Lessons—Charles V.—The German Envoys—Boldness of the Envoys—The Landgrave's Present—The Envoys under Arrest—Their Release and Departure—Meeting of Charles and Clement—Gattinara's Proposition—Clement's Objection—War Imminent—Luther's Objections—The Saviour is Coming—Charles' Conciliatory Language—The Emperor's Motives—The Coronation—Alarm of the Protestants—Luther advocates Passive Resistance—Brück's Noble Advice—Spiritual Armour—Luther remains at Coburg—Charles at Innspruck—Two Parties at Court—Sentiments of Gattinara—The King of Denmark—Piety of the Elector—Wiles of the Romanists—Augsburg—The Gospel Preached—The Emperor's Message—The Sermons Prohibited—Firmness of the Elector—The Elector's Reply—Preparation of the Confession—The Church, the Judge—The Landgrave's Catholic Spirit—Augsburg—Violence of the Imperialists—Charles at Munich—Charles and the Princes—The Procession—Enters Augsburg—The Benediction—Charles and the Landgrave—The Margrave of Brandenburg—The Emperor's Silence—Failure of the Interview—Agitation of Charles—Refusal of the Princes—Procession of Corpus Christi—Exasperation of Charles—The Sermons prohibited—A Compromise proposed—A Compromise—Curiosity of the Citizens—The New Preachers—The Medley of Popery—Luther Encourages the Princes—Veni Spiritus—Mass of the Holy Ghost—The Sermon—Opening the Diet—The Elector's Prayer—Insidious Plan of the Romanists—Valdez and Melancthon—Evangelical Firmness Prevails—Zeal of the Elector—The Signing of the Confession—Luther's Anxiety—Luther's Texts—Luther to Melancthon—The Palatine Chapel—Recollections and Contrast—The Confession—Prologue—The Confession—Justification—Free Will and Works—Faith—Luther on the Confession—Abuses—Church and State—Duty of the Bishops—Epilogue—Remarks on the Confession—Church and State Distinct—Remarks—Moderate Tone of the Confession—Defects—A New Baptism—Effect on the Romanists—Luther demands Religious Liberty—Luther's Dominant Idea—Song of Triumph—An Ingenuous Confession—Hopes of the Protestants—Failure of the Popish Intrigues—The Emperor's Council—Luther opposes Concession—Infatuation of the Papists—Scheme of the Romish Doctors—Melancthon's Explanation—Refutation—Charles' Dissatisfaction—Interview with the Princes—The Swiss at Augsburg—Zwingle's Confession—Afflicting Divisions—The Elector's Faith—The Lion's Skin—The Refutation—Imperial Commands—Melancthon's Prescience—Policy of Charles—Stormy Meeting—Resolutions of the Consistory—The Prayers of the Saints—Two Miracles—The Emperor's Menace—The Mask—Omens—Tumult in Augsburg—Philip of Hesse—Temptation—Union Resisted—The Landgrave—Protestant Firmness—Philip of Hesse—Flight from Augsburg—Alarm in Augsburg—Metamorphoses—Unusual Moderation—Peace, Peace—The Mixed Commission—The Three Points—Romish Dissimulation—The Main Question—Church Government—Danger of Concession—Pretended Concord Luther's Letters—The Word above the Church—Melancthon's Blindness—Papist Infatuation—A New Commission—The Landgrave's Firmness—The Two Phantoms—Concessions—Rome and Christianity—Irritation—The Gordian Knot—The Council Granted—Alarm in Rome—Menaces—Altercations—Fresh Negotiations—Protestantism Resists—Luther's Exhortation—The Elector of Saxony—The Recess of Augsburg—Irritating Language—Apology of the Confession—Intimidation—Final Interview—Messages of Peace—Exasperation of the Papists—Restoration of Popery—Tumult in the Church—Union of the Churches—The Pope and the Emperor—Close of the Diet—Attack of Geneva—Joy of the Evangelicals—Establishment of Protestantism.

I. The Reformation was accomplished in the name of a spiritual principle. It had proclaimed for its teacher the Word of God; for salvation, Faith; for king, Jesus Christ; for arms, the Holy Ghost; and had by these very means rejected all worldly elements. Rome had been established by *the law of a carnal commandment;* the Reformation, by *the power of an endless life.*[1]

If there is any doctrine that distinguishes Christianity from every other religion, it is its spirituality. A heavenly life brought down to man—such is its work; thus the opposition of the spirit of the Gospel to the spirit of the world was the great fact which signalized the entrance of Christianity among the nations. But what its Founder had separated, had soon come together again; the Church had fallen into the arms of the world; and this criminal union had reduced it to the deplorable condition in which it was found at the era of the Reformation.

Thus one of the greatest tasks of the sixteenth century was to restore the spiritual element to its rights. The Gospel of the Reformers had nothing to do with the world and with politics. While the Roman hierarchy had become a matter of diplomacy and a court intrigue, the Reformation was destined to exercise no other influence over princes and people than that which proceeds from the Gospel of peace.

If the Reformation, having attained a certain point, became untrue to its nature, began to parley and temporize with the world, and ceased thus to follow up the spiritual princi-

[1] Hebrews vii. 6.

ple that it had so loudly proclaimed, it was faithless to God and to itself.

Henceforward its decline was at hand.

It is impossible for a society to prosper if it be unfaithful to the principles it lays down. Having abandoned what constituted its life, it can find naught but death.

It was God's will that this great truth should be inscribed on the very threshold of the temple. He was then raising in the world; and a striking contrast was to make this truth stand gloriously forth.

One portion of the Reform was to seek the alliance of the world, and in this alliance find a destruction full of desolation.

Another portion, looking up to God, was naughtily to reject the arm of the flesh, and by this very act of faith secure a noble victory.

If three centuries have gone astray, it is because they were unable to comprehend so holy and solemn a lesson.

It was in the beginning of September 1529 that Charles V., the victor by battles or by treaties over the Pope and the King of France, had landed at Genoa. The shouts of the Spaniards had saluted him as he quitted the Iberian peninsula; but the dejected eyes, the bended heads, the silent lips of the Italians given over to his hands, alone welcomed him to the foot of the Apennines. Everything led to the belief that Charles would indemnify himself on them for the apparent generosity with which he had treated the Pope.

They were deceived. Instead of those barbarous chiefs of the Goths and Huns, or of those proud and fierce emperors, who more than once had crossed the Alps and rushed upon Italy, sword in hand and with cries of vengeance, the Italians saw among them a young and graceful prince, with pale features, a delicate frame, and weak voice, of winning manners, having more the air of a courtier than a warrior, scrupulously performing all the duties of the Romish religion, and leading in his train no terrible cohorts of German barbarians, but a brilliant retinue of Spanish grandees, who complacently paraded the pride of their race and the splendour of their nation. This prince, the victor of Europe, spoke only of peace and amnesty; and even the Duke of Ferrara, who of all the Italian princes had most cause of fear, having at Modena placed the keys of the city in his hands, heard from his friendly lips the most unexpected encouragements.

Whence did this strange conduct proceed? Charles had shown plainly enough, at the time of the captivity of Francis I., that generosity towards his enemies was not his dominant virtue. It was not long before this mystery was explained.

Almost at the same time with Charles there arrived in Italy, by way of Lyons and Genoa, three German burgesses, whose whole equipage consisted of six horses.[1] These were John Ehinger, burgomaster of Memmingen, who carried his head high, scattered money around him, and did not pride himself on great sobriety; Michael Caden, syndic of Nuremberg, a worthy, pious, and brave man, but detested by the Count of Nassau, the most influential of Charles' ministers; and, lastly, Alexis Frauentraut, secretary to the Margrave of Brandenburg, who, having married a nun, was in very bad esteem among the Roman Catholics. Such were the three men whom the Protestant princes, assembled at Nuremberg, commissioned to bear to the Emperor the famous Protest of Spire. They had purposely chosen these deputies from a middle station, under the impression that they would incur less danger.[1] To carry such a message to Charles V. was, to say the truth, a mission which few persons cared to execute. Accordingly a pension had been secured to the widows of these envoys in case of misfortune.

Charles was on his way from Genoa to Bologna, and staying at Piacenza, when the three Protestant deputies overtook him.—These plain Germans presented a singular contrast in the midst of that Spanish pomp and Romish fervour by which the young prince was surrounded. Cardinal Gattinara, the Emperor's chancellor, who sincerely desired a reform of the Church, procured them an audience of Charles V. for the 22d of September; but they were recommended to be sparing in their words, for there was nothing the Emperor so much disliked as a Protestant sermon.

The deputies were not checked by these insinuations; and after having handed the protest to Charles, Frauentraut began to speak: "It is to the Supreme Judge that each one of us must render an account," said he, "and not to creatures who turn at every wind. It is better to fall into the most cruel necessity, than to incur the anger of God. Our nation will obey no decrees that are based on any other foundation than the Holy Scriptures."[2]

Such was the proud tone held by these German citizens to the Emperor of the West. Charles said not a word—it would have been paying them too much honour; but he charged one of his secretaries to announce an answer at some future time.

There was no hurry to send back these petty ambassadors. In vain did they renew their solicitations daily. Gattinara treated them with kindness, but Nassau sent them away with bitter words. A workman, the armourer to the court, having to visit Augsburg to purchase arms, begged the Count of Nassau to despatch the Protestant deputies "You may tell them," replied the minister of Charles V., "that we will terminate their business in order that you may have travel-

[1] Legatis attribuerunt equos sex. (Seckend. ii. p. 134.)

[1] Ut essent tutiores. (Seckend. ii. p. 133.)

[2] Neque suarum esse virium aut officii, ut ea ad impossibilia et noxia adigant.—(Seckend. ii. p. 134.)

.ing companions." But the armourer having found other company, they were compelled to wait.[1]

These envoys endeavoured at least to make a good use of their time. "Take this book," said the Landgrave to Caden at the very moment of departure, giving him a French work bound in velvet, and richly ornamented, "and deliver it to the Emperor."[2] It was a summary of the Christian Faith which the Landgrave had received from Francis Lambert, and which had probably been written by that doctor. Caden sought an opportunity of presenting this treatise; and did so one day, therefore, as Charles was going publicly to Mass. The Emperor took the book, and passed it immediately to a Spanish bishop. The Spaniard began to read it,[3] and lighted upon that passage of Scripture in which Christ enjoins his apostles *not to execute lordship*.[4] The author took advantage of it to maintain that the minister, charged with spiritual matters, should not interfere with those which are temporal. The Papist prelate bit his lips, and Charles, who perceived it, having asked, "Well, what is the matter?" the bishop in confusion had recourse to a falsehood.[5] "This treatise," replied he, "takes the sword from the Christian magistrate, and grants it only to nations that are strangers to the faith." Immediately there was a great uproar: the Spaniards above all were beside themselves.

"The wretches that have endeavoured to mislead so young a prince," said they, "deserve to be hung on the first tree by the wayside!" Charles swore, in fact, that the bearer should suffer the penalty of his audacity.

At length, on the 12th October, Alexander Schweiss, imperial secretary, transmitted the Emperor's reply to the deputies. It said that the minority ought to submit to the decrees passed in diet, and that if the Duke of Saxony and his allies refused, means would not be wanting to compel them.[6]

Ehinger and Caden thereupon read aloud the appeal to the Emperor drawn up at Spire, whilst Frauentraut, who had renounced his quality of deputy and assumed that of a notary,[7] took notes of what was passing. When the reading was finished, the deputies advanced towards Schweiss and presented the appeal. The imperial secretary rejected the document with amazement; the deputies insisted; Schweiss continued firm. They then laid the appeal on the table. Schweiss was staggered; he took the paper, and carried it to the Emperor.

After dinner, just as one of the deputies (Caden) had gone out, a tumult in the hotel announced some catastrophe. It was the imperial secretary who returned duly accompanied. "The Emperor is exceedingly irritated against you on account of this appeal," said he to the Protestants; "and he forbids you, under pain of confiscation and death, to leave your hotel, to write to Germany, or to send any message whatsoever."[1] Thus Charles put ambassadors under arrest, as he would the officers of his guard, desirous in this manner of publishing his contempt, and of frightening the princes.

Caden's servant slipped in alarm out of the hotel, and ran to his master. The latter, still considering himself free, wrote a hasty account of the whole business to the senate of Nuremberg, sent off his letters by express, and returned to share in the arrest of his colleagues.[2]

On the 22d of October, the Emperor left Piacenza, carrying the three Germans with him. But on the 30th he released Ehinger and Frauentraut, who, mounting their horses in the middle of the night, rushed at full speed along a route thronged with soldiers and robbers. "As for you," said Granvelle to Caden, "you will stay under pain of death. The Emperor expects that the book you presented to him will be given up to the Pope.[3] Perhaps Charles thought it pleasant to show the Roman Pontiff this prohibition issued against the ministers of God to mingle in the government of nations. But Caden, profiting by the confusion of the court, secretly procured a horse, and fled to Ferrara, thence to Venice, from which place he returned to Nuremberg.[4]

The more Charles appeared irritated against Germany, the greater moderation he showed towards the Italians: heavy pecuniary contributions were all that he required. It was beyond the Alps, in the centre of Christendom, by means of these very religious controversies, that he desired to establish his power. He pressed on, and required only two things: behind him,—peace; with him,—money.

On the 5th of November he entered Bologna. Everything was striking about him: the crowd of nobles, the splendour of the equipages, the haughtiness of the Spanish troops, the four thousand ducats that were scattered by handfuls among the people;[5] but above all, the majesty and magnificence of the young Emperor. The two chiefs of Romish Christendom were about to meet. The Pope quitted his palace with all his court; and Charles, at the head of an army which would have conquered the whole of Italy in a few days, affecting the humility of a child, fell on his knees, and kissed the Pontiff's feet.

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[1] Hortleben, von dem Ursachen des deutschen Kriegs. p. 50.
[2] Libellum elegantur ornatum. (Scultet. p. 253.)
[3] Cum obiter legisset. (Ibid.)
[4] Luke xxii. 26.
[5] Falso et maligne relatum esset.—(Seckend. ii. p. 133.)
[6] Sibi non defore media quibus ad id compellerentur. (Ibid.)
[7] Tabellionis sive notarii officium. (Ibid.)

[1] Sub capitis pœna, ne pedem a diversario moveant. (Seckend. ii. p. 133.)
[2] A famulo certior factus, rem omnem senatui aperiut. (Ibid.)
[3] Ut idem scriptum exhibeat quoque Pontifici. (Scultet. p. 254.)
[4] Silentio conscendit equum. (Ibid.)
[5] In vulgus sparsum aurum quatuor millia ducatorum. (L. Epp. iii. p. 565.)

The Emperor and the Pope resided at Bologna in two adjoining palaces, separated by a single wall, through which a doorway had been made, of which each had a key; and the young and politic Emperor was often seen to visit the old and crafty Pontiff, carrying papers in his hand.

Clement obtained Sforza's pardon, who appeared before the Emperor sick and leaning on a staff. Venice also was forgiven: a million of crowns arranged these two matters. But Charles could not obtain from the Pope the pardon of Florence. This illustrious city was sacrificed to the Medici, "considering," it was said, "that it is impossible for Christ's vicar to demand anything that is unjust."

The most important affair was the Reformation. Some represented to the Emperor that, victor over all his enemies, he should carry matters with a high hand, and constrain the Protestants by force of arms.[1] Charles was more moderate; he preferred weakening the Protestants by the Papists, and then the Papists by the Protestants, and by this means raising his power above them both.

A wiser course was nevertheless proposed in a solemn conference. "The Church is torn in pieces," said Chancellor Gattinara. "You (Charles) are the head of the empire: you (the Pope) are the head of the Church. It is your duty to provide by common accord against unprecedented wants. Assemble the pious men of all nations, and let a free council deduce from the Word of God a scheme of doctrine such as may be received by every people."[2]

A thunderbolt would not have so greatly startled Clement VII. The offspring of an illegitimate union, and having obtained the Papacy by means far from honourable, and squandered the treasures of the Church in an unjust war, this Pontiff had a thousand personal motives for dreading an assembly of Christendom. "Large congregations," replied he, "serve only to introduce popular opinions. It is not with the decrees of councils, but with the edge of the sword, that we should decide controversies."[3]

As Gattinara still persisted: "What!" said the Pope, angrily interrupting him, "you dare to contradict me, and to excite your master against me!" Charles rose up; all the assembly preserved the profoundest silence, and the prince having resumed his seat, seconded his chancellor's request. Clement was satisfied with saying that he would reflect upon it. He then began to work upon the young Emperor in their private conferences, and Charles promised at last to constrain the heretics by violence, while the Pope should summon all other princes to his aid[1] "To overcome Germany by force, and then erase it from the surface of the earth, is the sole object of the Italians," they wrote from Venice to the Elector.[2]

Such was the sinister news which, by spreading alarm among the Protestants, should also have united them. Unfortunately a contrary movement was then taking place. Luther and some of his friends had revised the Marburg articles in a sense exclusively Lutheran, and the ministers of the Elector of Saxony had presented them to the conference at Schwabach. The Reformed deputies from Ulm and Strasburg had immediately withdrawn, and the conference was broken up.

But new conferences had ere long become necessary. The express that Caden had forwarded from Piacenza had reached Nuremberg. Every one in Germany understood that the arrest of the princes' deputies was a declaration of war. The Elector was staggered, and ordered his chancellor to consult the theologians of Wittemberg.

"We cannot on our conscience," replied Luther, on the 18th November, "approve of the proposed alliance. We would rather die ten times than see our Gospel cause one drop of blood to be shed.[3] Our part is to be like lambs of the slaughter. The cross of Christ must be borne. Let your highness be without fear. We shall do more by our prayers than all our enemies by their boastings. Only let not your hands be stained with the blood of your brethren! If the Emperor requires us to be given up to his tribunals, we are ready to appear. You cannot defend our faith: each one should believe at his own risk and peril.[4]

On the 29th November an evangelical congress was opened at Smalkald, and an unexpected event rendered this meeting still more important. Ehinger, Caden, and Frauentraut, who had escaped from the grasp of Charles V., appeared before them.[5] The Landgrave had no further doubts of the success of his plan.

He was deceived. No agreement between contrary doctrines, no alliance between politics and religion—were Luther's two principles, and they still prevailed. It was agreed that those who felt disposed to sign the articles of Schwabach, and those only, should meet at Nuremberg on the 6th of January.

The horizon became hourly more threatening. The Papists of Germany wrote one to another these few but significant words:

[1] Armis cogandos. (Seckend. ii. p. 112; Maimbourg, ii. p. 194.)

[2] Oratio *de Congressu Bononiensi*, in *Melancthonis Orationum*, iv. p. 87, and Cælestinus Hist. Concil. 1830, Augustæ, i. p. 10. Respectable authors, Walsh, Muller, and Beausobre, incorrectly quote at full length the speeches delivered at this conference. They are amplifications; but to deny that they have some historical foundation would be lying to the opposite extreme.

[3] Non concilii decretis, sed armis controversias dimmendas. (Scultet. p. 248; Maimbourg the Jesuit, ii. p. 177.)

[1] Pontifex, ut cæteri Christiani principes, ipsos pro viribus juvent. (Guicciardini, xix. p. 908.)

[2] Ut Germania vi et armis opprimatur, funditus deleatur et eradicetur. (Cælestin. i. p. 42.)

[3] Lieber zehn mal todt seyn. (Epp. iii. p. 526.

[4] Auf sein eigen Fahr glauben. (Ibid. p. 527.)

[5] Advenerant et gesta referebant. (Seckend ii p. 140; Sleidan. i. p. 235.)

'The Saviour is coming."[1] "Alas!" exclaimed Luther, "what a pitiless saviour! He will devour them all, as well as us." In effect, two Italian bishops, authorized by Charles V., demanded in the Pope's name all the gold and silver from the churches, and a third part of the ecclesiastical revenues: a proceeding which caused an immense sensation. "Let the Pope go to the devil," replied a canon of Paderborn, a little too freely.[2] "Yes, yes!" archly replied Luther, "this is your saviour that is coming!" The people already began to talk of frightful omens. It was not only the living who were agitated: a child still in its mother's womb had uttered horrible shrieks.[3] "All is accomplished," said Luther; "the Turk has reached the highest degree of his power, the glory of the Papacy is declining, and the world is splitting on every side."[4] The Reformer, dreading lest the end of the world should arrive before he had translated all the Bible, published the prophecies of Daniel separately,—"a work," said he, "for these latter times." "Historians relate," added he, "that Alexander the Great always placed Homer under his pillow: the prophet Daniel is worthy not only that kings and princes should wear him under their heads, but in their hearts; for he will teach them that the government of nations proceeds from the power of God. We are balanced in the hand of the Lord, as a ship upon the sea, or a cloud in the sky.[5]

Yet the frightful phantom that Philip of Hesse had not ceased to point out to his allies, and whose threatening jaws seemed already opening, suddenly vanished, and they discovered in its place the graceful image of the most amiable of princes.

On the 21st January, Charles had summoned all the states of the empire to Augsburg, and had endeavoured to employ the most conciliatory language. "Let us put an end to all discord," he said; "let us renounce our antipathies, let us offer to our Saviour the sacrifice of all our errors, let us make it our business to comprehend and weigh with meekness the opinions of others. Let us annihilate all that has been said or done on both sides contrary to right, and let us seek after Christian truth. Let us all fight under one and the same leader, Jesus Christ, and let us strive thus to meet in one communion, one church, and one unity."[6]

What language! How was it that this prince, who had hitherto spoken only of the sword, should now speak only of peace? It will be said that the wise Gattinara had had a share in it; that the act of convocation was drawn up under the impression of the terror caused by the Turkish invasion; that the Emperor already saw with how little eagerness the Roman Catholics of Germany seconded his views; that he wished to intimidate the Pope; that this language, so full of graciousness, was but a mask which Charles employed to deceive his enemies; that he wished to manage religion in true imperial fashion, like Theodosius and Constantine, and seek first to unite both parties by the influence of his wisdom and of his favours, reserving to himself, if kindness should fail, to employ force afterwards. It is possible that each of these motives may have exercised a certain influence on Charles, but the latter appears to us nearer the truth, and more conformable to the character of this prince.

If Charles, however, gave way to inclinations of mildness, the fanatical Ferdinand was at hand to bring him back. "I will continue negotiating without coming to any conclusion," wrote he to his brother; "and should I even be reduced to that, do not fear; pretexts will not be wanting to chastise these rebels, and you will find men enough, who will be happy to aid you in your revenge."[1]

II. Charles, like Charlemagne in former times and Napoleon in latter days, desired to be crowned by the Pope, and had at first thought of visiting Rome for that purpose; but Ferdinand's pressing letters compelled him to choose Bologna.[2] He appointed the 22d February for receiving the iron crown as King of Lombardy, and resolved to assume the golden crown as Emperor of the Romans on the 24th of the same month—his birthday and the anniversary of the battle of Pavia, and which he thought was always fortunate to him.[3]

The offices of honour that belonged to the Electors of the Empire were given to strangers: in the coronation of the Emperor of Germany all was Spanish or Italian. The sceptre was carried by the Marquis of Montferrat, the sword by the Duke of Urbino, and the golden crown by the Duke of Savoy. One single German prince, of little importance, the Count-palatine Philip, was present: he carried the orb. After these lords came the Emperor himself between two cardinals; then the members of his council. All this procession defiled across a magnificent temporary bridge erected between the palace and the church. At the very moment the Emperor drew near the church of San Petronio, where the coronation was to take place, the scaffolding cracked behind him and gave way, so that many of his train were wounded,

[1] Invicem scriptillant, dicentes: Salvator venit. (L. Epp. iii. p. 540.)
[2] Dat de Duwel dem Bawst int Lieff fare. (Id.)
[3] Infans in utero, audiente tota familia, bis vociferatus est. (Ibid.)
[4] Dedication of Daniel to John Frederick. (L. Epp. iii. p. 555.)
[5] Schwebt in seiner Macht, wie ein Schiff auf dem Meer, ja wie eine Wolke unter dem Himmel. (Ibid.)
[6] Wie wir alle unter einem Christo seyn und streiten. (Forsienmanns, Urkundenbuch, i. p. 1.)

[1] Bucholz Geschichte Ferdinands, iii. p. 432.
[2] Sopravennero lettere di Germania che lo sollicittavano à transferirsi in quella provincia. (Guiciardini, L. xx.)
[3] Natali suo quem semper felicem habuit.—(Seckend. ii. p. 150.)

and the multitude fled in alarm. Charles calmly turned back and smiled, not doubting that his lucky star had saved him.

At length Charles V. arrived in front of the throne on which Clement VII. was seated. But before being made Emperor, it was necessary that he should be promoted to the sacred orders. The Pope presented to him the surplice and the amice to make him a canon of St. Peter's and of St. John Lateranus, and immediately the canons of these two churches stripped him of his royal ornaments, and robed him with these sacred garments. The Pope went to the altar and began Mass; and the new canon drew near to wait upon him. After the offertory, the imperial deacon presented the water to the pontiff. He then knelt down between two cardinals, and communicated from the Pope's hand. The Emperor now returned near his throne, where the princes robed him with the imperial mantle brought from Constantinople, all sparkling with diamonds, and Charles humbly bent the knee before Clement VII.

The Pontiff, having anointed him with oil and given him the sceptre, presented him with a naked sword, saying: "Make use of it in defence of the Church against the enemies of the faith!" Next taking the golden orb, studded with jewels, which the Count-palatine held, he said: "Govern the world with piety and firmness!" Last came the Duke of Savoy, who carried the golden crown enriched with diamonds. The Prince bent down, and Clement put the diadem on his head, saying: "Charles, Emperor invincible, receive this crown which we place on your head, as a sign to all the earth of the authority that is conferred upon you."

The Emperor then kissed the white cross embroidered on the Pope's red slipper and exclaimed: "I swear ever to employ all my strength to defend the Pontifical dignity, and the Church of Rome."[1]

The two princes now took their seats under the same canopy, but on thrones of unequal height, the Emperor's being half a foot lower than the Pontiff's, and the cardinal deacon proclaimed to the people "The invincible Emperor, Defender of the Faith." For the next half-hour nothing was heard but the noise of musketry, trumpets, drums, and fifes, all the bells of the city, and the shouts of the multitude. Thus was proclaimed anew the close union of politics with religion. The mighty Emperor, transformed to a Roman deacon, and humbly serving Mass, like a canon of St. Peter's, had typified and declared the indissoluble union of the Romish Church with the State. This is one of the essential doctrines of Popery, and one of the most striking characteristics that distinguish it from the Evangelical and Christian Church.

Nevertheless, during all this ceremony, the Pope seemed ill at ease, and sighed as soon as men's eyes ceased to be turned on him. Accordingly, the French ambassador wrote to his court, that these four months which the Emperor and Pope had spent together at Bologna, would bear fruit, of which the King of France would assuredly have no cause to complain.[1]

Scarcely had Charles V. risen from before the altar of San Petronio, than he turned his face towards Germany, and appeared on the Alps as the anointed of the Papacy. The letter of convocation, so indulgent and benign, seemed forgotten: all things were made new since the Pope's blessings: there was but one thought in the imperial caravan, the necessity of rigorous measures; and the legate Campeggio ceased not to insinuate irritating words into Charles' ear. "At the first rumour of the storm that threatens them," said Granvelle, "we shall see the Protestants flying on every side, like timid doves upon which the Alpine eagle pounces."[2]

Great, indeed, was the alarm throughout the Empire; already, even the affrighted people, apprehensive of the greatest disasters, repeated everywhere that Luther and Melancthon were dead. "Alas," said Melancthon, consumed by sorrow, when he heard these reports, "the rumour is but too true, for I die daily,"[3] But Luther, on the contrary, boldly raising the eye of faith towards heaven, exclaimed: "Our enemies triumph, but ere long to perish." In truth, the councils of the Elector displayed an unheard-of boldness. "Let us collect our troops," said they; "let us march on the Tyrol, and close the passage of the Alps against the Emperor."[4] Philip of Hesse uttered a cry of joy when he heard of this. The sword of Charles has aroused his indolent allies at last. Immediately fresh courtiers from Ferdinand were sent to hasten the arrival of Charles, and all Germany was in expectation.

Before carrying out this gigantic design, the Elector desired to consult Luther once more. The Emperor in the midst of the Electors was only the first among his equals; and independent princes were allowed to resist another prince, even if he were of higher rank than themselves. But Luther, dreading above all things the intervention of the secular arm in church affairs, was led to reply on the 6th March, in this extraordinary manner: "Our princes' subjects are also the Emperor's subjects, and even more so than princes are. To protect by arms the Emperor's subjects

[1] Omnibus viribus, ingenio, et facultatibus suis Pontificiæ dignitatis et Romanæ Ecclesiæ perpetuum fore defensorem. (Cœlestin. Hist Comit. Aug. 16.)

[1] Letter to M. L'Admiral, 25th February. (Legrand, Histoire du Divorce, iii. p. 386.)

[2] Tanquam columbæ, adveniente aquila, dispergentur. (Rommel Anmerkungen, p. 236.)

[3] Ego famam de qua scribis intelligo nimis veram esse, morior enim quotidie. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 122.)

[4] Cum copiis quas habitant per Tyrolensem ditionem incedenti occurrere et Alpium transitum impedire. (Seckend. ii. p. 159.)

against the Emperor, would be as if the Burgomaster of Torgau wished to protect by force his citizens against the Elector."

"What must be done then?—Attend," replied Luther. "If the Emperor desires to march against us, let no prince undertake our defence. God is faithful: he will not abandon us." All preparations for war were immediately suspended, the Landgrave received a polite refusal, and the confederation was dissolved. It was the will of God, that his cause should appear before the Emperor without league and without soldiers, having faith alone for its shield.

Never, perhaps, has such boldness been witnessed in feeble and unarmed men; but never, although under an appearance of blindness, was there so much wisdom and understanding.

The question next discussed in the Elector's council was, whether he should go to the Diet. The majority of the councillors opposed it. "Is it not risking everything," said they, "to go and shut oneself up within the walls of a city with a powerful enemy?" Bruck and the Prince-electoral were of a different opinion. Duty, in their eyes, was a better councillor than fear. "What!" said they, "would the Emperor insist so much on the presence of the princes at Augsburg, only to draw them into a snare? We cannot impute such perfidy to him." The Landgrave, on the contrary, seconded the opinion of the majority. "Remember Piacenza," said he. "Some unforeseen circumstance may lead the Emperor to take all his enemies in one cast of the net."

The Chancellor stood firm. "Let the princes only comport themselves with courage," said he, "and God's cause is saved." The decision was in favour of the nobler plan.

This Diet was to be a lay council, or at the very least a national convention.[1] The Protestants foresaw that a few unimportant concessions would be made to them at first, and then that they would be required to sacrifice their faith. It was, therefore, necessary to settle what were the essential articles of Christian truth, in order to know whether, by what means, and how far, they might come to an understanding with their adversaries. The Elector accordingly had letters sent, on the 14th March, to the four principal theologians of Wittemberg, setting them this task, all other business being laid aside.[2] Thus, instead of collecting soldiers, this prince drew up articles: they were the best armament.

Luther, Jonas, and Melancthon (Pomeranus remaining at Wittemberg), arrived at Torgau in Easter week, asking leave to deliver their articles in person to Charles the Fifth.[3] "God forbid!" replied the Elector, "I also desire to confess my Lord."

John, having then confided to Melancthon the definitive drawing up of the confession, and ordered general prayers to be offered up, began his journey on the 3d April, with one hundred and sixty horsemen, clad in rich scarlet cloaks, embroidered with gold.

Every man was aware of the dangers that threatened the Elector, and hence many in his escort marched with downcast eyes and sinking hearts. But Luther, full of faith, revived the courage of his friends, by composing and singing with his fine voice that beautiful hymn, since become so famous: "*Eine vaste Burg ist unser Gott.* Our God is a strong tower.[1] Never did soul that knew its own weakness, but which, looking to God, despises every fear, find such noble accents.

With our own strength we nought can do,
Destruction yawns on every side:
He fights for us, our champion true,
Elect of God to be our guide.
What is his name? The Anointed One,
The God of armies he;
Of earth and heaven the Lord alone—
With him, on field of battle won,
Abideth victory.

This hymn was sung during the Diet, not only at Augsburg, but in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains were often seen to revive and inspirit the most dejected minds.[2]

On Easter-eve the troop reached Coburg, and on the 23d April the Elector resumed his journey; but, at the very moment of departure, Luther received an order to remain. "Some one has said, Hold your tongue, you have a harsh voice," wrote he to one of his friends.[3] He submitted, however, without hesitation, setting an example of that passive obedience which he advocated so boldly. The Elector feared that Luther's presence would still further exasperate his adversaries, and drive Charles to extreme measures: the city of Augsburg had also written to him to that effect. But, at the same time, John was anxious to keep the Reformer within reach, that he might be able to consult him. He was, therefore, left at Coburg, in the castle overlooking the town and the river Itz, in the upper story, on the south side. It was from this place he wrote those numerous letters, dated from the *region of birds*; and it was there that, for many months, he had to

[1] Cum hæc comitia pro concilio aut conventu nationali haberi videantur. (Seckend. ii. p. 17.—Letter to the Elector, Corp. Ref. ii. p. 26.)

[2] Omnibus sepositis aliis rebus. (L. Epp. iii. p. 364.)

Different projects will be found in *Forstemanns Urkundenbuch*, i. p. 63—108, and in the Corp. Ref. iv. p. 973, sqq. Those that were presented were doubtless the *Articuli non concedendi, Articles not to be conceded.* They treat of the communion in both kinds, of celibacy, the mass, orders, the pope, convents, confession, distinction of meats, and of the sacraments. (Corp. Ref. iv. p. 981.)

[1] We have attempted a very feeble translation of the second stanza.

[2] Qui tristem etiam et abjectum animum erigere et exhilarare, et velut ἀθυστάζων possent.—(Scult. p. 270.)

[3] Sed erat qui diceret: Tace tu, habes malam vocem. (L. Epp. iv. p. 2.)

maintain with his old enemy of the Wartburg, Satan, a struggle full of darkness and of anguish.

On the 2d May the Elector reached Augsburg; it had been expected that he would stay away, and to the great astonishment of all, he was the first at the rendezvous.[1] He immediately sent Dolzig, marshal of the court, to meet the Emperor and to compliment him. On the 12th May, Philip of Hesse, who had at last resolved on not separating himself from his ally, arrived with an escort of one hundred and ninety horsemen; and almost at the same time the Emperor entered Innspruck, in the Tyrol, accompanied by his brother, the queens of Hungary and Bohemia, the ambassadors of France, England, and Portugal, Campeggio the Papal legate, and other cardinals, with many princes and nobles of Germany, Spain, and Italy.

How bring back the heretics to obedience to the Church? Such was the great topic of conversation in this brilliant court among nobles and priests, ladies and soldiers, councillors and ambassadors. They, or Charles at least, were not for making them ascend the scaffold, but they wished to act in such a manner that, untrue to their faith, they should bend the knee to the Pope. Charles stopped at Innspruck to study the situation of Germany, and insure the success of his schemes.

Scarcely was his arrival known when a crowd of people, high and low, flocked round him on every side, and more than 270,000 crowns, previously raised in Italy, served to make the Germans understand the justice of Rome's cause. "All these heretics," was the cry, "will fall to the ground and crawl to the feet of the Pope."[2]

Charles did not think so. He was, on the contrary, astonished to see what power the Reformation had gained. He momentarily even entertained the idea of leaving Augsburg alone, and of going straight to Cologne, and there proclaiming his brother King of the Romans.[3] Thus, religious interests would have given way to dynastic interests, at least so ran the report. But Charles the Fifth did not stop at this idea. The question of the Reformation was there before him, increasing hourly in strength, and it could not be eluded.

Two parties divided the imperial court. The one, numerous and active, called upon the Emperor to revive simply the edict of Worms, and, without hearing the Protestants, condemn their cause.[4] The legate was at the head of this party. "Do not hesitate," said he to Charles; "confiscate their property, establish the inquisition, and punish these obstinate heretics with fire and sword."[1] The Spaniards, who strongly seconded these exhortations, gave way to their accustomed debauchery, so that many of them were arrested for seduction.[2] This was a sad specimen of the faith that they wished to impose on Germany. Rome has always thought lightly of morality.

Gattinara, although sick, had painfully followed in Charles' train to neutralize the influence of the legate. A determined adversary of the Roman policy, he thought that the Protestants might render important services to Christendom. "There is nothing I desire so much," said he, "as to see the Elector of Saxony and his allies persevere courageously in the profession of the Gospel and call for a free religious council. If they allow themselves to be checked by promises or threats, I hesitate myself, I stagger, and I doubt of the means of salvation."[3] The enlightened and honest members of the Papal Church (and of whom there is always a small number) necessarily sympathize with the Reformation.

Charles V., exposed to these contrary influences, desired to restore Germany to religious unity by his personal intervention: for a moment he thought himself on the eve of success.

Among the persons who crowded to Innspruck was the unfortunate Christian, king of Denmark, Charles' brother-in-law. In vain had he proposed to his subjects undertaking a pilgrimage to Rome in expiation of the cruelties of which he was accused: his people had expelled him. Having repaired to Saxony, to his uncle the Elector, he had there heard Luther, and had embraced the evangelical doctrines, as far at least as external profession goes. This poor dethroned king could not resist the eloquence of the powerful ruler of two worlds, and Christian, won over by Charles the Fifth, publicly placed himself again under the sceptre of the Roman hierarchy. All the Papal party uttered a shout of triumph. Nothing equals their credulity, and the importance they attach to such valueless accessions. "I cannot describe the emotion with which this news has filled me," wrote Clement VII. to Charles, his hand trembling with joy; "the brightness of your Majesty's virtues begins at last to scatter the darkness; this example will lead to numberless conversions"

Things were in this state, when Duke George of Saxony, Duke William of Bavaria, and the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, the three German princes who were the greatest enemies of the Reformation, hastily arrived at Innspruck.

The tranquillity of the Elector, whom they

[1] Mirantibus hominibus. (Seck. ii. p. 153.)
[2] Zum kreutz kriechen werden. (Mathesius Pred. p. 91.) The allusion is to the cross embroidered on the Pope's slipper.
[3] Iter Coloniam versus decrevisse. (Epp. Zw. May 13.)
[4] Alii censent Cæsarem debere, edicto proposito, sine ulla cogitatione damnare causam nostram. Corp. Ref. ii. p. 57.)

[1] *Instructio data Cæsari* dal Reverendissimo Campeggio. (Ranke, iii. p. 288.)
[2] Sich die Spanier zu Inspruck unfläthig gehalten. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 56.)
[3] Semper vacillaturum de vera et certa salutis adipiscendæ ratione. (Seck. ii. p. 57.)

had seen at Augsburg, had alarmed them, for they knew not the source whence John derived his courage; they imagined that he was revolving in his mind some perfidious design. "It is not without reason," said they to Charles, "that the Elector John has repaired the first to Augsburg, and that he appeared there with a considerable train: he wishes to seize your person. Act then with energy, and allow us to offer your Majesty a guard of six thousand horse."[1] Conference upon conference immediately took place. The Protestants were affrighted. "They are holding a diet at Innspruck," said Melancthon, "on the best means of having our heads."[2] But Gattinara prevailed on Charles to preserve his neutrality.

While all was thus agitated in the Tyrol, the Evangelical Christians, instead of mustering in arms, as they were accused, sent up their prayers to Heaven, and the Protestant princes were preparing to render an account of their faith.

The Elector of Saxony held the first rank among them. Sincere, upright, and pure from his youth, early disgusted with the brilliant tourneys in which he had at first taken part, John of Saxony had joyfully hailed the day of the Reformation, and the Gospel light had gradually penetrated his serious and reflective mind. His great pleasure was to have the Holy Scriptures read to him during the latter hours of the day. It is true that, having arrived at an advanced age, the pious Elector sometimes fell asleep, but he soon awoke with a start, and repeated the last passage aloud. Although moderate and a friend of peace, he yet possessed an energy that was powerfully aroused by the great interests of the faith. There is no prince in the sixteenth century, and none perhaps since the primitive times of the Church, who has done so much as John of Saxony for the cause of the Gospel. Accordingly it was against him that the first efforts of the Papists were directed.

In order to gain him over, they wished to put in operation very different tactics from those which had been previously employed. At Spire the Evangelicals had met with angry looks in every quarter; at Augsburg, on the contrary, the Papists gave them a hearty welcome; they represented as very trifling the distance that separated the two parties, and in their private conversations uttered the mildest language, "seeking thus to make the credulous Protestants take the bait," says an historian.[3] The latter yielded with simplicity to these skilful manœuvres.

Charles the Fifth was convinced that the simple Germans would not be able to resist his star. "The King of Denmark has been converted," said his courtiers to him, "why should not the Elector follow his example? Let us draw him into the imperial atmosphere." John was immediately invited to come and converse familiarly with the Emperor at Innspruck, with an assurance that he might reckon on Charles' particular favour.

The Prince-electoral, John Frederick, who on seeing the advances of the Papists had at first exclaimed: "We conduct our affairs with such awkwardness, that it is quite pitiable!" allowed himself to be caught by this stratagem. "The Papist princes," said he to his father, "exert every means of blackening our characters. Go to Innspruck in order to put a stop to these underhand practices; or if you are unwilling, send me in your place."

This time the prudent Elector moderated his son's precipitancy, and replied to Charles' ministers, that it was not proper to treat of the affairs of the diet in any other place than that which the Emperor had himself appointed, and he begged, in consequence, that his majesty would hasten his arrival. This was the first check that Charles met with.

III. Meantime Augsburg was filling more and more every day. Princes, bishops, deputies, gentlemen, cavaliers, soldiers in rich uniforms, entered by every gate, and thronged the streets, the public places, inns, churches, and palaces. All that was most magnificent in Germany was there about to be collected. The critical circumstances in which the empire and Christendom were placed, the presence of Charles V. and his kindly manners, the love of novelty, of grand shows, and of lively emotions, tore the Germans from their homes. All those who had great interests to discuss, without reckoning a crowd of idlers, flocked from the various provinces of the empire, and hastily made their way towards this illustrious city.[1]

In the midst of this crowd the Elector and the Landgrave were resolved to confess Jesus Christ, and to take advantage of this convocation in order to convert the empire. Scarcely had John arrived, when he ordered one of his theologians to preach daily with open doors in the church of the Dominicans.[2] On Sunday, the 8th May, the same was done in the church of St. Catherine; on the 13th, Philip of Hesse opened the gates of the cathedral, and his chaplain Snepff there preached the Word of Salvation; and, on the following Sunday, (May 15,) this prince ordered Cellarius, minister of Augsburg, and a follower of Zwingle, to preach in the same temple. Somewhat later the Landgrave firmly settled himself in the church of St. Ulric, and the Elector in that of St. Catherine. These were the two positions taken up by these illustrious princes. Every day the Gospel was preached in these places before an immense and attentive crowd.[3]

The partisans of Rome were amazed. They

[1] Ut mascule ageret, sex mille equitum, præsidium ei offerentes. (Seck. ii. p. 156.)
[2] Ibi habentur de nostris cervicibus comitia. Corp. Ref. ii. p. 45.)
[3] Seckendorf

[1] Omnes alliciebat. (Cochlœus. p. 191.)
[2] Rogantibus Augustanis publice in templum Dominicorum. (Seck. Lat. p. 193.)
[3] Täglig in den kirchen, unverstört; dazu kommt sehr viel Volks. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 53.)

expected to see criminals endeavouring to dissemble their faults, and they met with confessors of Christ with uplifted heads and words of power. Desirous of counterbalancing these preachings, the bishop of Augsburg ordered his suffragan and his chaplain to ascend the pulpit. But the Romish priests understood better how to say Mass than to preach the Gospel. "They shout, they bawl," said some. "They are stupid fellows," added all their hearers, shrugging their shoulders.[1]

The Romanists, ashamed of their own priests, began to grow angry;[2] and, unable to hold their ground by preaching, they had recourse to the secular arm. "The priests are setting wondrous machines at work to gain Cæsar's mind," said Melancthon.[3] They succeeded, and Charles made known his displeasure at the hardihood of the princes. The friends of the Pope then drew near the Protestants, and whispered into their ears, "that the Emperor, victor over the King of France and the Roman Pontiff, would appear in Germany to crush all the Gospellers."[4] The anxious Elector demanded the advice of his theologians.

Before the answer was ready, Charles' orders arrived, carried by two of his most influential ministers, the Counts of Nassau and Nuenar. A more skilful choice could not have been made. These two nobles, although devoted to Charles, were favourable to the Gospel, which they professed not long after. The Elector was, therefore, fully disposed to listen to their counsel.

On the 24th May, the two Counts delivered their letters to John of Saxony, and declared to him that the Emperor was exceedingly grieved that religious controversies should disturb the good understanding that had for so many years united the houses of Saxony and Austria;[5] that he was astonished at seeing the Elector oppose an edict, (that of Worms,) which had been unanimously passed by all the states of the empire; that the alliances he had made tended to tear asunder the unity of Germany, and might inundate it with blood. They required at last that the Elector would immediately put a stop to the evangelical preachings, and added, in a confidential tone, that they trembled at the thought of the immediate and deplorable consequences that would certainly follow the Elector's refusal. "This," said they, "is only the expression of our own personal sentiments." It was a diplomatic manœuvre, the Emperor having enjoined them to give utterance to a few threats, but that solely on their own account.[1]

The Elector was greatly agitated. "If his majesty forbids the preaching of the Gospel," exclaimed he, "I shall immediately return home."[2] He waited, however, for the advice of his theologians.

Luther's answer was ready first. "The Emperor is our master," said he; "the town and all that is in it belong to him. If your Highness should give orders at Torgau for this to be done, and for that to be left undone, the people ought not to resist. I should prefer endeavouring to change his majesty's decision by humble and respectful solicitations; but, if he persists, might makes right; we have but done our duty."[3] Thus spoke the man who has so often been represented as a rebel.

Melancthon and the others were nearly of the same opinion; only they insisted more on the necessity of representing to the Emperor "That they did not speak of controversy in their sermons, but were content simply to teach the doctrine of Christ the Saviour.[4] Let us beware, above all," continued they, "of abandoning the place. Let your Highness with an intrepid heart confess in the presence of his majesty, by what wonderful ways you have attained to a right understanding of the truth,[5] and do not allow yourself to be alarmed at these thunder-claps that fall from the lips of our enemies." To confess the truth, such was the object to which, according to the Reformers, everything else should be subordinate.

Will the Elector yield to this first demand of Charles, and thus begin, even before the Emperor's arrival, that list of sacrifices, the end of which cannot be foreseen?

No one in Augsburg was firmer than John. In vain did the Reformers represent that they were in the Emperor's city, and only strangers:[6] the Elector shook his head. Melancthon in despair wrote to Luther: "Alas! how untractable is our old man!"[7] Nevertheless he again returned to the charge. Fortunately there was an intrepid man at the Elector's right hand, the chancellor Bruck, who, feeling convinced that policy, honour, and, above all, duty, bound the friends of the Reformation to resist the menaces of Charles, said to the Elector: "The Emperor's demand is but a worthy beginning to bring about the definitive abolition of the Gospel.[8] If we

[1] Clamant et vociferantur. Audires homines stupidissimos atque etiam sensu communi carentes. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 86.)

[2] Urebat hoc pontifices. (Scultet. p. 271.)

[3] Ὁι ἀσχημοῖς, miris machinis oppugnant. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 70.)

[4] Evangelicos omnes obtriturum. (Scultet. p. 269.)

[5] These instructions may be found in Cœlestin, i. p 50, and Forstemann Urk, i. p. 220

[1] Quidquid duri Electori denuntiabant suo velut nomine et injussi dicebant. (Seck. ii. p. 156.)

[2] Den nächsten heim zu reiten. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 88.)

[3] L. Epp. iv. p. 18.

[4] Nullas materias disputabiles a nobis doceri. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 72.)

[5] Quo modo plane inenarrabili atque mirifico. (Ibid. p. 74.)

[6] In cujus urbe jam sumus hospites. (Ibid. p. 46.)

[7] Sed noster senex difficilis est. (Ibid.)

[8] Ein fügsamer Anfang der Niederbrengung des Evangelii. (Ibid. p. 76.)

yield at present, they will crush us by and by. Let us, therefore, humbly beg his majesty to permit the continuance of the sermons." Thus, at that time, a statesman stood in the foremost rank of the confessors of Jesus Christ. This is one of the characteristic features of this great age, and it must not be forgotten, if we would understand its history aright.

On the 31st May, the Elector sent his answer in writing to Charles' ministers. "It is not true," it bore, "that the Edict of Worms was approved of by the six Electors. How could the Elector, my brother, and myself, by approving it, have opposed the everlasting Word of Almighty God? Accordingly, succeeding Diets have declared this edict impossible to be executed. As for the relations of friendship that I have formed, their only aim is to protect me against acts of violence. Let my accusers lay before the eyes of his majesty the alliances they have made; I am ready to produce mine, and the Emperor shall decide between us.—Finally, As to the demand to suspend our preachings, nothing is proclaimed in them but the glorious truth of God, and never was it so necessary to us. We cannot, therefore, do without it!"[1]

This reply must necessarily hasten the arrival of Charles; and it was urgent they should be prepared to receive him. To explain what they believe, and then be silent, was the whole plan of the Protestant campaign. A confession was therefore necessary. One man, of small statute, frail, timid, and in great alarm, was commissioned to prepare this instrument of war, Philip Melancthon worked at it night and day: he weighed every expression, softened it down, changed it, and then frequently returned to his first idea. He was wasting away his strength; his friends trembled lest he should die over his task; and Luther enjoined him, as early as the 12th of May, under pain of anathema, to take measures for the preservation of "his little body," and not "to commit suicide for the love of God."[2] "God is as usefully served by repose," added he; "and indeed man never serves him better than by keeping himself tranquil. It is for this reason God willed that the Sabbath should be so strictly observed."[3]

Notwithstanding these solicitations, Melancthon's application augmented, and he set about an exposition of the Christian faith, at once mild, moderate, and as little removed as possible from the doctrine of the Latin Church. At Coburg he had already put his hand to the task, and traced out in the first part the doctrines of the faith, according to the articles of Scnwaback; and in the second, the abuses of the Church, according to the articles of Torgau, making altogether quite a new work. At Augsburg he gave a more correct and elegant form to this confession.[1]

The Apology, as it was then called, was completed on the 11th May; and the Elector sent it to Luther, begging him to mark what ought to be changed. "I have said what I thought most useful," added Melancthon, who feared that his friend would find the confession too weak; "for Eck ceases not to circulate against us the most diabolical calumnies, and I have endeavoured to oppose an antidote to his poisons."[2]

Luther replied to the Elector on the 15th May: "I have read Magister Philip's Apology; I like it well enough, I have no corrections to make. Besides, that would hardly suit me, for I cannot walk so meekly and so silently. May Christ our Lord grant that this work may produce much and great fruit."

Each day, however, the Elector's councillors and theologians, in concert with Melancthon, improved the confession, and endeavoured to render it such that the charmed diet should, in its own despite, hear it to the very end.[3]

While the struggle was thus preparing at Augsburg, Luther at Coburg, on the summit of the hill, "on his Sinai," as he called it, raised his hands like Moses towards heaven.[4] He was the real general of the spiritual war that was then waging; his letters ceased not to bear to the combatants the directions which they needed, and numerous pamphlets issuing from his stronghold, like discharges of musketry spread confusion in the enemy's camp.

The place where he had been left was, by its solitude, favourable to study and to meditation.[5] "I shall make a Zion of this Sinai," said he on the 22d April, "and I shall build here three tabernacles; one to the Psalms, one to the Prophets, and one —— to Esop!" This last word is a startling one. The association belongs neither to the language nor the spirit of the apostles. It is true that Esop was not to be his principal study: the fables were soon laid aside, and truth alone engaged Luther. "I shall weep, I shall pray, I shall never be silent," wrote he, "until I know that my cry has been heard in heaven."[6]

Besides, by way of relaxation, he had something better than Esop; he had those domestic joys whose precious treasures the Reformation had opened to the ministers of the Word. It was at this time he wrote that charming letter to his infant son, in which he

[1] Quo carere non possit. (Seck. p. 156; Muller, Hist. Prot. p. 506.)

[2] Ut sub anathemate cogam te in regulas servandi corpusculi tui. (L. Epp. iv. p. 16.)

[3] Ideo enim Sabbatum voluit tam rigide præ cæteris servari. (Ibid.)

[1] More rhetorically. Feci aliquando ῥητορικώτερον quam Coburgæ scripseram. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 40.)

[2] Quia Eckius addidit διαβολωτάτας διαβολὰς contra nos. (Ibid. p. 45.)

[3] In Apologia quotidie multa mutamus. Ibid. p. 60.)

[4] Mathesius Predigten, p. 92.

[5] Longe amœnissimus et studiis commodissimus. (L. Epp. iv. p. 2.)

[6] Orabo igitur et plorabo, non quieturus donec &c. (L. Epp. iv. p. 2.)

describes a delightful garden where children dressed in gold are sporting about, picking up apples, pears, cherries, and plums; they sing, dance, and enjoy themselves, and ride pretty little horses, with golden bridles and silver saddles.[1]

But the Reformer was soon drawn away from these pleasing images. About this time he learnt that his father had gently fallen asleep in the faith which is in Jesus Christ. "Alas!" exclaimed he, shedding tears of filial love, "it it by the sweat of his brow that he made me what I am."[2] Other trials assailed him; and to bodily pains were added the phantoms of his imagination. One night in particular, he saw three torches pass rapidly before his eyes, and at the same moment he heard claps of thunder in his head, which he ascribed to the devil. His servant ran in at the moment he fainted, and after having restored him to animation, read to him the Epistle to the Galatians. Luther, who had fallen asleep, said as he awoke: "Come, and despite of the devil let us sing the Psalm, *Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.*" They both sang the hymn. While Luther was thus tormented by these internal noises, he translated the prophet Jeremiah, and yet he often deplored his idleness.

He soon devoted himself to other studies, and poured out the floods of his irony on the mundane practices of courts. He saw Venice, the Pope, and the King of France, giving their hands to Charles V. to crush the Gospel. Then, alone in his chamber in the old castle, he burst into irresistible laughter. "Mr. *Par-ma-foy*, (it was thus he designated Francis I.,) *In-nomine-Domini*, (the Pope,) and the Republic of Venice, pledge their goods and their bodies to the Emperor..... *Sanctissimum fœdus.* A most holy alliance truly! This league between these four powers belongs to the chapter *Non-credimus.* Venice, the Pope, and France become *imperialists!*..... But these are three persons in one substance, filled with unspeakable hatred against the Emperor. Mr. *Par-ma-foy* cannot forget his defeat at Pavia; Mr. *In-nomine-Domini* is, 1st, an Italian, which is already too much; 2d, a Florentine, which is worse; 3d, a bastard—that is to say, a child of the devil; 4th, he will never forget the disgrace of the sack of Rome. As for the Venetians, they are Venetians: that is quite enough; and they have good reason to avenge themselves on the posterity of Maximilian. All this belongs to the chapter *Firmiter-credimus.* But God will help the pious Charles, who is a sheep among wolves. Amen."[3] The former monk of Erfurth had a surer political foresight than many diplomatists of his age.

Impatient at seeing the diet put off from day to day, Luther formed his resolution, and ended by convoking it even at Coburg. "We are already in full assembly," wrote he on the 28th April and the 9th May. "You might here see kings, dukes, and other grandees, deliberating on the affairs of their kingdom, and with indefatigable voice publishing their dogmas and decrees in the air. They dwell not in those caverns which you decorate with the name of palaces; the heavens are their canopy; the leafy trees form a floor of a thousand colours, and their walls are the ends of the earth. They have a horror of all the unmeaning luxury of silk and gold; they ask neither coursers nor armour, and have all the same clothing and the same colour. I have neither seen nor heard their emperor; but if I can understand them, they have determined this year to make a pitiless war upon ——— the most excellent fruits of the earth.—Ah! my dear friends," said he to his messmates,[1] to whom he was writing, "these are the sophists, the Papists, who are assembled before me in a heap, to make me hear their sermons and their cries." These two letters, dated from the "*empire of ravens and crows*," finish in the following mournful strain, which shows us the Reformer descending into himself after this play of his imagination: "Enough of jesting!—jesting which is, however, sometimes necessary to dispel the gloomy thoughts that prey upon me."[2]

Luther soon returned to real life, and thrilled with joy at beholding the fruits that the Reformation was already bearing, and which were for him a more powerful "apology" than even the confession of Melancthon. "Is there in the whole world a single country to be compared to your highness's states," wrote he to the Elector, "and which possesses preachers of so pure a doctrine, or pastors so fitted to bring about the reign of peace? Where do we see, as in Saxony, boys and girls well instructed in the Holy Scriptures and in the catechism, increasing in wisdom and in stature, praying, believing, talking of God and of Christ better than has been done hitherto by all the universities, convents, and chapters of Christendom?"[3] "My dear Duke John, says the Lord to you, I commend this paradise to thee, the most beautiful that exists in the world, that thou mayst be its gardener." And then he addeed "Alas! the madness of the Papist princes changes this paradise of God into a dirty slough, and corrupting the youth, peoples every day with real devils their states, their tables, and their palaces."

Luther, not content with encouraging his prince, desired also to frighten his adversaries. It was with this intent that he wrote at that

[1] This letter, which is a masterpiece of its kind, may be found in Luther's Epp. iv. p. 41, and also in Riddle's "Luther and his Times," p. 268.

[2] Per ejus sudores aluit et finxit qualis sum. (Epp. iv. p. 33.)

[3] To Gasp. of Teutleben, 19th June. (L. E. p. v. p. 37.)

[1] An seine Tischgesellen. (L. Epp. iv. p. 7.)

[2] Sed serio et necessario joco qui mihi irruentes cogitationes repelleret. (Ibid. p. 14.)

[3] Eswächst jetz daher die zart Jugend von Knäblin un Maidlin. (Ibid. p. 21.)

time an address to the members of the clergy assembled at Augsburg. A crowd of thoughts, like lansquenets armed cap-à-pié, "rushed in to fatigue and bewilder him;"[1] and, in fact, there is no want of barbed words in the discourse he addresses to the bishops. "In short," said he to them in conclusion, "we know and you know, that we have the Word of God, and that you have it not. O Pope! if I live, I shall be a pestilence to thee; and if I die, I shall be thy death!"[2]

Thus was Luther present at Augsburg, although invisible; and he effected more by his words and by his prayers, than Agricola, Brenz, or Melancthon. These were the days of travail for the Gospel truth. It was about to appear in the world with a might that was destined to eclipse all that had been done since the time of St. Paul; but Luther only announced and manifested the things that God was effecting: he did not execute them himself. He was, as regards the events of the Church, what Socrates was to philosophy: "I imitate my mother, (she was a midwife,)" this philosopher was in the habit of saying; "she does not travail herself, but she aids others." Luther—and he never ceased repeating it—has created nothing; but he has brought to light the precious seed, hidden for ages in the bosom of the Church. The man of God is not he who seeks to form his age according to his own peculiar ideas; but he who, distinctly perceiving God's truth, such as it is found in his Word, and as it is hidden in his Church, brings it to his contemporaries with courage and decision.

Never had these qualities been more necessary, for matters were taking an alarming aspect. On the 4th June died Chancellor Gattinara, who was to Charles the Fifth "what Ulpian was to Alexander Severus," says Melancthon, and with him all the human hopes of the Protestants vanished. "It is God," Luther had said, "who has raised up for us a Naaman in the court of the King of Syria." In truth, Gattinara alone resisted the Pope. When Charles brought to him the objections of Rome: "Remember," said the Chancellor, "that you are master!" Henceforward everything seemed to take a new direction. The Pope required that Charles should be satisfied with being his "lictor," as Luther says, to carry out his judgments against the heretics.[3] Eck, whose name, (according to Melancthon,) was no bad imitation of the cry of Luther's crows, heaped one upon another[4] a multitude of pretended heretical propositions, extracted from the Reformer's writings. There were *four hundred and four*, and yet he made excuse that, being taken unawares, he was forced to restrict himself to so small a number, and he called loudly for a disputation with the Lutherans. They retorted on these propositions by a number of ironical and biting theses on "wine, Venus and baths, against John Eck;" and the poo Doctor became the laughing-stock of every body.

But others went to work more skilfully than he. Cochlœus, who became chaplain to Duke George of Saxony in 1527, begged an interview with Melancthon, "for," added he, "I cannot converse with your married ministers."[1] Melancthon, who was looked upon with an evil eye at Augsburg, and who had complained of being more solitary there than Luther in his castle,[2] was touched by this courtesy, and was still more fully penetrated with the idea that things should be ordered in the mildest manner possible.

The Romish priests and laymen made a great uproar, because on fast days meat was usually eaten at the Elector's court. Melancthon advised his prince to restrain the liberty of his attendants in this respect. "This disorder," said he, "far from leading the simple-minded to the Gospel, scandalizes them." He added, in his ill humour: "A fine holiness truly, to make it a matter of conscience to fast, and yet to be night and day given up to wine and folly!"[3] The Elector did not yield to Melancthon's advice: it would have been a mark of weakness of which his adversaries would have known how to take advantage.

On the 31st May, the Saxon confession was at length communicated to the other Protestant states, who required that it should be presented in common in the name of them all.[4] But, at the same time, they desired to make their reservations with regard to the influence of the state. "It is to a council that we appeal," said Melancthon; we will not receive the Emperor as our judge; the ecclesiastical constitutions themselves forbid him to pronounce in spiritual matters.[5] Moses declares, that it is not the civil magistrate who decides, but the sons of Levi. St. Paul also says (1 Cor. xiv.) '*let the others judge*,' which cannot be understood except of an entire Christian assembly; and the Saviour himself gives us this commandment: '*Tell it unto the Church*.' We pledge, therefore, our obedience to the Emperor in all civil matters; but, as for the Word of God, it is liberty that we demand."

All were agreed on this point; but the dissent came from another quarter. The Luther-

[1] Ut plurimos Lansknecktos, prorsus vi repellere cogar, qui insalutati non cessant obstrepere. (L. Epp. iv. p. 10.)

[2] Pestis eram vivus, moriens ero mors tua, Papa. (L. Opp. xx. p. 164.)

[3] Tantum lictorem suum in hæreticos. (Epp. iv. p. 10.

[4] Magnum acervum conclusionum congessit. (Corp. Ref. p. 39.)

[1] Cum uxoratis presbyteris tuis privatim colloqui non intendimus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 82.)

[2] Nos non minus sumus monachi quam vos in illa arce vestra. (Ibid. p. 46.)

[3] Und dennoch Tag und Nacht voll und toll seyn. (Ibid. p. 79.)

[4] In gemein in aller Fürsten und Stadte Nämen. (Ibid. p. 88.)

[5] Die *constitutiones canonicæ* den Kaysern verbieten zu richten und sprechen in geistlichen sachen. (Ibid. p. 66.)

ans feared to compromise their cause, if they went hand in hand with the Zwinglians. "This is Lutheran madness," replied Bucer: "it will perish of its own weight."[1] But, far from allowing this madness "to perish," the Reformed augmented the disunion by exaggerated complaints. "In Saxony they are beginning to sing Latin hymns again," said they; "the sacred vestments are resumed, and oblations are called for anew.[2] We would rather be led to slaughter than be Christians after that fashion."

The afflicted Landgrave, says Bucer, was "between the hammer and the anvil;" and his allies caused him more uneasiness than his enemies.[3] He applied to Rhegius, to Brenz, to Melancthon, declaring that it was his most earnest wish to see concord prevail among all the Evangelical Doctors. "If these fatal doctrines are not opposed," replied Melancthon, "there will be rents in the Church that will last to the end of the world. Do not the Zwinglians boast of their full coffers, of having soldiers prepared, and of foreign nations disposed to aid them? Do they not talk of sharing among them the rights and the property of the bishops, and of proclaiming liberty. . . . . Good God! shall we not think of posterity, which, if we do not repress these guilty seditions, will be at once without throne and without altar?"[4]—"No, no! we are one," replied this generous prince, who was so much in advance of his age; "we all confess the same Christ, we all profess that we must eat Jesus Christ, by faith, in the Eucharist. Let us unite." All was unavailing. The time in which true catholicity was to replace this sectarian spirit, of which Rome is the most perfect expression, had not yet arrived.

IV. In proportion as the Emperor drew near Augsburg, the anxieties of the Protestants continued increasing. The burghers of this imperial city expected to see it become the theatre of strange events. Accordingly they said that if the Elector, the Landgrave, and other friends of the Reformation were not in the midst of them, they would all desert it.[5] "A great destruction threatens us," was repeated on every side.[6] A haughty expression of Charles above all disquieted the Protestants. "What do these Electors want with me?" he had said impatiently: "I shall do what I please!"[7] Thus arbitrary rule was the imperial law destined to prevail in the diet.

To this agitation of men's minds was added the agitation of the streets, or rather one led to the other. Masons and locksmiths were at work in all the public places and crossings, laboriously fastening barriers and chains to the walls, that might be closed or stretched at the first cry of alarm.[1] At the same time about eight hundred foot and horse soldiers were seen patrolling the streets, dressed in velvet and silk,[2] whom the magistrates had enrolled in order to receive the Emperor with magnificence.

Matters were in this state, and it was about the middle of May, when a number of Spanish quartermasters arrived, full of arrogance, and who looked with contemptuous eyes on these wretched burghers, entered their houses, conducted themselves with violence, and even rudely tore down the arms of some of the princes.[3] The magistrates having delegated councillors to treat with them, the Spaniards made an insolent reply. "Alas!" said the citizens, "if the servants are so, what will their master be?" The ministers of Charles were grieved at their impertinence, and sent a German quarter master who employed the forms of German politeness to make them forget this Spanish haughtiness.

That did not last long, and they soon felt more serious alarm. The Council of Augsburg were asked what was the meaning of these chains and soldiers, and they were ordered, in the Emperor's name, to take down the one and disband the other. The magistrates of the city answered, in alarm, "For more than ten years past we have intended putting up these chains;[4] and as for the soldiers, our object is simply to pay due honour to his majesty." After many parleys it was agreed to dismiss the troops, and that the imperial commanders should select afresh a thousand men, who should make oath to the Emperor, but be paid by the city of Augsburg.

The imperial quartermasters then resumed all their impertinence; and no longer giving themselves the trouble of entering the houses and the shops, they tore down the signboards of the Augsburg citizens, and wrote in their place how many men and horses they would be required to lodge.[5]

Such were the preludes to the work of conciliation that Charles V. had announced, and that he was so slow in beginning. Accordingly his delay, attributed by some to the crowds of people who surrounded him with their acclamations; by others, to the solici-

[1] De Lutheranis furoribus . . . . . sua ipsi mole ruent. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 432.)

[2] Hinc Latinæ resumuntur cantiones, repetuntur sanctæ vestes. (Ibid. p. 457.)

[3] Cattus inter sacrum et saxum stat, et de sociis magis quam hostibus solicitus est. (Ibid.)

[4] Keine Kirche und kein Regiment. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 95.)

[5] Wo Sachsen, Hessen, und andere Lutherische nit hie wären. (Ibid. p. 89.)

[6] Minatur nobis Satan grande exitium. (Ibid. p. 92.)

[7] Er wolte es machen, wie es Ihm eben ware. (Ibid. p. 88.)

[1] Neu aufgerichte Ketten und Stöck. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 66.)

[2] Mit sammet und seide auf's kostlichst ausgeschen. (Ibid.)

[3] Den jungen Fürsten zu neubourg ihre wappen abgerissen. (Ibid. p. 55.)

[4] Vor zehn Jahren in Sinn gehalt. (Ibid. p. 66.

[5] Gehen nicht mehr in die Haüser und schrieben an die Thür. (Ibid. p. 89.)

tations of the priests, who opposed his entry into Augsburg until he had imposed silence on the ministers; and by others, finally, to the lessons the Pope had given him in the arts of policy and stratagem,[1] still more estranged the Elector and his allies.

At last Charles, having quitted Innspruck two days after Gattinara's death, arrived at Munich on the 10th June. His reception was magnificent. At the distance of two miles from the town a temporary fortress, soldiers' huts, cannon, horsemen, an assault, repeated explosions, flames, shouts, whirlwinds of smoke, and a terrible clashing of arms, all of which was very agreeable to the Emperor;[2] in the city, theatres raised in the open air, the *Jewess Esther*, the *Persian Cambyses*, and other pieces not less famous, the whole combined with splendid fireworks, formed the reception given by the adherents of the Pope to him whom they styled their Saviour.

Charles was not far distant from Augsburg. As early as the 11th June, every day and every hour, members of the imperial household, carriages, waggons, and baggage entered this city, to the sound of the clacking whip and of the horn;[3] and the burghers in amazement gazed with dejected eyes on all this insolent train, that fell upon their city like a flight of locusts.[4]

At five o'clock in the morning of the 15th June,[5] the Elector, the princes, and their councillors, assembled at the town-hall, and ere long arrived the imperial commissaries, having an order for them to go out and meet Charles. At three in the afternoon, the princes and deputies quitted the city, and, having reached a little bridge across the river Leech, they there halted and waited for the Emperor. The eyes of every member of the brilliant assemblage, thus stopping on the smiling banks of an alpine torrent, were directed along the road to Munich. At length, after waiting two or three hours, clouds of dust and a loud noise announced the Emperor. Two thousand of the imperial guard marched first; then Charles having come to within fifty paces of the river, the Electors and princes alighted. Their sons, who had advanced beyond the bridge, perceiving the Emperor preparing to do the same, ran to him and begged him to remain on horseback;[6] but Charles dismounted without hesitating,[7] and approaching the princes with an amiable smile, shook hands with them cordially. Albert of Mentz, in his quality of arch-chancellor of the empire, now welcomed the Emperor, and the Count-palatine Frederick replied in behalf of Charles.

While this was passing, three individuals remained apart on a little elevation;[1] these were the Roman Legate, proudly seated on a mule, glittering with purple, and accompanied by two other cardinals, the Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishop of Trent. The Nuncio, beholding all these great personages on the road, raised his hands, and gave them his blessing. Immediately the Emperor, the King, and the princes who submitted to the Pope, fell on their knees; the Spaniards, Italians, Netherlanders, and Germans in their train, imitated their movements, casting however a side glance on the Protestants, who, in the midst of this humbly prostrate crowd, alone remained standing.[2] Charles did not appear to notice this, but he doubtless understood what it meant. The Elector of Brandenburg then delivered a Latin speech to the legate. He had been selected because he spoke this language better than the princes of the Church; and accordingly, Charles, when praising his eloquence, slily put in a word about the negligence of the prelates.[3] The Emperor now prepared to remount his horse, when the prince-electoral of Saxony, and the young princes of Luneburg, Mecklenburg, Brandenburg, and Anhalt rushed towards him to aid him in getting into his saddle: one held the bridle, another the stirrup, and all were charmed at the magnificent appearance of their powerful sovereign.[4] The procession began to move on.

First came two companies of lansquenets, commanded by Simon Seitz, a citizen of Augsburg, who had made the campaign of Italy, and was returning home laden with gold.[5] Next advanced the households of the six electors, composed of princes, counts, councillors, gentlemen, and soldiers; the household of the Dukes of Bavaria had slipped into their ranks, and the four hundred and fifty horsemen that composed it marched five abreast, covered with bright cuirasses, wearing red doublets, while over their heads floated handsome many-coloured plumes. Bavaria was already in this age the main support of Rome in Germany.

Immediately after came the households of the Emperor and of his brother, in striking contrast with this warlike show. They were composed of Turkish, Polish, Arabian, and other led horses; then followed a multitude of young pages, clad in yellow or red velvet, with Spanish, Bohemian, and Austrian nobles in robs of silk and velvet;[6] among these

[1] Cæsarem instructum arte pontificum quærere causas moræ. (L. Epp. iv. p. 31.)
[2] Das hat Kais. Maj. wohl gefallen. (Forstemann, Urkunden. i. p. 246.)
[3] Alle stund die Wagen, der Tross und viel gesinds nact einander harein. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 90.)
[4] Finden aber wenig Frenden feuer. (Ibid.)
[5] Zu morgens, um fünf Uhr. (F. Urkunden. i. p. 263.)
[6] Ab Electorum filiis qui procurrerant rogatus. (Seck. ii. p. 101.)
[7] Mox ab equis descenderunt. (Cochlœus.)

[1] Auf ein ort geruckt. (F. Urkunden, i. p. 256.)
[2] Primum constantiæ specimen. (Seck. ii. p. 101.)
[3] Prelatorum autem negligentiam accusaret. (Ibid.)
[4] Conscendentem juniores principes adjuverunt (Ibid. and F. Urkunden. i. p. 258.)
[5] Bekleit von gold. (F. Urkunden, i. p. 258.)
[6] Viel sammete unde seiden Röcke. (L. Opp xx. p. 201.)

the Bohemians had the most martial air, and skilfully rode their superb and prancing coursers. Last the trumpeters, drummers, heralds, grooms, footmen, and the legate's cross-bearers, announced the approach of the princes.

In fact these powerful lords, whose contentions had so often filled Germany with confusion and war, now advanced riding peacefully side by side. After the princes appeared the electors; and the Elector of Saxony, according to custom, carried the naked and glittering imperial sword immediately before the Emperor.[1]

Last came the Prince, on whom all eyes were fixed.[2] Thirty years of age, of distinguished port and pleasing features, robed in golden garments that glittered all over with precious stones,[3] wearing a small Spanish hat on the crown of his head,[4] mounted on a beautiful Polish hackney of the most brilliant whiteness, riding beneath a rich canopy of red, white, and green damask borne by six senators of Augsburg, and casting around him looks in which gentleness was mingled with gravity, Charles excited the liveliest enthusiasm, and every one exclaimed that he was the handsomest man in the empire, as well as the mightiest prince in the world.

He had at first desired to place his brother and the legate at his side; but the Elector of Mentz, followed by two hundred guards arrayed in silk, had claimed the Emperor's right hand; and the Elector of Cologne, with a hundred well-armed followers, had taken his station on the left. King Ferdinand and the legate were compelled to take their places behind them, followed by the cardinals, ambassadors, and prelates, among whom was remarked the haughty Bishop of Osma, the Emperor's confessor. The imperial cavalry and the troops of Augsburg closed the procession.

Never, according to the historians, had anything so magnificent been seen in the empire;[5] but they advanced slowly, and it was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening before they reached the gates of Augsburg.[6] Here they met the burgomaster and councillors, who prostrated themselves before Charles, and at the same time the cannon from the ramparts, the bells from all the steeples in full peal, the noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, and the joyful acclamations of the people re-echoed with loud din. Stadion, bishop of Augsburg, and his clergy robed in white, struck up the *Advenisti desirabilis*; and six canons, advancing with a magnificent canopy, prepared to conduct the Emperor to the cathedral, when Charles' horse, startled at this unusual sight, suddenly reared,[1] so that the Emperor with difficulty mastered him. At length Charles entered the basilick, which was ornamented with garlands and flowers, and suddenly illuminated by a thousand torches.

The Emperor went up to the altar, and falling on his knees, raised his hands towards Heaven.[2] During the *Te Deum*, the Protestants observed with anxiety that Charles kept conversing in a low tone with the Archbishop of Mentz; that he bent his ear to the legate who approached to speak to him, and nodded in a friendly manner to Duke George. All this appeared to them of evil omen; but at the moment when the priests sang the *Te ergo quæsimus*, Charles, breaking off his conversations, suddenly rose, and one of the acolytes running to him with a gold-embroidered cushion, the Emperor put it aside, and knelt on the bare stones of the church. All the assembly knelt with him; the Elector and the Landgrave alone remained standing. Duke George, astonished at such boldness, threw a threatening glance at his cousin. The Margrave of Brandenburg, carried away by the crowd, had fallen on his knees; but having seen his two allies standing, he hastily rose up again.

The Cardinal-archbishop of Salzburg then proceeded to pronounce the benediction; but Campeggio, impatient at having as yet taken no part in the ceremony, hastened to the altar, and rudely thrusting the archbishop aside, said sharply to him:[3] "this office belongs to me, and not to you." The other gave way, the Emperor bent down, and the Landgrave, with difficulty concealing a smile, hid himself behind a candelabrum. The bells now rang out anew, the procession recommenced its march, and the princes conducted the Emperor to the Palatinate, (the name given to the bishop's palace,) which had been prepared for him. The crowd now dispersed: it was after ten at night.

The hour was come in which the partisans of the Papacy flattered themselves with the prospect of rendering the Protestants untrue to their faith. The arrival of the Emperor, the procession of the holy sacrament that was preparing, the late hour,—all had been calculated beforehand; "the nocturns of treason were about to begin," said Spalatin.

A few minutes of general conversation took place in the Emperor's apartments; the princes of the Romish party were then allowed to retire; but Charles had given a sign to the Elector of Saxony, to the Landgrave of Hesse, to George of Brandenburg, to the Prince of Anhalt, and to the Duke of Luneburg, to follow him into his private chamber.[4] His

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[1] Noster princeps de more prætulit ensem. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 118.)

[2] Omnium oculos in se convertit (Seck. ii. p. 160.)

[3] Totus gemmis coruscabat. (Ibid.)

[4] Ein kilen Spanisch Hütlein. (F. Urkunden, i. p. 260.

[5] Antea in imperio non erat visa. (Seck ii. p. 160.)

[6] Ingressus est in urbem intra octavam et nonam. (Ibid. p. 114.)

[1] Da erstetzt sich K. M. Hengst fur solchem Himel. (F. Urkunden, i. p. 261.)

[2] Ihr hand aufgehebt. (Ibid.)

[3] Cardinalem legatus castigatum abegit. (Seck. ii. p. 161.

[4] Ad conclave suum. (Corp. Ref. p. 106 and 114.)

brother Ferdinand, who was to serve as interpreter, alone went in with them. Charles thought that so long as the Protestant princes were observed, they would not yield; but that in a private and friendly interview, he might obtain all he desired of them.

"His majesty requests you to discontinue the preachings," said Ferdinand. On hearing these words the two old princes (the Elector and the Margrave) turned pale and did not speak;[1] there was a long silence.

At last the Landgrave said: "We entreat your majesty to withdraw your request, for our ministers preach only the pure Word of God, as did the ancient doctors of the Church, St. Augustin, St. Hilary, and so many others. It will be easy for your majesty to convince yourself of it. We cannot deprive ourselves of the food of the Word of God, and deny his Gospel."[2]

Ferdinand, resuming the conversation in French,[3] (for it was in this language that he conversed with his brother,) informed the Emperor of the Landgrave's answer. Nothing was more displeasing to Charles than these citations of Hilary and Augustin; the colour mounted to his cheeks, and he was nearly getting angry.[4] "His Majesty," said Ferdinand in a more positive tone, "cannot desist from his demand."—"Your conscience," quickly replied the Landgrave, "has no right to command ours.[5] As Ferdinand still persisted, the Margrave, who had been silent until then, could contain himself no longer; and without caring for interpreters, stretched out his neck towards Charles, exclaiming in deep emotion: "Rather than allow the Word of the Lord to be taken from me, rather than deny my God, I would kneel before your Majesty and have my head cut off!" As he uttered these simple and magnanimous words, says a contemporary,[6] the prince accompanied them with a significant gesture, and let his hands fall on his neck like the headsman's axe. The excitement of the princes was at its height: had it been necessary, they would all four have instantly walked to the scaffold. Charles was moved by it: surprised and agitated, he hastily cried out in his bad German, making a show of checking the Landgrave: "Dear prince, not the head! not the head!" But he had scarcely uttered these few words, when he checked himself.

These were the only words that Charles pronounced before the princes during all the diet. His ignorance of the German language, and sometimes also the etiquette of the Escurial, compelled him to speak only by the mouth of his brother or of the Count-palatine. As he was in the habit of consecrating four hours daily to divine worship, the people said: "He talks more with God than with men." This habitual silence was not favourable to his plans. They required activity and eloquence; but instead of that the Germans saw in the dumb countenance of their youthful Emperor, a mere puppet, nodding his head and winking his eyes. Charles sometimes felt very keenly the faults of this position: "To be able to speak German," said he, "I would willingly sacrifice any other language, even were it Spanish or French, and more than that, one of my states."[1]

Ferdinand saw that it was useless to insist on the cessation of these meetings; but he had another arrow in his quiver. The next day was the festival of *Corpus Christi*, and by a custom that had never as yet been infringed, all the princes and deputies present at the diet were expected to take part in the procession. What! would the Protestants refuse this act of courtesy at the very opening of a diet to which each one came in a conciliatory spirit? Have they not declared that the body and blood of Christ are really in the Host? Do they not boast of their opposition to Zwingle, and can they stand aloof, without being tainted with heresy? Now, if they share in the pomp that surrounds "the Lord's body;" if they mingle with that crowd of clergy, glittering in luxury and swelling with pride, who carry about the God whom they have created; if they are present when the people bow down; will they not irrevocably compromise their faith? The machine is well prepared; its movements cannot fail; there is no more doubt! The craft of the Italians is about to triumph over the simplicity of these German boors!

Ferdinand therefore resumes, and making a weapon of the very refusal that he had just met with: "Since the Emperor," said he, "cannot obtain from you the suspension of your assemblies, he begs at least that you will accompany him to-morrow, according to custom, in the procession of the Holy Sacrament. Do so, if not from regard to him, at least for the honour of Almighty God."[2]

The princes were still more irritated and alarmed. "Christ," said they, "did not institute his sacrament to be worshipped." Charles perseveres in his demand, and the Protestants in their refusal.[3] Upon this the Emperor declares that he cannot accept their excuse, that he will give them time for reflection, and that they must be prepared to reply early on the morrow.

They separated in the greatest agitation. The Prince-electoral, who had waited for his father in the first hall along with other lords,

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[1] Die beede alte Fürsten zum höchsten entsetz. (Corp. Ref. p. 106 and 114.)

[2] Se non posse cibo verbi Dei carere, nec sana conscientia Evangelium negare. (Ibid. p. 115.)

[3] In Französischer Sprache. (Ibid. p. 107.)

[4] Sich darob etwas angeröt und erhitzt. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 115.)

[5] K. M. gewissen sey aber kein Her rund meyster uber ihr gewissen. (Ibid. p. 115.)

[6] Ut simpliciter, ita magnanimiter, says Brentz. (Ibid.)

[1] Es wäre Spanisch oder Französish und dazu eines Landes minder. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 114.)

[2] Et saltem in honorem Dei illud facerent. (Ibid. p 116.)

[3] Persistit Cæsar in postulatione, persisterunt illi in recusatione. (Ibid. 115.)

sought, at the moment the princes issued from the Emperor's chamber, to read on their countenance what had taken place. Judging from the emotion depicted on their features that the struggle had been severe, he thought that his father was incurring the greatest dangers, and accordingly, grasping him by the hand, he dragged him to the staircase of the palace, exclaiming in affright, as if Charles' satellites were already at his heels, "Come, come quickly!"

Charles, who had expected no such resistance, was in truth confounded, and the legate endeavoured to exasperate him still more.[1] Agitated, filled with anger and vexation, and uttering the most terrible threats,[2] the young Emperor paced hastily to and fro the halls of his palace; and unable to wait till the morrow for the answer, he sent in the middle of the night to demand the Elector's final decision. "At present we require sleep," replied the latter; "to-morrow we will let you know our determination."[3] As for the Landgrave, he could not rest any more than Charles. Scarcely had he returned home, when he sent his chancellor to the Nuremberg deputies, and had them awoke to make them acquainted with what had taken place.[4]

At the same time Charles' demand was laid before the theologians, and Spalatin, taking the pen, drew up their opinion during the night. "The sacrament," it bore, "was not instituted to be worshipped, as the Jews worshipped the brazen image.[5] We are here to confess the truth, and not for the confirmation of abuses. Let us therefore stay away!" This opinion strengthened the Evangelical princes in their determination; and the day of the 16th June began.

The Elector of Saxony feeling indisposed during the night, commissioned his son to represent him; and at seven o'clock the princes and councillors repaired on horseback to the Emperor's palace.[6]

The Margrave of Brandenburg was their spokesman. "You know," said he to Charles, "how, at the risk of our lives, my ancestors and myself have supported your august house. But, in the things of God, the commands of God himself oblige me to put aside all commandment of man. We are told that death awaits those who shall persevere in the sound doctrine: I am ready to suffer it." He then presented the declaration of the Evangelical princes to the Emperor. "We will not countenance by our presence," said they, "these impious human traditions, which are opposed to the Word of God. We declare, on the contrary, without hesitation, and with one accord, that we must expel them from the Church, lest those of its members that are still sound should be infected by this deadly poison."[1] "If you will not accompany his majesty for the love of God," said Ferdinand, "do so at least for love of the Emperor, and as vassals of the Empire.[2] His majesty commands you." "An act of worship is in question," replied the princes, "our conscience forbids it." Then Ferdinand and Charles having conversed together in a low tone: "His majesty desires to see," said the king, "whether you will obey him or not."[3] At the same time the Emperor and his brother quitted the room; but the princes, instead of following him, as Charles had hoped, returned full of joy to their palaces.

The procession did not begin till noon.—Immediately behind the canopy under which the Elector of Mentz carried the Host, came the Emperor alone, with a devout air, bearing a taper in his hand, his head bare and shorn like a priest's, although the noon-day sun darted on him its most ardent rays.[4] By exposing himself to these fatigues, Charles desired to profess aloud his faith in what constitutes the essence of Roman Catholicism. In proportion as the spirit and the life had escaped from the primitive Churches, they had striven to replace them by forms, shows, and ceremonies. The essential cause of the Romish worship is found in that decline of charity and faith which Catholic Christians of the first ages have often deplored; and the history of Rome is summed up in this expression of St. Paul, *Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.*[5] But as the power was then beginning to revive in the Church, the form began also to decline. Barely a hundred citizens of Augsburgh had joined in the procession of the 16th June. It was no longer the pomp of former times: the Christian people had learned anew to love and to believe.

Charles, however, under an air of devotion, concealed a wounded heart. The legate was less able to command himself, and said aloud that this obstinacy of the princes would be the cause of great mischief to the Pope.[6] When the procession was over, (it had lasted an hour,) Charles could no longer master his extreme irritation; and he had scarcely returned to his palace, when he declared that he would give the Protestant princes a safe-conduct, and that on the very next day these obstinate and rebellious men should quit

[1] A sævitia Legati Romanensium captivi. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 116.)
[2] Hinc secutæ sunt gravissimæ minæ, jactatæ sævissimæ Cæsaris indignationes. (Ibid.)
[3] Quiete sibi opus esse dicens, responsum in diem alterum distulit. (Seck. ii. p. 162.)
[4] Hat nächten uns aufwecken lassen. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 106.)
[5] Wie die Juden die Schlange haben angebethet. (Ibid. p. 11.)
[6] Heute zu sieben Uhren sind gemeldete Fürsten. (Ibid iii. p. 107.)

[1] Cælestin. i. p. 82.
[2] Ut vassalli et principes imperii. (Cochlœus, p. 192.)
[3] Sie wolle sehen, ob sie I. M. gehorchsam leisten oder nicht. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 108.)
[4] Clericaliter, detonso capillo. (Zw. Epp. ii. p 471.) Nudo capite sub meridiani solis ardoribus (Pallavicini, i. p. 228.)
[5] 2 Timothy iii. 5.
[6] Sarpi, Council of Trent, i. p. 99.

Augsburg;[1] the diet would then take such resolutions as were required for the safety of the Church and of the Empire. It was, no doubt, the legate who had given Charles this idea, whose execution would infallibly have led to a religious war. But some of the princes of the Roman party, desirous of preserving peace, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in getting the Emperor to withdraw his threatening order.[2]

V. Charles being defeated on the subject of the procession, resolved to take his revenge on the assemblies, for nothing galled him like these sermons. The crowd ceased not to fill the vast church of the Franciscans, where a Zwinglian minister, of lively and penetrating eloquence, was preaching on the book of Joshua.[3] He placed the kings of Canaan and the children of Israel before them: his congregation heard them speak and saw them act, and every one recognised in Canaan the Emperor and the Ultra-montane princes, and in the people of God the adherents of the Reformation. In consequence, the faithful quitted the church enthusiastic in their faith, and filled with the desire of seeing the abominations of the idolaters fall to the ground. On the 16th June, the Protestants deliberated on Charles' demand, and it was rejected by the majority. "It is only a scarecrow," said they; "the Papists only desire to see if the nail shakes in the wall, and if they can start the hare from the thicket."

The next morning (17th June) before breakfast, the princes replied to the Emperor. "To forbid our ministers to preach purely the Holy Gospel would be rebellion against God, who wills that his Word be not bound. Poor sinners that we are, we have need of this Divine Word to surmount our troubles.[4] Moreover, his majesty has declared, that in this diet each doctrine should be examined with impartiality. Now, to order us henceforward to suspend the sermons, would be to condemn ours beforehand."

Charles immediately convoked the other temporal and spiritual princes, who arrived at mid-day at the Palatine palace, and remained sitting until the evening;[5] the discussion was exceedingly animated. "This very morning," said some of the speakers, "the Protestant princes, as they quitted the Emperor, had sermons delivered in public."[6] Exasperated at this new affront, Charles with difficulty contained himself. Some of the princes, however, having entreated him to accept their mediation, he consented to it; but the Protestants were immovable. Did these heretics, whom they imagined to reduce so easily, appear in Augsburg only to humiliate Charles? The honour of the chief of the Empire must be saved at any cost. "Let us ourselves renounce our preachers," said the princes; "the Protestants will not then persist in keeping theirs!"

The commission proposed, accordingly, that the Emperor should set aside both Papist and Lutheran preachers, and should nominate a few chaplains with authority to announce the pure Word of God, without attacking either of the two parties.[1] "They shall be neutral men," said they to the Protestants; "neither Faber nor his partisans shall be admitted."—"But they will condemn our doctrine."—"By no means. The preacher shall do nothing but read the text of the Gospels, Epistles, and a general confession of sins."[2] The evangelical states required time to reflect upon it.

"We must accept it," said Melancthon: "for if our obstinacy should lead the Emperor to refuse hearing our confession, the evil would be greater still."

"We are called to Augsburg," said Agricola, "to give an account of our doctrine, and not to preach."[3]

"There is no little disorder in the city," remarked Spalatin. "The Sacramentarians and Enthusiasts preach here as well as we: we must get out of this confusion."

"What do the Papists propose?" said other theologians; "to read the Gospels and Epistles without explanation. But is not that a victory? What! we protest against the interpretations of the Church; and lo! priests who are to read the Word of God without their notes and commentaries, that is to say, transforming themselves into Protestant ministers!" "O! admirable wisdom of the courtiers!" exclaimed Melancthon, smiling.[4]

To these motives were added the opinions of the lawyers. As the Emperor ought to be considered the rightful magistrate of an imperial city, so long as he made it his residence, all jurisdiction in Augsburg really belonged to him.

"Well, then," said the Protestant princes, "we agree to silence our preachers, in the hope that we shall hear nothing offensive to our consciences. If it were otherwise, we should feel ourselves constrained to repel so serious an insult.[5] Besides," added the Elector, as he withdrew, "we hope that if at any time we desire to hear one of our chap-

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[1] Ut mox altera die, cum salvo-conductu, Lutherani abirent domum. (Cochl. p. 193)

[2] Pacis et concordiæ avidi, supplicarunt ejus majestati ut sedata ira. (Ibid.)

[3] Maximus populi concursus amplissima æde. (Ibid.)

[4] Nec se illo animæ nutrimento carere. (Cœlestinus Hist. Comit. i. p. 88; Forst. Urkunden. i. p. 283.)

[5] Cæsar a meridie. (Seck. p. 165.) Den gangen Tag. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 113.)

[6] Eo ipso die conciones continuatæ. (Seckend. p. 165.)

[1] Cæsare omnes tam papistarum quam evangelicorum conciones. (Corp Ref. ii. p. 116.)

[2] Qui tantum recitent Evangelium et epistolam γραμματικῶς. (Ibid. p. 119.)

[3] Non sumus parochi Augustanorum, added he (Ibid.)

[4] Vide miram sapientiam Aulicorum. (Ibid.,

[5] Ut de remediis propulsandæ injuriæ cogitem (Seck. ii. p. 105.)

lains in our own palace, we shall be free to do so."[1]

They hastened to the Emperor, who desired nothing better than to come to an understanding with the Protestants on this subject, and wh ratified everything.

This was Saturday. An imperial herald was immediately sent out, who, parading the streets of the city at seven in the evening, to the sound of trumpets,[2] cried with all his might: "O yes, O yes![3] Thus ordains his imperial majesty, our most gracious lord: no preacher whatever shall preach in Augsburg except such as his majesty shall have nominated; and that under penalty of incurring the displeasure and punishment of his majesty."

A thousand different remarks were exchanged in the houses of the citizens of Augsburg. "We are very impatient," said they, "to see the preachers appointed by the Emperor, and who will preach (O! unprecedented wonder!) neither against the evangelical doctrine, nor against the doctrine of the Pope."[4] "We must expect," added another, "to behold some Tragelaph or some chimera with the head of a lion, a goat's body, and a dragon's tail."[5] The Spaniards appeared well satisfied with this agreement, for many of them had never heard a single sermon in their lives; it was not the custom in Spain; but Zwingle's friends were filled with indignation and alarm.[6]

At length Sunday, the 19th June, began; every one hastened to the churches, and the faithful who filled them, with eyes fixed on the priest, and with attentive ears,[7] prepared to listen to what these new and strange preachers would say.[8] It was generally believed that their task would be to make an evangelico-papistical discourse, and they were very impatient to hear this marvel. But

"The mountain in labour gave birth to a mouse!"

The preacher first read the common prayer; he then added the Gospel of the day, finished with a general confession of sins, and dismissed his congregation. People looked at one another in surprise: "Verily," said they, "here is a preacher that is neither Gospeller nor Papist, but strictly textual."[9] At last all burst into laughter; "and truly," adds Brenz, "there was reason enough."[1] In some churches, however, the chaplains, after reading the Gospel, added a few puerile words, void of Christianity and of consolation, and in no way founded on the Holy Scriptures.[2]

After the so-called sermon, they proceeded to the Mass. That in the Cathedral was particularly noisy. The Emperor was not present, for he was accustomed to sleep until nine or ten o'clock,[3] and a late Mass was performed for him; but Ferdinand and many of the princes were present. The pealing notes of the organ, the resounding voices of the choir —all were set to work, and a numerous and motley crowd, rushing in at all the doors, filled the aisles of the temple. One might have said that every nation in the world had agreed to meet in the cathedral of Augsburg. Here were Frenchmen, there Spaniards, Moors in one place, Moriscos in another, on one side Italians, on the other Turks, and even, says Brenz, those who are called Stratiots.[4] This crowd was no bad representation of the medley of Popery.

One priest alone, a fervent Romanist, dared to offer an apology for the Mass in the Church of the Holy Cross. Charles, wishing to maintain his authority, had him thrown into the Grey Friars' prison, whence they contrived to let him escape. As for the Evangelical pastors of Augsburg, almost all left the city to bear the Gospel elsewhere. The Protestant princes were anxious to secure for their churches the assistance of such distinguished men. Discouragement and alarm followed close upon this step, and even the firmest were moved. The Elector was inconsolable at the privation imposed upon him by the Emperor. "Our Lord God," said he, heaving a deep sigh, "has received an order to be silent at the Diet of Augsburg."[5] From that time forward Luther lost the good opinion he had previously entertained of Charles, and foreboded the stormiest future. "See what will be the end of all this," said he. "The Emperor, who has ordered the Elector to renounce the assemblies, will afterwards command him to renounce the doctrine; the diet will enter upon its paroxysm, and nothing will remain for us but to rely upon the arm of the Lord." Then giving way to all his indignation, he added: "The Papists, abandoned to devils, are transported with rage; and to live, they must drink blood.[6] They wish to give themselves an air of justice, by

[1] Ob je einer einen Prediger in seiner Herberg ur sich predigen liess. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 113.)

[2] Per tubicines et heraldum. (Sturmius, Zw. Epp. p. 466.)

[3] Hört, Hört. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 124.)

[4] Omnes hunc avidissime expectant. (Ibid. p. 116.)

[5] Chimæram aut Tragelaphum aliquem expectamus. (Ibid.) The *Tragelaph* is a fabulous animal partaking of the nature of a goat and a stag. Representations of it were common on drinking-bowls and goblets among the ancient Greeks.

[6] Multos deterreat. (Sturm to Zwingle, Epp. p. 466.)

[7] Arrectis auribus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 116.)

[8] Quid novi novus concionator allaturus sit. (Ibid. p. 117.)

[9] Sic habes concionatorem neque evangelicum neque papisticum, sed nudum textualem. (Ibid.)

[1] Rident omnes, et certe res valde ridicula est. (Ibid.)

[2] Pancula quædam, eaque puerilia et inepta nec Christiane, absque fundamento erbi Divini et consolatione. (Seck. ii. p. 165.)

[3] Dormire solet usque ad nonam aut decimam. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 117.)

[4] Ibi videas hic Gallos, hic Hispanos, hic Ethiopes, illic etiam Ethiopissas, hic Italos, illic etiam Turcas, aut quos vocant Stratiotas. (Ibid.)

[5] Hac ratione, Deo ejusque verbo silentium est impositum. (Seck. ii. p. 165.)

[6] Ut nisi sanguinem biberint, vivere non possint. (Ibid.)

giving us one of obstinacy. It is not with men that you have to deal at Augsburg, but with the very gates of hell." Melancthon himself saw all his hopes vanish. "All, except the Emperor," said he, "hate us with the most violent hatred. The danger is great, very great[1]. . . . . Pray to Christ that he may save us!" But Luther, however full of sorrow he might be, far from being cast down, raised his head and endeavoured to reanimate the courage of his brethren. "Be assured and doubt not," wrote he to them, "that you are the confessors of Jesus Christ, and the ambassadors of the Great King."[2]

They had need of these thoughts, for their adversaries, elated by this first success, neglected nothing that might destroy the Protestants, and taking another step forward, proposed forcing them to be present at the Romish ceremonies.[3] "The Elector of Saxony," said the legate to Charles, "ought in virtue of his office of Grand-marshal of the Empire to carry the sword before you in all the ceremonies of the diet. Order him therefore to perform his duty at the Mass of the Holy Ghost, which is to open the sittings." The Emperor did so immediately, and the Elector, uneasy at this message, called together his theologians. If he refused, his dignity would be taken away; and if he obeyed, he would trample his faith under foot, thought he, and would do dishonour to the Gospel.

But the Lutheran Divines removed the scruples of their prince. "It is for a ceremony of the Empire," said they, "as Grand-marshal, and not as a Christian, that you are summoned; the Word of God itself, in the history of Naaman, authorizes you to comply with this invitation."[4] The friends of Zwingle did not think so; their walk was more decided than that of Wittemberg. "The martyrs allowed them elves to be put to death," said they, "rather than burn a grain of incense before the idols." Even some of the Protestants hearing that the *Veni Spiritus* was to be sung, said, wagging their heads: "We are very much afraid that the chariot of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, having been taken away by the Papists, the Holy Ghost, despite their Mass, will never reach Augsburg."[5] Neither these fears nor these objections were listened to.

On Monday, the 20th June, the Emperor and his brother, with the electors and princes of the Empire, having entered the cathedral, took their seats on the right side of the choir; on the left were placed the legate, the archbishops, and bishops: in the middle were the ambassadors. Without the choir, in a gallery that overlooked it, were ranged the Landgrave and other Protestants, who preferred being at a distance from the Host.[1] The Elector, bearing the sword, remained upright near the altar at the moment of the adoration.

The acolytes, having closed the gates of the choir immediately after,[2] Vincent Pompinello, archbishop of Salerno, preached the sermon. He commenced with the Turks and their ravages, and then, by an unexpected turn, began suddenly to exalt the Turks even above the Germans. "The Turks," said he, "have but one prince whom they obey; but the Germans have many who obey no one. The Turks live under one sole law, one only custom, one only religion; but among the Germans, there are some who are always wishing for new laws, new customs, new religions. They tear the seamless coat of Christ; they abolish by devilish inspirations the sacred doctrines established by unanimous consent, and substitute for them, alas! buffoonery and obscenity.[3] Magnanimous Emperor, powerful King! said he, turning towards Charles and his brother, "sharpen your swords, wield them against these perfidious disturbers of religion, and thus bring them back into the fold of the Church.[4] There is no peace for Germany so long as the sword shall not have entirely eradicated this heresy.[5] O St. Peter and St. Paul! I call upon you; upon you, St. Peter, in order that you may open the stony hearts of these princes with your keys; and upon you, St. Paul, that if they show themselves too rebellious, you may come with your sword, and cut in pieces this unexampled hardness!"

This discourse, intermingled with panegyrics of Aristides, Themistocles, Scipio, Cato, the Curtii and Scævola, being concluded, the Emperor and princes arose to make their offerings. Pappenheim returned the sword to the Elector, who had intrusted it to him; and the Grand-marshal, as well as the Margrave, went to the offertory, but with a smile, as it is reported.[6] This fact is but little in harmony with the character of these princes.

At length they quitted the cathedral. No one, except the friends of the nuncio, was pleased with the sermon. Even the Archbishop of Mentz was offended at it. "What does he mean," exclaimed he, "by calling on St. Paul to cut the Germans with his sword?" Nothing but a few inarticulate sounds had

[1] Magnum omnino periculum est. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 118.)

[2] Ea fides vivificabit et consolabitur vos, quia Magni Regis estis legati. (L. Epp. iv. p. 59.)

[3] Sarpi, Hist. Council of Trent, book i. p. 99.

[4] 2 Kings v. 18. Exemplo Naamanis. (Seck. ii. p. 167; Sarpi, p. 99.)

[5] Ne ablato Spiritus vehiculo, quod est verbum Dei, Spiritus Sanctus ad Augustam præ pedum imbecillitate pervenire non possit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 116.)

[1] Abstinendo ab adoratione hostiæ. (Seck. ii. p. 119.)

[2] Erant enim chori fores clausæ, nec quisquam orationi interfuit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 120.)

[3] Diabolica persuasione eliminant, et ad scurrilia ac impudica quæque deducunt. (Pallavicini, Hist. Trid. C. i. p. 23.)

[4] Exacuant gladios quos in perversos illos perturbatores. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 120.)

[5] Nisi eradicata funditus per gladium hæresi illa. (Ibid.)

[6] Protestantes etiam ad offerendum munuscula in altari, ut moris erat, accessisse, sed cum risu. (Spalat. Seck. ii. p. 167.)

been heard in the nave; the Protestants eagerly questioned those of their party who had been present in the choir. "The more these priests inflame people's minds, and the more they urge their princes to bloody wars," said Brenz at that time, "the more we must hinder ours from giving way to violence."[1] Thus spoke a minister of the Gospel of peace after the sermon of the priest of Rome.

After the Mass of the Holy Ghost, the Emperor entered his carriage,[2] and having reached the town-hall, where the sittings of the diet were to take place, he took his seat on a throne covered with cloth of gold, while his brother placed himself on a bench in front of him; then all around them were ranged the Electors, forty-two sovereign princes, the deputies from the cities, the bishops, and ambassadors, forming, indeed, that illustrious assembly which Luther, six weeks before, had imagined he saw sitting in the air.[3]

The Count-palatine read the imperial proposition. It referred to two points; the war against the Turks, and the religious controversy. "Sacrificing my private injuries and interests to the common good," said the Emperor, "I have quitted my hereditary kingdoms to pass, not without great danger, into Italy, and from thence to Germany. I have heard with sorrow of the divisions that have broken out here, and which, striking not only at the imperial majesty, but still more, at the commandments of Almighty God, must engender pillage, conflagration, war, and death."[4] At one o'clock the Emperor, accompanied by all the princes, returned to his palace.

On the same day the Elector gathered around him all his co-religionists, whom the Emperor's speech had greatly excited, and exhorted them not to be turned aside by any threats from a cause which was that of God himself.[5] All seemed penetrated with this expression of Scripture: "Speak the word, and it shall not stand; for God is with us."[6]

The Elector had a heavy burden to bear. Not only had he to walk at the head of the princes, but he had further to defend himself against the enervating influence of Melancthon. It is not an abstraction of the state which this prince presents to our notice throughout the whole of this affair: it is the most noble individuality. Early on Tuesday morning, feeling the necessity of that invisible strength which, according to a beautiful figure in the Holy Scriptures, causes us to ride upon the high places of the earth; and seeing, as was usual, his domestics, his councillors, and his son assembled around him, John begged them affectionately to withdraw.[1] He knew that it was only by kneeling humbly before God that he could stand with courage before Charles. Alone in his chamber, he opened and read the Psalms, then falling on his knees, he offered up the most fervent prayer to God;[2] next, wishing to confirm himself in the immovable fidelity that he had just vowed to the Lord, he went to his desk, and there committed his resolutions to writing. Dolzig and Melancthon afterwards saw these lines, and were filled with admiration as they read them.[3]

Being thus tempered anew in heavenly thoughts, John took up the imperial proposition, and meditated over it; then, having called in his son and the chancellor Bruck, and Melancthon shortly after, they all agreed that the deliberations of the diet ought to commence with the affairs of religion; and his allies, who were consulted, concurred in this advice.

The legate had conceived a plan diametrically opposed to this. He desired to stifle the religious question, and for this end required that the princes should examine it in a secret committee.[4] The Evangelical Christians entertained no doubt that if the truth was proclaimed in the great council of the nation, it would gain the victory; but the more they desired a public confession, the more it was dreaded by the Pope's friends. The latter wished to take their adversaries by silence, without confession, without discussion, as a city is taken by famine without fighting and without a storm: to gag the Reformation, and thus reduce it to powerlessness and death, were their tactics. To have silenced the preachers was not enough: the princes must be silenced also. They wished to shut up the Reformation as in a dungeon, and there leave it to die, thinking they would thus get rid of it more surely than by leading it to the scaffold.

This plan was well conceived: it now remained to be put in execution, and for that purpose it was necessary to persuade the Protestants that such a method would be the surest for them. The person selected for this intrigue was Alphonso Valdez, secretary to Charles V., a Spanish gentleman, a worthy individual, and who afterwards showed a leaning towards the Reformation. Policy often makes use of good men for the most perfidious designs. It was decided that Valdez should address the most timid of the Protestants—Melancthon.

On the 16th or 17th of June, immediately after the arrival of Charles, Valdez begged Melancthon to call on him. "The Span-

[1] Ut nostros principes ab importuna violentia retineamus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 120.)
[2] Imperator cum omnibus in curiam vectus est. (Sturm to Zw. Epp. ii. p. 430.)
[3] Ex volucrum monedularumque regno. (L. Epp. iv. p. 13.)
[4] Nicht anders dann zu Raub, Brandt, und Krieg. (F. Urkunden i. p. 307.)
[5] Cohortatus est ad intrepidam causæ Dei assentionem. (Seck. ii. p. 108.)
[6] Isaiah viii. 10.

[1] Mane remotis omnibus consiliariis et ministris. (Seck. ii. p. 169.)
[2] Precibus ardentissimis a Deo successum negotii petiisset. (Ibid.)
[3] Quæ cum admiratione legisse dicuntur. (Ibid.)
[4] Si acturi sunt secreto et inter sese, nulla publica disputatione vel audientia. (L. Epp. iv. p. 43.)

iards," said he, "imagine that the Lutherans teach impious doctrines on the Holy Trinity, on Jesus Christ, on the blessed Mother of God.[1] Accordingly, they think they do a more meritorious work in killing a Lutheran than in slaying a Turk."

"I know it," replied Melancthon, "and I have not yet been able to succeed in making your fellow-countrymen abandon that idea."

"But what, pray, do the Lutherans desire?"

"The Lutheran question is not so complicated and so unseemly as his majesty fancies. We do not attack the Catholic Church, as is commonly believed;[2] and the whole controversy is reducible to these three points. The two kinds in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the marriage of pastors, and the abolition of private masses. If we could agree on these articles, it would be easy to come to an understanding on the others."

"Well, I will report this to his majesty."

Charles V. was charmed at this communication. "Go," said he to Valdez, "and impart these things to the legate, and ask Master Philip to transmit to you in writing a short exposition of what they believe and what they deny."

Valdez hastened to Campeggio. "What you relate pleases me tolerably," said the latter. "As for the two kinds in the sacrament, and the marriage of priests, there will be means of accommodation;[3] but we cannot consent to the abolition of private masses." This would have been in fact cutting off one of the greatest revenues of the Church.

On Saturday, June 18, Valdez saw Melancthon again. "The Emperor begs of you a moderate and concise exposition," said he, "and he is persuaded that it will be more advantageous to treat of this matter briefly and privately,[4] avoiding all public hearing and all prolix discussion, which would only engender anger and division."—"Well," said Melancthon, "I will reflect upon it."

Melancthon was almost won over: a secret conference agreed better with his disposition. Had he not often repeated that peace should be sought after above all things? Thus everything induced the legate to hope that a public struggle would be avoided, and that he might be content, as it were, to send mutes against the Reform, and strangle it in a dungeon.[5]

Fortunately the Chancellor and the Elector Frederick did not think fit to entertain the propositions with which Charles had commissioned the worthy Valdez. The resolution of these lay members of the Church saved it from the false step its doctors were about to take; and the wiles of the Italians failed against Evangelical firmness. Melancthon was only permitted to lay the Confession before the Spaniard, that he might look into it, and in despite of the moderation employed in it, Valdez exclaimed: "These words are too bitter, and your adversaries will never put up with them!"[1] Thus finished the legate's manœuvre.

VI. Charles, compelled to resign himself to a public sitting, ordered on Wednesday, 22d June, that the Elector and his allies should have their Confession ready for the ensuing Friday. The Roman party were also invited to present a confession of faith; but they excused themselves, saying that they were satisfied with the Edict of Worms.

The Emperor's order took the Protestants by surprise, for the negotiations between Valdez and Melancthon had prevented the latter from putting the finishing stroke to the Confession. It was not copied out fair; and the conclusions, as well as the exordium, were not definitively drawn up. In consequence of this, the Protestants begged the Archbishop of Mentz to obtain for them the delay of a day; but their petition was refused.[2] They therefore laboured incessantly, even during the night, to correct and transcribe the Confession.

On Thursday, 23d June, all the Protestant princes, deputies, councillors, and theologians met early at the Elector's. The Confession was read in German, and all gave their adhesion to it, except the Landgrave and the Strasburgers, who required a change in the article on the sacrament.[3] The princes rejected their demand.

The Elector of Saxony was already preparing to sign, when Melancthon stopped him: he feared giving too political a colouring to this religious business. In his idea it was the Church that should appear, and not the State. "It is for the theologians and ministers to propose these things," said he;[4] "let us reserve for other matters the authority of the mighty ones of the earth."—"God forbid that you should exclude me," replied the Elector; "I am resolved to do what is right without troubling myself about my crown. I desire to confess the Lord. My electoral hat and my ermine are not so precious to me as the cross of Jesus Christ. I shall leave on earth these marks of my greatness; but my Master's cross will accompany me to heaven."

How resist such Christian language! Melancthon gave way.

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[1] Hispanis persuasum esse Lutheranos impie de Sanctissima Trinitate. (Ex relatione Spalati in Seck. ii. 165.)

[2] Non adeo per eos Ecclesiam Catholicam oppugnari, quam vulgo putaretur. (Ibid. 100.)

[3] Mit beider Gestalt sacraments oder des Plaffen und Mönch Ehe. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 123.)

[4] Die Sache in einer Enge und Stille vorzu nehmen. (Ibid.)

[5] Cœlestin. Hist. Comit. August. p. 193. Intelligo hoc τους αρχηγους moliri, ut omnino nihil agatur de negotiis ecclesiasticis. (Ibid. p. 57.)

[1] Ac plane putarit πικρότερον esse quam ut ferre possent adversarii (Ibid p. 140)

[2] Dasselbige abgeschlagen. (Corp. Ref. ii. p 127.)

[3] Argentinenses ambierunt aliquid ut excepto articulo sacramenti susciperentur. (Ibid. p. 155.)

[4] Non principum nomine edi sed decentium qui theologi vocantur. (Camer. p. 120.)

The Elector then approached, signed, and handed the pen to the Landgrave, who at first made some objections; however the enemy was at the door; was this the time for disunion? At last he signed, but with a declaration that the doctrines of the Eucharist did not please him.[1]

The Margrave and Luneburg having joyfully subscribed their names, Anhalt took the pen in his turn, and said, "I have tilted more than once to please others; now, if the honour of my Lord Jesus Christ requires it, I am ready to saddle my horse, to leave my goods and my life behind, and to rush into eternity, towards an everlasting crown." Then, having signed, this youthful prince said, turning to the theologians: "Rather renounce my subjects and my states, rather quit the country of my fathers, staff in hand, rather gain my bread by cleaning the shoes of the foreigner, than receive any other doctrine than that which is contained in this Confession."—Nuremberg and Reutlingen alone of the cities subscribed their signatures;[2] and all resolved on demanding of the Emperor that the Confession should be read publicly.[3]

The courage of the princes surprised every one. Rome had crushed the members of the Church, and had reduced them to a herd of slaves, whom she dragged silent and humiliated behind her: the Reformation enfranchised them, and with their rights it restored to them their duties. The priest no longer enjoyed the monopoly of religion; each head of a family again became priest in his own house, and all the members of the Church of God were thenceforward called to the rank of confessors. The laymen are nothing, or almost nothing, in the sect of Rome, but they are the essential portion of the Church of Jesus Christ. Wherever the priestly spirit is established, the Church dies; wherever laymen, as these Augsburg princes, understand their duty and their immediate dependence on Christ, the Church lives.

The Evangelical theologians were moved by the devotedness of the princes. "When I consider their firmness in the confession of the Gospel," said Brenz, "the colour mounts to my cheeks. What a disgrace that we, who are only beggars beside them, are so afraid of confessing Christ!"[4] Brenz was then thinking of certain towns, particularly of Halle, of which he was pastor, but no doubt also of the theologians.

The latter, in truth, without being deficient in devotedness, were sometimes wanting in courage. Melancthon was in constant agitation; he ran to and fro, slipping in everywhere, (says Cochlæus in his Philippics,) penetrating not only the houses and mansions of private persons, but also insinuating himself into the palaces of cardinals and princes, nay, even into the court of the Emperor; and, whether at table or in conversation, he spared no means of persuading every person, that nothing was more easy than to restore peace between the two parties.[1]

One day he was with the Archbishop of Salzburg, who in a long discourse gave an eloquent description of the troubles produced, as he said, by the Reformation, and ended with a peroration "written in blood," says Melancthon.[2] Philip in agony had ventured during the conversation to slip in the word Conscience. "Conscience!" hastily interrupted the archbishop, "Conscience!—What does that mean? I tell you plainly that the Emperor will not allow confusion to be thus brought upon the Empire."—"Had I been in Melancthon's place," said Luther, "I should have immediately replied to the archbishop: And our Emperor, ours, will not tolerate such blasphemy."—"Alas!" said Melancthon, "they are all as full of assurance as if there was no God."[3]

Another day Melancthon was with Campeggio, and conjured him to persevere in the moderate sentiments he appeared to entertain. And at another time, as it would seem, he was with the Emperor himself.[4] "Alas!" said the alarmed Zwinglians, "after having qualified one half of the Gospel, Melancthon is sacrificing the other."[5]

The wiles of the Ultramontanists were added to Philip's dejection, in order to arrest the courageous proceedings of the princes. Friday, 24th June, was the day fixed for reading the Confession, but measures were taken to prevent it. The sitting of the diet did not begin till three in the afternoon; the legate was then announced; Charles went to meet him as far as the top of the grand staircase, and Campeggio, taking his seat in front of the Emperor, in King Ferdinand's place, delivered a harangue in Ciceronian style. "Never," said he, "has St. Peter's bark been so violently tossed by so many waves, whirlwinds, and abysses.[6] The Holy Father has learnt these things with pain, and desires to drag the Church from these frightful gulfs. For the love of Jesus Christ, for the safety of your country and for your own, O mighty Prince! get rid of these errors, deliver Germany, and save Christendom!"

After a temperate reply from Albert of Mentz, the legate quitted the town-hall, and

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[1] Landgravius subscribit nobiscum, sed tamen dicit sibi, de sacramento, a nostris non satisfieri. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 155.)

[2] Confessioni tantum subscripserunt Nurembergæ et Reutlingen. (Ibid.)

[3] Decretum est ut publicæ recitandæ concessio ab Imperatore peteretur. (Seck. ii. p. 169.)

[4] Rubore suffundor non mediocri, quod nos, præ illis mendici, &c. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 125.)

[1] Cursitabat hinc inde, perreptans ac penetrans. (Cochl. Phil. 4, in Apol.)

[2] Addebat Epilogum plane sanguine scriptum. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 126.)

[3] Securi sunt quasi nullus sit Deus. (Ibid. p. 156.)

[4] Melancthon a Cæsare, Salisburgensi et Campegio vocatus est. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 473.)

[5] Ut cum mitigarit tam multa, cedat et reliqua. (Ibid.)

[6] Ne quæ unquam tam variis sectarum turbinibus navicula Petri fluctuaverit. (Seck. ii. p. 169.

the Evangelical princes stood up; but a fresh obstacle had been provided. Deputies from Austria, Carintha, and Carniola, first received a hearing.[1]

Much time had thus elapsed. The Evangelical princes, however, rose up again, and the Chancellor Bruck said: "It is pretended that new doctrines not based on Scripture, that heresies and schisms are spread among the people by us. Considering that such accusations compromise not only our own good name, but also the safety of our souls,[2] we beg his majesty would have the goodness to hear what are the doctrines we profess."

The Emperor, no doubt by arrangement with the legate, made reply that it was too late; besides, that this reading would be useless; and that the princes should be satisfied with putting in their confession in writing. Thus the mine, so skilfully prepared, worked admirably; the confession, once handed to the Emperor, would be thrown aside, and the Reformation would be forced to retire, without the Papists having even condescended to hear it, without defence, and overwhelmed with contumely.

The Protestant princes, uneasy, and agitated, insisted. "Our honour is at stake," said they; our souls are endangered.[3] We are accused publicly; publicly we ought to answer." Charles was shaken; Ferdinand leant towards him, and whispered a few words in his ear:[4] the Emperor refused a second time.

Upon this, the Elector and princes, in still greater alarm, said for the third time with emotion and earnestness:[5] "For the love of God, let us read our Confession! No person is insulted in it." Thus were seen, on the one hand, a few faithful men, desiring with loud cries to confess their faith; and on the other, the great Emperor of the West, surrounded by a crowd of cardinals, prelates, and princes, endeavouring to stifle the manifestation of the truth.[6] It was a serious, violent, and decisive struggle, in which the holiest interests were discussed!

At last Charles appeared to yield: "His majesty grants your request," was the reply to the princes; but, as it is now too late, he begs you to transmit him your written Confession, and to-morrow, at two o'clock, the diet will be prepared to hear it read at the Palatine Palace."

The princes were struck with these words, which, seeming to grant them every thing, in reality granted nothing. In the first place, it was not in a public sitting at the town-hall, but privately in his own palace, that the Emperor was willing to hear them; then they had no doubt, that if the Confession left their hands, it was all over with the public reading. They, therefore, remained firm. "The work has been done in great haste," said they, and it was the truth; "pray leave it with us to-night, that we may revise it." The Emperor was obliged to yield, and the Protestants returned to their hotels full of joy; while the legate and his friends, perceiving that the Confession was inevitable, saw the morrow approach with anxiety continually increasing.

Among those who prepared to confess the Evangelical truth, was one, however, whose heart was filled with sadness:—it was Melancthon. Placed between two fires, he saw the Reformed, and many even of his own friends, reproach his weakness; while the opposite party detested what they called his hypocrisy. His friend Camerarius, who visited Augsburg about this time, often found him plunged in thought, uttering deep sighs, and shedding bitter tears.[2] Brenz, moved with compassion, coming to the unhappy Philip, would sit down by his side and weep with him;[3] and Jonas, endeavouring to console him in another manner, exhorted him to take the Book of Psalms, and cry to God with all his heart, making use of David's words rather than of his own.

One day intelligence arrived which formed a general topic of conversation in Augsburg, and which, spreading terror among the partisans of the Pope, gave a momentary relief to Melancthon. It was said, that a mule in Rome had given birth to a colt with a crane's feet. "This prodigy," said Melancthon thoughtfully, "announces that Rome is near its end;"[4] perhaps because the crane is a bird of passage, and that the Pope's mule thus gave signs of departure. Melancthon had immediately written to Luther, who replied that he was exceedingly rejoiced that God had given the Pope so striking a sign of his approaching fall.[5] It is good to call to memory these puerilities of the age of the Reformers, that we may better understand the high range of these men of God in matters of faith.

These idle Roman stories did not long console Melancthon. On the eve of the 25th June, he was present in imagination at the reading of that Confession which he had drawn up, which was about to be proclaimed before the world, and in which one word too

[1] Oratio valde lugubris et miserabilis contra Turcas. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 154.)
[2] Verum etiam ad animæ dispendium aut salutem æternam. (Seck. ii. p. 189.)
[3] Ihre Seele. Ehre und Glimpf belanget. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 128.)
[4] Viderant enim eum subinde aliquid illi in aurem insusurrare. (Seck. ii. p. 169.)
[5] Zum dritten mal heftig angehalten. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 128.)
[6] Circumsistebant Cæsarem magno numero cardinales et prælati ecclesiastici. (Seck. ii. p. 169.)

[1] Non quidem publice in prætorio, sed privatim in palatio suo. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 124.)
[2] Non modo suspirantem sed profundentem lacrymas conspexi. (Camer. p. 121.)
[3] Brentius assidebat hæc scribenti, una lacrymans. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 126.)
[4] Romæ quædam mula peperit, et partus habuit pedes gruis. Vides significari exitium Romæ per schismata (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 126.)
[5] Gaudeo Papæ signum datum in mula puerpera, ut citius pereat. (L. Epp. iv. p. 4.)

many or too few, might decide on the approbation or the hatred of the princes, on the safety or ruin of the Reformation, and of the Empire. He could bear up no longer, and the feeble Atlas, crushed under the burden of the world upon his shoulders, gave utterance to a cry of anguish. "All my time here is spent in tears and mourning," wrote he to Vitus Diedrich, Luther's secretary in the castle of Coburg;[1] and on the morrow he wrote to Luther himself: "My dwelling is in perpetual tears.[2] My consternation is indescribable.[3] O my father! I do not wish my words to exaggerate my sorrows; but, without your consolations, it is impossible for me to enjoy here the least peace."

Nothing, in fact presented so strong a contrast to the distrust and desolations of Melancthon, as the faith, calmness, and exultation of Luther. It was of advantage to him that he was not then in the midst of the Augsburg vortex, and to be able from his stronghold to set his foot with tranquillity upon the rock of God's promises. He was sensible himself of the value of this peaceful hermitage, as he called it. "I cannot sufficiently admire," said Vitus Diedrich, "the firmness, cheerfulness, and faith of this man, so astonishing in such cruel times."

Luther, besides his constant reading of the Word of God,[5] did not pass a day without devoting three hours, at least, to prayer, and they were hours selected from those the most favourable to study.[6] One day, as Diedrich approached the Reformer's chamber, he heard his voice,[7] and remained motionless, holding his breath, a few steps from the door. Luther was praying, and his prayer (said the secretary) was full of adoration, fear, and hope, as when one speaks to a friend or to a father.[8] "I know that thou art our Father and our God," said the Reformer, alone in his chamber, "and that thou wilt scatter the persecutors of thy children, for thou art thyself endangered with us. All this matter is thine, and it is only by thy constraint that we have put our hands to it. Defend us, then, O Father!" The secretary, motionless as a statue, in the long gallery of the castle, lost not one of the words that the clear and resounding voice of Luther bore to his ears.[9] The Reformer was earnest with God, and called upon him with so much unction to accomplish his promises, that Diedrich felt his heart glow within him.[1] "Oh!" exclaimed he, as he retired, "How could not these prayers but prevail in the desperate struggle at Augsburg!"

Luther might also have allowed himself to be overcome with fear, for he was left in complete ignorance of what was taking place in the diet. A Wittemberg messenger, who should have brought him forests of letters, (according to his own expression,) having presented himself: "Do you bring any letters?" asked Luther. "No!" "How are those gentlemen?" "Well!" Luther, grieved at such silence, returned and shut himself up in his chamber.

Ere long there appeared a courier on horseback carrying despatches from the Elector to Torgau. "Do you bring me any letters?" asked Luther. "No!" "How are those gentlemen?" continued he fearfully. "Well!" "This is strange," thought the Reformer. A waggon having left Coburg laden with flour, (for they were almost in want of provisions at Augsburg,) Luther impatiently awaited the return of the waggoner; but he returned empty. Luther then began to revolve the gloomiest thoughts in his mind, not doubting that they were concealing some misfortune from him.[2] At last another individual, Jobst Nymptzen, having arrived from Augsburg, Luther rushed anew towards him, with his usual question. "Do you bring me any letters?" He waited trembling for the reply. "No." "And how then are those gentlemen?" "Well!" The Reformer withdrew, a prey to anger and to fear.

Then Luther opened his Bible, and to console himself for the silence of men, he conversed with God. There were some passages of Scripture in particular that he read continually. We point them out below.[3] He did more: he wrote with his own hand many declarations of Scripture over the doors and windows, and on the walls of the castle. In one place were these words from the 118th Psalm: *I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.* In another, those of the 12th chapter of Proverbs: *The way of the wicked seduceth them;* and over his bed, these words from the 4th Psalm: *I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for thou, O Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.* Never perhaps did man so environ himself with the promises of the Lord, or so dwell in the at-

[1] Hic consumitur omne mihi tempus in lacrymis et luctu. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 126.)

[2] Versamur hic in miserrimis curis et plane perpetuis lacrymis. (Ibid. p. 140.)

[3] Mira consternatio animorum nostrorum. (Ibid.)

[4] Ex eremo taci a. (L. Epp. iv. p. 51.) It is thus he dates his letter.

[5] Assidue autem illa diligentiore verbi Dei tractatione alit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 159.)

[6] Nullus abit dies, quin ut minimum tres horas easque studiis optimas in orationibus ponat. (Ibid.)

[7] Semel mihi contigit ut orantem eum audirem. Ibid.)

[8] Tanta spe et fide ut cum patre et amico colloqui sentiat. (Ibid.)

[9] Tum orantem clara voce, procul stans, audivi. (Ibid.)

[1] Ardebat mihi quoque animus singulari quodam impetu. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 159.)

[2] Hic cœpi cogitare tristia, suspirans, vos aliquid mali me celare velle. (L Epp. iv p. 60.)

[3] 2 Tim. iii. 12; Philip. ii 12, 13; John x. 17, 18; Matth. xvi. 18; Psalm xlvi 1, 2; 1 John iv. 4; Psalm lv. 23; xxvii. 14; John xvi. 33; Luke xvii. 5; Psalm xxxii. 11; cxlv. 18. 19; xci. 14, 15; Sirach. ii. 11; 1 Maccab. ii. 61; Matth. vi. 31; 1 Peter v. 6. 7; Matth. x. 28; Rom. iv and vi.; Heb. v. and xi.; 1 Sam. iv. 18; xxxi. 4-8; ii. 30; 2 Tim. ii. 17, 18, 19; i. 12; Eph. iii. 20, 21. Among these passages will be observed two verses taken from the Apocrypha, but whose equivalents might easily be found in the Word of God.

mosphere of his Word and live by his breath, as Luther at Coburg.

At length letters came. "If the times in which we live were not opposed to it, I should have imagined some revenge," wrote Luther to Jonas; "but prayer checked my anger, and anger checked my prayer.[1] I am delighted at that tranquil mind which God gives our prince. As for Melancthon, it is his philosophy that tortures him, and nothing else. For our cause is in the very hands of Him who can say with unutterable pride: *No one shall pluck it out of my hands.* I would not have it in our hands, and it would not be desirable that it were so.[2] I have had many things in my hands, and I have lost them all: but whatever I have been able to place in God's, I still possess."

On learning that Melancthon's anguish still continued, Luther wrote to him: and these are words that should be preserved.

"Grace and peace in Christ! in Christ, I say, and not in the world, Amen. I hate with exceeding hatred those extreme cares which consume you. If the cause is unjust, abandon it; if the cause is just, why should we belie the promises of Him who commands us to sleep without fear? Can the devil do more than kill us? Christ will not be wanting to the work of justice and of truth. He lives; he reigns; what fear, then, can we have? God is powerful to upraise his cause if it is overthrown, to make it proceed if it remains motionless, and if we are not worthy of it, he will do it by others.

"I have received your Apology,[3] and I cannot understand what you mean, when you ask what we must concede to the Papists. We have already conceded too much. Night and day I meditate on this affair, turning it over and over, perusing all Scripture, and the certainty of the truth of our doctrine continually increases in my mind. With the help of God, I will not permit a single letter of all that we have said to be torn from us.

"The issue of this affair torments you, because you cannot understand it. But if you could, I would not have the least share in it. God has put it in a 'common place,' that you will not find either in your rhetoric or in your philosophy: that place is called Faith.[4] It is that in which subsist all things that we can neither understand nor see. Whoever wishes to touch them, as you do, will have tears for his sole reward.

"If Christ is not with us, where is he in the whole universe? If we are not the Church, where, I pray, is the Church? Is it the Dukes of Bavaria, is it Ferdinand, is it the Pope, is it the Turk, who is the Church? If we have not the Word, who is it that possesses it?

"Only we must have faith, lest the cause of faith should be found to be without faith.[1]

"If we fall, Christ falls with us, that is to say, the Master of the world. I would rather fall with Christ, than remain standing with Cæsar."

Thus wrote Luther. The faith which animated him flowed from him like torrents of living water. He was indefatigable; in a single day he wrote to Melancthon, Spalatin, Brenz, Agricola, and John Frederick, and they were letters full of life. He was not alone in praying, speaking, and believing. At the same moment, the Evangelical Christians exhorted one another every where to prayer.[2] Such was the arsenal in which the weapons were forged that the confessors of Christ wielded before the Diet of Augsburg.

VII. At length the 25th June arrived. This was destined to be the greatest day of the Reformation, and one of the most glorious in the history of Christianity and of mankind.

As the chapel of the Palatine Palace, where the Emperor had resolved to hear the Confession, could contain only about two hundred persons,[3] before three o'clock a great crowd was to be seen surrounding the building and thronging the court, hoping by this means to catch a few words; and many having gained entrance to the chapel, all were turned out except those who were not, at the least, councillors to the princes.

Charles took his seat on the throne. The Electors or their representatives were on his right and left hand; after them the other princes and states of the Empire. The legate had refused to appear in this solemnity, lest he should seem by his presence to authorize the reading of the Confession.[4]

Then stood up John Elector of Saxony, with his son John Frederick, Philip Landgrave of Hesse, the Margrave George of Brandenburg, Wolfgang Prince of Anhalt, Ernest Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, and his brother Francis, and last of all the deputies of Nuremberg and Reutlingen. Their air was animated and their features radiant with joy.[5] The apologies of the early Christians, of Tertullian and Justin Martyr, hardly reached in writing the sovereigns to whom they were addressed. But now, to hear the new apology of resuscitated Christianity, behold that puissant Emperor, whose sceptre, stretching far beyond the columns of Hercules, reaches the utmost limits of the world, his brother the King of the Romans, with

[1] Sed orandi tempus non sinebat irasci, et ira non sinebat orare. (L. Epp. iv. p. 46.)

[2] Nec vellem, nec consultum esset, in nostra manu esse. (Ibid.)

[3] The Confession revised and corrected.

[4] Deus posuit eam in *locum* quendam *communem*, quem in tua rhetorica non habes nec in philosophia tua; is vocatur *fides*. (L. Epp. iv. p. 53.)

[1] Tantum est opus fide, ne causa fidei sit sine fide. (Ibid. p. 61.)

[2] Wittembergæ scribunt, tam diligenter ibi Ecclesiam orare. (Ibid. p. 69.)

[3] Capiebat forsan ducentos. (Jonas, Corp. Ref. ii. p. 157.)

[4] Sarpi, Hist. Council Trent, i. p. 101.

[5] Læto et alacri animo et vultu. (Scultet. i. p. 273.)

electors, princes, prelates, deputies, ambassadors, all of whom desire to destroy the Gospel, but who are constrained by an invisible power to listen, and, by that very listening, to honour the Confession!

One thought was involuntarily present in the minds of the spectators,—the recollection of the Diet of Worms.[1] Only nine years before, a poor monk stood alone for this same cause in a hall of the town-house at Worms, in presence of the Empire. And now in his stead, behold the foremost of the Electors, behold princes and cities! What a victory is declared by this simple fact! No doubt Charles himself cannot escape from this recollection.

The Emperor, seeing the Protestants stand up, motioned them to sit down; and then the two chancellors of the Elector, Bruck and Bayer, advanced to the middle of the chapel, and stood before the throne, holding in their hands, the former the Latin, and the other the German copy of the Confession. The Emperor required the Latin copy to be read.[2] "We are Germans," said the Elector of Saxony, "and on German soil; I hope therefore your majesty will allow us to speak German." If the Confession had been read in Latin, a language unknown to most of the princes, the general effect would have been lost. This was another means of shutting the mouth of the Gospel. The Emperor complied with the Elector's demand.

Bayer then began to read the Evangelical Confession, slowly, seriously, distinctly, with a clear, strong, and sonorous voice, which re-echoed under the arched roof of the chapel, and carried even to the outside this great testimony paid to the truth.[3]

"Most serene, most mighty, and invincible Emperor and most gracious Lord," said he, "we who appear in your presence, declare ourselves ready to confer amicably with you on the fittest means of restoring one sole, true, and same faith, since it is for one sole and same Christ that we fight.[4] And in case that these religious dissensions cannot be settled amicably, we then offer to your majesty to explain our cause in a general, free, and Christian council."[5]

This prologue being ended, Bayer confessed the Holy Trinity, conformably with the Nicene Council,[6] original and hereditary sin, "which bringeth eternal death to all who are not regenerated,"[7] and the incarnation of the Son, "very God and very man."[1]

"We teach moreover," continued he, "that we cannot be justified before God by our own strength, our merits, and our works; but that we are justified by Christ through grace, through the means of faith,[2] when we believe that our sins are forgiven in virtue of Christ, who by his death has made satisfaction for our sins: this faith is the righteousness that God imputes to the sinner.

"But we teach, at the same time, that this faith ought to bear good fruits, and that we must do all the good works commanded by God, for the love of God, and not by their means to gain the grace of God."

The Protestants next declared their faith in the Christian Church, "which is," said they, "the assembly of all true believers and all the saints,"[3] in the midst of whom there are, nevertheless, in this life, many false Christians, hypocrites even, and manifest sinners; and they added, "that it was sufficient for the real unity of the Church that they were agreed on the doctrine of the Gospel and the administration of the sacraments, without the rites and ceremonies instituted by men being everywhere the same."[4] They proclaimed the necessity of baptism, and declared "that the body and blood of Christ are really present and administered in the Lord's Supper to those who partake of it."[5]

The Chancellor then successively confessed the faith of the Evangelical Christians, touching confession, penance, the nature of the sacraments, the government of the Church, ecclesiastical ordinances, political government, and the last judgment. "As regards Free-will," continued he, "we confess that man's will has a certain liberty of accomplishing civil justice, and of loving the things that reason comprehends; that man can do the good that is within the sphere of nature—plough his fields, eat, drink, have a friend, put on a coat, build a house, take a wife, feed cattle, exercise a calling; as also he can, of his own movement, do evil, kneel before an idol, and commit murder. But we maintain that without the Holy Ghost he cannot do what is righteous in the sight of God."

Then, returning to the grand doctrine of the Reformation, and recalling to mind that the doctors of the Pope "have never ceased impelling the faithful to puerile and useless works, as the custom of chaplets, invocations of saints, monastic vows, processions,

[1] Ante decennium in conventu Wormatensi. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 153.)

[2] Cæsar Latinum prelegi volebat. (Seck. ii. p. 170.)

[3] Qui clare, distincte, tarde et voce adeo grandi et sonora eam pronunciavit. (Scultet. p. 276.)

[4] Ad unam veram concordem religionem, sicut omnes sub uno Christo sumus et militamus. (Confessio. Præfatio. Urkunden. i. p. 474.)

[5] Causam dicturos in tali generali, libero, et Christiano concilio. (Ibid. p. 479.)

[6] Et tamen tres sunt personæ ejusdem essentiæ. (Ibid. p 682.)

[7] Vitium originis, afferens æternam mortem his qui non renascuntur. (Confessio, Præfatio. Urkunden, i. p. 483.)

[1] Unus Christus, vere Deus, et vere homo. (Ibid.)

[2] Quod homines non possint justificari coram Deo, propriis viribus, meritis, aut operibus, sed gratis, propter Christum, per fidem. (Ibid. p. 484.)

[3] Congregatio sanctorum et vere credentium. (Ibid. p. 487.)

[4] Ad veram unitatem Ecclesiæ, satis est consentire de doctrina Evangelii et administratione sacramentorum, nec necesse est, &c. (Ibid. p. 486.)

[5] Quod corpus et sanguis Christi, vere adsint et distribuantur vescentibus in cœna Domini. (Urkund. i. p. 488.)

fasts, feast-days, brotherhoods," the Protestants added, that as for themselves, while urging the practice of truly Christian works, of which little had been said before their time,[1] "they taught that man is justified by faith alone; not by that faith which is a simple knowledge of the history, and which wicked men, and even devils possess, but by a faith which believes not only the history, but also the effect of the history;[2] which believes that through Christ we obtain grace; which sees that in Christ we have a merciful Father; which knows this God; which calls upon him; in a word, which is not without God as the heathen are."

"Such," said Bayer, "is a summary of the doctrine professed in our Churches, by which it may be seen that this doctrine is by no means opposed to Scripture, to the universal Church, nor even to the Romish Church, such as the doctors describe it to us;[3] and since it is so, to reject us as heretics is an offence against unity and charity."

Here terminated the first part of the Confession, the aim of which was to explain the Evangelical doctrine. The Chanceller read with so distinct a voice, that the crowd which was unable to enter the hall, and which filled the court and all the approaches of the episcopal palace, did not lose a word.[4] This reading produced the most marvellous effect on the princes who thronged the chapel. Jonas watched every change in their countenances,[5] and there beheld interest, astonishment, and even approbation depicted by turns. "The adversaries imagine they have done a wonderful thing, by forbidding the preaching of the Gospel," wrote Luther to the Elector; "and they do not see, poor creatures! that by the reading of the Confession in the presence of the diet, there has been more preaching than in the sermons of ten preachers. Exquisite subtlety! admirable expedient! Master Agricola and the other ministers are reduced to silence; but in their place appear the Elector of Saxony, and the other princes and lords, who preach before his imperial majesty, and the members of the whole Empire, freely, to their beard, and before their noses. Yes, Christ is in the diet, and he does not keep silence: *the word of God cannot be bound.* They forbid it in the pulpit, and are forced to hear it in the palace; poor ministers cannot announce it, and great princes proclaim it; the servants are forbidden to listen to it, and their masters are compelled to hear it; they will have nothing to do with it during the whole course of the diet, and they are forced to submit to hear more in one day than is heard ordinarily in a whole year. . . . . When all else is silent, the very stones cry out, as says our Lord Jesus Christ."[1]

That part of the Confession destined to point out errors and abuses still remained. Bayer continued: he explained and demonstrated the doctrine of the two kinds; he attacked the compulsory celibacy of priests, maintained that the Lord's Supper had been changed into a regular fair, in which it was merely a question of buying and selling, and that it had been re-established in its primitive purity by the Reformation, and was celebrated in the Evangelical churches with entirely new devotion and gravity. He declared that the Sacrament was administered to no one who had not first made confession of his faults, and he quoted this expression of Chrysostom: Confess thyself to God the Lord, thy real Judge; tell thy sin, not with the tongue, but in thy conscience and in thy heart."

Bayer next came to the precepts on the distinction of meats and other Roman usages. "Celebrate such a festival," said he; "repeat such a prayer, or keep such a fast; be dressed in such a manner, and so many other ordinances of men—this is what is now styled a spiritual and Christian life; while the good works prescribed by God, as those of a father of a family who toils to support his wife, his sons, and his daughters—of a mother who brings children into the world, and takes care of them—of a prince or of a magistrate who governs his subjects, are looked upon as secular things, and of an imperfect nature." As for monastic vows in particular, he represented that, as the Pope could give a dispensation from them, those vows ought therefore to be abolished.

The last article of the Confession treated of the authority of the bishops: powerful princes crowned with the episcopal mitre were there; the Archbishops of Mentz, Cologne, Salzburgh, and Bremen; the Bishops of Bamberg, Wurzburg, Eichstadt, Worms, Spire, Strasburg, Augsburg, Constance, Coire, Passau, Liege, Trent, Brixen, and of Lebus and Ratzburg, fixed their eyes on the humble confessor. He fearlessly continued, and energetically protesting against that confusion of Church and State which had characterized the Middle Ages, he called for the distinction and independence of the two societies.

"Many," said he, "have unskilfully confounded the episcopal and the temporal power; and from this confusion have resulted great wars, revolts, and seditions.[2] It is for this

[1] De quibus rebus olim parum docebant concionatores; tantum puerilia et non necessaria opera urgebant. (F. Urkund. i. p. 495.)

[2] Non tantum historiæ notitiam, sed fidem quæ credit non tantum historiam, sed etiam effectum historiæ. (Ibid. p. 498.)

[3] Nihil inesse quod discrepat a Scripturis vel ab Ecclesia Catholica, vel ab Ecclesia Romana, quatenus ex Scriptoribus nota est. (Ibid. p. 501.)

[4] Verum etiam in area inferiori et vicinis locis exaudiri potuerit. (Scultet. p. 274.)

[5] Jonas scribit vidisse se vultus omnium de quo mihi spondet narrationem coram. (L. Epp. iv. p. 71.)

[1] L. Epp. iv. p. 82.

[2] Nonnulli incommode commiscuerunt potestatem ecclesiasticum et potestatem gladii; et ex hac confusione, &c.—(Urkunden. Confes. Augs. i. p. 539.)

reason, and to reassure men's consciences, that we find ourselves constrained to establish the difference which exists between the power of the Church and the power of the sword.[1]

"We therefore teach that the power of the keys or of the bishops is, conformably with the Word of the Lord, a commandment emanating from God, to preach the Gospel, to remit or retain sins, and to administer the Sacraments. This power has reference only to eternal goods, is exercised only by the minister of the Word, and does not trouble itself with political administration. The political administration, on the other hand, is busied with everything else but the Gospel. The magistrate protects, not souls, but bodies and temporal possessions. He defends them against all attacks from without, and, by making use of the sword and of punishment, compels men to observe civil justice and peace.[2]

"For this reason we must take particular care not to mingle the power of the Church with the power of the State.[3] The power of the Church ought never to invade an office that is foreign to it; for Christ himself said: *My kingdom is not of this world.* And again: *Who made me a judge over you?* St. Paul said to the Philippians: *Our citizenship is in heaven.*[4] And to the Corinthians: *The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God.*

"It is thus that we distinguish the two governments and the two powers, and that we honour both as the most excellent gifts that God has given here on earth.

"The duty of the bishops is therefore to preach the Gospel, to forgive sins, to exclude from the Christian Church all who rebel against the Lord, but without human power, and solely by the Word of God.[5] If the bishops act thus, the churches ought to be obedient to them according to this declaration of Christ: *Whoever heareth you, heareth me.*

"But if the bishops teach anything that is contrary to the Gospel, then the churches have an order from God which forbids them to obey (Matt. vii. 15; Galatians i. 8; 2 Cor. xiii. 8, 10.) And St. Augustin himself, in his letter against Pertilian, writes: 'We must not obey the catholic bishops, if they go astray, and teach anything contrary to the canoncial Scriptures of God.'"[6]

After some remarks on the ordinances and traditions of the Church, Bayer came to the epilogue of the Confession.

"It is not from hatred that we have spoken," added he, "nor to insult any one; but we have explained the doctrines that we maintain to be essential, in order that it may be understood that we admit of neither dogma nor ceremony which is contrary to the Holy Scriptures, and to the usage of the universal Church."

Bayer then ceased to read. He had spoken for two hours: the silence and serious attention of the assembly were not once disturbed.[1]

This Confession of Augsburg will ever remain one of the masterpieces of the human mind enlightened by the Spirit of God.

The language that had been adopted, while it was perfectly natural, was the result of a profound study of character. These princes, these warriors, these politicians who were sitting in the Palatine Palace, entirely ignorant as they were of divinity, easily understood the Protestant doctrine; for it was not explained to them in the style of the schools, but in that of every-day life, and with a simplicity and clearness that rendered all misunderstanding impossible.

At the same time the power of argumentation was so much the more remarkable, as it was the more concealed. At one time Melancthon (for it was really he who spoke through the mouth of Bayer) was content to quote a single passage of Scripture or of the Fathers in favour of the doctrine he maintained; and at another he proved his thesis so much the more strongly, that he appeared only to be declaring it. With a single stroke he pointed out the sad consequences that would follow the rejection of the faith he professed, or with one word showed its importance for the prosperity of the Church; so that while listening to him, the most violent enemies were obliged to acknowledge to themselves that there was really something to say in favour of the new sect.

To this force of reasoning the Apology added a prudence no less remarkable. Melancthon, while declining with firmness the errors attributed to his party, did not even appear to feel the injustice of these erroneous imputations; and while pointing out those of Popery, he did not say expressly they were those of his adversaries; thus carefully avoiding every thing that might irritate their minds. In this he showed himself wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove.

But the most admirable thing of all is the fidelity with which the Confession explains the doctrines most essential to salvation. Rome is accustomed to represent the Reformers as the creators of the Protestant doctrines; but it is not in the sixteenth century that we must look for the days of that creation. A

[1] Coacti sunt ostendere discrimen ecclesiasticæ potestatis et potestatis gladii. (Urkunden. Confes. Augs. i. p 539.)

[2] Politica administratio versatur enim circa alias res quam Evangelium; magistratus defendit non mentes sed corpora——et coercet homines gladio. (Ibid. p. 541.)

[3] Non igitur commiscendæ sunt potestates ecclesiasticæ et civilis. (Ibid.)

[4] Greek, πολιτευμα. (Philip. iii. 20. Scott and Henry Comment.)

[5] Excludere a communione Ecclesiæ, sine vi humana sed verbo. (Urkund. Confess. Augs. i. p 544.)

[6] Nec catholicis episcopis consentiendum est, sicuti forte falluntur, aut contra canonicas Dei scripturas aliquid sentiunt. (Ibid.)

[1] Mit grosser Stille und Ernst. (Brüch's Apologie, p. 59.)

bright track of light, of which Wickliffe and Augustin mark the most salient points, carries us back to the Apostolic age: it was then that shone in all their brilliancy the creative days of Evangelical truth. Yet it is true (and if this is what Rome means, we fully concur in the idea) never since the time of St. Paul had the Christian doctrine appeared with so much beauty, depth, and life, as in the days of the Reformation.

Among all these doctrines, that of the Church, which had been so long disfigured, appeared at this time in all its native purity. With what wisdom, in particular, the confessors of Augsburg protest against that confusion of religion and politics which since the deplorable epoch of Constantine, had changed the kingdom of God into an earthly and carnal institution! Undoubtedly what the Confession stigmatizes with the greatest energy is the intrusion of the Church into the affairs of the State, but can it be thought that it was to approve the intrusion of the State in Church affairs? The evil of the Middle Ages was the having enslaved the State to the Church, and the confessors of Augsburg rose like one man, to combat it. The evil of the three centuries which have passed away since then, is to have subjected the Church to the State; and we may believe that Luther and Melancthon would have found against this disorder thunders no less powerful. What they attack in a general sense, is the confusion of the two societies; what they demand, is their independence, I do not say their separation. If the Augsburg confessors were unwilling that things from above should monopolize those of the earth, they would have been still less willing for things of earth to oppress those from heaven.

There is a particular application of this principle, which the Confession points out. It wills the bishops should reprimand those who obey wickedness, "but without human power, and solely by the Word of God." It, therefore, rejects the use of the sword in the chastisement of heretics. This, we see, is a primitive principle, fundamental and essential to the Reformation, as the contrary doctrine is a primitive principle, fundamental and essential to the Papacy. If, among Protestants, we find some writing, or even some example opposed to this, it is but an isolated fact, which cannot invalidate the official principles of the Reform—it is one of those exceptions which always serve to confirm the rule.

Finally, the Augsburg Confession does not usurp the rights of the Word of God; it desires to be its handmaid and not its rival; it does not found, it does not regulate the faith, but simply professes it. "Our churches teach," it says; and it will be remembered, that Luther considered it only as a sermon preached by princes and kings. Had it desired more, it has since been maintained, by that very circumstance it would have been nullified.

Was, however, the Confession able to follow, in all things, the exact path of truth? We may be permitted to doubt it.

It professes not to separate from the teaching of the Catholic Church, and even from that of the Romish Church—by which is no doubt signified the ancient Roman Church—and rejects the popish particularism which, for about eight centuries, imprisoned men's consciences. The Confession, however, seems overlaid with superstitious fears when there is any question of deviating from the views entertained by some of the Fathers of the Church, of breaking the toils of the hierarchy, and of acting, as regards Rome, without blamable forbearance. This, at least, is what its author, Melancthon, professes. "We do not put forward any dogma," said he, "which is not founded on the Gospel, or on the teachings of the Catholic Church; we are prepared to concede everything that is necessary for the episcopal dignity;[1] and, provided that the bishops do not condemn the Gospel, we preserve all the rites that appear indifferent to us. In a word, there is no burden that we reject, if we can bear it without guilt."[2]

Many will think, no doubt, that a little more independence would have been proper in this matter, and that it would have been better to have passed over the ages that have followed the times of the apostles, and have frankly put in practice the grand principle which the Reformation had proclaimed: "There is for articles of faith no other foundation than the Word of God."[3]

Melancthon's moderation has been admired; and, in truth, while pointing out the abuses of Rome, he was silent on what is most revolting in them, on their disgraceful origin, their scandalous consequences, and is content to show that they are in contradiction to the Scripture. But he does more; he is silent on the divine right of the Pope, on the number of the sacraments, and on other points besides. His great business is to justify the renovated, and not to attack the deformed, Church. "Peace, peace!" was his cry. But if, instead of all this circumspection, the Reformation had advanced with courage, had wholly unveiled the Word of God, and had made an energetic appeal to the sympathies of reform then spread in men's hearts, would it not have taken a stronger and more honourable position, and would it not have secured more extensive conquests?

The interest that Charles the Fifth showed in listening to the Confession seems doubtful. According to some, he endeavoured to understand that foreign language;[4] according to others, he fell asleep.[5] It is easy to reconcile these contradictory testimonies.

When the reading was finished, Chancellor

[1] Concessuros omnia quæ ad dignitatem Episcoporum stabiliendam pertinent. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 431.)

[2] Nullum detractavimus onus, quod sine scelere suspici posset. (Ibid.)

[3] *Solum verbum Dei condit articulos fidei.*

[4] Satis attentus erat Cæsar. (Jonas in Corp. Ref. ii. p. 184.)

[5] Cum nostra confessio legeretur, obdormivit. (Brentius in Corp. Ref. ii. p. 245.)

Bruck, with the two copies in his hand, advanced towards the Emperor's secretary, and presented them to him. Charles the Fifth, who was wide awake at this moment, himself took the two Confessions, handed the German copy, considered as official, to the Elector of Mentz, and kept the Latin one for himself.[1] He then made reply to the Elector of Saxony and to his allies, that he had graciously heard their confession;[2] but, as this affair was one of extreme importance, he required time to deliberate upon it.

The joy with which the Protestants were filled shone in their eyes.[3] God had been with them; and they saw that the striking act which had so recently been accomplished, imposed on them the obligation of confessing the truth with immovable perseverance. "I thrill with joy," wrote Luther, "that my life was cast in an epoch in which Christ is publicly exalted by such illustrious confessors, and in so glorious an assembly."[4] The whole Evangelical Church, excited and renovated by this public confession of its representatives, was then more intimately united to its Divine Chief, and baptized with a new baptism. "Since the apostolic age," said they, (these are the words of a contemporary,) "there has never been a greater work or a more magnificent confession."[5]

The Emperor, having descended from the throne, approached the Protestant princes, and begged them in a low tone not to publish the Confession;[6] they acceded to his request, and every one withdrew.

VIII. The Romanists had expected nothing like this. Instead of a hateful controversy, they had heard a striking confession of Jesus Christ; the most hostile minds were, consequently, disarmed. "We would not for a great deal," was the remark on every side, "have missed being present at this reading."[7] The effect was so prompt, that for an instant the cause was thought to be definitively gained. The bishops themselves imposed silence on the sophisms and clamours of the Fabers and the Ecks.[8] "All that the Lutherans have said is true," exclaimed the bishop of Augsburg; "we cannot deny it."[9] —"Well, doctor," said the Duke of Bavaria to Eck, in a reproachful tone, "you had given me a very different idea of this doctrine and of this affair."[1] This was the general cry; accordingly, the sophists, as they called them, were embarrassed. "But, after all," said the Duke of Bavaria to them, "can you refute, by sound reasons, the Confession made by the Elector and his allies?"—"With the writings of the Apostles and Prophets—no!" replied Eck; "but with those of the Fathers and of the councils—yes!"[2] "I understand," quickly replied the Duke; "I understand. The Lutherans, according to you, are in Scripture; and we are outside."

The Archbishop Hermann, Elector of Cologne, the Count-palatine Frederick, Duke Erick of Brunswick-Luneburg, Duke Henry of Mecklenburg, and the Dukes of Pomerania, were gained over to the truth; and Hermann sought ere long to establish it in his electorate.

The impression produced in other countries by the Confession was perhaps still greater. Charles sent copies to all the courts; it was translated into French, Italian,[3] and even into Spanish and Portuguese; it circulated through all Europe, and thus accomplished what Luther had said: "Our Confession will penetrate into every court, and the sound thereof will go through the whole earth."[4] It destroyed the prejudices that had been entertained, gave Europe a sounder idea of the Reformation, and prepared the most distant countries to receive the seeds of the Gospel.

Then Luther's voice began to be heard again. He saw that it was a decisive moment, and that he ought now to give the impulse that would gain religious liberty. He boldly demanded this liberty of the Roman Catholic princes of the diet;[5] and at the same time endeavoured to make his friends quit Augsburg. Jesus Christ had been boldly confessed. Instead of that long series of quarrels and discussions which was about to become connected with this courageous act, Luther would have wished for a striking rupture, even should he seal with his blood the testimony rendered to the Gospel. The stake, in his idea, would have been the real catastrophe of this tragedy. "I absolve you from this diet, in the name of the Lord,"[6] wrote he to his friends.

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[1] The Latin copy, deposited in the archives of the imperial house, should be found at Brussels; and the German copy, sent afterwards to the Council of Trent, ought to be in the Vatican.

[2] Gnedichlich vernohmen. (F. Urkunden, ii. p. 3.)

[3] Cum incredibili protestantium gaudio. (Seck. ii. p. 170.)

[4] Mihi vehementer placet vixisse in hanc horam. (L. Epp. iv. p. 71.)

[5] Grösser und höher Werk. (Mathesius, Hist. p. 93–98.)

[6] In still angeredet und gebethen. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 143.)

[7] Brücks Geschichte der Handl. in den Sachen des Glaubens zu Augsbourg. (Förstemann Archiv. p. 50.)

[8] Multi episcopi ad pacem sunt inclinati. (L. Epp. iv. p. 70.)

[9] Illa quæ recitata sunt, vera sunt, sunt pura veritas; non possumus inficiari. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 154.)

[1] So hab man Im vor nicht gesagt. (Mathes. Hist. p. 99.)

[2] Mit Propheten und Aposteln schriften—— nicht. (Ibid.)

[3] Cæsar sibi fecit nostram confessionem reddi Italica et Gallica lingua. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 155.) The French translation will be found in *Förstemann's Urkunden*, i. p. 357.—*Articles principaux de la foy.*

[4] Perrumpet in omnes aulas Principum et Regum. (L. Epp. iv. p. 96.)

[5] Epistle to the Elector of Mentz. (Ibid. p 74.)

[6] Igitur absolvo vos in nomine Domini ab isto conventu. (L. Epp. iv. p. 96.)

"Now home, return home, again I say nome! Would to God that I were the sacrifice offered to this new council, as John Huss at Constance!"[1]

But Luther did not expect so glorious a conclusion: he compared the diet to a drama. First, there had been the exposition, then the prologue, afterwards the action, and now he waited for the tragic catastrophe, according to some, but which, in his opinion, would be merely comic.[2] Everything, he thought, would be sacrificed to political peace, and dogmas would be set aside. This proceeding, which, even in our own days, would be in the eyes of the world the height of wisdom, was in Luther's eyes the height of folly.

It was the intervention of Charles which especially alarmed him. To withdraw the Church from all secular influence, and the governments from all clerical influence, was then one of the dominant ideas of the great Reformer. "You see," wrote he to Melancthon, "that they oppose to our cause the same argument as at Worms, to wit, still and for ever the judgment of the Emperor. Thus Satan is always harping on the same string, and that emaciated strength[3] of the civil power is the only one which this myriad-wiled spirit is able to find against Jesus Christ." But Luther took courage, and boldly raised his head. "Christ is coming," continued he; "he is coming, sitting at the right hand..... Of whom? not of the Emperor, or we should long ago have been lost, but of God himself: let us fear nothing. Christ is the King of kings and the Lord of lords. If he loses this title at Augsburg, he must also lose it in all the earth, and in all the heavens."

Thus a song of triumph was, on the part of the Confessors of Augsburg, the first movement that followed this courageous act, unique doubtless in the annals of the Church. Some of their adversaries at first shared in their triumph, and the others were silent; but a powerful reaction took place ere long.

On the following morning, Charles having risen in ill-humour and tired for want of sleep, the first of his ministers who appeared in the imperial apartments was the Count-palatine, as wearied and embarrassed as his master. "We must yield something," said he to Charles; "and I would remind your majesty that the Emperor Maximilian was willing to grant the two kinds in the Eucharist, the marriage of priests, and liberty with respect to the fasts." Charles the Fifth eagerly seized at this proposition as a means of safety. But Granvelle and Campeggio soon arrived, who induced him to withdraw it.

Rome, bewildered for a moment by the blow that had struck her, rose up again with energy. "I stay with the mother," exclaimed the Bishop of Wartzburg, meaning by it the Church of Rome; "the mother, the mother!" "My lord," wittily replied Brenz, "pray, do not, for the mother, forget either the Father or the Son!"—"Well! I grant it," replied the Archbishop of Salzburg to one of his friends, "I also should desire the communion in both kinds, the marriage of priests, the reformation of the Mass, liberty as regards food and other traditions..... But that it should be a monk, a poor monk, who presumes to reform us all, is what we cannot tolerate."[1]—"I should have no objection," said another bishop, "for the Divine worship to be celebrated every where as it is at Wittemberg; but we can never consent that this new doctrine should issue from such a corner."[2] And Melancthon insisting with the Archbishop of Salzburg on the necessity of a reform of the clergy: "Well! and how can you wish to reform us?" said the latter abruptly: "we priests have always been good for nothing." This is one of the most ingenuous confessions that the Reformation has torn from the priests. Every day fanatical monks and doctors, brimful of sophisms, were seen arriving at Augsburg, who endeavoured to inflame the hatred of the Emperor and of the princes.[3] "If we formerly had friends," said Melancthon on the morrow of the Confession, "now we possess them no longer. We are here alone, abandoned by all, and contending against measureless dangers."[4]

Charles, impelled by these contrary parties, affected a great indifference. But without permitting it to be seen, he endeavoured, meanwhile, to examine this affair thoroughly. "Let there not be a word wanting," he had said to his secretary, when requiring from him a French translation of the Confession. "He does not allow anything to be observed," whispered the Protestants one to another, convinced that Charles was gained; "for if it were known, he would lose his Spanish states: let us maintain the most profound secresy." But the Emperor's courtiers, who perceived these strange hopes, smiled and shook their heads "If you have money," said Schepper, one of the secretaries of state, to Jonas and Melancthon, "it will be easy for you to buy from the Italians whatever religion you please;[5] but if your purse is empty, your

[1] Vellem ego sacrificium esse hujus novissimi concilii, sicut Johannes Huss Constantiæ. (L. Epp. iv. p. 110)

[2] Sed catastrophen illi tragicam, nos comicam expectamus. (Ibid. p. 85.)

[3] Sic Satan chorda semper oberrat eadem, et mille-artifex ille non habet contra Christum, nisi unum illud elumbe robur. (Ibid. p. 100.)

[1] Sed quod unus monachus debeat nos reformare omnes. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 155.)

[2] Aus dem Loch und Winckel. (L. Opp. xx p. 307.)

[3] Quotide confluunt huc sophistæ ac monachi (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 141.)

[4] Nos hic soli ac deserti. (Ibid.)

[5] Nos, si pecuniam haberemus, facile

cause is lost." Then assuming a more serious tone: "It is impossible," said he, "for the Emperor, surrounded as he is by bishops and cardinals, to approve of any other religion than that of the Pope."

This was soon evident. On the day after the Confession, (Sunday, 26th June,) before the breakfast hour,[1] all the deputations from the imperial cities were collected in the emperor's antechamber. Charles, desirous of bringing back the states of the empire to unity, began with the weakest. "Some of the cities," said the count-palatine, "have not adhered to the last Diet of Spire: the Emperor calls upon them to submit to it."

Strasburg, Nuremberg, Constance, Ulm, Reutlingen, Heilbrunn, Memmingen, Lindau, Kempten, Windsheim, Isny, and Weissemburg, which were thus summoned to renounce the famous protest, found the moment curiously chosen. They asked for time.

The position was complicated; discord had been thrown in the midst of the cities, and intrigue was labouring daily to increase it.[2] It was not only between the Popish and the Evangelical cities that disagreement existed; but also between the Zwinglian and the Lutheran cities, and even among the latter, those which had not adhered to the Confession of Augsburg manifested great ill-humour towards the deputies of Reutlingen and Nuremberg. This proceeding of Charles the Fifth was therefore skilfully calculated; for it was based on the old axiom, *Divide et impera.*

But the enthusiasm of faith overcame all these stratagems, and on the next day, (27th June,) the deputies from the cities transmitted a reply to the Emperor, in which they declared that they could not adhere to the *Recess* of Spire "without disobeying God, and without compromising the salvation of their souls."[3]

Charles, who desired to observe a just medium, more from policy than from equity, wavered between so many contrary convictions. Desirous nevertheless of essaying his mediating influence, he convoked the states faithful to Rome on Sunday, 26th June, shortly after his conference with the cities.

All the princes were present: even the Pope's legate and the most influential Roman divines appeared at this council, to the great scandal of the Protestants. "What reply should be made to the Confession?" was the question set by Charles the Fifth to the senate that surrounded him.[4]

Three different opinions were proposed. "Let us beware," said the men of the Papacy, "of discussing our adversaries' reasons, and let us be content with executing the Edict of Worms against the Lutherans, and with constraining them by arms."— "Let us submit the Confession to the examination of impartial judges," said the men of the Empire, "and refer the final decision to the Emperor. Is not even the reading of the Confession an appeal of the Protestants to the imperial power?" Others, in the last place, (and these were the men of tradition and of ecclesiastical doctrine,) were desirous of commissioning certain doctors to compose a refutation, which should be read to the Protestants and ratified by Charles.

The debate was very animated: the mild and the violent, the politic and the fanatical, took a decided course in the assembly. George of Saxony and Joachim of Brandenburg showed themselves the most inveterate, and surpassed in this respect even the ecclesiastical princes.[2] "A certain clown whom you know well, is pushing them all from behind,"[3] wrote Melancthon to Luther; "and certain hypocritical theologians hold the torch and lead the whole band." This clown was doubtless Duke George. Even the Princess of Bavaria, whom the Confession had staggered at first, immediately rallied around the chiefs of the Roman party. The Elector of Mentz, the Bishop of Augsburg, the Duke of Brunswick, showed themselves the least unfavourable to the Evangelical cause. "I can by no means advise his majesty to employ force," said Albert. "If his majesty should constrain their consciences, and should afterwards quit the Empire, the first victims sacrificed would be the priests; and who knows whether, in the midst of these discords, the Turks would not suddenly fall upon us?" But this somewhat interested wisdom of the archbishop did not find many supporters, and the men of war immediately plunged into the discussion with their harsh voices. "If their is any fighting against the Lutherans," said Count Felix of Werdenburg, "I gratuitously offer my sword, and I swear never to return it to its scabbard until it has overthrown the stronghold of Luther." This nobleman died suddenly a few days after, from the consequences of his intemperance. Then the moderate men again interfered: "The Lutherans attack no one article of the faith," said the Bishop of Augsburg; "let us come to an arrangement with them; and to obtain peace, let us concede to them the sacrament in both kinds and the marriage of priests. I would even yield more, if it were necessary." Upon this

onem quam vellemus emturos ab Italis. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 156.)

[1] Heute vor dem morgenessen. (Ibid. p. 143.)

[2] Es sind unter uns Städten, viel practica und Selt Sames wesens. (Ibid. p. 151.)

[3] Ohne Verletzung der gewissen gegen Gott. (F. Urkunden. ii. p. 6.)

[4] Adversarii nostri jam deliberant quid velint respondere. (Corp. Ref. ii. 26th June.)

[1] Rem agendam esse vi, non audiendam causam. (Ibid. p. 154.)

[2] Hi sunt duces, et quidem acerrimi alterius partis. (Ibid.)

[3] Omnes unus gubernat rusticus. (Ibid. p 176.)

great cries arose: "He is a Lutheran," they exclaimed, "and you will see that he is fully prepared to sacrifice even the private masses!"—"The masses, we must not even think of it," remarked some with an ironical smile; "Rome will never give them up, for it is they which maintain her cardinals and her courtiers, with their luxury and their kitchens."[1] The Archbishop of Salzburg and the Elector of Brandenburg replied with great violence to the motion of the Bishop of Augsburg. "The Lutherans," said they abruptly, "have laid before us a Confession written with black ink on white paper. Well! If I were Emperor, I would answer them with *red ink*."[2]—"Sirs," quickly replied the Bishop of Augsburg, "take care then that the red letters do not fly in your faces!" The Elector of Mentz was compelled to interfere and calm the speakers.

The Emperor, desirous of playing the character of an umpire, would have wished the Roman party at least to have placed in his hands an accusation against the Reform; but all was now altered; the majority, becoming daily more compact since the Diet of Spire, no longer sided with Charles. Full of the sentiment of its own strength, it refused to assume the title of a party, and to take the Emperor as a judge. "What are you saying," cried they, "of diversity between the members of the Empire? There is but one legitimate party. It is not a question of deciding between two opinions whose rights are equal, but of crushing rebels, and of aiding those who have remained faithful to the constitution of the Empire."

This haughty language enlightened Charles: he found they had outstripped him, and that, abandoning his lofty position of arbiter, he must submit merely to be the executor of the orders of the majority. It was this majority which henceforward commanded in Augsburg. They excluded the imperial councillors who advocated more equitable views, and the Archbishop of Mentz himself ceased for a time to appear in the diet.[3]

The majority ordered that a refutation of the Evangelical doctrine should be immediately drawn up by Romish theologians. If they had selected for this purpose moderate men like the Bishop of Augsburg, the Reformation would still had have some chance of success with the great principles of Christianity; but it was to the enemies of the Reform, to the old champions of Rome and of Aristotle, exasperated by so many defeats, that they resolved to intrust this task.

They were numerous at Augsburg, and were not held in great esteem. "The princes," said Jonas, "have brought their learned men with them, and some even their *unlearned* and their *fools*."[1] Provost Faber and Dr. Eck led the troop; behind them was drawn up a cohort of monks, and above all of Dominicans, tools of the Inquisition, and impatient to recompense themselves for the opprobrium they had so long endured. There was the provincial of the Dominicans, Paul Hugo, their vicar, John Bourkard, one of their priors, Conrad Kœlein, who had written against Luther's marriage; with a large body of Carthusians, Augustines, Franciscans, and vicars of several bishops. Such were the men who, to the number of twenty, were commissioned to refute Melancthon.

One might beforehand have augured of the work by the workmen. Each one understood that it was a question, not of refuting the Confession, but of branding it. Campeggio, who doubtless suggested this ill-omened list to Charles, was well aware that these doctors were incapable of measuring themselves with Melancthon; but their names formed the most decided standard of Popery, and announced to the world clearly and immediately what the diet proposed to do. This was the essential point. Rome would not leave Christendom even hope.

It was, however, requisite to know, whether the diet, and the Emperor who was its organ, had the right of pronouncing in this purely religious matter. Charles put the question both to the Evangelicals and to the Romanists.[2]

"Your highness," said Luther, who was consulted by the Elector, "may reply with all assurance: Yes, if the Emperor wish it, let him be judge! I will bear everything on his part; but let him decide nothing contrary to the Word of God. Your highness cannot put the Emperor above God himself.[3] Does not the first commandment say, *Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!*"

The reply of the Papal adherents was quite as positive in a contrary sense. "We think," said they, "that his majesty, in accord with the electors, princes, and states of the Empire, has the right to proceed in this affair, as Roman Emperor, guardian, advocate, and sovereign protector of the Church and of our most holy faith."[4] Thus, in the first days of the Reformation, the Evangelical Church frankly ranged itself under the throne of Jesus Christ, and the Roman Church under the sceptre of kings. Enlightened men, even among Protestants,

[1] Cardinel, Churstusanen, Pracht und Küchen. (Brück Apol. p. 63.)
[2] Wir wokten antvorten mit einer Schrift mit Rubricken geschrieben. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 147.)
[3] Non venit in senatum. (Ibid. p. 175.)

[1] Quidam etiam suos ineruditos et ineptos.
[2] See the document extracted from the archives of Bavaria in F. Urkunden, ii. p. 9.
[3] Konnen den Kaiser nicht uber Gott setzen (L. Epp. iv. p. 83.)
[4] Romischen Kaiser, Vogt, Advocaten und Obristen Beschirmer der kirken. (F. Urkunden ii. p. 10.)

have misunderstood this double nature of Protestantism and Popery.

The philosophy of Aristotle and the hierarchy of Rome, thanks to his alliance with the civil power, were at length about to see the day of their long-expected triumph arrive. So long as the schoolmen had been left to the force of their syllogisms and of their abuse, they had been defeated; but now Charles the Fifth and the diet held out their hands to them; the reasonings of Faber, Eck, and Wimpina were about to be countersigned by the German chancellor, and confirmed by the great seals of the Empire. Who could resist them? The Romish error has never had any strength except by its union with the secular arm; and its victories in the Old and in the New World are owing, even in our days, to state patronage.[1]

These things did not escape the piercing eye of Luther. He saw at once the weakness of the argument of the Papist doctors and the power of Charles' arm. "You are waiting for your adversaries' answer," wrote he to his friends in Augsburg; "it is already written, and here it is: The Fathers, the Fathers, the Fathers; the Church, the Church, the Church; usage, custom; but of the Scriptures —— nothing!"[2]—"Then the Emperor, supported by the testimony of these arbiters, will pronounce against you;[3] and then will you hear boastings from all sides that will ascend up to heaven, and threats that will descend even to hell."

Thus changed the situation of the Reform. Charles was obliged to acknowledge his weakness; and, to save the appearance of his power, he took a decisive part with the enemies of Luther. The Emperor's impartiality disappeared: the state turned against the Gospel, and there remained for it no other saviour than God.

At first many gave way to extreme dejection: above all, Melancthon, who had a nearer view of the cabals of the adversaries, exhausted moreover by long vigils, fell almost into despair.[4] "In the presence of these formidable evils," cried he, "I see no more hope."[5] And then, however, he added, —"Except the help of God."

The legate immediately set all his batteries to work. Already had Charles several times sent for the Elector and the Landgrave, and had used every exertion to detach them from the Evangelical Confession.[6] Melancthon, uneasy at these secret conferences, reduced the Confession to its *minimum*, and entreated he Elector to demand only the two kinds in the Eucharist and the marriage of priests "To interdict the former of these points," said he, "would be to alienate a great number of Christians from the communion; and to interdict the second would be depriving the Church of all the pastors capable of edifying it. Will they destroy religion and kindle civil war, rather than apply to these purely ecclesiastical constitutions a mitigation that is neither contrary to sound morals nor to faith?"[1] The Protestant princes begged Melancthon to go himself and make these proposals to the legate.[2]

Melancthon agreed: he began to flatter himself with success; and, in truth, there were, even among the Papists, individuals who were favourable to the Reformation. There had recently arrived at Augsburg, from beyond the Alps, certain propositions tolerably Lutheran;[3] and one of the Emperor's confessors boldly professed the doctrine of justification by faith, cursing "those asses of Germans, who cease not," said he "from braying against this truth."[4] One of Charles' chaplains approved even the whole of the Confession. There was something farther still; Charles the Fifth having consulted the grandees of Spain, who were famous for their orthodoxy: "If the opinions of the Protestants are contrary to the articles of the faith," they had replied, "let your majesty employ all his power to destroy this faction; but if it is a question merely of certain changes in human ordinances and external usages, let all violence be avoided."[5] "Admirable reply!" exclaimed Melancthon, who persuaded himself that the Romish doctrine was at the bottom in accordance with the Gospel.

The Reformation found defenders in even still higher stations. Mary, sister of Charles the Fifth, and widow of King Louis of Hungary, arriving at Augsburg three days after the reading of the Confession, with her sister-in-law the Queen of Bohemia, Ferdinand's wife, assiduously studied the Holy Scriptures; she carried them with her in the hunting parties, in which she found little pleasure, and had discovered therein the jewel of the Reform,—the doctrine of gratuitous salvation. This pious princess made her chaplain read evangelical sermons to her, and often endeavoured, although with prudence, to appease her brother Charles with regard to the Protestants.[6]

Melancthon, encouraged by these demonstrations, and at the same time alarmed by

[1] Tahiti for instance.

[2] Patres, Patres, Patres; Ecclesia, Ecclesia; usus, consuetudo, præterea e Scriptura nihil. (L. Epp. iv. p. 96.)

[3] Pronuntiabit Cæsar contra vos. (Ibid.)

[4] Quadam tristitia et quasi desesperatione vexatur. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 163.)

[5] Quid nobis sit sperandum in tantis odiis inimicorum. (Ibid. p. 146.)

[6] Legati Norinberg ad Senatum. (Ibid. p. 161.)

[1] Melancthon ad Duc. Sax. Elect. (Ibid. p. 162.)

[2] Principes nostri miserunt nos ad R. D. V (Ibid. p 171.)

[3] Pervenerunt ad nos propositiones quædam Italicæ satis Lutheranæ. (Ibid. p. 163.)

[4] Istis Germanis asinis, nobis in hac parte oegannientibus. (Ibid.)

[5] Hispanici proceres præclare et sapienter responderunt Cæsari. (Ibid. p. 179.)

[6] "Η ἀδελφὴ αὐτοκράτορος studet nobis placare fratrem. (Ibid. p. 178.)

the threats of war that the adversaries did not cease from uttering, thought it his duty to purchase peace at any cost, and resolved in consequence to descend in his propositions as low as possible. He therefore demanded an interview with the legate in a letter whose authenticity has been unreasonably doubted.[1] At the decisive moment the heart of the Reform champion fails—his head turns—he staggers—he falls; and in his fall he runs the risk of dragging with him the cause which martyrs have already watered with their blood.

Thus speaks the representative of the Reformation to the representative of the Papacy:—

"There is no doctrine in which we differ from the Roman Church;[2] we venerate the universal authority of the Roman pontiff, and we are ready to obey him, provided he does not reject us, and that of his clemency, which he is accustomed to show towards all nations, he will kindly pardon or approve certain little things that it is no longer possible for us to change. . . . . Now then, will you reject those who appear as suppliants before you? Will you pursue them with fire and sword? . . . . . Alas! nothing draws upon us in Germany so much hatred, as the unshaken firmness with which we maintain the doctrines of the Roman Church.[3] But with the aid of God, we will remain faithful, even unto death, to Christ and to the Roman Church, although you should reject us."[4]

Thus did Melancthon humble himself. God permitted this fall, that future ages might clearly see how low the Reform was willing to descend in order to maintain unity, and that no one might doubt that the schism had come from Rome; but also assuredly that they might learn how great in every important work is the weakness of the noblest instruments.

Fortunately there was then another man who upheld the honour of the Reformation. At this very time Luther wrote to Melancthon: "There can be no concord between Christ and Belial. As far as regards me, I will not yield a hair's breadth.[5] Sooner than yield, I should prefer suffering everything, even the most terrible evils. Concede so much the less, as your adversaries require the more. God will not aid us until we are abandoned by all."[6] And fearing some weakness on the part of his friends, Luther added: "If it were not tempting God, you would long ago have seen me at your side!"[7]

[1] See the Corp. Ref. ii. p. 168.

[2] Dogma nullum habemus diversum ab Ecclesia Romana. (Ibid. p. 170.)

[3] Quam quia Ecclesiæ Romanæ dogmata summa constantia defendimus. (Ibid.)

[4] Vel si recusabitis nos in gratiam recipere. (Ibid.)

[5] At certe pro mea persona, ne pilum quidem cedam. (L. Epp. iv. p. 88.)

[6] Neque enim juvabimur ni deserti prius simus. (Ibid. p. 91

[7] Certe jamdudum coram vidissetis me. (Ibid. p. 98.)

Never, in fact, had Luther's presence been so necessary, for the legate had consented to an interview, and Melancthon was about to pay court to Campeggio.[1]

The 8th July was the day appointed by the legate. His letter inspired Philip with the most sanguine hopes. "The cardinal assures me that he will accede the usage of the two kinds, and the marriage of priests," said he; "I am eager to visit him!"[2]

This visit might decide the destiny of the Church. If the legate accepted Philip's *ultimatum*, the evangelical countries would be replaced under the power of the Romish bishops, and all would have been over with the Reformation; but it was saved through the pride and blindness of Rome. The Papists, believing it on the brink of the abyss, thought that a last blow would settle it, and resolved, like Luther, to concede nothing, "not even a hair's breadth." The legate, however, even while refusing, assumed an air of kindness, and of yielding to foreign influence. "I might have the power of making certain concessions, but it would not be prudent to use it without the consent of the German princes;[3] their will must be done; one of them in particular conjures the Emperor to prevent us from yielding the least thing. I can grant nothing." The Roman prince, with the most amiable smile, then did all he could to gain the chief of the Protestant teachers. Melancthon retired filled with shame at the advances he had made, but still deceived by Campeggio. "No doubt," said he, "Eck and Cochlœus have been beforehand with me at the legate's.[4] Luther entertained a different opinion. "I do not trust to any of these Italians," said he; "they are scoundrels. When an Italian is good, he is very good; but then he is a black swan."

It was truly the Italians who were concerned. Shortly after the 12th of July arrived the Pope's instructions. He had received the confession by express,[5] and sixteen days had sufficed for the transmission, the deliberation, and the return. Clement would hear no mention either of discussions or of council. Charles was to march straight to the mark, to send an army into Germany, and stifle the Reformation by force. At Augsburg, however, it was thought best not to go so quickly to work, and recourse was had to other means.

"Be quiet; we have them," said the Romish doctors. Sensible of the reproach that had been made against them, of having misrepresented the Reformation, they ac-

[1] Ego multos prehensare soleo et Campegium etiam. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 193.)

[2] Propero enim ad Campegium. (Ibid. p. 174.)

[3] Se nihil posse decernere, nisi de voluntate principum Germaniæ. (Ibid.)

[4] Forte ad legatum veniebant Eccius et Cochlœus. (Ibid. p. 175.)

[5] Nostra Confessio ad Romam per veredarios missa est. (Ibid. pp. 186, 219.)

cised the Protestants themselves as being the cause. "These it is," they said, "who, to give themselves an air of being in accord with us, now dissemble their heresy; but we will now catch them in their own nets. If they confess to not having inserted in their Confession all that they reject, it will be proved that they are trifling with us. If, on the contrary, they pretend to have said everything, they will by that very circumstance be compelled to admit all that they have not condemned." The Protestant princes were therefore called together, and they were asked if the Reformation was confined to the doctrines indicated in the Apology, or if there was something more.[1]

The snare was skilfully laid. The Papacy had not even been mentioned in Melancthon's paper; other errors besides had been omitted, and Luther himself complained of it aloud. "Satan sees clearly," said he, "that your Apology has passed lightly over the articles of purgatory, the worship of saints, and, above all, of the Pope and of Antichrist." The princes requested to confer with their allies of the towns; and all the Protestants assembled to deliberate on this momentous incident.

They looked for Melancthon's explanation, who did not decline the responsibility of the affair. Easily dejected through his own anxiety, he became bold whenever he was directly attacked. "All the essential doctrines," said he, "have been set forth in the Confession, and every error and abuse that is opposed to them has been pointed out. But was it necessary to plunge into all those questions so full of contention and animosity, that are discussed in our universities? Was it necessary to ask if all Christians are priests, if the primacy of the Pope is of right divine, if there can be indulgences, if every good work is a deadly sin, if there are more than seven sacraments, if they may be administered by a layman, if divine election has any foundation in our own merits, if sacerdotal consecration impresses an indelible character, if auricular confession is necessary to salvation? .... No, no! all these things are in the province of the schools, and by no means essential to faith."[2]

It cannot be denied that in the questions thus pointed out by Melancthon there were important points. However that may be, the Evangelical committee were soon agreed, and on the morrow they gave an answer to Charles's ministers, drawn up with as much frankness as firmness, in which they said "that the Protestants, desirous of arriving at a cordial understanding, had not wished to complicate their situation, and had proposed not to specify all the errors that had been introduced into the Church, but to confess all the doctrines that were essential to salvation; that if, nevertheless, the adverse party felt itself urged to maintain certain abuses, or to put forward any point not mentioned in the Confession, the Protestants declared themselves ready to reply in conformity with the Word of God."[1] The tone of this answer showed pretty clearly that the Evangelical Christians did not fear to follow their adversaries wherever the latter should call them. Accordingly the Roman party said no more on this business.

IX. The commission charged to refute the Confession met twice a day,[2] and each of the theologians who composed it added to it his refutation and his hatred.

On the 13th July the work was finished. "Eck with his band,"[3] said Melancthon, "transmitted it to the Emperor. Great was the astonishment of this prince and of his ministers at seeing a work of two hundred and eighty pages filled with abuse.[4] "Bad workmen lose much wood," said Luther, "and impious writers soil much paper." This was not all: to the Refutation were subjoined eight appendices on the heresies that Melancthon had dissembled, (as they said,) and wherein they exposed the contradictions and "the horrible sects" to which Lutheranism had given birth. Lastly, not confining themselves to this official answer, the Romish theologians, who saw the sun of power shining upon them, filled Augsburg with insolent and abusive pamphlets.

There was but one opinion on the Papist Refutation; it was found confused, violent, thirsting for blood.[5] Charles the Fifth had too much good taste not to perceive the difference that existed between this coarse work and the noble dignity of Melancthon's Confession. He rolled, handled, crushed, and so damaged the 280 pages of his doctors, that when he returned them two days after, says Spalatin, there were not more than twelve entire. Charles would have been ashamed to have such a pamphlet read in the diet, and he required, in consequence, that it should be drawn up anew, shorter and more moderate.[6] That was not easy, "for the adversaries, confused and stupified," says Brenz, "by the noble simplicity of the Evangelical Confession, neither knew where to begin nor where to end; they accordingly took nearly three weeks to do their work over again."[7]

[1] An plura velimus Cæsari præponere controversa quam fecerimus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 188.)
[2] Melancthonis Judicium. (Ibid. p. 182.)

[1] Aus Gottes Wort, weiter bericht zu thun. (F. Urkundenbuch, ii. p. 19.)
[2] Bis die convenire dicuntur. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 472.)
[3] Eccius cum sua commanipulatione. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 193.)
[4] Longum et plenum conviciis scriptum. (Ibid.)
[5] Adeo confusa, incondita, violenta, sanguinolenta et crudelis ut puduerint. (Ibid. p. 198.)
[6] Hodie auctoribus ipsis Sophistis, a Cæsare rursus esse redditam ut emendetur et civilius componatur. (Ibid.)
[7] Nostra confessione ita stupidos, attonitos, et confusos. (Ibid.)

Charles and his ministers had great doubts of its success; leaving, therefore, the theologians for a moment, they imagined another manœuvre. "Let us take each of the Protestant princes separately," said they: "isolated, they will not resist." Accordingly, on the 15th July, the Margrave of Brandenburg was visited by his two cousins, the Electors of Mentz and of Brandenburg, and by his two brothers the Margraves Frederick and John Albert. "Abandon this new faith," said they to him, "and return to that which existed a century ago. If you do so, there are no favours that you may not expect from the Emperor; if not, dread his anger."[1]

Shortly after, the Duke Frederick of Bavaria, the Count of Nassau, De Rogendorf, and Truchses were announced to the Elector on the part of Charles. "You have solicited the Emperor," said they, "to confirm the marriage of your son with the Princess of Juliers, and to invest you with the electoral dignity; but his majesty declares, that if you do not renounce the heresy of Luther, of which you are the principal abettor, he cannot accede to your demand." At the same time the Duke of Bavaria, employing the most urgent solicitations, accompanied with the most animated gestures[2] and the most sinister threats,[3] called upon the Elector to abandon his faith. "It is asserted," added Charles' envoys, "that you have made an alliance with the Swiss. The Emperor cannot believe it; and he orders you to let him know the truth."

The Swiss! it was the same thing as rebellion. This alliance was the phantom incessantly invoked at Augsburg to alarm Charles the Fifth. And in reality deputies or at least friends of the Swiss, had already appeared in that city, and thus rendered the position still more serious.

Bucer had arrived two days before the reading of the Confession, and Capito on the day subsequent to it.[4] There was even a report that Zwingle would join them.[5]—But for a long time all in Augsburg, except the Strasburg deputation, were ignorant of the presence of these doctors.[6] It was only twenty-one days after their arrival that Melancthon learnt it positively,[7] so great was the mystery in which the Zwinglians were forced to enshroud themselves. This was not without reason: a conference with Melancthon having been requested by them: "Let them write," replied he; "I should compromise our cause by an interview with them."

Bucer and Capito in their retreat, which was like a prison to them, had taken advantage of their leisure to draw up the *Tetrapolitan Confession*, or the confessions of the four cities. The deputies of Strasburg, Constance, Nemmingen, and Lindau, presented it to the Emperor.[1] These cities purged themselves from the reproach of war and revolt that had been continually objected against them. They declared that their only motive was Christ's glory, and professed the truth "freely, boldly, but without insolence and without scurrility."[2]

Zwingle about the same time caused a private confession to be communicated to Charles,[3] which excited a general uproar.—"Does he not dare to say," exclaimed the Romanists, "that the *mitred and withered race* (by which he means the bishops) is in the Church what hump-backs and the scrofula are in the body?"[4]—"Does he not insinuate," said the Lutherans; "that we are beginning to look back after the onions and garlic of Egypt?"—"One might say with great truth, that he had lost his senses," exclaimed Melancthon.[5] "All ceremonies, according to him, ought to be abolished; all the bishops ought to be suppressed. In a word, all is perfectly *Helvetic*, that is to say, supremely barbarous."

One man formed an exception to this concert of reproaches, and this was Luther. "Zwingle pleases me tolerably," wrote he to Jonas, "as well as Bucer."[6] By Bucer, he meant no doubt the Tetrapolitan Confession: this expression should be noted.

Thus three confessions laid at the feet of Charles the Fifth, attested the divisions that were rending Protestantism. In vain did Bucer and Capito endeavour to come to an understanding with Melancthon, and write to him: "We will meet where you will, and when you will; we will bring Sturm alone with us, and if you desire it, we will not even bring him."[7] All was unavailing. It is not enough for a Christian to confess Christ; one disciple should confess another disciple, even if the latter lies under the

[1] Corp. Ref. ii. p. 206; F. Urkund. ii. p. 93
[2] Mit reden und Gebehrden prächtig erzeigt. (Ibid. p. 207.)
[3] Minas diras promissis ingentibus adjiciens. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 484.)
[4] Venimus huc, ego pridie solemnitatis Divi Johannis, Capito die dominica sequente. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 472.)
[5] Rumor apud nos est, et te cum tuis Helvetiis comitia advolaturum. (Ibid. pp. 431, 467.)
[6] Ita latent ut non quibuslibet sui copiam faciant. (Corp. Ref. p. 196.)
[7] Capito et Bucerus adsunt. Id hodie certo comperi. (Ibid.)

[1] Cinglianæ civitates propriam Confessionem obtulerunt Cæsari. (Corp. Ref. p. 187.) This Confession will be found in *Niemeyer*, Collectio Confessionum, p. 740.
[2] Ingenue ac fortiter; citra procaciam tamen et sannas, id fateri et dicere quod res est. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 485.)
[3] See Niemeyer Coll. Conf. p. 16.
[4] Pedatum et mitratum genus Episcoporum, id esset in Ecclesia, quod gibbi et strumata in corpore. (Ibid.) Zwingle compares the bishops to the dry and fruitless props that support the vines
[5] Dicas simpliciter mente captum esse. (Corp. Ref. p. 193.)
[6] Zwinglius mihi sane placet, et Bucerus. (L. Epp. iv. p. 110.)
[7] Veniemus quo et quando tu voles. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 208.)

shame of the world; but they did not then comprehend this duty. "Schism is in the schism," said the Romanists, and the Emperor flattered himself with an easy victory. "Return to the Church," was the cry from every side, "which means," interrupted the Strasburgers, "let us put the bit in your mouths, that we may lead you as we please."[1]

All these things deeply afflicted the Elector, who was besides still under the burden of Charles' demands and threats. The Emperor had not once spoken to him,[2] and it was everywhere said that his cousin George of Saxony would be proclaimed Elector in his stead.

On the 28th July, there was a great festival at the court. Charles, robed in his imperial garments, whose value was said to exceed 200,000 gold ducats, and displaying an air of majesty which impressed respect and fear,[3] conferred on many princes the investiture of their dignities; the Elector alone was excluded from these favours.—Ere long he was made to understand more plainly what was reserved for him, and it was insinuated, that if he did not submit, the Emperor would expel him from his states, and inflict upon him the severest punishment.[4]

The Elector turned pale, for he doubted not that such would certainly be the termination. How with his small territory could he resist that powerful monarch who had just vanquished France and Italy, and now saw Germany at his feet? And besides, if he could do it, had he the right? Frightful nightmares pursued John in his dreams. He beheld himself stretched beneath an immense mountain under which he struggled painfully, while his cousin George of Saxony stood on the summit and seemed to brave him.

John at length came forth from this furnace. "I must either renounce God or the world," said he. "Well! my choice is not doubtful. It is God who made me Elector,—me, who was not worthy of it. I fling myself into his arms, and let him do with me what shall seem good to him." Thus the Elector by faith stopped the mouths of lions and subdued kingdoms.[5]

All evangelical Christendom had taken part in the struggle of John the Persevering. It was seen that if he should now fall, all would fall with him; and they endeavoured to support him. "Fear not," cried the Christians of Magdeburg, "for your highness is under Christ's banner."[6] "Italy is in expectation," wrote they from Venice "if for Christ's glory you must die, fear nothing."[1] But it was from a higher source that John's courage was derived. "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," said his Master.[2] The Elector, in like manner, beheld in his dreams George fall from the top of the mountain, and lie dashed in pieces at his feet.

Once resolved to lose every thing, John, free, happy, and tranquil, assembled his theologians. These generous men desired to save their master. "Gracious lord," said Spalatin, "recollect that the Word of God, being the sword of the Spirit, must be upheld, not by the secular power, but by the hand of the Almighty."[3] "Yes," said all the doctors, "we do not wish that, to save us, you should risk your children, your subjects, your states, your crown....We will rather give ourselves into the hands of the enemy, and conjure him to be satisfied with our blood."[4] John, touched by this language, refused, however, their solicitations, and firmly repeated these words, which had become his device: "I also desire to confess my Saviour."

It was on the 20th July that he replied to the pressing arguments by which Charles had endeavoured to shake him. He proved to the Emperor that, being his brother's legitimate heir, he could not refuse him the investiture, which, besides, the Diet of Worms had secured to him. He added, that he did not blindly believe what his doctors said, but that, having recognised the Word of God to be the foundation of their teaching, he confessed anew, and without any hesitation, all the articles of the Apology. "I therefore entreat your majesty," continued he, "to permit me and mine to render an account to God alone of what concerns the salvation of our souls."[5] The Margrave of Brandenburg made the same reply. Thus failed this skilful manœuvre, by which the Romanists had hoped to break the strength of the Reformation.

Six weeks had elapsed since the Confession, and yet no reply. "The Papists, from the monent they heard the Apology," it was said, "suddenly lost their voice."[6] At length the Romish theologians handed their revised and corrected performance to the Emperor, and persuaded this prince to present it in his own name. The mantle of the state seemed to them admirably adapted to the movements of Rome. "These sycophants," said Melancthon, "have desired to clothe

[1] Una tamen omnium vox: *Revertimini ad Ecclesiam.* (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 484.)

[2] Colloquium ejus nondum frui potuisse.—(Seck. ii. p. 154.)

[3] Apparuit Cæsar majestate....insignitus vestibus suis imperialibus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 242.)

[4] Müller, Gesch. der Protestation, p. 715.

[5] Hebrews xi. 33, 34.

[6] Unter dem Heerpannyr Jesu Christi. (Ibid. p. 134.)

[1] Etiamsi mors subeunda tibi foret ob Christi gloriam. (Corp. Ref. ii. 228. L. P. Roselli.)

[2] Luke x. 18.

[3] Gottes Wort keines wegs durch weltlich Schwert. (F. Urkund. ii. p. 82.)

[4] Sie wollen ihnen an ihrem Blüte genügen lassen. (Ibid. p. 90.)

[5] Forstemann's Urkundenbuch, pp. 80—92, 113—119.

[6] Papistas obmutuisse ad ipsorum Confessionem. (Cochl. p. 195.)

themselves with the lion's skin, to appear to us so much the more terrible."[1] All the states of the Empire were convoked for the next day but one.

On Wednesday, 3d August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor, sitting on his throne in the chapel of the Palatinate Palace, surrounded by his brother, and the electors, princes, and deputies, the Elector of Saxony and his allies, were introduced, and the Count-palatine, who was called "Charles' mouthpiece," said to them: "His majesty having handed your Confession to several doctors of different nations, illustrious by their knowledge, their morals, and their impartiality, has read their reply with the greatest care, and submits it to you as his own, ordaining that all the members and subjects of the Holy Empire should accept it with unanimous accord."[2]

Alexander Schweiss then took the papers and read the Refutation. The Roman party approved some articles of the Confession, condemned others, and in certain less salient passages, it distinguished between what must be rejected and what accepted.

It gave way on an important point; the *opus operatum*. The Protestants having said in their 13th Article that faith was necessary in the Sacrament, the Romish party assented to it; thus abandoning an error which the Papacy had so earnestly defended against Luther in that very city of Augsburg, by the mouth of Cajetan.

Moreover, they recognised as truly Christian the Evangelical doctrine on the Trinity, on Christ, on baptism, on eternal punishment, and on the origin of evil.

But on all the other points, Charles, his princes, and his theologians, declared themselves immovable. They maintained that men are born with the fear of God, that good works are meritorious, and that they justify in union with faith. They upheld the Seven Sacraments, the Mass, transubstantiation, the withdrawal of the cup, the celibacy of priests, the invocation of saints, and they denied that the Church was an assembly of the saints.

This Refutation was skilful in some respects, and, above all, in what concerned the doctrine of works and of faith. But on other points, in particular on the withdrawal of the cup and the celibacy of priests, its arguments were lamentably weak, and contrary to the well known facts of history.

While the Protestants had taken their stand on the Scriptures, their adversaries supported the divine origin of the hierarchy, and laid down absolute submission to its laws. Thus, the essential character, which still distinguishes Rome from the Reformation, stood prominently forth in this first combat.

Among the auditors who filled the chapel of the Palatinate Palace, concealed in the midst of the deputies of Nuremberg, was Joachim Camerarius, who, while Schweiss was reading, leant over his tablets and carefully noted down all he could collect. At the same time others of the Protestants, speaking to one another, were indignant, and even laughed, as one of their opponents assures us.[1] "Really," said they with one consent, "the whole of this Refutation is worthy of Eck, Faber, and Cochlœus!"

As for Charles, little pleased with these theological dissertations, he slept during the reading;[2] but he awoke when Schweiss had finished, and his awakening was that of a lion.

The Count-palatine then declared that his majesty found the articles of this Refutation orthodox, catholic, and conformable to the Gospel; that he therefore required the Protestants to abandon their Confession, now refuted, and to adhere to all the articles that had just been set forth;[3] that, if they refused, the Emperor would remember his office, and would know how to show himself the advocate and defender of the Roman Church.

This language was clear enough: the adversaries imagined that they had refuted the Protestants by commanding the latter to consider themselves beaten. Violence—arms—war—were all contained in these cruel words of Charles' minister.[4] The princes represented that, as the Refutation adopted some of their articles and rejected others, it required a careful examination, and they consequently begged a copy should be given them.

The Romish party had a long conference on this demand: night was at hand; the Count-palatine replied that, considering the late hour and the importance of the affair, the Emperor would make known his pleasure somewhat later. The diet separated, and Charles the Fifth, exasperated at the audacity of the Evangelical princes, says Cochlœus, returned in ill-humour to his apartments.[5]

The Protestants, on the contrary, withdrew full of peace; the reading of the Refutation having given them as much confidence as that of the Confession itself.[6] They saw in their adversaries a strong attachment to the hierarchy, but a great ignorance of the Gospel—a characteristic feature of the Romish party; and this thought encouraged

[1] Voluerunt sycophantæ theologi λεοντην illam sibi circumdare, ut essent nobis formidabiliores. (Corp. Ref. p. 252.)

[2] Velut suam suaque publica auctoritate roboratam, ab omnibus unanimi consensu acceptandam. (Urkundenbuch, ii. p. 144.)

[1] Multi e Lutheranis inepte cachinnabantur. (Cochlœus, p. 895.)

[2] Imperator iterum obdormivit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 245.)

[3] Petit Cæsar ut omnes in illos articulos consentiant. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 345.)

[4] Orationis summa atrox. (Ibid. p. 253.)

[5] Cæsar non æquo animo ferebat eorum contumaciam. (Cochl. p. 195.)

[6] Facti sunt erectiore animo. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 259.)

them. "Certainly," said they, "the Church cannot be where there is no knowledge of Christ."[1]

Melancthon alone was still alarmed; he walked by sight, and not by faith, and, remembering the legate's smiles, he had another interview with him, as early as the 4th August, still demanding the cup for the laity, and lawful wives for the priests. "Then," said he, "our pastors will place themselves again under the government of bishops, and we shall be able to prevent those innumerable sects with which posterity is threatened."[2] Melancthon's glance into the future is remarkable: it does not, however, mean that he, like many others, preferred a dead unity to a living diversity.

Campeggio, now certain of triumphing by the sword, disdainfully handed this paper to Cochlœus, who hastened to refute it. It is hard to say whether Melancthon or Campeggio was the most infatuated. God did not permit an arrangement that would have enslaved his Church.

Charles passed the whole of the 4th and the morning of the 5th August in consultation with the Ultramontane party. "It will never be by discussion that we shall come to an understanding," said some; "and if the Protestants do not submit voluntarily, it only remains for us to compel them." They nevertheless decided, on account of the Refutation, to adopt a middle course. During the whole of the diet, Charles pursued a skilful policy. At first he refused everything, hoping to lead away the princes by violence; then he conceded a few unimportant points, under the impression that the Protestants having lost all hope, would esteem so much the more the little he yielded to them. This was what he did again under the present circumstances. In the afternoon of the 5th, the Count-palatine announced that the Emperor would give them a copy of the Refutation, but on these conditions; namely, that the Protestants should not reply, that they should speedily agree with the Emperor, and that they would not print or communicate to any one the Refutation that should be confided to them.[3]

This communication excited murmurs among the Protestants. "These conditions," said they all, "are inadmissible."—"The Papists present us with their paper," added the Chancellor Brück, "as the fox offered a thin broth to his gossip the stork."

The savoury broth upon a plate by Reynard was served up,
But Mistress Stork, with her long beak, she could not get a sup.[4]

"If the Refutation," continued he, "should come to be known without participation (and how can we prevent it?) we shall be charged with it as a crime. Let us beware of accepting so perfidious an offer.[1] We already possess in the notes of Camerarius several articles of this paper, and if we omit any point, no one will have the right to reproach us with it."

On the next day (6th August) the Protestants declared to the diet that they preferred declining the copy thus offered to them, and appealed to God and to his Majesty.[2] They thus rejected all that the Emperor proposed to them, even what he considered as a favour.

Agitation, anger, and affright, were manifested on every branch of that august assembly.[3] This reply of the Evangelicals was war—was rebellion. George of Saxony, the Princes of Bavaria, all the violent adherents of Rome, trembled with indignation; there was a sudden, an impetuous movement, an explosion of murmurs and of hatred; and it might have been feared that the two parties would have come to blows in the very presence of the Emperor, if Archbishop Albert, the Elector of Brandenburg, and the Dukes of Brunswick, Pomerania, and Mecklenburg, rushing between them, had not conjured the Protestants to put an end to this deplorable combat, and not drive the Emperor to extremities. The diet separated, their hearts filled with emotion, apprehension, and trouble.

Never had the diet proposed such fatal alternatives. The hopes of agreement, set forth in the edict of convocation, had only been a deceitful lure: now the mask was thrown aside; submission or the sword—such was the dilemma offered to the Reformation. All announced that the day of tentatives was passed, and that they were beginning one of violence.

In truth, on the 6th July, the Pope had assembled the consistory of cardinals in his palace at Rome, and had made known to them the Protestant ultimatum; namely, the cup for the laity, the marriage of priests, the omission of the invocation of saints in the sacrifice of the Mass, the use of ecclesiastical property already secularized, and for the rest, the convocation of a council. "These concessions," said the cardinals, "are opposed to the religion, the discipline, and the laws of the Church.[5] We reject them, and vote our thanks to the Emperor for the zeal which he employs in bringing back the deserters." The Pope having thus

[1] Ecclesiam ibi non esse, ubi ignoratur Christus.
[2] Quod nisi fiet, quid in tot sectis ad posteros futurum sit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 148.)
[3] F. Urkund. ii. p. 179; Corp. Ref. ii. p. 256; Brück, Apol. p. 72
[4] Gluck wie der Fuchs brauchet, da er den Storch zu gast lud. (Ibid p. 74.)

[1] Quando exemplum per alios in vulgus exire poterat. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 76.)
[2] Das Sie es Gott und Kays. Maj beschlen muffien. (Urkund. ii. p. 181.)
[3] Und darob wie man Spüren mag, ein Entzet zen gehabt. (Ibid.)
[4] Hi accedunt ad nostros principes et jubent omittere hoc certamen, ne Cæsar vehementius commoveatur. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 254.)
[5] Oppositas religioni, disciplinæ, legibusque Ecclesiæ. (Pallav. i. p. 234.)

lecided, every attempt at conciliation became useless.

Campeggio, on his side, redoubled in zeal. He spoke as if in his person the Pope himself were present at Augsburg.[1] "Let the Emperor and the right-thinking princes form a league," said he to Charles; "and if these rebels, equally insensible to threats and promises, obstinately persist in their diabolical course, then let his Majesty seize fire and sword, let him take possession of all the property of the heretics, and utterly eradicate these venomous plants.[2] Then let him appoint holy inquisitors, who shall go on the track of the remnants of Reform, and proceed against them, as in Spain against the Moors. Let him put the university of Wittemberg under ban, burn the heretical books, and send back the fugitive monks to their convents. But this plan must be executed with courage."

Thus the jurisprudence of Rome consisted, according to a prophecy uttered against the city which *is seated on seven hills*, in adorning itself with pearls that it had stolen, and in becoming drunk with the blood of the saints.[3]

While Charles was thus urged on with blind fury by the diet and the Pope, the Protestant princes, restrained by a mute indignation, did not open their mouths,[4] and hence they seemed to betray a weakness of which the Emperor was eager to profit. But there was also strength concealed under this weakness. "It only remains for us," exclaimed Melancthon, "to embrace our Saviour's knees." In this they laboured earnestly. Melancthon begged for Luther's prayers; Brenz for those of his own church: a general cry of distress and of faith ran through Evangelical Germany. "You shall have sheep," said Brenz, "If you will send us sheep: you know what I mean."[5] The sheep that were to be offered in sacrifice were the prayers of the saints.

The Church was not wanting to itself. "Assembled every day," wrote certain cities to the Electors, "we beg for you strength, grace, and victory,—victory full of joy." But the man of prayer and faith was especially Luther. A calm and sublime courage, in which firmness shines at the side of joy—a courage that rises and exults in proportion as the danger increases—is what Luther's letters at this time present in every line. The most poetical images are pale beside those energetic expressions which issue in a boiling torrent from the Reformer's soul.

"I have recently witnessed two miracles," wrote he on the 5th August to Chancellor Brück; "this is the first. As I was at my window, I saw the stars, and the sky, and that vast and magnificent firmament in which the Lord has placed them. I could nowhere discover the columns on which the Master has supported this immense vault, and yet the heavens did not fall. . . . . .

"And here is the second. I beheld thick clouds hanging above us like a vast sea. I could neither perceive ground on which they reposed, nor cords by which they were suspended; and yet they did not fall upon us, but saluted us rapidly, and fled away.

"God," continued he, "will choose the manner, the time, and the place suitable for deliverance, and he will not linger. What the men of blood have begun, they have not yet finished. . . . . Our rainbow is faint . . . . . their clouds are threatening. . . . . the enemy comes against us with frightful machines. . . . . But at last it will be seen to whom belonged the ballistæ, and from what hands the javelins are lanched.[1] It is no matter if Luther perishes: if Christ is conqueror, Luther is conqueror also."[2]

Never had the Roman party, who did not know what was the victory of faith, imagined themselves more certain of success.

The doctors having refuted the Confession, the Protestants ought, they imagined, to declare themselves convinced, and all would then be restored to its ancient footing: such was the Emperor's plan of campaign. He therefore urges and calls upon the Protestants; but instead of submitting, they announce a refutation of the Refutation. Upon this Charles looked at his sword, and all the princes who surrounded him did the same.

John of Saxony understood what that meant, but he remained firm. "The straight line," said he, (the axiom was familiar to him,) "is the shortest road." It is this indomitable firmness that has secured for him in history the name of John the Persevering. He was not alone: all those Protestant princes who had grown up in the midst of courts, and who were habituated to pay an humble obedience to the Emperor, found at that time in their faith a noble independence that confounded Charles the Fifth.

With the design of gaining the Marquis of Brandenburg, they opened to him the possibility of according him some possessions in Silesia, on which he had claims. "If Christ is Christ," replied he, "the doctrine that I have confessed is truth."—"But do you know," quickly replied his cousin the Elector Joachim, "what is your stake?"—"Certainly," replied the Margrave, "it is said I shall be expelled from this country.

[1] Als were der Papst selbst gegenwärtig gewest. (Brück, Apol. 62.)

[2] Se alcuni. . . . perseverassero in questa diabolica via quella S. M. potrà mettere la mano al ferro e al foco et *radicitus extirpare* questa venenata pianta. (Instructio data Cæsari a reverendissimo Campeggi in dieta Augustana, 1530.)

[3] Revelation xvii. and xviii.

[4] Tacita indignatio. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 254.)

[5] Habebitis oves, si oves ad nos mittatis: intelligitis quæ volo. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 246.)

[1] In fine videbitur cujus toni. . . . . (L. Epp. iv. p. 130.)

[2] Vincat Christus modo, nihil refert si pereat Lutherus, quia victore Christo victor erit. (Ibid p. 139.)

Well! may God protect me!" One day Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt met Doctor Eck. "Doctor," said he, "you are exciting to war, but you will find those who will not be behindhand with you. I have broken many a lance for my friends in my time. My Lord Jesus Christ is assuredly worthy that I should do as much for him."

At the sight of this resolution, each one asked himself whether Charles, instead of curing the disease, was not augmenting it. Reflections, criticisms, jests, passed between the citizens; and the good sense of the people manifested in its own fashion what they thought of the folly of their chief. We will adduce one instance.

It is said that one day, as the Emperor was at table with many Roman Catholic princes, he was informed that some comedians begged permission (according to custom) to amuse their lordships. First appeared an old man wearing a mask, and dressed in a doctor's robe, who advanced with difficulty carrying a bundle of sticks in his arms, some straight and some crooked. He approached the wide fire-place of the Gothic hall, threw down his load in disorder, and immediately withdrew.[1] Charles and the courtiers read on his back—JOHN REUCHLIN. Then appeared another mask with an intelligent look, who made every exertion to pair the straight and the crooked pieces;[2] but finding his labours useless, he shook his head, turned to the door, and disappeared. They read—ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. Almost immediately after advanced a monk with bright eye and decided gait, carrying a brasier of lighted coals.[3] He put the wood in order, set fire to it, blew and stirred it up, so that the flame rose bright and sparkling into the air. He then retired, and on his back were the words—MARTIN LUTHER.

Next approached a magnificent personage, covered with all the imperial insignia, who, seeing the fire so bright, drew his sword, and endeavoured by violent thrusts to extinguish it; but the more he struck, the fiercer burnt the flames, so that at last he quitted the place in indignation. His name, as it would seem, was not made known to the spectators, but all divined it. The general attention was soon attracted by a new character. A man, wearing a surplice and a mantle of red velvet, with an alb of white wool that reached to his heels, and having a stole around his neck whose ends were ornamented with pearls, advanced majestically. Beholding the flames that already filled the hearth, he clapped his hands in terror, and looking around him sought to find something to extinguish them. He sees two vessels at the very extremity of the hall, one filled with water, and the other with oil. He rushes to them, seizes unwittingly on that containing the oil, and throws it on the fire.[1] The flames then spread with such violence that the mask fled in alarm, raising his hands to heaven; on his back was read the name of LEO X.

The mystery was finished; but instead of claiming their remuneration, the pretended actors had disappeared. No one asked the moral of this drama.

The lesson, however, proved useless; and the majority of the diet, assuming at the same time the part assigned to the Emperor and the Pope, began to prepare the means necessary for extinguishing the fire kindled by Luther. They negotiated in Italy with the Duke of Mantua, who engaged to send a few regiments of light cavalry across the Alps;[2] and in England with Henry VIII., who had not forgotten Luther's reply, and who promised Charles, through his ambassador, an immense subsidy to destroy the heretics.[3]

At the same time frightful prodigies announced the gloomy future which threatened the Reform. At Spire fearful spectres, having the shape of monks, with angry eyes and hasty steps, had appeared during the night. "What do you want?" they had been asked.—"We are going," they replied, "to the Diet of Augsburg!" The circumstance has been carefully investigated, and was found perfectly trustworthy.[4] "The interpretation is not difficult," exclaimed Melancthon: "Evil spirits are coming to Augsburg to counteract our exertions, and to destroy peace. They forebode horrible troubles to us."[5] No one doubted this. "Everything is advancing towards war," said Erasmus.[6] "The diet will not terminate," wrote Brenz, "except by the destruction of all Germany."[7] "There will be a slaughter of the saints," exclaimed Bucer, "which will be such that the massacres of Diocletian will scarcely come up to it."[8] War and blood!—this was the general cry.

Suddenly, on the night of Saturday, 6th August, a great disturbance broke out in the

[1] Persona larva contecta, habitu doctorali portabat struem lignorum. (T. L. Fabricius, opp. omnia, ii. p. 131.)

[2] Hic conabatur curva rectis exæquare lignis. (Ibid. p. 231.)

[3] In azula ferens ignem et prunas. (Ibid.)

[1] Currens in amphoram oleo plenam. (T. L. Fabricius, opp. omnia, ii. p. 232.)

[2] Che tentano col Duca di Mantona d' avere il modo di condurre 1000 cavalli leggieri d' Italia in caso si faeesse guerra in Germanica. (Nic. Tiefolo Relat.)

[3] Cui (Cæsari) ingentem vim pecuniæ in hoc sacrum bellum contra hæreticos Anglus promisisse fertur. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 484.)

[4] Res et diligenter inquisita et explorata maximeque ἀξιόπιστος. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 259.)

[5] Monachorum Spirensium φάσμα plane significat horribilem tumultum. (Ibid. p. 260.)

[6] Vides rem plane tendere ad bellum. (Ibid. Aug. 12, p. 268.)

[7] Comitia non finientur nisi totius Germaniæ malo et exitio. (Ibid. p. 216.)

[8] Laniena sanctorum qualis vix Diocletiani tempore fuit. (Buc. Ep. Aug. 14, 1530.)

city of Augsburg.[1] There was running to and fro in the streets; messengers from the Emperor were galloping in every direction; the senate was called together and received an order to allow no one to pass the gates of the city.[2] At the same time all were afoot in the imperial barracks; the soldiers got ready their arms; the regiments were drawn up, and at daybreak (about three o'clock on Sunday morning) the Emperor's troops, in opposition to the custom constantly followed in the diet, relieved the soldiers of the city and took possession of the gates. At the same time it was learnt that these gates would not be opened, and that Charles had given orders to keep a strict watch upon the Elector and his allies.[3] A terrible awakening for those who still flattered themselves with seeing the religious debates conclude peacefully! Are not these unheard-of measures the commencement of wars and the signal of a frightful massacre?

X. Trouble and anger prevailed in the imperial palace, and it was the Landgrave who had caused them. Firm as a rock in the midst of the tempest with which he was surrounded, Philip of Hesse had never bent his head to the blast. One day, in a public assembly, addressing the bishops, he had said to them, "My lords, give peace to the Empire; we beg it of you. If you will not do so, and if I must fall, be sure that I will drag one or two of you with me." They saw it was necessary to employ milder means with him, and the Emperor endeavoured to gain him by showing a favourable disposition with respect to the county of Katzenellenbogen, about which he was at variance with the country of Nassau, and to Wurtemberg, which he claimed for his cousin Ulric. On his side Duke George of Saxony, his father-in law, had assured him that he would make him his heir if he would submit to the Pope. "They carried him to an exceeding high mountain, whence they showed him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof,"[4] says a chronicler, but the Landgrave resisted the temptation.

One day he heard that the Emperor had manifested a desire to speak to him. He leapt instantly on his horse and appeared before Charles.[5] The latter, who had with him his secretary Schweiss and the Bishop of Constance, represented that he had four complaints against him; namely, of having violated the Edict of Worms, of despising the Mass, of having, during his absence, excited all kinds of revolt, and, finally, of having transmitted to him a book in which his sovereign rights were attacked. The Landgrave justified himself; and the Emperor said that he accepted his replies, except with regard to the faith, and begged him to show himself in that respect entirely submissive to his majesty. "What would you say," added Charles, in a winning tone, "if I elevated you to the regal dignity?[1] But, if you show yourself rebellious to my orders, then I shall behave as becomes a Roman Emperor."

These words exasperated the Landgrave, but they did not move him. "I am in the flower of my age," replied he, "and I do not pretend to despise the joys of life and the favour of the great; but to the deceitful goods of this world I shall always prefer the ineffable grace of my God." Charles was stupified; he could not understand Philip.

From this time the Landgrave had redoubled his exertions to unite the adherents of Reform. The Zwinglian cities felt that, whatever was the issue of the diet, they would be the first victims, unless the Saxons should give them their hand. But this there was some difficulty in obtaining.

"It does not appear to me useful to the public weal, or safe for the conscience," wrote Melancthon to Bucer, "to load our princes with all the hatred your doctrine inspires."[2] The Strasburgers replied, that the real cause of the Papists' hatred was not so much the doctrine of the Eucharist as that of justification by faith. "All we, who desire to belong to Christ," said they, "are one, and we have nothing to expect but death."[3]

This was true; but another motive besides checked Melancthon. If all the Protestants united, they would feel their strength, and war would be inevitable. Therefore, then, no union!

The Landgrave, threatened by the Emperor, rejected by the theologians, began to ask himself what he did at Augsburg. The cup was full. Charles' refusal to communicate the Romish Refutation, except on inadmissible conditions, made it run over. Philip of Hesse saw but one course to take—to quit the city.

Scarcely had the Emperor made known the conditions which he placed on the communication of the reply, than on Friday evening, 5th August, the Landgrave, going alone to the Count palatine, Charles' minister, had begged for an immediate audience with his majesty. Charles, who did not care about it, pretended to be busy, and had

[1] Tumultum magnum fuisse in civitate. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 277.)

[2] Facto autem intempesta nocte Cæsar senatui mandavit, ne quenquam per portas urbis suæ emittant. (Ibid. p. 277.)

[3] Daff man auf den Churfurst zu Sachsen aufschen haben soll. (Brück. Apol. p. 80.

[4] Auf den hohen berg gefuhrt. (Lanze's Chronik.)

[5] Von ihr selbst gen Hof geritten. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 165.)

[1] Quin et in regem te evehendum curabimus. (Rommel, Philip der Gr. i. p. 268.)

[2] Nostros principes onerare invidia vestri dogmatis. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 221.)

[3] Arctissime quoque inter nos conjuncti essemus, quotquot Christi esse volumus. (Ibid. p. 236.)

put off Philip until the following Sunday.[1] But the latter answered that he could not wait; that his wife, who was dangerously ill, entreated him to return to Hesse without delay; and that, being one of the youngest princes, the meanest in understanding, and useless to Charles, he humbly begged his majesty would permit him to leave on the morrow. The Emperor refused.

We may well understand the storms this refusal excited in Philip's mind: but he knew how to contain himself; never had he appeared more tranquil; during the whole of Saturday, (6th August,) he seemed occupied only with a magnificent tourney in honour of the Emperor and of his brother Ferdinand.[2] He prepared for it publicly; his servants went to and fro, but under that din of horses and of armour, Philip concealed very different designs. "The Landgrave conducts himself with very great moderation," wrote Melancthon to Luther, the same day.[3] "He told me openly that, to preserve peace, he would submit to conditions still harder than those which the Emperor imposes on us, and whatever he could accept without dishonouring the Gospel, he would do so."

Yet Charles was not at ease. The Landgrave's demand pursued him; all the Protestants might do the same, and even quit Augsburg unexpectedly. The clue, that he had hitherto skilfully held in his hands, was perhaps about to be broken: it was better to be violent than ridiculous. The Emperor therefore resolved on striking a decisive blow. The Elector, the princes, the deputies, are still in Augsburg: he must at every risk prevent them from leaving it. Such were the heavy thoughts that on the night of the 6th August, while the Protestants were calmly sleeping,[4] banished repose from Charles' eyes; and which made him hastily arouse the councillors of Augsburg, and send his messengers and soldiers through the streets of the city.

The Protestant princes were still slumbering, when they received on the part of the Emperor, the unexpected order to repair immediately to the Hall of the Chapter.[5]

It was eight o'clock when they arrived. They found there the electors of Brandenburg and Mentz, the Dukes of Saxony, Brunswick, and Mecklenburg, the Bishops of Salzburg, Spire, and Strasburg, George Truchses, the Margrave of Baden's representative, Count Martin, of Œlting, the Abbot of Weingarten, and the Provost of Bamberg. These were the commissioners nominated by Charles to terminate this great affair.

It was the most decided among them, Joachim of Brandenburg, who began to speak. "You know," said he to the Protestants, "with what mildness the Emperor has endeavoured to re-establish unity. If some abuses have crept into the Christian Church, he is ready to correct them, in conjunction with the Pope. But how contrary to the Gospel are the sentiments you have adopted! Abandon then your errors, do not any longer remain separate from the Church, and sign the Refutation without delay.[1] If you refuse, then through your fault how many souls will be lost, how much blood shed, what countries laid waste, what trouble in all the Empire! And you," said he, turning towards the Elector, "your electorate, your life, all will be torn from you, and certain ruin will fall upon your subjects, and even upon their wives and children."

The Elector remained motionless. At any time this language would have been alarming: it was still more so now that the city was almost in a state of siege. "We now understand," said the Protestants to one another, "why the imperial guards occupy the gates of the city."[2] It was evident, indeed, that the Emperor intended violence.[3]

The Protestants are unanimous: surrounded with soldiers, at the very gates of the prison, and beneath the thousand swords of Charles, they will remain firm. All these threats will not make them take one step backwards.[4] It was important for them, however, to consider their reply. They begged for a few minutes' delay, and retired.

To submit voluntarily, or to be reduced by force, such was the dilemma Charles proposed to the Evangelical Christians.

At the moment when each was anxious about the issue of this struggle, in which the destinies of Christianity were contending, an alarming rumour suddenly raised the agitation of all minds to its height.

The Landgrave, in the midst of his preparations for the tournament, meditated the most serious resolution. Excluded by Charles from every important deliberation, irritated at the treatment the Protestants had undergone during this diet,[5] convinced that they had no more chance of peace,[6] not doubting that their liberty was greatly en-

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[1] Cum imperator dilationem respondendi astu quodam accepisset. (Corp. Ref. ii. pp. 254, 276.)

[2] Ad ludos equestres in honorem Cæsari instituendos publice sese apparavit. (Seek. ii. p. 172.)

[3] Landgravius valde moderate se gerit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 254.)

[4] Ego vero somno sopitus dulciter quiescebam. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 273.)

[5] Mane facto Cæsar . . . . convocavit nostros principes (Ibid. p. 277; Brück, Apol. p. 79.)

[1] Ut sententiæ quam in refutatione audivissent subscribant. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 277.)

[2] Intelligis nunc cur portæ munitæ fuerunt (Ibid.)

[3] Quia volebat Cæsar nostros violentia ad suam sententiam cogere. (Ibid.)

[4] Sed hæ minæ nostros nihil commoverunt. perstant in sententia, nec vel tantillum recedunt. (Ibid.)

[5] Commotus indignitate actionum. (Corp. Ref ii. p. 260.)

[6] Spem pacis abjecisse. (Ibid.)

dangered in Augsburg, and feeling unable to conceal under the appearance of moderation the indignation with which his soul was filled, being, besides, of a quick, prompt, and resolute character, Philip had decided on quitting the city and repairing to his states, in order to act freely, and to serve as a support to the Reform.

But what mystery was required! If the Landgrave was taken in the act, no doubt he would be put under arrest. This daring step might therefore become the signal of those extreme measures from which he longed to escape.

It was Saturday, the 6th August, the day for which Philip had requested the Emperor's leave of absence. He waits until the commencement of the night, and then, about eight o'clock, disguised in a foreign dress, without bidding farewell to any of his friends,[1] and taking every imaginable precaution,[2] he makes for the gates of the city, about the time when they are usually closed. Five or six cavaliers followed him singly, and at a little distance.[3] In so critical a moment, will not these men-at-arms attract attention? Philip traverses the streets without danger, approaches the gate,[4] passes with a careless air through the midst of the guard between the scattered soldiers; no one moves, all remain idly seated, as if nothing extraordinary was going on. Philip has passed without being recognised.[5] His five or six horsemen come through in like manner. Behold them all at last in the open country. The little troop immediately spur their horses, and flee with headlong speed far from the walls of the imperial city.

Yet Philip has taken his measures so well, that no one as yet suspects his departure. When during the night Charles occupies the gates with his own guards, he thinks the Landgrave still in the city.[6] When the Protestants were assembled at eight in the morning in the Chapter-hall, the princes of both parties were a little astonished at the absence of Philip of Hesse. They are accustomed, however, to see him keep aloof; he is in a pet, no doubt. No one imagines he is between twelve and fifteen leagues from Augsburg.

After the termination of the conference, and as each was returning towards his hotel, the Elector of Brandenburg and his friends on the one hand, elated at the speech they had delivered, the Elector of Saxony and his allies on the other, resolved to sacrifice every thing, inquiries were made at the Landgrave's lodgings as to the reason of his absence; they closely question Salz, Nuszbicker, Mayer, and Schnepf. At last the Hessian councillors can no longer keep the secret. "The Landgrave," said they, "has returned to Hesse."

This news circulated immediately through all the city; and shook it like the explosion of a mine. Charles especially, who found himself mocked, and frustrated in his expectations—Charles, who had not the least suspicion,[1] trembled, and was enraged.[2] The Protestants, whom the Landgrave had not admitted to his secret,[3] are as much astonished as the Roman Catholics themselves, and fear that this inconsiderate departure may be the immediate signal for a terrible persecution. There was only Luther, who, the moment he heard of Philip's proceeding, highly approved of it, and exclaimed: "Of a truth, all these delays and indignities are enough to fatigue more than one Landgrave."[4]

The Chancellor of Hesse gave the Elector of Saxony a letter that his master had left for him. Philip spoke in this ostensible document of his wife's health; but he had charged his ministers to inform the Elector in private of the real causes of his departure. He announced, moreover, that he had given orders to his ministers to assist the Protestants in all things, and exhort his allies to permit themselves in no manner to be turned aside from the Word of God.[5] "As for me," said he, "I shall fight for the Word of God, at the risk of my goods, my states, my subjects, and my life."

The effect of the Landgrave's departure was instantaneous: a real revolution was then effected in the diet. The Elector of Mentz and the bishops of Franconia, Philip's near neighbours, imagined they already saw him on their frontiers at the head of a powerful army, and they replied to the Archbishop of Salzburg, who expressed astonishment at their alarm: "Ah! if you were in our place, you would do the same." Ferdinand, knowing the intimate relations of Philip with the Duke of Wurtemberg, trembled for the estates of this prince, at that time usurped by Austria; and Charles the Fifth, undeceived with regard to those

[1] Clam omnibus abit. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 260.)
[2] Multa cum cautela. (Seck. ii. p. 172.)
[3] Clam cum paucis equitibus. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 277; Mit 5 oder 6 pferden. Ibid. p. 263.)
Seckendorf, and M. de Rommel no doubt after him, say that the Landgrave went out through a secret gate (porta urbis secretiori, Seck. ii. p. 172; Rommel i. p. 270.) I prefer the contemporary evidence, particularly that of Brenz, which says: Vesperi priusquam portæ urbis clauderentur, urbe elapsus est. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 277.) The chief magistrate of Augsburg, who alone had the keys of the wicket, would never have dared to favour the departure of the Landgrave.
[5] Ubi erat ille ignotus. (Corp. Ref. p. 261.)
[6] Existimabat enim Cæsar adhuc præsto adesse. (Ibid.)

[1] Cæsare nihil suspicante. (Corp. Ref. p. 277.)
[2] Imperator re insperata commotus. (Seck. ii. p. 172.)
[3] Unwissend des Churfursten von Sachsen und unserer. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 263.)
[4] Es möchte wohl *ista mora et indignitas* noch einen Landgraven müde machen. (L. Epp. iv. p. 134.)
[5] Ut nullo modo a verbo Dei abstrahi aut terreri se patiatur. (Seck. ii. p. 172.)

princes whom he had believed so timid, and whom he had treated with so much arrogance, had no doubt that this sudden fit of Philip's had been maturely deliberated in the common council of the Protestants. All saw a declaration of war in the Landgrave's sudden departure. They called to mind, that at the moment when they thought the least about it, they might see him appear at the head of his soldiers, on the frontiers of his enemies, and no one was ready; no one even wished to be ready! A thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of the diet. They repeated the news to one another, with troubled eyes and affrighted looks. All was confusion in Augsburg; and couriers bore afar, in every direction, astonishment and consternation.

This alarm immediately converted the enemies of the Reform. The violence of Charles and of the princes was broken in this memorable night as if by enchantment; and the furious wolves were suddenly transformed into meek and docile lambs.[1]

It was still Sunday morning: Charles the Fifth immediately convoked the diet for the afternoon.[2] "The Landgrave has quitted Augsburg," said Count Frederick from the Emperor; "his majesty flatters himself that even the friends of that prince were ignorant of his departure. It was without the Emperor's knowledge, and even in defiance of his express prohibition, that Philip of Hesse has left, thus failing in all his duties. He has wished to put the diet out of joint.[3] But the Emperor conjures you not to permit yourselves to be led astray by him, and to contribute rather to the happy issue of this national assembly. His majesty's gratitude will thus be secured to you."

The Protestants replied, that the departure of the Landgrave had taken place without their knowledge; that they had heard of it with pain, and that they would have dissuaded him. Nevertheless they did not doubt that this prince had solid reasons for such a step; besides he had left his councillors with full powers, and that, as for them, they were ready to do everything to conclude the diet in a becoming manner. Then, confident in their rights, and decided to resist Charles' arbitrary acts, they continued: "It is pretended that the gates were closed on our account. We beg your majesty to revoke this order, and to prevent any similar orders being given for the future."

Never was Charles the Fifth less at ease: he had just spoken as a father, and they remind him that a few hours back he had acted like a tyrant. Some subterfuge was requisite. "It is not on your account," replied the Count-palatine, "that the Emperor's soldiers occupy the gates. . . . . Beware of believing those who tell you so. . . . Yesterday there was a quarrel between two soldiers,[1] and a mob was collected. . . . . This is why the Emperor took that step. Besides, such a thing shall not be done again without the Elector of Saxony, in his quality of marshal of the Empire, being first informed of them." An order was given immediately to re-open the gates.

No exertions were now spared by the Roman party to convince the Protestants of their good-will: there was an unaccustomed mildness in the language of the Count-palatine and in the looks of Charles.[2] The princes of the Papal party, once so terrible, were similarly transformed. They had been hastily forced to speak out; if they desired war, they must begin it instantly.

But they shrunk back at this frightful prospect. How, with the enthusiasm that animated the Protestants, take up arms against them! Were not the abuses of the Church everywhere acknowledged, and could the Roman princes be sure of their own subjects? Besides, what would be the issue of a war but the increase of the Emperor's power? The Roman Catholic states, and the Duke of Bavaria in particular, would have been glad to see Charles at war with the Protestants, in the hope that he would thus consume his strength; but it was, on the contrary, with their own soldiers that the Emperor designed attacking the heretics. Henceforth they rejected the instrumentality of arms as eagerly as they had at first desired it.

Everything had thus changed in Augsburg: the Romish party was paralyzed, disheartened, and even broken up. The sword already drawn was hastily thrust back into the sheath. Peace! peace! was the cry of all.

XI. The diet now entered upon its third phasis, and as the time of tentatives had been followed by that of menaces; now that of arrangements was to succeed the period of menaces. New and more formidable dangers were then to be encountered by the Reform. Rome, seeing the sword torn from its hands, had seized the net, and enlacing her adversaries with "cords of humanity and bands of love," was endeavouring to drag them gently into the abyss.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 16th August, a mixed commission was framed, which counted on each side two princes, two lawyers, and three theologians. In the Romish party there were Duke Henry of Brunswick, the Bishop of Augsburg, the Chancellors of Baden and Cologne, with Eck, Cochlæus, and Wimpina; on the

[1] Sed hanc violentiam abitus Landgravii interrupit. (Corp. Ref. p. 277.)

[2] Nam cum paucis post horis resciscunt Landgravium elapsum, convocant iterum nostros. (Ibid.)

[3] Zertrennung dieses Reichstags zu verursachen. Ibid. p. 264.)

[1] Es habe ein Trabant mit einem andern ein Un will gehabt. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 265.)

[2] Nullo alio tempore mitius et benignius quam tunc cum protestantibus egerit. (Seck. ii. p. 172

part of the Protestants, were the Margrave George of Brandenburg, the Prince Electoral of Saxony, the Chancellors Brück and Heller, with Melancthon, Brenz, and Schnepf.[1]

They agreed to take as basis the Confession of the Evangelical states, and they began to read it article by article. The Romish theologians displayed an unexpected condescension. Out of twenty-one dogmatical articles, there were only six or seven to which they made any objection. Original Sin stopped them some time: at length they came to an understanding; the Protestants admitted that Baptism removed the guilt of the sin, and the Papists agreed that it did not wash away concupiscence. As for the Church, they granted that it contained sanctified men and sinners; they coincided also on Confession. The Protestants rejected especially as impossible the enumeration of all the sins prescribed by Rome. Doctor Eck yielded this point.[2]

There remained three doctrines only on which they differed.

The first was that of Penance. The Romish doctors taught that it contained three parts: contrition, confession, and satisfaction. The Protestants rejected the latter, and the Romanists clearly perceiving that with satisfaction would fall indulgences, purgatory, with other of their doctrines and profits, vigorously maintained it. "We agree, said they, "that the penance imposed by the priest does not procure remission of the guilt of sin: but we maintain that it is necessary to obtain remission of the penalty."

The second controverted point was the Invocation of Saints; and the third, and principal one, was Justification by Faith. It was of the greatest importance for the Romanists to maintain the meritorious influence of works: all their system, in reality, was based on that. Eck therefore haughtily declared war on the assertion that faith alone justifies. "That word *sole*," said he, "we cannot tolerate. It generates scandals, and renders men brutal and impious. Let us send back the *sole* to the cobbler."[3]

But the Protestants would not listen to such reasoning; and even when they put the question to each other, Shall we maintain that faith alone justifies us gratuitously? "Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," exclaimed one of them with exaggeration, "*gratuitously and uselessly.*"[4] They even adduced strange authorities: "Plato," said they, "declares that it is not by external works, but by virtue that God is adored; and every one knows these verses of Cato's:

Si deus est animus, nobis ut carmina dicunt,
Hic tibi precipue pura sit mente colendus."[1]

"Certainly," resumed the Romish theologians; "it is only of works performed with grace that we speak; but we say that in such works there is something meritorious." The Protestants declared they could not grant it.

They had approximated however, beyond all hope. The Roman theologians, clearly understanding their position, had purposed to appear agreed rather than be so in reality. Every one knew, for instance, that the Protestants rejected transubstantiation: but the Article of the Confession on this point, being able to be taken in the Romish sense, the Papists had admitted it. Their triumph was only deferred. The general expressions that were used in all the controverted points, would permit somewhat later a Romish interpretation to be given to the Confession; ecclesiastical authority would declare this the only true one; and Rome, thanks to a few moments of dissimulation, would thus reascend the throne. Have you not seen in our own days the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church interpreted in accordance with the Council of Trent? There are causes in which falsehood is never awanting. This plot was as skilfully executed, as it was profoundly conceived.

The Commissioners were on the best terms with one another, and concord seemed restored. One single uneasiness disturbed that happy moment: the idea of the Landgrave: "Ignorant that we are almost agreed," said they, "this young mad-brain is doubtless already assembling his army; we must bring him back and make him a witness of our cordial union." On the morning of the 13th, one of the members of the Commission (Duke Henry of Brunswick), accompanied by a councillor of the Emperor, set out to discharge this difficult mission.[2] Duke George of Saxony supplied his place as arbitrator.

They now passed from the first part of the Confession to the second: from doctrines to abuses. Here the Romish theologians could not yield so easily; for if they appeared to agree with the Protestants, it was all over with the honour and power of the hierarchy. It was accordingly for this period of the combat that they had reserved their cunning and their strength.

They began by approaching the Protestants as near as they could, for the more they granted, the more they might draw the Reform to them and stifle it. "We think," said they, "that with the permission of his holiness, and the approbation of his majesty, we shall be able to permit, until the next

[1] P. Urkundenbuch, ii. p. 219.

[2] Die Lünd die man nicht wisse, die durff man nicht beichten. (F. Urkunden, ii. p. 228.)

[3] Man soll die *Sole* ein weil zum Schuster Schicken. (Urkund. ii. p. 225.) This wretched pun of Eck's requires no comment.

[4] Omnino, omnino, addendum etiam *frustra*. Scultet. p. 289.)

[1] If God is a spirit, as the poets teach, he should be worshipped with a pure mind.

[2] Brunswigus coactus est abire πρὸς τὸν μεγάδουκα quem timent contrahere exercitum. (Scultet. p. 299.)

council, the communion in both kinds, wherever it is practised already; only, your ministers should preach at Easter, that that is not of Divine institution, and that Christ is wholly in each kind.[1]

"Moreover," continued they, "as for the married priests, desirous of sparing the poor women whom they have seduced, of providing for the maintenance of their innocent children, and of preventing every kind of scandal, we will tolerate them until the next council, and we shall then see if it will not be right to decree that married men may be admitted to holy orders, as was the case in the primitive Church for many centuries.[2]

"Finally, we acknowledge that the sacrifice of the Mass is a mystery, a representation, a sacrifice of commemoration, a memorial of the sufferings and death of Christ, accomplished on the cross."[3]

This was yielding much: but the turn of the Protestants was come; for if Rome appeared to give, it was only to take in return.

The grand question was the Church, its maintenance and government: who should provide for it? They could see only two means: princes or bishops. If they feared the bishops, they must decide for the princes: if they feared the princes, they must decide for the bishops. They were at that time too distant from the normal state to discover a third solution, and to perceive that the Church ought to be maintained by the Church itself — by the Christian people.— "Secular princes in the long-run will be defaulters to the government of the Church," said the Saxon divines in the opinion they presented on the 18th August; "they are not fit to execute it, and besides it would cost them too dear:[4] the bishops, on the contrary, have property destined to provide for this charge."

Thus the presumed incapacity of the state, and the fear they entertained of its indifference, threw the Protestants into the arms of the hierarchy.

They proposed therefore to restore to the bishops their jurisdiction, the maintenance of discipline, and the superintendence of the priests, provided they did not persecute the Evangelical doctrine, and did not oppress the pastors with impious vows and burdens. —"We may not," added they, "without strong reasons rend that order by which the bishops are over the priests, and which existed in the Church from the beginning. It is dangerous before the Lord to change the order of governments." Their argument is not founded upon the Bible, as may be seen, but upon ecclesiastical discipline.

The Protestant divines went even farther, and, taking a last step that seemed decisive, they consented to acknowledge the Pope as being (but of human right) supreme bishop of Christendom. "Although the Pope is Antichrist, we may be under his government, as the Jews were under Pharaoh, and in later days under Caiaphas." We must confess these two comparisons were not flattering to the Pope. "Only," added the doctors, "let the sound doctrine be fully accorded to us."

The chancellor Brück alone appears to have been conscious of the truth: he wrote on the margin with a firm hand: "We cannot acknowledge the Pope, because we say he is Antichrist, and because he claims the primacy of right divine."[1]

Finally, the Protestant theologians consented to agree with Rome as regards indifferent ceremonies, fasts, and forms of worship; and the Elector engaged to put under sequestration the ecclesiastical property already secularized, until the decision of the next council.

Never was the conservative spirit of Lutheranism more clearly manifested. "We have promised our adversaries to concede to them certain points of church government, that may be granted without wounding the conscience," wrote Melancthon.[2] But he began to be very doubtful whether the ecclesiastical concessions would not drag with them doctrinal concessions also. The reform was drifting away ..... still a few more fathoms, and it was lost. Already disunion, trouble, and affright began to spread among its ranks. Melancthon has become more childish than a child, said one of his friends,[3] and yet he was so excited, that the Chancellor of Lunenburg having made some objections to these unprecedented concessions, the little Master of Arts proudly raised his head, and said with a sharp and harsh tone of voice: "He who dares assert that the means indicated are not Christian is a liar and a scoundrel."[4] On which the Chancellor immediately repaid him in his own coin. These expressions cannot, however, detract from Melancthon's reputation for mildness. After so many useless efforts, he was exhausted, irritated, and his words cut the deeper, as they were the less expected from him. He was not the only one demoralized. Brenz appeared clumsy, rude, and uncivil; Chancellor Keller had misled the pious Margrave of Brandenburg, and transformed the courage of this prince into pusillanimity: no other human support re-

[1] Vorschläge des Anschlusses der Sieben des Gegentheils. (Urk. ii. p. 251.)
[2] Wie von alters in der ersten Kirche etliche Hundert Jahre, in Gebrauch gewesen. (Ibid. ii. p. 254.)
[3] Zu Errinnerung und Gedächtniss. (Ibid. p. 253.)
[4] Ist Ihmen auch nicht möglich. Dazu Kostet es zu veil. (Ibid. p. 247.)

[1] Cum dicimus eum Antichristum. (Urk. p 247.)
[2] Nos politica quædam concessuros quæ sine offensione conscientiæ. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 392.)
[3] Philippus ist kindischer denn ein kind warden (Baumgartner, Ibid. p. 363.)
[4] Der lüge als ein Bösewichst. (Ibid. p. 364

mained to the Elector than his chancellor Brück. And even this firm man began to grow alarmed at his isolation.

But he was not alone: the most earnest protests were received from without. "If it is true that you are making such concessions," said their affrighted friends to the Saxon divines, "Christian liberty is at an end.[1] What is your pretended concord? a thick cloud that you raise in the air to eclipse the sun that was beginning to illumine the Church.[2] Never will the Christian people accept conditions so opposed to the Word of God; and your only gain will be furnishing the enemies of the Gospel with a specious pretext to butcher those who remain faithful to it." Among the laymen these convictions were general. "Better die with Jesus Christ," said all Augsburg,[3] "than gain the favour of the whole world without him!"

No one felt so much alarm as Luther at the moment when he saw the glorious edifice that God had raised by his hands on the point of falling to ruin in those of Melancthon. The day on which this news arrived, he wrote five letters,—to the Elector, to Melancthon, to Spalatin, to Jonas, and to Brenz, all equally filled with courage and with faith.

"I learn," said he, "that you have begun a marvellous work, namely, to put Luther and the Pope in harmony; but the Pope is unwilling, and Luther begs to be excused.[4] And if, in despite of them, you succeed in this affair, then after your example, I will bring together Christ and Belial.

"The world I know is full of wranglers who obscure the doctrine of justification by faith, and of fanatics who persecute it. Do not be astonished at it, but continue to defend it with courage, for it is the heel of the seed of the woman that shall bruise the head of the serpent.[5]

"Beware also of the jurisdiction of the bishops, for fear we should have soon to recommence a more terrible struggle than the first. They will take our concessions widely, very widely, always more widely, and will give us theirs narrowly, very narrowly, and always more narrowly.[6] All these negotiations are impossible, unless the Pope should renounce his Papacy.

"A pretty motive indeed our adversaries assign! They cannot, say they, restrain their subjects, if we do not publish everywhere that they have the truth for them, as if God only taught his Word, in order that our enemies might at pleasure tyrannize over their people.

"They cry out that we condemn all the Church. No, we do not condemn it; but as for them, they condemn all the Word of God, and the Word of God is more than the Church."[1]

This important declaration of the Reformers decides the controversy between the Evangelical Christians and the Papacy: unfortunately we have often seen Protestants return, on this fundamental point, to the error of Rome, and set the visible Church above the Word of God.

"I write to you now," continues Luther, "to believes with all of us, (and that through obedience to Jesus Christ,) that Campeggio is a famous demon.[2] I cannot tell how violently these conditions agitate me which you propose. The plan of Campeggio and the Pope has been to try us first by threats, and then, if they do not succeed, by stratagems; you have triumphed over the first attack, and sustained the terrible coming of Cæsar: now, then, for the second. Act with courage, and do not yield to the adversaries except what can be proved with evidence from the very Word of God.

"But if, which Christ forbid! you do not put forward all the Gospel; if, on the contrary, you shut up that glorious eagle in a sack; Luther—doubt it not!—Luther will come and gloriously deliver the eagle.[3] As certainly as Christ lives, that shall be done!"

Thus spoke Luther, but in vain: everything in Augsburg was tending towards approaching ruin; Melancthon had a bandage over his eyes that nothing could tear off. He no longer listened to Luther, and cared not for popularity. "It does not become us," said he, "to be moved by the clamours of the vulgar;[4] we must think of peace and of posterity. If we repeal the episcopal jurisdiction, what will be the consequence to our descendants? The secular powers care nothing about the interests of religion.[5] Besides too much dissimilarity in the Churches is injurious to peace: we must unite with the bishops, lest the infamy of schism should overwhelm us for ever."[6]

They too readily listened to Melancthon, and they vigorously laboured to bind the Papacy by the bonds of the hierarchy the Church that God had wonderfully emanci-

[1] Actum est de Christiana libertate. (Baumgartner, Corp. Ref. ii. p. 295.)

[2] Quid ea concordia aliud esset quam natæ jam et divulgatæ luci obducere nubem. (Ibid. p. 296.)

[3] Die gange Stadt sagt. (Ibid. p. 297.)

[4] Sed Papa nolet et Lutherus deprecatur. (L. Epp iv. p. 144.)

[5] Nam hic est ille unicus calcaneus seminis antiquo serpenti adversantis. (Ibid. p. 151.)

[6] Ipsi enim nostras concessiones large, largius, largissime, suas vero, stricte, strictius, strictissime. (Ibid. p. 145.)

[1] Sed ab ipsis totum verbum Dei *quod plus quam ecclesia est* damnari. (L. Epp. iv. p. 145.)

[2] Quod Campeggius est unus magnus et insignis diabolus. (Ibid. p. 147.)

[3] Veniet, ne dubita, veniet Lutterus, hanc aquilam liberaturus magnifice. (L. Epp. iv. p. 155.)

[4] Sed nos nihil decet vulgi clamoribus moveri. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 303.)

[5] Profani jurisdictionem ecclesiasticam et similia negotia religionem non curent. (Ibid.)

[6] Ne schismatis infamia perpetuo laboremus. (Ibid.)

pated. Protestantism rushed blindfold into the nets of its enemies. Already serious voices announced the return of the Lutherans into the bosom of the Romish Church. "They are preparing their defection, and are passing over to the Papists," said Zwingle.[1] The politic Charles the Fifth so acted that no haughty word should compromise the victory; but the Roman clergy could not master themselves: their pride, their insolence increased every day. "One would never believe," said Melancthon, "the airs of triumph which the Papists give themselves." There was good reason! the agreement was on the verge of conclusion: yet one or two steps .... and then, woe to Reform!

Who could prevent this desolating ruin? It was Luther who pronounced the name towards which all eyes should be turned: "Christ lives," said he, "and he by whom the violence of our enemies has been conquered will give us strength to surmount their wiles." This was in truth the only resource, and it did not fail the Reform.

If the Roman hierarchy had been willing, under certain admissible conditions, to receive the Protestants who were ready to capitulate, it was all over with them. When once it held them in its arms, it would have stifled them; but God blinded the Papacy, and thus saved his Church. "No concessions," had declared the Romish senate; and Campeggio, elated with his victory, repeated, "No concessions!" He moved heaven and earth to inflame the Catholic zeal of Charles in this decisive moment. From the Emperor he passed to the princes. "Celibacy, confession, the withdrawal of the cup, private masses!" exclaimed he: "all these are obligatory: we must have all." This was saying to the Evangelical Christians, as the Samnites to the ancient Romans: "Here are the Caudine Forks: pass through them!"

The Protestants saw the yoke, and shuddered. God revived the courage of the confessors in their weakened hearts. They raised their heads, and rejected this humiliating capitulation. The commission was immediately dissolved.

This was a great deliverance; but soon appeared a fresh danger. The Evangelical Christians should have immediately quitted Augsburg; but, said one of them,[2] "Satan, disguised as an angel of light, blinded the eyes of their understanding." They remained.

All was not yet lost for Rome, and the spirit of falsehood and of cunning might again renew its attacks.

It was believed at court that this disagreeable termination of the commission was to be ascribed to some wrong-headed individuals, and particularly to Duke George. They therefore resolved to name another, composed of six members only: on the one side, Eck, with the chancellors of Cologne and Baden; on the other, Melancthon, with the chancellors Brück and Heller. The Protestants consented, and all was begun anew.

The alarm then increased among the most decided followers of the Reformation. "If we expose ourselves unceasingly to new dangers, must we not succumb at last?"[1] The deputies of Nuremberg in particular declared that their city would never place itself again under the detested yoke of the bishops. "It is the advice of the undecided Erasmus that Melancthon follows," said they. "Say rather of Ahithopel," (2 Sam. xv.,) replied others. "However it may be," added they; "if the Pope had bought Melancthon, the latter could have done nothing better to secure the victory for him."[2]

The Landgrave was especially indignant at this cowardice. "Melancthon," wrote he to Zwingle, "walks backwards like a crab."[3] From Friedwald, whither he had repaired after his flight from Augsburg, Philip of Hesse endeavoured to check the fall of Protestantism. "When we begin to yield, we always yield more," wrote he to his ministers at Augsburg. "Declare therefore to my allies that I reject these perfidious conciliations. If we are Christians, what we should pursue is, not our own advantage, but the consolation of so many weary and afflicted consciences, for whom there is no salvation if we take away the Word of God. The bishops are not real bishops, for they speak not according to the Holy Scriptures. If we acknowledge them, what would happen? They would remove our ministers, oppress the Gospel, re-establish ancient abuses, and the last state would be worse than the first. If the Papists will permit the free preaching of the pure Gospel, let us come to an understanding with them; for the truth will be the strongest, and will root out all the rest. But if not!—No. This is the moment, not to yield, but to remain firm even to the death. Baffle these fearful combinations of Melancthon, and tell, from me, the deputies of the cities to be men, and not women.[4] Let us fear nothing: God is with us."

Melancthon and his friends, thus attacked, sought to justify themselves: on the one hand, they maintained, that if they preserved the doctrine it would finally overthrow the hierarchy. But then why restore it? Was it not more than doubtful whether a doctrine so enfeebled would still retain strength suf-

[1] Lutherani defectionem parant ad Papistas. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 461.)

[2] Baumgartner to Spengler. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 363.)

[1] Fremunt et alii socii ac indignatur regnum Episcoporum restitui. (Ibid. p. 328.)

[2] Si conductus quanta ipse voluisset pecunia a Papa esset. (Ibid. 333.)

[3] Retro it, ut cancer. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 506.)

[4] Das sie nicht weyber seyen sondern manner. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 327.)

ficient to shake the Papacy? On the other hand, Melancthon and his friends pointed out two phantoms before which they shrunk in affright. The first was *war:* it was, in their opinion, imminent. "It is not only," said they, "numberless temporal evils that it will bring with it,—the devastation of Germany, murder, violation, sacrilege, rapine; but it will produce spiritual evils more frightful still, and will inevitably bring on the perturbation of all religion."[1] The second phantom was the supremacy of the state. Melancthon and his friends foresaw the dependence to which the princes would reduce the Church, the increasing secularization of its institutions and of its instruments, the spiritual death that would result, and they shrunk back with terror from the frightful prospect. "Good men do not think that the court should regulate the ministry of the Church,"[2] said Brenz. "Have you not yourselves experienced," added he ironically, "with what wisdom and mildness these boors ('tis thus I denominate the officials and prefects of the princes) treat the ministers of the Church, and the Church itself. Rather die seven times!"—"I see," exclaimed Melancthon, "what a Church we shall have if the ecclesiastical government is abolished. I discover in the future a tyranny far more intolerable than that which has existed to this day."[3] Then, bowed down by the accusations that poured upon him from every side, the unhappy Philip exclaimed: "If it is I who have aroused this tempest, I pray his majesty to throw me, like Jonas, into the sea, and to drag me out only to give me up to torture and to the stake."[4]

The Romish episcopacy once recognised, all seemed easy. In the Commission of Six, they conceded the cup to the laity, marriage to the pastors, and the article of prayer to saints appeared of little importance. But they stopped at three doctrines which the Evangelicals could not yield. The first was the necessity of human satisfaction for the remission of the penalties of sin; the second, the idea of something meritorious in every good work; the third, the utility of private masses. "Ah!" quickly replied Campeggio to Charles the Fifth, "I would rather be cut in pieces than concede anything about Masses."[5]

"What!" replied the politicians, "when you agree on all the great doctrines of salvation, will you for ever rend the unity of the Church for three such trivial articles? Let the theologians make a last effort, and we shall see the two parties unite, and Rome embrace Wittemberg."

It was not so: under these three points was concealed a whole system. On the Roman side, they entertained the idea that certain works gain the Divine favour, independently of the disposition of him who performs them, and by virtue of the will of the Church. On the Evangelical side, on the contrary, they felt a conviction that these external ordinances were mere human traditions, and that the only thing which procured man the Divine favour was the work that God accomplished by Christ on the cross; while the only thing that put him in possession of this favour was the work of regeneration that Christ accomplishes by his Spirit in the heart of the sinner. The Romanists, by maintaining their three articles, said: "the Church saves," which is the essential doctrine of Rome; the Evangelicals, by rejecting them, said: "Jesus Christ alone saves," which is Christianity itself. This is the great antithesis which then existed, and which still separates the two Churches. With these three points, which placed souls under her dependence, Rome justly expected to recover everything; and she showed by her perseverance that she understood her position. But the Evangelicals were not disposed to abandon theirs. The Christian principle was maintained against the ecclesiastical principle which aspired to swallow it up: Jesus Christ stood firm in the presence of the Church, and it was seen that henceforward all conferences were superfluous.

Time pressed: for two months and a half Charles the Fifth had been labouring in Augsburg, and his pride suffered because four or five theologians checked the triumphal progress of the conqueror of Pavia. "What!" said they to him, "a few days sufficed to overthrow the King of France and the Pope, and you cannot succeed with these Gospellers!" They determined on breaking off the conferences. Eck, irritated because neither stratagem nor terror had been effectual, could not master himself in the presence of the Protestants. "Ah!" exclaimed he, at the moment of separation, "why did not the Emperor, when he entered Germany, make a general inquest about the Lutherans? He would then have heard arrogant answers, witnessed monsters of heresy, and his zeal suddenly taking fire, would have led him to destroy all this faction.[1] But now Brück's mild language and Melancthon's concessions prevent him from getting so angry as the cause

[1] Confusio et perturbatio religionum. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 382.)

[2] Ut aula ministerium in ecclesia ordinet bonis non videter consultum. (Ibid. p. 362.)

[3] Video postea multo intolerabiliorem futuram tyrannidem quam unquam antea fuisse. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 334.)

[4] Si mea causa hæc tempestas coacta est, me statim velut Jonam in mare ejiciat. (Ibid. p. 382.)

[5] Er wollte sich ehe auf Stücker Zureissen lassen. (L. Opp. xx. p. 328.)

[1] Hæc inflammassent Imperatorem ad totam hanc factionem delendam. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 335.)

requires." Eck said these words with a smile; but they expressed all his thoughts. The colloquy terminated on the 30th of August.

The Romish states made their report to the Emperor. They were face to face, three steps only from each other, without either side being able to approach nearer, even by a hair's breadth.

Thus, then, Melancthon had failed; and his enormous concessions were found useless. From a false love of peace, he had set his heart on an impossibility. Melancthon was at the bottom a really Christian soul. God preserved him from his great weakness, and broke the clue that was about to lead him to destruction. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the Reformation than Melancthon's failure; but nothing could, at the same time, have been more fortunate for himself: his friends saw that though he was willing to yield much, he could not go so far as to yield Christ himself, and his defeat justified him in the eyes of the Protestants.

The Elector of Saxony and the Margrave of Brandenburg sent to beg Charles' leave to depart. The latter refused at first rather rudely, but at last he began to conjure the princes not to create by their departure new obstacles to the arrangements they soon hoped to be able to conclude.[1] We shall see of what nature these arrangements were.

They appeared to redouble their exertions. If they now let the clue slip, it is lost for ever: they laboured accordingly to reunite the two ends. There were conferences in the gardens, conferences at the churches, at St. Georges, at St. Maurice's, between the Duke of Brunswick and John Frederick the Elector's son, the Chancellors of Baden and of Saxony, the Chancellor of Liege and Melancthon; but all these attempts were unavailing. It was to other means they were going to have recourse.

Charles the Fifth had resolved to take the affair in hand, and to cut the Gordian knot, which neither doctor nor princes could untie. Irritated at seeing his advances spurned and his authority compromised, he thought that the moment was come for drawing the sword. On the 4th September the members of the Roman party, who were still endeavouring to gain over the Protestants, whispered these frightful intentions in Melancthon's ears. "We scarcely dare mention it," said they: "the sword is already in the Emperor's hands, and certain people exasperate him more and more. He is not easily enraged, but once angry it is impossible to quiet him."[2]

Charles had reason to appear exacting and terrible. He had at length obtained from Rome an unexpected concession—a council. Clement VII. had laid the Emperor's request before a Congregation; "How will men who reject the ancient councils submit to a new one?" they had replied. Clement himself had no wish for such an assembly. His birth and his conduct made him equally dread it.[1] However, his promises at the Castle of St. Angelo and at Bologna rendered it impossible for him to give a decided refusal. He answered, therefore, that "the remedy would be worse than the disease;[2] but that if the Emperor, who was so good a Catholic, judged a council absolutely necessary, he would consent to it, under the express condition, however, that the Protestants should submit in the meanwhile to the doctrines and rites of the Church." Then as the place of meeting he appointed Rome!

Scarcely had the news of this concession spread abroad, than the fear of a Reformation froze the Papal court. The public charges of the Papacy, which were altogether venal, immediately fell, says a cardinal, and were offered at the lowest price,[3] without even being able to find purchasers.[4] The Papacy was compromised; the merchandise was in great danger; and the *price current* immediately declined on the Roman exchange.

On Wednesday, 7th September, at two in the afternoon, the Protestant princes and deputies having been introduced into the chamber of Charles the Fifth, the Count-palatine said to them, "that the Emperor, considering their small number, had not expected they would uphold new sects against the ancient usages of the Universal Church; that, nevertheless, being desirous of appearing to the last full of kindness, he would require of his Holiness the convocation of a council; but that in the meanwhile they should return immediately into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and restore everything to its ancient footing."[5]

The Protestants replied on the morrow, the 8th September, that they had not stirred up new sects contrary to the Holy Scriptures;[6] that, quite the reverse, if they had not agreed with their adversaries, it was because they had desired to remain faithful to the Word of God; that by convoking in Germany a

[1] Antwort des Kaisers, &c. (Urkund. ii. p. 313.)

[2] Nescio an ausim dicere, jam ferrum in manu Cæsaris esse. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 342.)

[1] In eam (concilii celebrationem) Pontificis animus haud propendebatur. (Pallavicini. i. p. 251.)

[2] Al contrario, remedio e piu pericoloso e per partorir maggiori mali. (Lettere de Principe, ii. p. 197.)

[3] Evulgatus concilii rumor . . . . publica Roma munera . . . . jam in vilissimum pretium decidissent. (Pallav. i. p. 251.)

[4] Che non se non trovano danari. (Lett. di Prin. iii. p. 5.)

[5] Interim restitui debere omnia Papistis. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 355. See also *Erklürung des Kaisirs Karl.* v. Urkunden, ii. p. 391.)

[6] Nit neue, Secten wieder die heilige Schrifft. (Brück. Apol. p. 136.)

general, free, and Christian council, it would only be doing what preceding diets had promised; but that nothing should compel them to re-establish in their churches an order of things opposed to the commandments of God."

It was eight in the evening when, after a long deliberation, the Protestants were again called in. "His majesty," said George Truchses to them, "is equally astonished, both that the Catholic members of the commissions have accorded so much, and that the Protestant members have refused everything. What is your party in the presence of his imperial majesty, of his Papal holiness, of the electors, princes, estates of the Empire, and other kings, rulers, and potentates of Christendom? It is but just that the minority should yield to the majority. Do you desire the means of conciliation to be protracted, or do you persist in your answer? Speak frankly; for if you persist, the Emperor will immediately see to the defence of the Church. To-morrow at one o'clock you will bring your final decision."

Never had such threatening words issued from Charles' mouth. It was evident he wished to subdue the Protestants by terror; but this end was not attained. They replied the next day but one—a day more having been accorded them—that new attempts at conciliation would only fatigue the Emperor and the diet; that they only required regulations to maintain political peace until the assembling of the council.[1] "Enough," replied the redoubtable Emperor; "I will reflect upon it; but in the mean time let no one quit Augsburg."

Charles the Fifth was embarrassed in a labyrinth from which he knew not how to escape. The state had resolved to interfere with the Church, and saw itself compelled to have immediate recourse to its *ultima ratio*—the sword. Charles did not desire war, and yet how could he now avoid it? If he did not execute his threats, his dignity was compromised, and his authority rendered contemptible. He sought an outlet on one side or the other, but could find none. It therefore only remained for him to close his eyes, and rush forward without knowing what might happen. These thoughts disturbed him: these cares preyed upon him; he was utterly confounded.

It was now that the Elector sent to beg Charles would not be offended if he left Augsburg. "Let him await my answer," abruptly replied the Emperor; and the Elector having rejoined that he would send his ministers to explain his motives to his majesty: "Not so many speeches," resumed Charles, with irritation; "let the Elector say whether he will stay or not!"[2]

A rumour of the altercation between these two powerful princes having spread abroad, the alarm became universal; it was thought war would break out immediately, and there was a great cry in all Augsburg.[1] It was evening: men were running to and fro; they rushed into the hotels of the princes and of the Protestant deputies, and addressed them with the severest reproaches. "His imperial majesty," said they, "is about to have recourse to the most energetic measures!" They even declared that hostilities had begun it was whispered that the commander of Horneck, (Walter of Kronberg,) elected by the Emperor grand-master of the Teutonic order, was about to enter Prussia with an army, and dispossess Duke Albert, converted by Luther.[2] Two nights successively the same tumult was repeated. They shouted, they quarrelled, they fought, particularly in and before the mansions of the princes: the war was nearly commencing in Augsburg.

At that crisis, (12th September,) John Frederick, prince-electoral of Saxony, quitted the city.

On the same day, or on the morrow, Jerome Wehe, chancellor of Baden, and Count Truchses on the one side; Chancellor Brück and Melancthon on the other, met at six in the morning in the church of St. Maurice.[3]

Charles, notwithstanding his threats, could not decide on employing force. He could no doubt by a single word to his Spanish bands or to his German lansquenets have seized on these inflexible men, and treated them like Moors. But how could Charles, a Netherlander, a Spaniard, who had been absent ten years from the Empire, dare, without raising all Germany, offer violence to the favourites of the nation? Would not the Roman Catholic princes themselves see in this act an infringement of their privileges? War was unseasonable. "Lutheranism is extending already from the Baltic to the Alps," wrote Erasmus to the legate: "You have but one thing to do: tolerate it."[4]

The negotiation begun in the Church of St. Maurice was continued between the Margrave of Brandenburg and Count Truchses. The Roman party only sought to save appearances, and did not hesitate, besides, to sacrifice everything. It asked merely for a few theatrical decorations—that the Mass should be celebrated in the sacerdotal garment, with chanting, reading, ceremonies, and its two canons.[5] All the rest was referred to the next council, and the Protestants, till then, should

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[1] Urkunden. ii. p. 410, Brück, Apol. p. 139.

[2] Kurtz mit Solchen worten ob er erwarten wolte oder nicht? (Ibid. p. 143.)

[1] Ein beschwerlich Geschrey zu Augsbourg den selben abend ausgebrochen. (Ibid. p. 145.)

[2] Man würde ein Kreigs-volk in Preussen Schicken. (Ibid. p. 143.)

[3] Ibid. p. 155—160.

[4] A mare Baltico ad Helvetios. (Erasm. Epp. xiv. p. 1.)

[5] Ingewöhnlichen Kleidungen mit Gesang und Lesen. (Urk. ii. p. 418.) The canon was a frame of card-board placed on the altar before the priest, and which contained the Apostles' Creed with various prayers.

conduct themselves so as to render account to God, to the council, and to his majesty.

But on the side of the Protestants the wind had also changed. Now they will no longer have peace with Rome: the scales had at last fallen from their eyes, and they discovered with affright the abyss into which they had so nearly plunged. Jonas, Spalatin, and even Melancthon were agreed. "We have hitherto obeyed the commandment of St. Paul, *Be at peace with all men*," said they; "now we must obey this commandment of Christ, *Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy*. On the side of our adversaries is nothing but cunning and perfidy, and their only aim is to stifle our doctrine, which is truth itself.[1] They hope to save the abominable articles of Purgatory, Indulgences, and the Papacy, because we have passed them by in silence.[2] Let us beware of betraying Christ and his Word in order to please antichrist and the devil."[3]

Luther at the same time redoubled his entreaties to withdraw his friends from Augsburg. "Return, return," cried he to them; "return, even if it must be so, cursed by the Pope and the Emperor.[4] You have confessed Jesus Christ, offered peace, obeyed Charles, supported insults, and endured blasphemies. I will canonize you, I, as faithful members of Jesus Christ. You have done enough, and more than enough: now it is for the Lord to act, and he will act! They have our Confession, they have the Gospel; let them receive it, if they will; and if they will not, let them go ——. If a war should come, let it come! We have prayed enough; and we have discussed enough. The Lord is preparing our adversaries as the victim for the sacrifice; he will destroy their magnificence, and deliver his people. Yes! he will preserve us even from Babylon, and from her burning walls."

XII. Thus Luther gave the signal of departure. They replied to the Reformer's appeal, and all prepared to quit Augsburg on Saturday, 17th September. At ten at night Duke Ernest of Luneburg assembled the deputies of Nuremberg and the ministers of the Landgrave in his hotel, and announced to them that the Elector was determined to leave the next morning, without informing any one, and that he would accompany him. "Keep the secret," said he to them, "and know that, if peace cannot be preserved, it will be a trifling matter for me to lose, combating with you, all that God has given me."[5]

The Elector's preparations betrayed his intentions. In the middle of the night Duke Henry of Brunswick arrived hastily at his hotel, beseeching him to wait,[1] and, towards morning, Count Truchses and Mansfeldt announced that, on the morrow between seven and eight, the Emperor would give him his *congé*.

On Monday, 19th September, the Elector purposing to leave Augsburg immediately after his audience with Charles, breakfasted at seven o'clock, then sent off his baggage and his cooks,[2] and ordered his officers to be ready at ten o'clock. At the moment when John quitted the hotel to wait upon the Emperor, all the members of his household were drawn up on each side booted and spurred:[3] but, having been introduced to Charles, he was requested to wait two, four, or six days longer.

As soon as the Elector was alone with his allies, his indignation burst forth, and he even became violent. "This new delay will end in nothing,"[4] he said; "I am resolved to set out, happen what may. It seems to me, from the manner in which things are arranged, that I have now completely the air of a prisoner." The Margrave of Brandenburg begged him to be calm. "I shall go," the Elector still replied. At last he yielded, and having appeared again before Charles the Fifth, he said: "I will wait until Friday next; and, if nothing is done by that time, I shall leave forth with."

Great was the anxiety of the Protestants during these four days of expectation. Most of them doubted not that, by acceding to Charles' prayers, they had delivered themselves into the hands of their enemies.—"The Emperor is deliberating whether he ought to hang us or let us live," wrote Brenz.[5] Fresh negotiations of Truchses were without success.[6]

All that now remained for the Emperor was to draw up, in common with the Romish states, the *recess* of the diet. This was done; and, that the Protestants might not complain of its having been prepared without their knowledge, he assembled them in his palace on Thursday, 22d September, the day previous to that fixed for the Elector's departure, and had his project read to them by the Count-palatine. This project was insult and war. The Emperor granted to the Elector, the five princes, and the six cities,[7] a delay of six

[1] Estel List gefährliche Tücke, &c. (Jonas Urkund. ii. p. 423.)

[2] Die gräuliche artikel. (Spalat. Ibid. p. 428.) De Primatu Papæ, de Purgatorio, de Indulgentiis. (Melancthon, Cord. Ref. ii. p. 374.)

[3] Dem Teufel und antichrist zu gefallen. (Urk. ii. p. 431.)

[4] Vel maledicti a Papa et Cæsare. (L. Epp. iv. p. 162—171.)

[5] Alles das, so Ihm Gots geben hätt, dorob zu vertieren ein geringes wäre. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 379.)

[1] In der selben Nacht. (Ibid.)

[2] Præmissis fere omnibus impedimentius una cum cocis. (Ibid. p. 385.)

[3] Gestiefelt und gespornt. (Ibid. p. 380.)

[4] Etwas darob schwermütig und hitzig erzeight. (Ibid.)

[5] Adhuc deliberat Cæsar pendendum ne nobis sit, an diutius vivendum. (Corp. Ref. ii.)

[6] Urkunden. ii. p. 455—472.

[7] Nuremberg and Reutlingen, to which were added the cities of Kempten, Heilbrunn, Wind-

months, until the 15th April next year, to come to an arrangement with the Church, the Pope, the Emperor, and all the princes and monarchs of Christendom. This was clearly announcing to them that the Romanists were very willing to delay until the usual period for bringing armies into the field.

Nor was this all: this delay was granted only on the express condition that the Protestants should immediately join the Emperor in reducing the Anabaptists, and all those who opposed the holy sacrament, by which were meant the Zwinglian cities. He wished by this means to tie the hands of the Protestants, and prevent the two families of the Reform from uniting during the winter.

Finally, the Protestants were forbidden to make any innovations, to print or sell anything on the objects of faith, or to draw any one whatever to their *sect*, "since the Confession had been soundly refuted by the Holy Scriptures." Thus they officially proclaimed the Reform a *sect*, and a sect contrary to the Word of God.

Nothing was more calculated to displease the friends of the Gospel, who remained in Charles' presence astonished, alarmed, and indignant.[1] This had been foreseen; and, at the moment when the Protestants were about to enter the Emperor's chamber, Truchses and Wehe, making signs to them, mysteriously slipped a paper into their hands, containing a promise that, if, on the 15th April, the Protestants required a prolongation of the delay, their request would certainly be granted.[2] But Brück, to whom the paper was given, was not deceived. "A subtle ambuscade," said he; "a master-piece of knavery! God will save his own, and will not permit them to fall into the snare."[3] This trick, in fact, served only still more to increase the courage of the Protestants.

Brück, without discussing the *recess* in a political point of view, confined himself to what was principally at stake, the Word of God. "We maintain," said he, "that our Confession is so based on the holy Word of God, that it is impossible to refute it. We consider it as the very truth of God, and we hope by it to stand one day before the judgment-seat of the Lord." He then announced that the Protestants had refuted the Refutation of the Romish theologians, and holding in his hand the famous Apology of the Confession of Augsburg written by Melancthon, he stepped forward, and offered it to Charles the Fifth. The Count-palatine took it, and the Emperor was already stretching out his hand, when Ferdinand having whispered a few words, he motioned the Count, who immediately returned the Apology to Doctor Brück.[1] This paper and the "Commonplaces," are the masterpieces of the Reformer. The embarrassed Emperor told the Protestants to come again at eight the next morning.

Charles the Fifth, resolving to employ every means to get his decree accepted, began by entreaties; and scarcely was the Margrave of Brandenburg seated to take his evening repast, when Truchses and Wehe, appearing before him, used every kind of discourse and argument, but without success.[2]

The next day, (Friday, 23d September,) the Evangelical princes and the deputies of the cities, assembling at five in the morning in the Margrave's hotel, the *recess* was there read anew in the presence of Truchses and Wehe, and Chancellor Brück detailed seven reasons for its rejection. "I undertake," said Wehe, "to translate the *recess* into German in such a manner that you can accept it. As for the word *sect*, in particular, it is the clerk who placed it there by mistake."[3] The mediators retired in haste to communicate to Charles the complaints of the Protestants.

Charles and his ministers gave up every idea of reconciliation, and hoped for nothing except through fear. The Protestants having arrived at eight o'clock at the imperial palace, they were made to wait an hour; the Elector of Brandenburg then said to them in Charles' name: "His majesty is astonished beyond measure that you still maintain your doctrine to be based on the Holy Scriptures. If you said the truth, his majesty's ancestors, so many Kings and Emperors, and even the ancestors of the Elector of Saxony, would have been heretics! There is no Gospel, there is no Scripture, that imposes on us the obligation of seizing by violence the goods of another, and of saying afterwards that we cannot conscientiously restore them. It is for this reason," added Joachim, after these words, which he had accompanied with a sardonic smile, "I am commissioned to inform you, that if you refuse the *recess*, all the Germanic states will place their lives and their property at the Emperor's disposal, and his majesty himself will employ the resources of all his kingdoms to complete this affair before leaving the Empire."

"We do not accept it," replied the Protestants firmly.—"His majesty also has a conscience," then resumed the Elector of Brandenburg, in a harsh tone; "and if you do not submit, he will concert with the Pope and the other potentates on the best means of extirpating this sect and its new errors." But in vain did they add threat to threat: the Protestants remained calm, respectful, and

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sheim, and Weissemberg. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 474—478.)

[1] Protestantes vehementer hoc decreto minime expectato territi (Seck. ii. p. 200.)

[2] Brück. Apologie. p. 182.

[3] Betrüge, meisterstuck, aber Gott errettet die sernen. (Ibid.)

[1] Auf König Ferdinandus wincke wieder geben. (Apologie, p. 184.)

[2] Nach essen allerley Rede Disputation und Persuasion furgewendt. (Urk. ii. p. 601.)

[3] Sondern vom Schreiber gesetzt, der dis nicht geacht. (Ibid. p. 606.)

unshaken. "Our enemies, destitute of all confidence in God!" said they, "would shake like a reed in presence of the Emperor's anger, and they imagine that we should tremble in like manner; but we have called unto God, and he will keep us faithful to his truth."

The Protestants then prepared to take their final leave of the Emperor. This prince, whose patience had been put to a severe trial, approached to shake hands according to custom: and beginning with the Elector of Saxony, he said to him in a low voice: "Uncle, uncle! I should never have expected this of you." The Elector was deeply affected his eyes filled with tears: but, firm and resolute, he bent his head and quitted Charles without reply. It was now two in the afternoon.

While the Protestants were returning to their hotels, calm and happy, the Romish princes returned to theirs, confused and dispirited, uneasy and divided. They doubted not that the *congé* that had just been given the Protestants would be regarded by them as a declaration of war, and that on quitting Augsburg, they would rush to arms. This thought terrified them. Accordingly, the Elector of Saxony had hardly reached his palace, when he saw Dr. Ruhel, councillor of the Elector of Mentz, hastening towards him, commissioned by his master to deliver this message: "Although my brother the Elector (Joachim of Brandenburg) has declared that all the states of the Empire are ready to support the Emperor against you, know that both myself and the ministers of the Elector-palatine and of the Elector of Treves immediately declared to his majesty that we do not adhere to this declaration, seeing that we think very favourably of you.[1] I intended saying this to the Emperor in your presence, but you left so precipitately, that I was unable."

Thus spoke the primate of the German Church, and even the choice of his messenger was significant: Dr. Ruhel was Luther's brother-in-law. John begged him to thank his master.

As this envoy retired, there arrived one of the gentlemen of Duke Henry of Brunswick, a zealous Romanist. He was at first refused admittance on account of the departure, but returned hastily, just as Brück's carriage was leaving the court-yard of the hotel. Approaching the carriage-door, he said: "The Duke informs the Elector that he will endeavour to put things in a better train, and will come this winter to kill a wild boar with him."[2] Shortly after, the terrible Ferdinand himself declared that he would seek every means of preventing an outbreak.[3] All these manifestations of the affrighted Roman Catholics showed on which side was the real strength.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Elector of Saxony, accompanied by the Dukes of Luneburg and the Princes of Anhalt, quitted the walls of Augsburg. "God be praised," said Luther, "that our dear Prince is at last out of hell."[1]

As he saw these intrepid princes thus escaping from his hands, Charles the Fifth gave way to a violence that was not usual with him.[2] "They want to teach me a new faith," cried he: "but it is not with the doctrine that we shall finish this matter: we must draw the sword, and we shall then see who is the strongest."[3] There was a concert of indignation around him. They were astonished at the audacity of Brück, who had dared call the Romanists—heretics![4] But nothing irritated them so much as the spirit of proselytism which in those glorious days characterized Evangelical Germany; and the anger of the Papists was particularly directed against the Chancellor of Luneburg, "who," said they, "had sent more than a hundred ministers into different places to preach the new doctrine, and who had even publicly boasted of it."[5]—"Our adversaries thirst for our blood," wrote, as they heard these complaints, the deputies of Nuremberg, who remained almost alone at Augsburg.

On the 4th October, Charles the Fifth wrote to the Pope; for it was from Rome that the new crusade was to set out. "The negotiations are broken off; our adversaries are more obstinate than ever; and I am resolved to employ my strength and my person in combating them. For this reason I beg your holiness will demand the support of all Christian Princes."

The enterprise began in Augsburg itself. The day on which he wrote to the Pope, Charles, in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, whose feast it was, re-established the Cordeliers in that city, and a monk ascending the pulpit said: "All those who preach that Jesus Christ alone has made satisfaction for our sins, and that God saves us without regard to our works, are thorough scoundrels. There are, on the contrary, two roads to salvation: the common road, namely, the observance of the commandments: and the perfect road, namely, the ecclesiastical state." Scarcely was the sermon finished ere they began to remove the benches placed in the church for the Evangelical preaching, breaking them violently, (for they were fixed with chains,) and throwing them one upon another.

[1] Wüssten auch nicht anders denn wohl und gut. (Urk. p. 210.)
[2] Ein Sawe fahen helfen. (Ibid. 211.)
[3] Corp. Ref. ii. p. 397.

[1] Ein mal aus de Hölle los ist. (L. Epp. iv. p. 175.)
[2] Der Kaiser ist fast hitzig im Handel. (Corp. Ref. ii. 591.)
[3] Es gehören die Fauste dar zu. (Ibid. p. 592; Urkund. ii. p. 710.)
[4] Fur ketzer angezogen. (Ibid.)
[5] Bis in die Hundert Prediger in andere Lande Schiken helfen dasselbst die neue Lehre zu predigen. (Urkund. ii. p. 646.)

Within these consecrated walls two monks, in particular, armed with hammers and pincers, tossed their arms, and shouted like men possessed. "From this frightful uproar," exclaimed some, "one would say they were pulling down a house."[1] It was in truth the house of God that they wished to begin destroying.

After the tumult was appeased, they sang Mass; then a Spaniard desiring to recommence breaking the benches, and being prevented by one of the citizens, they began to hurl chairs at each other; one of the monks, leaving the choir, ran up to them and was soon dragged into the fray; at length the captain of police arrived with his men, who distributed their well-directed blows on every side. Thus recommenced in Germany the restoration of Roman Catholicism: popular violence has often been one of its most powerful allies.

On the 13th October the *recess* was read to all the Romish states, and on the same day they concluded a Roman league.[2]

Two cities had signed the Confession, and two others had assented to it; the Imperialists hoped, however, that these powerless municipalities, affrighted at the imperial authority, would withdraw from the Protestant union. But on the 17th October, instead of two or four cities, sixteen imperial cities, among which were the most important in Germany, declared it was impossible to grant any support against the Turks, so long as public peace was not secured in Germany itself.[3]

An event more formidable to Charles had just taken place. The unity of the Reformation had prevailed. "We are *one* in the fundamental articles of faith," had said the Zwinglian cities, "and in particular, (notwithstanding some disputes about words among our theologians,) we are *one* in the doctrine of the communion in the body and blood of our Lord. Receive us." The Saxon deputies immediately gave their hands. Nothing unites the children of God so much as the violence of their adversaries. "Let us unite," said all, "for the consolation of our brethren, and the terror of our enemies."[4]

In vain did Charles, who was intent on keeping up the division among the Protestants, convoke the deputies of the Zwinglian cities; in vain, desiring to render them odious, had he accused them of fastening a consecrated wafer to a wall, and firing bullets at it;[5] in vain did he overwhelm them with fierce threats;—all his efforts were useless. At length the Evangelical party was one.

The alarm increased among the Roman party, who resolved on fresh concessions. "The Protestants call for public peace," said they: "well, then, let us draw up articles of peace." But, on the 29th October, the Protestants refused these offers, because the Emperor enjoined peace to all the world, without binding himself. "An Emperor has the right to command peace to his subjects," haughtily answered Charles; "but it has never been heard that he commanded it to himself."[1]

Nothing remained but to draw the sword; and for that Charles made every preparation. On the 25th October, he wrote to the cardinals at Rome: "We inform you, that we shall spare neither kingdoms nor lordships; and that we shall venture even our soul and our body to complete things so necessary."

Scarcely had Charles' letter been received, before his major-domo, Pedro de la Cueva, arrived in Rome by express. "The season is now too far advanced to attack the Lutherans immediately," said he to the Pope; "but prepare everything for this enterprise. His majesty thinks it his duty to prefer before all things the accomplishment of your designs." Thus, Clement and the Emperor were also united, and both sides began to concentrate their forces.

On the evening of the 11th November, the *recess* was read to the Protestant deputies, and on the 12th they rejected it, declaring that they did not acknowledge the Emperor's power to command in matters of faith.[2] The deputies of Hesse and of Saxony departed immediately after, and on the 19th November the *recess* was solemnly read in the presence of Charles the Fifth, and of the princes and deputies who were still in Augsburg. This report was more hostile than the project communicated to the Protestants. It bore, among other things, (this is only a sample of the urbanity of this official doctrine,) that "to deny free-will was the error not of a man, but of a brute."—"We beg his majesty," said the Elector Joachim, after it was read, "not to leave Germany, until by his cares one sole and same faith be re-established in all the Empire."

The Emperor replied, that he would not go farther than his states of the Low Countries. They desired deeds should follow close upon words. It was then nearly seven in the evening; a few torches lighted here and there by the ushers, and casting a pale light, illuminated this assembly: they separated without seeing each other; and thus ended, as it were by stealth, that diet so pompously announced to the Christian world.

On the 22d November, the *recess* was made public, and two days after Charles the Fifth set out for Cologne. The ruler of two worlds had seen all his power baffled by a few Christians; and he who had entered the imperial city in triumph, now quitted it gloomy, silent,

[1] Ein alt Haus abbrechen. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 400.)

[2] Ratschlag, &c. (Urkund. ii. 737—740.)

[3] Wo sie nicht einen gemeinen Friedens versichert. (Corp. Ref. ii. pp. 411, 416.)

[4] Diesem Theil desto mehr Freude und Trost und dem gegentheil Erschrecken. (Urkund. ii. p. 728.)

[5] An eine Wand geheftet und dazu geschossen. Corp. Ref. ii. p. 423.)

[1] These negotiations will be found in Forstermann's Urkunden, pp. 750—793.

[2] Urkunden, ii. p. 823; Corp. Ref. ii. p. 437.

and dispirited. The mightiest power of the earth was broken against the power of God.

But the Emperor's ministers and officers, excited by the Pope, displayed so much the more energy. The states of the Empire were bound to furnish Charles for three years, 40,000 foot, 8,000 horse, and a considerable sum of money;[1] the Margrave Henry of Zenete, the Count of Nassau, and other nobles, made considerable levies on the side of the Rhine; a captain going through the Black Forest, called its rude inhabitants to his standard, and there enrolled six companies of lansquenets; King Ferdinand had written to all the knights of the Tyrol and of Wurtemberg to gird on their cuirasses and to seize their swords; Joachim of Talheim collected the Spanish bands in the Low Countries, and ordered them towards the Rhine; Peter Scher solicited from the Duke of Lorraine the aid of his arms; and another chief hastily moved the Spanish army of Florence in the direction of the Alps. There was every reason to fear that the Germans, even the Roman Catholics, would take Luther's part; and hence, principally foreign troops were levied.[2] Nothing but war was talked of in Augsburg.

On a sudden a strange rumour was heard.[3] The signal is given, said every one. A free city, lying on the confines of the Germanic and Roman world,—a city at war with its bishops, in alliance with the Protestants, and which passes for Reformed even before really being so, has been suddenly attacked. A courier from Strasburg brings this news to Augsburg, and it circulates through the town with the rapidity of lightning. Three days after Michaelmas, some armed men, sent by the Duke of Savoy, pillaged the suburbs of Geneva, and threatened to take possession of the city, and put all to the edge of the sword. Every one in Augsburg was amazed. "Ho!" exclaimed Charles the Fifth, in French, "the Duke of Savoy has begun too soon."[4] It was reported that Margaret, governor of the Low Countries, the Pope, the Dukes of Lorraine and Guelders, and even the King of France, were directing their troops against Geneva. It was there that the army of Rome intended fixing its *point d'appui*. The avalanche was gathering on the first slopes of the Alps, whence it would rush over all Switzerland, and then roll into Germany, burying the Gospel and the Reformation under its huge mass.[5]

Never had this sacred cause appeared to be in such great danger, and never, in reality, had it gained so noble a triumph. The *coup de main* attempted on those hills, where, six years later, Calvin was to take his station, and plant the standard of Augsburg and of Nazareth, having failed, all fears were dispelled, and the victory of the confessors of Christ, for an instant obscured, shone forth anew in all its splendour.

While the Emperor Charles, surrounded by a numerous train of princes, was approaching the banks of the Rhine, sad and dispirited, the Evangelical Christians were returning in triumph to their homes. Luther was the herald of the victory gained at Augsburg by faith. "Though our enemies should have around them, beside them, with them, not only that puissant Roman Emperor, Charles, but still more, the Emperor of the Turks and his Mahomet," said he, "they could not intimidate, they could not frighten me. It is I who, in the strength of God, am resolved to frighten and overthrow them. They shall yield to me—they shall fall! and I shall remain upright and firm. My life shall be their headsman, and my death their hell!"[1] . . . . . God blinds them, and hardens their hearts; he is driving them them towards the Red Sea: all the horses of Pharaoh, his chariots and his horsemen, cannot escape their inevitable destiny. Let them go then, let them perish, since they will it so![2] As for us, the Lord is with us."

Thus the Diet of Augsburg, destined to crush the Reformation, was what strengthened it for ever. It has been usual to consider the peace of Augsburg (1555) as the period when the Reform was definitively established. That is the date of legal Protestantism; Evangelical Christianity has another—the autumn of 1530. In 1555 was the victory of the sword and of diplomacy; in 1530 was that of the Word of God and of Faith; and this latter victory is, in our eyes, the truest and the firmest. The Evangelical history of the Reformation in Germany is nearly finished at the epoch we have reached, and the diplomatic history of legal Protestantism begins. Whatever may be done now, whatever may be said, the Church of the first ages has re-appeared; and it has re-appeared strong enough to show that it will live. There will still be conferences and discussions; there will still be leagues and combats; there will even be deplorable defeats; but all that is a secondary movement. The great movement is accomplished: the cause of Faith is won by Faith. The effort has been made: the Evangelical doctrine has taken root in the world, and neither the storms of men, nor the powers of hell, will ever be able to tear it up.

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[1] 40,000 zu Fuss und 8000 zu Ross. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 399.)

[2] Legati Norinb. ad Senatum, 11th October. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 402;) Legati Sax. ad Electorem, 10th October. (Urkund. ii. p. 711.)

[3] Shortly before the close of the diet.

[4] Hatt der Kayser unter andern in Franzosisch geredet. (Ibid. p. 421.)

[5] Geneva expugnata, bellum etiam urbibus Germaniæ Superioris inferretur. (Corp. Ref. ii. p. 402.)

[1] Mein leben soll ihr Henker seyn. (L. Opp. xx. p. 304.)

[2] Vadant igitur et pereant, quomodo sic volunt (L. Epp. iv. p. 267.

BOOK XV.

SWITZERLAND—CONQUESTS.

1526—1530.

Three Periods of Reform—Two Movements in the Church—The Two Movements—Aggressive Spirit—The Schoolmaster—Farel's New Baptism—Farel's Studies—The Door is Opened—Opposition—Lausanne—Picture of the Clergy—Farel at Lausanne—Farel and the Monk—Opposition to the Gospel—The Converted Monk—Christian Unity—State Religion—A Resolution of Berne—Almanac of Heretics—Haller—Zwingle's Exhortation—Anabaptists at Berne—Victory of the Gospel—Papist Provocations—Proposed Disputation—Objections of the Forest Cantons—Important Question—Unequal Contest—A Christian Band—The Cordeliers' Church—Opening of the Conference—Christ the Sole Head—Remarkable Conversion—St. Vincent's Day—A Strange Argument—Papist Bitterness—Necessity of Reform—Zwingle's Sermon—Charity—Edict of Reform—The Reformation Reproached—The Reform Accepted—Faith and Charity—First Evangelical Communion—Faith shown by Works—Head of Beatus—Threatening Storm—Revolt—Christ in Danger—A Revolt—Energy of Berne—Victory—Political Advantages—Romish Relics—Nuns of St. Catharine—Contests—Spread of Reform—A Popish Miracle—Obstacles in Basle—Zeal of the Citizens—Witticisms of Erasmus—Half Measures—The Petition—Commotion in Basle—Half Measures Rejected—Reformed Propositions—A Night of Terror—The Idols Broken—The Hour of Madness—The Reform Legalized—Erasmus in Basle—Objections—Principles of the Reformation—Farel's Commission—Farel at Lausanne—Farel at Morat—Neuf hâtel—Farel's Labours—Farel's Preaching—Popery in Neufchâtel—Resistance of the Monks—The Hospital Chapel—Civil Power Invoked—Guillemette de Vugy—The Feast of Assumption—The Mass Interrupted—Farel's Danger—Ill Treatment of Farel—Apostles and Reformers Compared—Farel in the Cathedral—The Idols Destroyed—Interposition of the Governor—Reflections—Plans of the Romanists—The Governor's Difficulties—Preliminaries—Hatred and Division—Proposed Delay—The Romanist Protest—The Voting—Majority for Reform—Protestantism Perpetual—The Image of St. John—A Miracle—Popery and the Gospel—Reaction Preparing—Failure of the Plot—Farel's Labours—De Bely at Fontaine—The Pastor Marcourt—Disgraceful Expedient—The Reform Established—Remarks.

I. The divisions which the Reformation disclosed within its bosom, on its appearance before the Diet of Augsburg, humbled it and compromised its existence; but we must not forget that the cause of these divisions was one of the conditions of the existence of the regenerated Church. No doubt it would have been desirable for Germany and Switzerland to have agreed; but it was of still greater importance that Germany and Switzerland should have each its original Reform. If the Swiss Reformation had been only a feeble copy of the German, there would have been uniformity, but no duration. The tree, transplanted into Switzerland, without having taken deep root, would soon have been torn up by the vigorous hand that was ere long about to seize upon it. The regeneration of Christianity in these mountains proceeded from forces peculiar to the Helvetian Church, and received an organization in conformity with the ecclesiastical and political condition of that country. By this very originality it communicated a particular energy to the principles of the Reformation, of much greater consequence to the common cause than a servile uniformity. The strength of an army arises in great measure from its being composed of soldiers of different arms.

The military and political influence of Switzerland was declining. The new developments of the European nations, subsequent to the sixteenth century, were about to banish to their native mountains those proud Helvetians, who for so long a period had placed their two-handed swords in the balance in which the destinies of nations were weighed. The Reformation communicated a new influence in exchange for that which was departing. Switzerland, where the Gospel appeared in its simplest and purest form, was destined to give in these new times to many nations of the two worlds a more salutary and glorious impulse than that which had hitherto proceeded from its halberds and its arquebuses.

The history of the Swiss Reformation is divided into three periods, in which the light of the Gospel is seen spreading successively over three different zones. From 1519 to 1526 Zurich was the centre of the Reformation, which was then entirely German, and was propagated in the eastern and northern parts of the Confederation. Between 1526 and 1532 the movement was communicated from Berne: it is at once German and French, and extended to the centre of Switzerland from the gorges of the Jura to the deepest valleys of the Alps. In 1532 Geneva became the focus of the light; and the Reformation, which was here essentially French, was established on the shores of the Leman Lake, and gained strength in every quarter. It is of the second of these periods—that of Berne—of which we are now to treat.

Although the Swiss Reformation is not yet essentially French, still the most active part in it is taken by Frenchmen. Switzerland *Romande* is yoked to the chariot of reform, and communicates to it an accelerated motion. In the period we are about to

treat of, there is a mixture of races, of forces, and of characters, from which proceeds a greater commotion. In no part of the Christian world will the resistance be so stubborn; but nowhere will the assailants display so much courage. This petty country of Switzerland Romande,[1] enclosed within the colossal arms of the Jura and the Alps, was for centuries one of the strongest fortresses of the Papacy. It is about to be carried by storm; it is going to turn its arms against its ancient masters; and from these few hillocks, scattered at the foot of the highest mountains in Europe, will proceed the reiterated shocks that will overthrow, even in the most distant countries, the sanctuaries of Rome, their images and their altars.

There are two movements in the Church: one is effected inwardly, and its object is its preservation; the other is effected outwardly, and the object aimed at is its propagation. There is thus a doctrinal Church and a missionary Church. These two movements ought never to be separated, and whenever they are disunited, it is because the spirit of man, and not the spirit of God, prevails. In the apostolic ages these two tendencies were evolved at the same time and with equal power. In the second and third centuries the external tendency prevailed; after the Council of Nice (325) the doctrinal movement resumed the superiority; at the epoch of the irruption of the northern tribes the missionary spirit revived; but ere long came the times of the hierarchy and of the schoolmen, in which all doctrinal powers warred within the Church to found therein despotic government and an impure doctrine — the Papacy. The revival of Christianity in the sixteenth century, which emanated from God, was destined to renovate these two doctrines, but by purifying them. Then indeed the spirit of God acted at once externally and internally. In the days of the Reformation there were tranquil and internal developments; but there was also a more powerful and aggressive action. Men of God had for ages studied the Word, and had peacefully explained its salutary lessons. Such had been the work of Vesalia, Goch, Groot, Radewin, Ruybrook, Tauler, Thomas à Kempis, and John Wessel; now, something more was required. The power of action was to be united with the power of thought. The Papacy had been allowed all necessary time for laying aside its errors; for ages men had been in expectation; it had been warned, it had been entreated; all had been unavailing. Popery being unwilling to reform itself, it became necessary for men of God to take its accomplishment upon themselves. The calm and moderate influence of the precursors of the Reform was succeeded by the heroic and holy revolutionary work of the Reformers: and the revolution they effected consisted in overthrowing the usurping power to re-establish the legitimate authority. "To every thing there is a season," says the Preacher, "and a time to every purpose under heaven: a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to break down, and a time to build up."[1] Of all Reformers, those who carried the aggressive spirit to its highest degree were the men who came from France, and more especially Farel, whose labours we have now to consider.

Never were such mighty effects accomplished by so puny a force. In the government of God we pass in an instant from the greatest to the least of things. We now quit the haughty Charles V. and all that court of princes over which he presides, to follow the steps of a schoolmaster; and we leave the palaces of Augsburg to take our seats in the lowly cottages of Switzerland.

The Rhone, after issuing near St. Gothard from the mountains of the Furka, from beneath an immense sea of eternal ice, rolls its noisy waters through a rugged valley separating the two great chains of the Alps; then issuing from the gorge of St. Maurice, it wanders through a more smiling and fertile country. The sublime Dent du Midi on the south, the proud Dent du Morcles on the north, picturesquely situated opposite each other, point out from afar to the traveller's eye the beginning of this latter basin. On the tops of these mountains are vast glaciers and threatening peaks, near which the shepherds in the midst of summer lead their numerous flocks to pasture; while in the plain, the flowers and fruits of southern climes grow luxuriantly, and the laurel blooms beside the most exquisite grapes.

At the opening of one of the lateral valleys that lead into the Northern Alps, on the banks of the Grande Eau that falls in thunder from the glaciers of the Diablerets, is situated the small town of Aigle, one of the most southern in Switzerland. For about fifty years it had belonged to Berne, with the four parishes (*mandemens*) which are under its jurisdiction, namely, Aigle, Bex, Allon, and the chalets scattered in the lofty valleys of the Ormonds. It is in this country that the second epoch of the Swiss Reformation was destined to begin.

In the winter of 1526-1527, a foreign schoolmaster, named Ursinus, arrived in this humble district. He was a man of middle stature, with red beard and quick eyes, and who, to a voice of thunder (says Beza), united the feelings of a hero: his modest lessons were intermingled with new and strange doctrines. The benefices being abandoned by their titularies to ignorant curates, the people, who were naturally of rude and turbulent habits, had remained without any cultivation. Thus did this stranger, who was no other than Farel, meet with new obstacles at every step.

Whilst Lefevre and most of his friends

[1] The French part of Switzerland, comprising the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, Neufchâtel, and part of those of Friburg, Berne, and Valais.

[1] Eccles. iii. 1, 2, 3.

had quitted Strasburg to re-enter France, after the deliverance of Francis I., Farel had turned his steps towards Switzerland; and on the very first day of his journey, he received a lesson that he frequently recalled to mind.

He was on foot, accompanied by a single friend. Night had closed around them, the rain fell in torrents, and the travellers, in despair of finding their road, had sat down midway, drenched with rain.[1] "Ah!" said Farel, "God, by showing me my helplessness in these little things, has willed to teach me what I am in the greatest, without Jesus Christ!" At last Farel, springing up, plunged into the marshes, waded through the waters, crossed vineyards, fields, hills, forests, and valleys, and at length reached his destination, covered with mud and soaked to the skin.

In this night of desolation, Farel had received a new baptism. His natural energy had been quelled; he became, for some time at least, wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove; and, as not unfrequently happens to men of such disposition, he at first overstepped his aim. Believing that he was following the example of the Apostles, he sought, in the words of Œcolampadius, "to circumvent by pious frauds the old serpent that was hissing around him."[2] He represented himself to be a schoolmaster, and waited until a door should be opened to him to appear as a Reformer.[3]

Scarcely had Magister Ursinus quitted the schoolroom and his primers, than, taking refuge in his modest chamber, he became absorbed in the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures, and the most learned treatises of the theologians. The struggle between Luther and Zwingle was commencing. To which of these two chiefs should the French Reform attach itself? Luther had been known in France for a much longer time than Zwingle; yet Farel decided in favour of the latter. Mysticism had characterized the Germanic nations during the Middle Ages, and scholasticism those of Roman descent. The French were in closer relation with the dialectician Zwingle than with the mystic Luther; or rather, they were the mediators between the two great tendencies of the Middle Ages; and, while giving to the Christian thought that correct form which seems to be the province of southern nations, they became the instruments of God to spread through the Church the fulness of life and of the Spirit of Christ.

It was in this little chamber at Aigle that Farel read the first publication addressed to the German by the Swiss Reformer. "With what learning," cries he, "does Zwingle scatter the darkness! with what holy ingenuity he gains over the wise, and what captivating meekness he unites with a forcible erudition! Oh, that by the grace of God this work may win over Luther, so that the Church of Christ, trembling from such violent shocks, may at length find peace!"[1]

The Schoolmaster Ursinus, excited by so noble an example, gradually set about instructing the parents as well as the children. He at first attacked the doctrine of purgatory, and next the invocation of Saints. "As for the Pope, he is nothing," said he, "or almost nothing, in these parts;[3] and as for the priests, provided they annoy the people with all that nonsense, which Erasmus knows so well how to turn into ridicule, that is enough for them."

Ursinus had been some months at Aigle: a door was opened to him; a flock had been collected there, and he believed the looked-for moment had arrived.

Accordingly, one day the prudent schoolmaster disappears. "I am William Farel," said he, "minister of the Word of God." The terror of the priests and magistrates was great, when they saw in the midst of them that very man whose name had already become so formidable. The schoolmaster quitted his humble study; he ascended the pulpit, and openly preached Jesus Christ to the astonished multitude. The work of Ursinus was over: Farel was himself again.[4] It was then about the month of March or April, 1527, and in that beautiful valley, whose slopes were brightening in the warm rays of the sun, all was fermenting at the same time, the flowers, the vineyards, and the hearts of this sensible but rude people.

Yet the rocks that the torrent meets as it issues from the Diablerets, and against which it dashes at every step as it falls from eternal snows, are more trifling obstacles than the prejudice and hatred that were shown erelong in this populous valley to the Word of God.

The council of Berne, by a license of the 9th of March, had commissioned Farel to explain the Holy Scriptures to the people of Aigle and its neighbourhood. But the arm of the civil magistrate, by thus mingling in religious affairs, served only to increase the irritation of men's minds. The rich and lazy incumbents, the poor and ignorant curates, were the first to cry out. "If this man," said they one to another, "continues preaching, it is all over with our benefices and our Church."[5]

[1] Gravabat nox, opprimebat pluvia. . . . . coegit viæ difficultas in media sedere via sub pluvia. (Farel to Capito and Bucer; Neufchâtel, 3.)

Piis artibus et apostolicis versatiis ad circumveniendum illum opus est. (Œcol. to Farel, 27th December, 1526. Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] Ubi ostium patuerit, tunc adversariis liberius obsistetur. (Ibid.)

[1] Pia et amica ad Lutheri sermonem apologia. (Opp. vol. ii. t. 2, p. 1.)

[2] Ut Christi succussa undique Ecclesia, pacis non nihil sentiat. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 26.)

[3] Papa aut nullus aut modicus hic est. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 36.)

[4] The name of Ursinus was doubtless taken from the bear (*ursa*), which was on the shield of Berne. Ursinus meant Bernese.

[5] J. J. Hottinger, H. K. G., iii. p. 364.

In the midst of this agitation, the bailiff of Aigle and the governor of the four mandemens, Jacques de Roverea, instead of supporting the minister of their excellencies of Berne, eagerly embraced the cause of the priests. "The Emperor," said they, "is about to declare war against all innovators. A great army will shortly arrive from Spain to assist the Archduke Ferdinand."[1] Farel stood firm. Upon this the bailiff and Roverea, exasperated by such boldness, interdicted the heretic from every kind of instruction, whether as minister or schoolmaster. But Berne caused to be posted on the doors of all the churches in the four mandemens a new decree, dated the 3d of July, in which their excellencies, manifesting great displeasure at this interdiction "of the very learned Farel from the propagation of the Divine Word,[2] ordered all the officers of the state to allow him to preach publicly the doctrines of the Lord."

This new proclamation was the signal of revolt. On the 25th July, great crowds assembled at Aigle, at Bex, at Ollon, and in the Ormonds, crying out, "No more submission to Berne! down with Farel!" From words they soon proceeded to actions. At Aigle the insurgents, headed by the fiery syndic, tore down the edict, and prepared to fall upon the Reformed. These, uniting with promptitude, surrounded Farel, resolved to defend him. The two parties met face to face, and blood was near flowing. The firm countenance of the friends of the Gospel checked the partisans of the priests, who dispersed, and Farel, quitting Aigle for a few days, carried his views farther.

In the middle of the beautiful valley of the Leman, on hills which overlook the lake, stands Lausanne, the city of the bishop and of the Virgin, placed under the patronage of the Dukes of Savoy. A host of pilgrims, assembling from all the surrounding places, knelt devoutly before the image of Our Lady, and made costly purchases at the great fair of indulgences that was held in its precincts. Lausanne, extending its episcopal crosier from its lofty towers, pretended to keep the whole country at the feet of the Pope. But the eyes of many began to be opened, thanks to the dissolute life of the canons and priests. The ministers of the Virgin were seen in public playing at games of chance, which they seasoned with mockery and blasphemy. They fought in the churches; disguised as soldiers, they descended by night from the cathedral hill, and roaming through the streets, sword in hand and in liquor, surprised, wounded, and sometimes even killed the worthy citizens; they debauched married women, seduced young girls, changed their residences into houses of ill fame, and heartlessly turned out their young children to beg their bread.[1] Nowhere, perhaps, was better exemplified the description of the clergy given us by one of the most venerable prelates of the sixteenth century: "Instead of training up youth by their learning and holiness of life, the priests train birds and dogs; instead of books, they have children; they sit with topers in the taverns, and give way to drunkenness."[2]

Among the theologians in the court of the bishop Sebastian of Montfaucon, was Natalis Galeotto, a man of elevated rank and great urbanity, fond of the society of scholars, and himself a man of learning,[3] but nevertheless very zealous about fasts and all the ordinances of the Church. Farel thought that, if this man could be gained over to the Gospel, Lausanne, "slumbering at the foot of its steeples," would perhaps awaken, and all the country with it. He therefore addressed himself to him. "Alas! alas!" said Farel, "religion is no longer but an empty mockery, since people, who think only of their appetites, are the kings of the Church. Christian people, instead of celebrating in the sacrament the death of the Lord, live as if they commemorated Mercury, the god of fraud. Instead of imitating the love of Christ, they emulate the lewdness of Venus; and when they do evil, they fear more the presence of a wretched swineherd than of God Almighty."[4]

But Galeotto made no reply, and Farel persevered. "Knock; cry out with all your might," wrote he in a second letter; "redouble your attacks upon our Lord."[5] Still there was no answer. Farel returned to the charge a third time, and Natalis, fearing to reply in person, commissioned his secretary, who forwarded a letter to Farel full of insulting language.[6] For a season Lausanne was inaccessible.

After having thus contended with a priest, Farel was destined to struggle with a monk. The two arms of the hierarchy by which the Middle Ages were governed had been chivalry and monachism. The latter still remained for the service of the Papacy, although falling into decay. "Alas!" exclaimed a celebrated Carthusian, "what an obstinate devil would fear to do, a reprobate

[1] Ferdinando adventurum esse ingentem ex Hispania exercitum. (Zwinglius, Epp. ii. p. 64; dated 11 May, 1527.)

[2] Inhibita verbi divini propagatio. (Choupard MS.)

[1] Histoire de la Reformation Suisse, by Ruchat, i. p. 35.

[2] Pro *libros* sibi *liberos* comparant, pro studio cubinas amant. (Tritheim. Just. Viræ Sacerdotalis, p. 765.) The play upon *libros* and *liberos* (books and children) cannot be conveyed in English.

[3] Urbanus, doctus, magnus, consuetudine doctorum obligatus. (Farel to Galeotto, Neufchâtel MS.)

[4] Pluris faciunt miserrimi subulci aspectum quam omnipotentis Dei. (Farel to Galeotto, Neufchâtel MS.)

[5] Pulsare, vociferari perge, nec prius cesse quam, &c. (Ibid.)

[6] Næniis totas implevit et conviciis. (Ibid.)

and arrogant monk will commit without hesitation."[1]

A mendicant friar, who dared not oppose the reformer in a direct manner at Aigle, ventured into the village of Noville, situated on the low grounds deposited by the Rhone as it falls into the lake of Geneva. The friar, ascending the pulpit, exclaimed, "It is the devil himself who preaches by the mouth of the minister, and all those who listen to him will be damned." Then, taking courage, he slunk along the bank of the Rhone, and arrived at Aigle with a meek and humble look, not to appear there against Farel, whose powerful eloquence terribly alarmed him, but to beg in behalf of his convent a few barrels of the most exquisite wine in all Switzerland. He had not advanced many steps into the town before he met the minister. At this sight he trembled in every limb. "Why did you preach in such a manner at Noville?" demanded Farel. The monk, fearful that the dispute would attract public attention, and yet desirous of replying to the point, whispered in his ear, "I have heard say, that you are a heretic and misleader of the people." "Prove it," said Farel. Then the monk "began to storm," says Farel,[2] and, hastening down the street, endeavoured to shake off his disagreeable companion, "turning now this way, now that, like a troubled conscience."[3] A few citizens beginning to collect around them, Farel said to them, pointing to the monk, "You see this fine father; he has said from the pulpit that I preach nothing but lies." Then the monk, blushing and stammering, began to speak of the offerings of the faithful (the precious wine of Yvorne, for which he had come begging), and accused Farel of opposing them. The crowd had now increased in number, and Farel, who only sought an opportunity of proclaiming the true worship of God, exclaimed, with a loud voice, "It is no man's business to ordain any other way of serving God than that which He has commanded. We must keep his commandments without turning either to the right hand or to the left.[4] Let us worship God alone in spirit and in truth, offering to him a broken and a contrite heart."

The eyes of all the spectators were fixed on the two actors in this scene—the monk with his wallet, and the reformer with his glistening eye. Confounded by Farel's daring to speak of any other worship than that which the holy Roman Church prescribed, the friar was out of his senses; he trembled, and was agitated, becoming pale and red by turns. At last, taking his cap off his head, from under his hood, he flung it on the ground, trampling it under foot, and crying: "I am amazed that the earth does not gape and swallow us up!"[1] . . . . . Farel wished to reply, but in vain. The friar with downcast eyes kept stamping on his cap, "bawling out like one out of his wits:" and his cries, resounding through the streets of Aigle, drowned the voice of the reformer. At length one of the spectators, who stood beside him, plucked him by the sleeve, and said, "Listen to the minister, as he is listening to you." The affrighted monk, believing himself already half-dead, started violently and cried out: "Oh, thou excommuniate! layest thou thy hand upon me?"

The little town was in an uproar; the friar at once furious and trembling, Farel following up his attack with vigour, and the people in confusion and amazement. At length the magistrate appeared, ordered the monk and Farel to follow him, and shut them up, "one in one tower and one in another."[2]

On the Saturday morning Farel was liberated from his prison, and conducted to the castle before the officers of justice, where the monk was already present. The minister began to address them: "My lords, to whom our Saviour enjoins obedience without any exception, this friar has said that the doctrine which I preach is against God. Let him make good his words, or, if he cannot, permit your people to be edified." The violence of the monk was over. The tribunal before which he was standing, the courage of his adversary, the power of the movement which he could not resist, the weakness of his cause—all alarmed him, and he was now ready to make matters up. "Then the friar fell upon his knees, saying: My lords, I entreat forgiveness of you and of God. Next turning to Farel: And also, Magister, what I preached against you was grounded on false reports. I have found you to be a good man, and your doctrine good, and I am prepared to recall my words."[3]

Farel was touched by this appeal, and said: "My friend, do not ask forgiveness of me, for I am a poor sinner like other men

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[1] Quod agere veretur obstinatus diabolus, intrepide agit reprobus et contumax monachus. (Jacob von Juterbock; de Negligentia Prelatorum.)

[2] Commença de se tempester; in the narratiye he gives of this adventure to the nuns of Vevay. (Neufchâtel MS.)

[3] Tournant maintenant de ça, maintenant de là, comme fait la conscience mal assurée. (Ibid.)

[4] Il n'appartient à personne vivante d'ordonner autre manière de faire service à Dieu, que celle qu'il a commandée. Nous devons garder ses commandemens, sans tirer ni à la dextre, ni à la senestre. (Ibid.)

[1] Hors de sens, trembloit, s'agitoit, palissoit, et rougissoit tour à tour. Enfin tirant son bonnet de sa tête, hors du chaperon, il le rua à terre, jettant et mettant son pied sus, en s'écriant: "Je suis esbahi comme la terre ne nous abyme!" (Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] L'un en une tour, et l'autre en l'autre. (Ibid.)

[3] Lors le frère sé jeta à genoux, disant: Messeigneurs, je demande merci à Dieu et à vous. . . . . Et aussi, Magister, ce que j'ai prêché contre vous a été par de faux rapports, &c (Ibid.)

putting my trust not in my own righteousness, but in the death of Jesus."[1]

One of the lords of Berne coming up at this time, the friar, who already imagined himself on the brink of martyrdom, began to wring his hands, and to turn now towards the Bernese councillors, now towards the tribunal, and then to Farel, crying, "Pardon, pardon!" "Ask pardon of our Saviour," replied Farel. The lord of Berne added: "Come to-morrow and hear the minister's sermon; if he appears to you to preach the truth, you shall confess it openly before all; if not, you will declare your opinion: this promise in my hand." The monk held out his hand, and the judges retired. "Then the friar went away, and I have not seen him since, and no promises or oaths were able to make him stay."[2] Thus the Reformation advanced in Switzerland Romande.

But violent storms threatened to destroy the work that was hardly begun. Romish agents from the Valais and from Savoy had crossed the Rhone at St. Maurice, and were exciting the people to energetic resistance. Tumultous assemblages took place, in which dangerous projects were discussed; the proclamations of the government were torn down from the church-doors; troops of citizens paraded the city; the drum beat in the streets to excite the populace against the reformer: everywhere prevailed riot and sedition. Thus on the 16th February, Farel ascended the pulpit for the first time after a short absence; some Papist bands collected round the gate of the church, raised their hands in tumult, uttered savage cries, and compelled the minister to break off in his sermon.

The council of Berne thereupon decreed that the parishioners of the four mandemens should assemble. Those of Bex declared for the Reform; Aigle followed their example, but with indecision; and in the mountains above Ollon, the peasants not daring to maltreat Farel, set their wives at him, who rushed upon him with their fulling-clubs. But it was especially the parish of the Ormonds which, calm and proud at the foot of its glaciers, signalized itself by its resistance. A companion of Farel's labourers, named Claude (probably Claude de Glontinis), when preaching there one day with great animation, was suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the bells, whose noise was such that one might have said all hell was busy pulling them. "In fact," says another herald of the Gospel, Jacques Comralis, who chanced to be present, "it was Satan himself, who, breathing his anger into some of his agents, filled the ears of the auditors with all this uproar."[3] At another time, some zealous Reformers having thrown down the altars of Baal, according to the language of the times, the evil spirit began to blow with violence in all the chalets scattered over the sides of the mountains; the shepherds issued precipitously like avalanches, and fell upon the Church and the Reformers. "Let us only find these sacrilegious wretches," cried the furious Ormondines; "we will hang them,—we will cut off their heads,—we will burn them,—we will throw their ashes into the Great Water."[1] Thus were these mountaineers agitated, like the wind that roars in their lofty valleys with a fury unknown to the inhabitants of the plains.

Other difficulties overwhelmed Farel. His fellow-labourers were not all of them blameless. One Christopher Ballista, formerly a monk of Paris, had written to Zwingle: "I am but a Gaul, a barbarian,[2] but you will find me a man pure as snow, without any guile, of open heart, through whose windows all the world may see."[3] Zwingle sent Ballista to Farel, who was loudly calling for labourers in Christ's vineyard. The fine language of the Parisian at first charmed the multitude; but it was soon found necessary to beware of these priests and monks disgusted with Popery. "Brought up in the slothfulness of the cloister, gluttonous and lazy," says Farel, "Ballista could not conform to the abstemiousness and rude labours of the Evangelists, and soon began to regret his monk's hood. When he perceived the people beginning to distrust him, he became like a furious monster, vomiting wagon-loads of threats."[4] Thus ended his labours.

Notwithstanding all these trials, Farel was not discouraged. The greater the difficulties, the more his energy increased. "Let us scatter the seed everywhere," said he, "and let civilized France, provoked to jealousy by this barbarous nation, embrace piety at last. Let there not be in Christ's body either fingers, or hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or arms, existing separately and working each for itself, but let there be only one heart that nothing can divide. Let not variety in secondary things divide into many separate members that vital principle which is one and simple.[5] Alas! the pastures of the Church are trodden under foot, and its waters are troubled! Let us set our minds to concord and peace. When the Lord shall

[1] Je suis pauvre pécheur comme les autres, ayant ma fiance, non en ma justice, mais à la mort de Jesus. (Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] Puis quand le frère fut parti, depuis ne l'ai vu, et nulles promesses ni sermens ne l'ont pu faire demeurer. (Ibid.)

[3] Sed Sathan per ejus servos, voluit aures auditorum ejus sono cymbali implere. (Ibid.)

[1] Quo invento suspenderetur primum, deinde dignus comburi, alterius capitis obtruncatione novissime in aquis mergeretur. (Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] Me quantumvis Gallum et barbarum. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 205.)

[3] Absque ullo fuco, niveum, et aperti fenestratique pectoris. (Ibid.)

[4] Quam beatus hic venter incanduit! quæ minarum plaustra! Solent tales belluæ, &c. (Neufchâtel MS.)

[5] Ne in digitos, manus, pedes, oculos, nares, aures, brachia, cor quod unum est discindatur et quæ in rebus est varietas, principium non faciat multiplex. (Ibid.)

have opened heaven, there will not be so many disputes about bread and water.[1] A fervent charity—that is the powerful battering-ram with which we shall beat down those proud walls, those material elements, with which men would confine us."[2]

Thus wrote the most impetuous of the Reformers. These words of Farel, preserved for three centuries in the city where he died, disclose to us more clearly the intimate nature of the great Revolution of the sixteenth century, than all the venturesome assertions of its Popish interpreters. Christian unity thus from these earliest moments found a zealous apostle. The nineteenth century is called to resume the work which the sixteenth century was unable to accomplish.

II. Of all the Swiss cantons, Berne appeared the least disposed to the Reformation. A military state may be zealous for religion, but it will be for an external and a disciplined religion; it requires an ecclesiastical organization that it can see, and touch, and manage at its will. It fears the innovations and the free movements of the Word of God: it loves the form and not the life. Napoleon, by restoring religion in France in the *Concordat*, has given us a memorable example of this truth. Such, also, was the case with Berne. Its government, besides, was absorbed by political interests, and although it had little regard for the Pope, it cared still less to see a Reformer put himself, as Zwingle did, at the head of public affairs. As for the people, feasting on the "butter of their kine and milk of their sheep, with fat of lambs,"[3] they remained closely shut up within the narrow circle of their material wants. Religious questions were not to the taste either of the rulers or of their fellow-citizens.

The Bernese government, being without experience in religious matters, had proposed to check the movement of the Reform by its edict of 1523. As soon as it discovered its mistake, it moved towards the cantons that adhered to the ancient faith; and while that portion of the people whence the Great Council was recruited, listened to the voice of the Reformers, most of the patrician families, who composed the Smaller Council, believing their power, their interests, and their honour menaced, attached themselves to the old order of things. From this opposition of the two councils there arose a general uneasiness, but no violent shocks. Sudden movement, repeated starts, announced from time to time that incongruous matters were fermenting in the nation; it was like an indistinct earthquake, which raises the whole surface without causing any rents: then anon all returns to apparent tranquillity.[1] Berne, which was always decided in its politics, turned in religious matters at one time to the right, and at another to the left; and declared that it would be neither Popish nor Reformed. To gain time was, for the new faith, to gain every thing.

What was done to turn aside Berne from the Reformation, was the very cause of precipitating it into the new way. The haughtiness with which the five primitive cantons arrogated the guardianship of their confederates, the secret conferences to which Berne was not even invited, and the threat of addressing the people in a direct manner, deeply offended the Bernese oligarchs. Thomas Murner, a Carmelite of Lucerne, one of those rude men who act upon the populace, but who inspire disgust in elevated minds, made the cup run over. Furious against the Zurich calendar, in which the names of the saints had been purposely omitted, he published in opposition to it the "Almanac of Heretics and Church-robbers," a tract filled with lampoons and invectives, in which the portraits of the Reformers and of their adherents, among whom were many of the most considerable men of Berne, were coupled with the most brutal inscriptions.[2] Zurich and Berne in conjunction demanded satisfaction, and from this time the union of these two states daily became closer.

This change was soon perceived at Berne. The elections of 1527 placed a considerable number of friends of the Reform in the Great Council; and this body, forthwith resuming its right to nominate the members of the Smaller Council, which had been usurped for twenty years by the Bannerets and the Sixteen, removed from the government the most decided partisans of the Roman hierarchy, and among others Gaspard de Mulinen and Sebastian de Stein,[3] and filled the vacancies with members of the Evangelical majority. The union of Church and State, which had hitherto checked the progress of the Reform in Switzerland, was now about to accelerate its movements.

The Reformer Haller was not alone in Berne. Kolb had quitted the Carthusian monastery at Nuremberg, in which he had been compelled to take refuge, and had appeared before his compatriots, demanding no other stipend than the liberty of preaching Jesus Christ. Already bending under the weight of years, his head crowned with hoary locks, Kolb, young in heart, full of fire, and of indomitable courage, presented boldly be-

[1] An allusion to the controversies on anabaptism and the real presence. Non tanta erit super aqua et pane contentio, nec super gramine, solutaque obsidione. (Neufchâtel MS.) The sense of these latter words is obscure.

[2] Charitas fortissimus aries. (Farel to Bucer, 10th May, 1529.)

[3] Deut. xxxii. 14.

[1] Hundeshagen, Conflikte der Bernischen Kirche, p. 19.

[2] Quum nudus-tertius *Murneri* Calendarium legissem, partim ridendo hominis stultissimam impudentiam. (Œcolamp. to Zwingle, Febr. 1527. Epp. ii. p. 26.)

[3] Mullinen e Senatoria dignitate protrusus est. Lapides quoque. (Haller to Zwingle, April 25 1527. Ibid. p. 49.)

fore the chiefs of the nation that Gospel which had saved him. Haller, on the contrary, although only thirty-five years old, moved with a measured step, spoke with gravity, and proclaimed the new doctrines with unusual circumspection. The old man had taken the young man's part, and the youth that of the graybeard.

Zwingle, whose eye nothing escaped, saw that a favourable hour for Berne was coming, and immediately gave the signal. "The dove commissioned to examine the state of the waters is returning with an olive-branch into the ark," wrote he to Haller; "come forth now, thou second Noah, and take possession of the land. Enforce, be earnest, and fix deeply in the hearts of men the hooks and grapnels of the Word of God, so that they can never again be rid of them."[1]— "Your bears," wrote he to Thomas ab Hofen, "have again put forth their claws. Please God that they do not draw them back until they have torn every thing in pieces that opposes Jesus Christ."

Haller and his friends were on the point of replying to this appeal, when their situation became complicated. Some Anabaptist, who formed everywhere the extreme party, arriving in Berne in 1527, led away the people from the Evangelical preachers, "on account of the presence of idols."[2] Haller had a useless conference with them. "To what dangers is not Christianity exposed," cried he, "wherever these furies have crept in!"[3] There has never been any revival in the Church, without the hierarchical or radical sects immediately endeavouring to disturb it. Haller, although alarmed, still maintained his unalterable meekness. "The magistrates are desirous of banishing them," said he; "but it is our duty to drive out their errors, and not their persons. Let us employ no other weapons than the sword of the Spirit."[4] It was not from Popery that the Reformers had learnt these principles. A public disputation took place. Six Anabaptists declared themselves convinced, and two others were sent out of the country.

The decisive movement was drawing near. The two great powers of the age, the Gospel and the Papacy, were stirring with equal energy; the Bernese councils were to speak out. They saw on the one hand the five primitive cantons taking daily a more threatening attitude, and announcing that the Austrian would soon reappear in Helvetia, to reduce it once more into subjection to Rome; and on the other they beheld the Gospel every day gaining ground in the Confederation. Which was destined to prevail in Switzerland—the lances of Austria or the Word of God? In the uncertainty in which the councils were placed, they resolved to side with the majority. Where could they discover a firm footing, if not there? *Vox populi, vox Dei.* "No one," said they, "can make any change of his own private authority: the consent of all is necessary."

The government of Berne had to decide between two mandates, both emanating from its authority: that of 1523, in favour of the free preaching of the Gospel, and that of 1526, in favour "of the sacraments, the saints, the mother of God, and the ornaments of the churches." State messengers set out and traversed every parish: the people gave their votes against every law contrary to liberty, and the councils, supported by the nation, decreed that "the Word of God should be preached publicly and freely, even if it should be in opposition to the statutes and doctrines of men." Such was the victory of the Gospel and of the people over the oligarchy and the priests.

Contentions immediately arose throughout the canton, and every parish became a battlefield. The peasants began to dispute with the priests and monks, in reliance on the Holy Scriptures. "If the mandate of our lords," said many, "accords to our pastors the liberty of preaching, why should it not grant the flock the liberty of acting?"— "Peace, peace!" cried the councils, alarmed at their own boldness. But the flocks resolutely declared that they would send away the Mass, and keep their pastors and the Bible.[2] Upon this the Papal partisans grew violent. "Heretics, rascals, wantons," said the banneret Kuttler[3] to the good people of Emmenthal; and these peasants obliged him to make an apology. The bailiff of Trachselwald was more cunning. Seeing the inhabitants of Ruderswell listening with eagerness to the Word of God, which a pious minister was preaching to them, he came with fifers and trumpeters, and interrupted the sermon, inviting the village girls by words and by lively tunes to quit the church for the dance.

These singular provocations did not check the Reform. Six of the city companies (the shoemakers, weavers, merchants, bakers, stone-masons, and carpenters) abolished in the churches and convents of their district all masses, anniversaries, advowsons, and prebends. Three others (the tanners, smiths, and tailors) prepared to imitate them;[4] the seven remaining companies were undecided, except the butchers, who were enthusiasts for the Pope. Thus the majority of the

[1] Aculeos ac hamos, sic in mortalium pectora dimitte, ut etiam si velint, non possint. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 10.)

[2] Ne plebem dehortentur ab auditione concionum nostrarum ob idolorum præsentiam. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 49.)

[3] Consideravimus omnes periculum urbis nostræ et totius Christianismi, ubi illæ furiæ irrepserint. (Ibid. p. 50.)

[4] Nostrum est, omnio gladio spiritus refellere. (Ibid.)

[1] Ut privata auctoritate nemo quippiam immutare præsumat. (Haller to Vadian.)

[2] Incolas vallis Emmenthal Senatum adiisse *missam*que *missam fecisse*. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 104.)

[3] Pueros, hereticos, et homines lascivos. (Ibid. p. 106.)

[4] Haller to Zwingle, 4th November, 1527. (Epp. ii. p. 105.)

citizens had embraced the Gospel. Many parishes throughout the canton had done the same; and the avoyer d'Erlach, the great adversary of the Reformation, could no longer keep the torrent within bounds.

Yet the attempt was made: the bailiffs were ordered to note the irregularities and dissolute lives of the monks and nuns; all women of loose morals were even turned out of the cloisters.[1] But it was not against these abuses alone that the Reformation was levelled; it was against the institutions themselves, and against Popery on which they were founded. The people must therefore decide.—"The Bernese clergy," said they, "must be convoked, as at Zurich, and let the two doctrines be discussed in a solemn conference. We will proceed afterwards in conformity with the result."

On the Sunday following the festival of Saint Martin (11th November), the council and citizens unanimously resolved that a public disputation should take place at the beginning of the succeeding year. "The glory of God and his Word," said they, "will at length appear!" Bernese and strangers, priests and laymen, all were invited by letter or by printed notice to come and discuss the controverted points, but by Scripture alone, without the glosses of the ancients, and renouncing all subtleties and abusive language.[2] Who knows, said they, if all the members of the ancient Swiss confederation may not be thus brought to unity of faith?

Thus, within the walls of Berne, the struggle was about to take place that would decide the fate of Switzerland; for the example of the Bernese must necessarily lead with it a great part of the Confederation.

The Five Cantons, alarmed at this intelligence, met at Lucerne, when they were joined by Friburg, Soleure, and Glaris. There was nothing either in the letter or in the spirit of the federal compact to obstruct religious liberty. "Every state," said Zurich, "is free to choose the doctrine that it desires to profess." The Waldstettes,[3] on the contrary, wished to deprive the cantons of this independence, and to subject them to the federal majority and to the Pope. They protested, therefore, in the name of the confederation against the proposed discussion. "Your ministers," wrote they to Berne, "dazzled and confounded at Baden by the brightness of truth, would desire by this new discussion to hide their shame; but we entreat you to desist from a plan so contrary to our ancient alliances."—"It is not we who have infringed them," replied Berne; "it is much rather your haughty missive that has destroyed them. We will not abandon the Word of our Lord Jesus Christ." Upon this the Roman cantons decided to refuse all safe-conduct to those who should proceed to Berne. This was giving token of sinister intentions.

The four bishops of Lausanne, Constance, Basle, and Sion, being invited to the conference under pain of forfeiting all their privileges in the canton of Berne, replied that, since it was to be a disputation according to the Scriptures, they had nothing to do with it. Thus did these priests forget the words of one of the most illustrious Roman doctors of the fifteenth century: "In heavenly things man should be independent of his fellows, and trust in God alone."[1]

The Romanist doctors followed the example of the bishops. Eck, Murner, Cochlœus, and many others said everywhere: "We have received the letter of this leper, of this accursed heretic Zwingle.[2] They want to take the Bible for their judge; but has the Bible a voice against those who do it violence? We will not go to Berne; we will not crawl into that obscure corner of the world; we will not go and combat in that gloomy cavern, in that school of heretics. Let these villains come out into the open air, and contend with us on level ground, if they have the Bible on their side, as they say." The Emperor ordered the discussion to be adjourned; but on the very day of its opening, the council of Berne replied, that as every one was already assembled, delay was impossible.

Then, in despite of the doctors and bishops, the Helvetic Church assembled to decide upon its doctrines. Had it a right to do so? No;—not if priests and bishops were appointed, as Rome pretends, to form a mystic bond between the Church and our Lord; Yes—if they were established, as the Bible declares, only to satisfy that law of order by virtue of which all society should have a directing power. The opinions of the Swiss Reformers in this respect were not doubtful. The grace which creates the minister comes from the Lord, thought they; but the Church examines this grace, acknowledges it, proclaims it by the elders, and in every act in which faith is concerned, it can always appeal from the minister to the Word of God. *Try the spirits—prove all things*, it says to the faithful. The Church is the judge of controversies;[3] and it is this duty, in which it should never be found wanting, that it was now about to fulfil in the disputation at Berne.

The contest seemed unequal. On one side appeared the Roman hierarchy, a giant which had increased in strength during many centuries; and on the other, there was

[1] J. J. Hottinger, H. Kirchen, viii., p. 394.

[2] Solam sacram Scripturam, absque veterum glossematis. (Haller to Zwingle, 19th November, 1527. Epp. ii. p. 113.)

[3] The inhabitants of the primitive democratic cantons, Schwytz, Uri, Underwald, and Lucerne, to which Zug may be added.

[1] John Goch, Dialogus de quatuor erroribus, p. 237.

[2] Epistolam leprosi, damnati, hæretici Zwinglii accepi. (Eck to G. A. Zell, Zw. Epp. ii. p. 126.)

[3] *Judex controversiarum*—1 John iv. 1; 1 Thess. v. 21.

at first but one weak and timid man, the modest Berthold Haller. "I cannot wield the sword of the Word," said he in alarm to his friends. "If you do not stretch out your hands to me, all is over." He then threw himself trembling at the feet of the Lord, and soon arose enlightened and exclaiming, "Faith in the Saviour gives me courage, and scatters all my fears."[1]

Yet he could not remain alone: all his looks were turned towards Zwingle: "It was I took the bath at Baden," wrote Œcolampadius to Haller, "and now it is Zwingle who should lead off the bear-dance in Berne."[2]—"We are between the hammer and the anvil," wrote Haller to Zwingle; "we hold the wolf by the ears, and know not how to let him go.[3] The houses of De Watteville, Noll, Tremp, and Berthold are open to you. Come, then, and command the battle in person."

Zwingle did not hesitate. He demanded permission of the Council of Zurich to visit Berne, in order to show there "that his teaching was full of the fear of God, and not blasphemous; mighty to spread concord through Switzerland, and not to cause troubles and dissension."[4] At the very time that Haller received news of Zwingle's coming, Œcolampadius wrote to him: "I am ready, if it be necessary, to sacrifice my life. Let us inaugurate the new year by embracing one another to the glory of Jesus Christ." Other doctors wrote to the same effect. "These, then," cried Haller with emotion, "these are the auxiliaries that the Lord sends to my infirmity, to aid me in fighting this rude battle!"

It was necessary to proceed with circumspection, for the violence of the oligarchs and of the Five Cantons was well known.[5] The doctors of Glaris, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Constance, Ulm, Lindau and Augsburg, assembled at Zurich, to proceed under the same escort as Zwingle, Pellican, Collin, Megander, Grossman, the commander Schmidt, Bullinger, and a great number of the rural clergy, selected to accompany the reformer. "When all this game traverses the country," said the pensioners, "we will go a-hunting, and see if we cannot kill some, or at least catch them and put them into a cage."

Three hundred chosen men, selected from the companies of Zurich, and from the parishes within its precincts, donned their breastplates and shouldered their arquebuses; but in order not to give the journey of these doctors the appearance of a military expedition, they took neither colours, fife, nor drum; and the trumpeter of the city, a civil officer, rode alone at the head of the company.

On Tuesday the 2d of January, they set out. Never had Zwingle appeared more cheerful. "Glory be to the Lord," said he, "my courage increases every day."[1] The burgomaster Roust, the town-clerk of Mangoldt, with Funck and Jaëkli, both masters of arts, and all four delegated by the council, were on horseback near him. They reached Berne on the 4th of January, having had only one or two unimportant alarms.

The Cordeliers' Church was to serve as the place of conference. Tillmann, the city architect, had made arrangements according to a plan furnished by Zwingle.[2] A large platform had been erected on which were placed two tables, and around them sat the champions of the two parties. On the evangelical side were remarked, besides Haller, Zwingle, and Œcolampadius, many distinguished men of the Reformed Church, strangers to Switzerland, as Bucer, Capito, and Ambrose Blarer. On the side of the papacy, Dr. Treger of Friburg, who enjoyed a high reputation, appeared to keep up the fire of the combat. As for the rest, whether through fear or contempt, the most famous Roman doctors were absent.

The first act was to publish the regulations of the conference. "No proof shall be proposed that is not drawn from the Holy Scriptures, and no explanation shall be given of those scriptures, that does not come from Scripture itself, explaining obscure texts by such as are clear." After this, one of the secretaries, rising to call over the roll, shouted with a loud voice that re-echoed through the church,—The Bishop of Constance! No one replied. He did the same for the bishops of Sion, Basle, and Lausanne. Neither of these prelates was present at this meeting, either in person or by deputy. The Word of God being destined to reign alone, the Roman hierarchy did not appear. These two powers cannot walk together. There were present about three hundred and fifty Swiss and German ecclesiastics.

On Tuesday, 7th January, 1528, the burgomaster Vadianus, of St. Gall, one of the presidents, opened the disputation. After him the aged Kolb stood up, and said: "God is at this moment agitating the whole world, let us, therefore, humble ourselves before him," and he pronounced with fervour a confession of sins.

When this was done, the first thesis was read. It was thus drawn up. "The Holy Christian Church, of which Christ is the sole head, is born of the Word of God, abideth in it, and listeneth not to the voice of a stranger."

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[1] Fides in Dominum me animat, ut nihil verear. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 123.)

[2] An allusion to the dispute at Baden, a celebrated bathing-place, and to the arms of Berne. (Ibid. p. 118.)

[3] Lupum auribus tenemus. (Zurich MS.)

[4] Neque ad perturbationem nostræ almæ Helvetiæ. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 120.)

[5] Oligarchæ in angulis obmurmurent. (Ibid. p. 123.)

[1] Crescit, Domino gloria, mihi animus in hac pugna. (Zw. Epp. Vadiano.)

[2] Tillmannus urbis architectus locum juxta tuam deformationem operabit. (Ibid. ii. p. 123.)

ALEXIS GRAT, a Dominican monk,—"The word *sole* is not in Scripture. Christ has left a vicar here below."

HALLER.—"The vicar that Christ left is the Holy Ghost."

TREGER.—"See then to what a pass things have come these last ten years. This man calls himself a Lutheran, that a Zwinglian; a third, a Carlstadtian; a fourth an Œcolampadist; a fifth, an Anabaptist. . . ."

BUCER.—"Whosoever preacheth Jesus as the only Saviour, we recognize as our brother. Neither Luther, nor Zwingle, nor Œcolampadius, desires the faithful to bear his name. Besides, you should not boast so much of a mere external unity. When antichrist gained the upperhand throughout the world, in the East by Mahomet, in the West by the Pope, he was able to keep the people in unity of error. God permits divisions, in order that those who belong to him may learn to look not to men, but to the testimony of the Word, and to the assurance of the Holy Ghost in their hearts. Thus then, dearly beloved brethren, to the Scriptures, the Scriptures![1] O Church of Berne, hold fast to the teaching of Him who said, *Come unto me*, and not, *Come unto my vicar!*"

The disputation then turned successively on Tradition, the Merits of Christ, Transubstantiation, the Mass, Prayer to the Saints, Purgatory, Images, Celibacy, and the Disorders of the Clergy. Rome found numerous defenders, and among others, Murer, priest of Rapperswyl, who had said: "If they wish to burn the two ministers of Berne, I will undertake to carry them both to the stake."

On Sunday, the 19th of January, the day on which the doctrine of the Mass was attacked, Zwingle, desirous of acting on the people also, went into the pulpit, and reciting the Apostles' Creed, made a pause after these words: "He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead." "These three articles," said he, "are in contradiction to the Mass." All his hearers redoubled their attention; and a priest, clothed in his sacerdotal vestments, who was preparing to celebrate the holy sacrifice in one of the chapels, stopped in astonishment at Zwingle's words. Erect before the consecrated altar on which lay the chalice and the body of the Saviour, with eyes fixed upon the reformer, whose words electrified the people, a prey to the most violent struggles, and beaten down by the weight of truth, the agitated priest resolved to sacrifice every thing for it. In the presence of the whole assembly, he stripped off his priestly ornaments, and throwing them on the altar, he exclaimed: "Unless the Mass reposes on a more solid foundation, I can celebrate it no longer!" The noise of this conversion, effected at the very foot of the altar, immediately spread through the city,[1] and it was regarded as an important omen. So long as the Mass remains, Rome has gained everything: as soon as the Mass falls, Rome has lost all. The Mass is the creative principle of the whole system of Popery.

Three days later, on the 22d January, was the feast of St. Vincent, the patron of the city. The disputation that had been carried on during Sunday was suspended on that day. The canons asked the council what they were to do. "Such of you," replied the council, "as receive the doctrine of the theses ought not to say Mass; the others may perform divine worship as usual."[2] Every preparation was accordingly made for the solemnity. On St. Vincent's eve the bells from every steeple announced the festival to the inhabitants of Berne. On the morrow the sacristans lit up the tapers; incense filled the temple, but no one appeared. No priests to say Mass, no faithful to hear it! Already there was a vast chasm in the Roman sanctuary, a deep silence, as on the field of battle, where none but the dead are lying.

In the evening it was the custom for the canons to chaunt vespers with great pomp. The organist was at his post, but no one else appeared. The poor man left thus alone, beholding with sorrow the fall of that worship by which he gained his bread, gave utterance to his grief by playing a mourning-hymn instead of the majestic *Magnificat*: "Oh, wretched Judas, what hast thou done, that thou hast thus betrayed our Lord?" After this sad farewell, he rose and went out. Almost immediately, some men, excited by the passions of the moment, fell upon his beloved organ, an accomplice in their eyes of so many superstitious rites, and their violent hands broke it to pieces. No more Mass, no more organ, no more anthems! A new Supper and new hymns shall succeed the rites of Popery.

On the next day there was the same silence. Suddenly, however, a band of men with loud voices and hasty steps was heard. It was the Butchers' Company that, at this moment so fatal to Rome, desired to support it. They advanced, carrying small fir-trees and green branches, for the decoration of their chapel. In the midst of them was a foreign priest, behind whom walked a few poor scholars. The priest officiated; the sweet voices of the scholars supplied the

[1] Darum fromme Christen! Zur Schrift, zur Schrift! (Acta Zw. ii. p. 92.)

[1] Das lachet menklich und ward durch die gantzen Stadt kundt. (Bulling. i. p. 436.) In this and other quotations, we preserve the orthography of the times.

[2] Bullinger says, on the contrary, that the council positively forbade the Mass. But Bullinger, who is a very animated writer, is not always exact in diplomatic matters. The council would not have come to such a resolution before the close of the discussion. Other contemporary historians and official documents leave no room for doubt on this point. Stettler, in his Chronicle, pars ii. p. 6, ad annum 1528, details these proceedings as in the text.

place of the mute organ, and the butchers retired proud of their victory.

The discussion was drawing to a close: the combatants had dealt vigorous blows. Burgauer, pastor of St. Gall, had maintained the real presence in the Host; but on the 19th January he declared himself convinced by the reasonings of Zwingle, Œcolampadius, and Bucer; and Matthias, minister of Saengen, had done the same.

A conference in Latin afterwards took place between Farel and a Parisian doctor. The latter advanced a strange argument. "Christians," said he, "are enjoined to obey the devil;[1] for it is said, *Submit unto thine adversary* (Matt. v. 25); now, our adversary is the devil. How much more, then, should we submit to the Church!" Loud bursts of laughter greeted this remarkable syllogism. A discussion with the Anabaptists terminated the conference.

The two councils decreed that the Mass should be abolished, and that every one might remove from the churches the ornaments he had placed there.

Immediately twenty-five altars and a great number of images were destroyed in the cathedral, yet without disorder or bloodshed; and the children began to sing in the streets (as Luther informs us:)[2]—

> By the Word at length we're saved
> From a God in a mortar brayed.

The hearts of the adherents of the Papacy were filled with bitterness as they heard the objects of their adoration fall one after another. "Should any man," said John Schneider, "take away the altar of the Butchers' Company, I will take away his life." Peter Thorman compared the cathedral stripped of its ornaments to a stable. "When the good folks of the Oberland come to market," added he, "they will be happy to put their cattle in it." And John Zehender, member of the Great Council, to show the little value he set on such a place of worship, entered it riding on an ass, insulting and cursing the Reform. A Bernese, who chanced to be there, having said to him, "It is by God's will that these images have been pulled down,"—"Say rather by the devil's," replied Zehender; "when have you ever been with God so as to learn his will?" He was fined twenty livres, and expelled from the council.[3] "What times! what manners!" exclaimed many; "what culpable neglect! How easy would it have been to prevent so great a misfortune! Oh! if our bishops had only been willing to occupy themselves more with learning and a little less with their mistresses."[4]

[1] Nos tenemur obedire diabolo. (J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 405.)

[2] Pueri in plateis cantant: se esse a Deo pisto liberatos. (L. Epp. iii. p. 290.)

[3] History of Berne, by Tillier, iii. p. 257.

[4] Si studiorum quam scortorum nostri episcopi amantiores essent. (Ruchat, i. p. 576. Letter of J. de Munster, priest at Soleure.)

This Reform was necessary. When Christianity in the fourth century had seen the favour of princes succeed to persecution, a crowd of heathens rushing into the church had brought with them the images, pomps, statues, and demigods of Paganism, and a likeness of the mysteries of Greece and Asia, and above all of Egypt, had banished the Word of Jesus Christ from the Christian oratories. This Word returning in the sixteenth century, a purification must necessarily take place; but it could not be done without grievous rents.

The departure of the strangers was drawing near. On the 28th January, the day after that on which the images and altars had been thrown down, while their piled fragments still encumbered here and there the porches and the aisles of the cathedral, Zwingle crossing these eloquent ruins, once more ascended the pulpit in the midst of an immense crowd. In great emotion, directing his eyes by turns on these fragments and on the people, he said: "Victory has declared for the truth, but perseverance alone can complete the triumph. Christ persevered even until death. *Ferendo vincitur fortuna.* Cornelius Scipio, after the disaster at Cannæ, having learnt that the generals surviving the slaughter meditated quitting Italy, entered the senate-house, although not yet of senatorial age, drew his sword, and constrained the affrighted chiefs to swear that they would not abandon Rome. Citizens of Berne, to you I address the same demand: do not abandon Jesus Christ."

We may easily imagine the effect produced on the people by such words, pronounced with Zwingle's energetic eloquence.

Then, turning towards the fragments that lay near him: "Behold," said he, "behold these idols! Behold them conquered, mute, and shattered before us! These corpses must be dragged to the shambles, and the gold you have spent upon these foolish images must henceforward be devoted to comforting in their misery the living images of God. Feeble souls, ye shed tears over these sad idols; do ye not see that they break, do ye not hear that they crack like any other wood, or like any other stone? Look! here is one deprived of its head... (Zwingle pointed to the image, and all the people fixed their eyes upon it); here is another maimed of its arms.[1] If this ill usage had done any harm to the saints that are in heaven, and if they had the power ascribed to them, would you have been able, I pray, to cut off their arms and their heads?"

"Now then," said the powerful orator in conclusion, "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage (Gal. v. 1). Fear not! That God who has enlightened you, will enlighten your confederates also, and Switzerland, regenerated

[1] Hie lüt einer, dem ist's houpt ab, dem andern ein arm, &c. (Zw. Opp ii. p. 228.)

by the Holy Ghost shall flourish in righteousness and peace."

The words of Zwingle were not lost. The mercy of God called forth that of man. Some persons condemned to die for sedition, were pardoned, and all the exiles were recalled. "Should we not have done so," said the council, "had a great prince visited us? Shall we not much more do so, now that the King of kings and the Redeemer of our souls has made his entry among us, bearing an everlasting amnesty?"[1]

The Romish cantons, exasperated at the result of the discussion, sought to harass the return of the doctors. On arriving before Bremgarten, they found the gates closed. The bailiff Schutz, who had accompanied them with two hundred men-at-arms, placed two halberdiers before Zwingle's horse, two behind him, and one on each side; then putting himself at the Reformer's left hand, while the burgomaster Roust stationed himself on the right, he ordered the escort to proceed lance in rest.[2] The avoyers of the town being intimidated, came to a parley; the gates were opened; the escort traversed Bremgarten amidst an immense crowd, and on the 1st February reached Zurich without accident, which Zwingle re-entered, says Luther, like a conqueror.[3]

The Roman-catholic party did not dissemble the check they had received. "Our cause is falling," said the friends of Rome.[4] "Oh! that we had had men skilled in the Bible! The impetuosity of Zwingle supported our adversaries; his ardour was never relaxed. That brute has more knowledge than was imagined.[5] Alas! alas! the greater party has vanquished the better."[6]

The Council of Berne, desirous of separating from the Pope, relied upon the people. On the 30th January, messengers going from house to house convoked the citizens; and on the 2d February, the burgesses and inhabitants, masters and servants, uniting in the cathedral, and forming but one family, with hands upraised to heaven, swore to defend the two councils, in all they should undertake for the good of the State or of the Church.

On the 7th February, 1528, the council published a general edict of Reform, and "threw for ever from the necks of the Bernese the yoke of the four bishops, who," said they, "know well how to shear their sheep, but not how to feed them."[7]

At the same time the Reformed doctrines were spreading among the people. In every quarter might be heard earnest and keen dialogues, written in rhyme by Manuel, in which the pale and expiring Mass, stretched on her deathbed, was loudly calling for all her physicians, and finding their advice useless, at last dictating with a broken voice her last will and testament, which the people received with loud bursts of laughter.

The Reformation generally, and that of Berne in particular, has been reproached as being brought about by political motives. But, on the contrary, Berne, which of all the Helvetic states was the greatest favourite of the court of Rome—which had in its canton neither a bishop to dismiss nor a powerful clergy to humiliate—Berne, whose most influential families, the Weingartens, Manuels, Mays, were reluctant to sacrifice the pay and the service of the foreigner, and all whose traditions were conservative, ought to have opposed the movement. The Word of God was the power that overcame this political tendency.[1]

At Berne, as elsewhere, it was neither a learned, nor a democratic, nor a sectarian spirit that gave birth to the Reformation. Undoubtedly the men of letters, the liberals, the sectarian enthusiasts, rushed into the great struggle of the sixteenth century; but the duration of the Reform would not have been long had it received its life from them. The primitive strength of Christianity, reviving after ages of long and complete prostration, was the creative principle of the Reformation; and it was erelong seen to separate distinctly from the false allies that had presented themselves, to reject an incredulous learning by elevating the study of the classics, to check all demagogic anarchy by upholding the principles of true liberty, and to repudiate the enthusiastic sects by consecrating the rights of the Word and of the Christian people.

But while we maintain that the Reformation was at Berne, as elsewhere, a truly Christian work, we are far from saying that it was not useful to the canton in a political sense. All the European states that have embraced the Reformation have been elevated, while those which have combated it have been lowered.

III. It now became a question of propagating throughout all the canton the reform accomplished in the city. On the 17th February, the council invited the rural parishes to assemble on the following Sunday to receive and deliberate upon a communication The whole Church, according to the ancient usage of Christendom, was about to decide for itself on its dearest interests.

The assemblies were crowded; all conditions and ages were present. Beside the hoary and the trembling head of the aged man might be seen the sparkling eye of the

[1] Da der König aller Könige.....(Haller, by Kirchhofer, p. 439.)
[2] Mit iren Spyessen für den hauffen. (Bull. chr. i. p. 439.)
[3] Zwingel triumphator et imperator gloriosus. (L. Epp. iii. p. 290.)
[4] Ruunt res nostræ. (Letter of the priest J. de Muller, an eye-witness of the discussion. Rachat. i. p. 575.)
[5] Doctior tamen hæc bellua est quam putabam. Ibid.)
[6] Vicitque pars major meliorem. (Ibid.)
[7] Bull. Chron. i. p. 466.

[1] Hundeshagen, conflicte der Bernerkirche, p 22.

youthful shepherd. The messengers of the council first read the edict of the Reformation. They next proclaimed that those who accepted it should remain, and that those who rejected it should withdraw.

Almost all the assembled parishioners remained in their places. An immense majority of the people chose the Bible. In some few parishes this decision was accompanied with energetic demonstrations. At Arberg, Zofingen, Brugg, Arau, and Buren, the images were burnt. "At Stauffberg," it was said, "idols were seen carrying idols, and throwing one another into the flames."[1]

The images and the Mass had disappeared from this vast canton. "A great cry resounded far and wide," writes Bullinger.[2] In one day Rome had fallen throughout the country, without treachery, violence, or seduction, by the strength of truth alone. In some places, however, in the Hasli, at Frutingen, Unterseen, and Grindewald, the malcontents were heard to say: "If they abolish the Mass, they should also abolish tithes." The Roman form of worship was preserved in the Upper Simmenthal, a proof that there was no compulsion on the part of the state.

The wishes of the canton being thus manifested, Berne completed the Reformation. All excesses in gambling, drinking, and dancing, and all unbecoming dress, were forbidden by proclamation. The houses of ill fame were destroyed, and their wretched inhabitants expelled from the city.[3] A consistory was appointed to watch over the public morals.

Seven days after the edict, the poor were received into the Dominican cloister, and a little later the convent of the Island was changed into an hospital; the princely monastery of Königsfield was also devoted to the same useful purpose. Charity followed everywhere in the steps of faith. "We will show," said the council, "that we do not use the property of the convents to our own advantage;" and they kept their word. The poor were clothed with the priests' garments; the orphans were decorated with the ornaments of the Church. So strict were they in these distributions, that the state was forced to borrow money to pay the annuities of the monks and nuns; and for eight days there was not a crown in the public treasury.[4] Thus it was that the State, as it has been continually repeated, grew rich with the spoils of the Church! At the same time they invited from Zurich the ministers Hoffmeister, Megander, and Rhellican, to spread throughout the canton the knowledge of the classics and of the Holy Scriptures.

At Easter the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time according to the Evangelical rites. The two councils and all the people, with few exceptions, partook of it. Strangers were struck with the solemnity of this first communion. The citizens of Berne and their wives, dressed in decent garments, which recalled the ancient Swiss simplicity, approached Christ's table with gravity and fervour;[1] the heads of the state showed the same holy devotion as the people, and piously received the bread from the hands of Berthold Haller. Each one felt that the Lord was among them. Thus Hoffmeister, charmed at this solemn service, exclaimed: "How can the adversaries of the Word refuse to embrace the truth at last, seeing that God himself renders it so striking a testimony!"[2]

Yet every thing was not changed. The friends of the Gospel witnessed with pain the sons of the chief families of the republic parading the streets in costly garments, inhabiting sumptuous houses in the city, dwelling in magnificent mansions in the country—true seignorial abodes, following the chase with hound and horn, sitting down to luxurious banquets, conversing in licentious language, or talking with enthusiasm of foreign wars and of the French party. "Ah!" said that pious people, "could we but see old Switzerland revive with its old virtues!"

There was soon a powerful reaction. The annual renewal of the magistrature being about to take place, the councillor Butschelbach, a violent adversary of the Gospel, was ejected for adultery; four other senators and twenty members of the Great Council were also replaced by friends of the Reformation and of public morality. Emboldened by this victory, the Evangelical Bernese proposed in the diet that every Swiss should renounce foreign service. At these words the warriors of Lucerne started under their weighty armour, and replied with a haughty smile: "When you have returned to the ancient faith we will listen to your homilies." All the members of the government, assembled at Berne in sovereign council, resolved to set the example, and solemnly abjured the pay of foreign princes. Thus the Reformation showed its faith by its works.

Another struggle took place. Above the lake of Thunn rises a chain of steep rocks, in the midst of which is situated a deep cavern, where, if we may believe tradition, the pious Breton, Beatus, came in ancient times to devote himself to all the austerities of an ascetic life; but especially to the con-

[1] Da tregt ein Götz den andern in das fhüwr. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 1.) A man whose business it was to shear the flocks, and who had been nicknamed Götz-scherer (idol-shearer), had made himself very distinguished among those who carried the images to the fire. Such was the origin of this popular legend, and it is the key to many others.

[2] Das wyt und breit ein gross geschrey und wunder gepa. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 1.)

[3] J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 414.

[4] Hoc unum tibi dico secretissime. (Haller to Zwingle, 21st January, 1530.)

[1] Relucet enim in illorum vestitu et habitu nescio quid veteris illius Helvetiæ simplicitatis. (Hoffmeister to Zwingle. Zw. Epp. ii. p. 167.)

[2] Ea res magnam spem mihi injecit de illis lucrandis qui hactenus fuerunt male morigeri verbo. (Ibid.)

version of the surrounding district that was still heathen. It was affirmed that the head of this saint, who had died in Gaul, was preserved in this cavern; and hence it was visited by pilgrims from every quarter. The pious citizens of Zug, Schwytz, Uri, and Argovia, groaned, as they thought that the holy head of the apostle of Switzerland would hereafter remain in a land of heretics. The abbot of the celebrated convent of Muri in Argovia and some of his friends set out, as in ancient times the Argonauts went in quest of the Golden Fleece. They arrived in the humble guise of poor pilgrims, and entered the cavern; one skilfully took away the head, another placed it mysteriously in his hood, and they disappeared. The head of a dead man!—and this was all that Rome saved from the shipwreck. But even this conquest was more than doubtful. The Bernese, who had gained information of this procession, sent three deputies on the 18th May, who, according to their report, found this famous head, and caused it to be decently interred before their eyes in the cemetery belonging to the convent of Interlaken. This contest about a skull characterizes the Church that had just given way in Berne before the vivifying breath of the Gospel. *Let the dead bury their dead.*

The Reformation had triumphed in Berne; but a storm was gathering unperceived in the mountains, which threatened to overthrow it. The State in union with the Church recalled its ancient renown. Seeing itself attacked by arms, it took up arms in its turn, and acted with that decision which had formerly saved Rome in similar dangers.

A secret discontent was fermenting among the people of the valleys and mountains. Some were still attached to the ancient faith; others had only quitted the Mass because they thought they would be exempted from tithes. Ancient ties of neighbourhood, a common origin, and similarity of manners had united the inhabitants of the Obwald (Unterwalden) to those of the Hasli and of the Bernese Oberland, which are separated only by Mount Brunig and the high pass of the Yoke. A rumour had been set afloat that the government of Berne had profaned the spot where the precious remains of Beatus, the apostle of these mountains, were preserved, and indignation immediately filled these pastoral people, who adhere firmer than others to the customs and superstitions of their forefathers.

But while some were excited by attachment to Rome, others were aroused by a desire for liberty. The subjects of the monastery of Interlaken, oppressed by the monkish rule, began to cry out, "We desire to become our own masters, and no longer pay rent or tithes." The provost of the convent in affright ceded all his rights to Berne for the sum of one hundred thousand florins;[1] and a bailiff, accompanied by several councillors, went and took possession of the monastery. A report was soon spread that they were about to transfer all the property of the convent to Berne; and on the 21st of April bands of men from Grindelwald, Lauterbrunnen, Ringelberg, Brienz, and other places, crossed the lake, or issued from their lofty valleys, and taking forcible possession of the cloister, swore to go even to Berne in quest of the goods which the citizens had dared to take from them.

They were quieted for a time; but in the beginning of June, the people, at the instigation of Unterwalden, again rose in all the Hasli. The *Landsgemeinde*[1] having been convoked, it decided by a majority of forty voices for the re-establishment of the Mass. The pastor Jaëkli was immediately expelled; a few men crossed the Brunig, and brought back some priests from Unterwalden, to the sound of fifes and trumpets. They were seen from afar descending the mountains, and shouts, both loud and long, replied to them from the bottom of the valley. At last they arrived:—all embraced one another, and the people celebrated the Mass anew with great demonstrations of joy. At the same time, the people of Frutigen and of the fertile valley of Adelboden assailed the castellan Reuter, carried off his flocks, and established a Roman-catholic priest in the place of their pastor. At Aeschi even the women took up arms, drove out the pastor from the church, and brought back the images in triumph. The revolt spread from hamlet to hamlet and from valley to valley, and again took possession of Interlaken. All the malcontents assembled there on the 22d October, and swore, with hands upraised to heaven, boldly to defend their rights and liberty.

Never, perhaps, had the republic been in greater danger. All the kings of Europe, and almost all the cantons of Switzerland, were opposed to the Gospel. The report of an army from Austria, destined to interpose in favour of the Pope, spread through the Reformed cantons.[2] Seditious meetings took place every day,[3] and the people refused to pay their magistrates either quit-rent, service, tithes, or even obedience, unless they shut their eyes to the designs of the Roman-catholics. The council became confused. Amazed and confounded, exposed to the mistrust of some and to the insults of others, they had the cowardice to separate under the pretext of getting in the vintage, and folding their arms, in the presence of this great danger, waited until a Messiah should descend from heaven (says a reformer) to save the

[1] Totum regnum suum tradiderunt in manus magistratus nostri. (Haller to Zwingle, 31st March.)

[1] The assembly of all the people.

[2] Audisti nimirum quam se apparent *Austriaci* ad bellum, adversus quos ignoratur. Suspicantur quidam in Helvetios. (Œcol. to Zw. Epp. ii. p. 161.)

[3] Seditiosorum concursus sunt quotodiani. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 227.)

republic[1] The ministers pointed out the danger, forewarned and conjured them; but each one turned a deaf ear. "Christ languishes in Berne," said Haller, "and appears nigh perishing."[2] The people were all in commotion; they assembled, made speeches, murmured, and shed tears! Everywhere—in all their tumultuous meetings—might be heard this complaint of Manuel on Papists and Papacy.[3]

With rage our foes their hateful threats denounce,
Because, O Lord, we love Thee best of all;
Because at sight of Thee the idols fall;
And war and bloodshed, shuddering, we renounce.

Berne was like a troubled sea, and Haller, who listened to the roaring of the waves, wrote in the deepest anguish: "Wisdom has forsaken the wise, counsel has departed from the councillors, and energy from the chiefs and from the people! The number of the seditious augments every day. Alas! what can the Bear, oppressed with sleep, oppose to so many and to such sturdy hunters.[4] If Christ withdraw himself, we shall all perish."

These fears were on the point of being realized. The smaller cantons claimed to have the power of interfering in matters of faith without infringing the federal compact. While six hundred men of Uri kept themselves ready to depart, eight hundred men of Unterwalden, bearing pine branches in their hats, symbols of the old faith, with haughty heads and gloomy and angry looks, crossed the Brunig under the ancient banner of the country, which was borne by Gaspard de Flue, a very unworthy grandson of the great Nicholas.[5] This was the first violation of the national peace for many years. Uniting at Hasli with the men of Brienz, this little army crossed the lake, passed under the cascades of Geisbach, and arrived at Unterseen, thirteen hundred strong, and ready to march on Berne to re-establish the Pope, the Idols, and the Mass in that rebellious city. In Switzerland, as in Germany, the Reformation at its outset met with a peasant war. At the first success, new combatants would arrive and pour through the passes of the Brunig upon the unfaithful republic. The army was only six leagues from Berne, and already the sons of Unterwalden were proudly brandishing their swords on the banks of the lake of Thum.

Thus were the federal alliances trodden under foot by those very persons who aspired to the name of conservatives. Berne had a right to repel this criminal attack by force. Suddenly calling to mind her ancient virtues, the city roused herself, and vowed to perish rather than tolerate the intervention of Unterwalden, the restoration of the Mass, and the fiery violence of the peasants.[4] There was at that moment in the hearts of the Bernese one of those inspirations that come from above, and which save nations as well as individuals. "Let the strength of the city of Berne," exclaimed the Avoyer d'Erlach, "be in God alone, and in the loyalty of its people." All the council and the whole body of citizens replied by noisy acclamations. The great banner was hastily brought forth, the townspeople ran to arms, the companies assembled, and the troops of the republic marched out with the valiant avoyer at their head.

Scarcely had the Bernese government acted thus energetically, before it saw the confidence of its friends increase, and the courage of its adversaries diminish. God never abandons a people who are true to themselves. Many of the Oberlanders became intimidated, and deserted the ranks of the revolt. At the same time deputies from Basle and Lucerne, represented to Unterwalden that it was trampling the ancient alliances under foot. The rebels, disheartened by the firmness of the republic, abandoned Unterseen, and retired to the convent of Interlaken. And soon after, when they beheld the decision of their adversaries, distressed besides by the cold rains that fell incessantly, and fearing that the snow, by covering the mountains, would prevent their return to their homes, the men of Unterwalden evacuated Interlaken during the night. The Bernese, to the number of five thousand men, entered it immediately, and summoned the inhabitants of the Hasli and of the bailiwick of Interlaken to assemble on the 4th November in the plain that surrounds the convent.[2] The day being arrived, the Bernese army drew up in order of battle, and then formed a circle within which D'Erlach ordered the peasants to enter. Hardly had he placed the rebels on the left and the loyal citizens on the right, before the muskets and artillery fired a general discharge, whose report re-echoing among the mountains, filled the insurgents with terror, who thought it the signal of their death. But the avoyer only intended to show they were in the power of the republic. D'Erlach, who addressed them immediately after this strange exordium, had not finished his speech, before they all fell on their knees, and, confessing their crime, begged for pardon. The republic was satisfied: the rebellion was over. The banners of the district were carried to Berne, and the Eagle of Interlaken, in union with the Wild-goat of Hasli, hung for a time beneath the Bear, as a trophy of this victory. Four of the chiefs were put to death, and an amnesty was

[1] Nunc, nunc suum Messiam advenisse sperantes. (Ibid.)
[2] Ita languet Christus apud nos. (Ibid.)
[3] Dass wir hand d'Gotzen geworfen hin. (Hymn and Prayer.)
[4] Quid hæc inter tot et tantos venatores robustos. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 223.)
[5] A celebrated hermit who prevented a civil war in Switzerland in 1481.

[1] Quam missam reducem aut violentiam villanorum pati. (Haller to Zwingle, 26th October.)
[2] Tradition says that it was on the spot where the hotel of Interlaken now stands.

granted to the remainder of the rebels. "The Bernese," said Zwingle, "as Alexander of Macedon in times of old, have cut the Gordian knot with courage and with glory."[1] Thus thought the Reformer of Zurich; but experience was one day to teach him, that to cut such knots is required a different sword from that of Alexander and of D'Erlach. However that may be, peace was restored, and in the valleys of the Hasli no other noise was heard than the sublime tumult borne afar by the Reichenbach and all the surrounding torrents, as they pour from the mountain-tops their multitudinous and foaming waters.

While we repudiate on behalf of the Church the swords of the Helvetic bands, it would be unwise not to acknowledge the political advantages of this victory. The nobles had imagined that the Reformation of the Church would endanger the very existence of the State. They now had a proof to the contrary: they saw that when a nation receives the Gospel, its strength is doubled. The generous confidence with which, in the hour of danger, they had placed some of the adversaries of the Reformation at the head of affairs and of the army, produced the happiest results. All were now convinced that the Reformation would not trample old recollections under foot: prejudices were removed, hatred was appeased, the Gospel gradually rallied all hearts around it, and the ancient and remarkable saying was verified, which was so often repeated by the friends and enemies of that powerful republic—"God is become a citizen of Berne."

IV. The reformation of Berne was decisive for several cantons. The same wind that had blown from on high with so much power on the country of De Watteville and Haller, threw down "the idols" in a great part of Switzerland. In many places the people were indignant at seeing the Reformation checked by the timid prudence of diplomatists; but when diplomacy was put to flight at Berne, the torrent so long restrained poured violently onwards.

Vadianus, burgomaster of St. Gall, who presided at the Bernese disputation, had scarcely returned home, when the citizens, with the authority of the magistrate, removed the images from the church of St. Magnus, carried to the mint a hand of the patron saint in silver, with other articles of plate, and distributed among the poor the money they received in exchange; thus, like Mary, pouring their precious ointment on the head of Christ.[2] The people of St. Gall, being curious to unveil the ancient mysteries, laid their hands on the abbey itself, on the shrines and crosses which had so long been presented to their adoration; but instead of saintly relics, they found, to their great surprise, nothing but some resin, a few pieces of money, several paltry wooden images, some old rags, a skull, a large tooth, and a snail's shell! Rome, instead of that noble fall which marks the ends of great characters, sunk in the midst of stupid superstitions, shameful frauds, and the ironical laughter of a whole nation.

Such discoveries unfortunately excited the passions of the multitude. One evening some evil disposed persons, wishing to alarm the poor nuns of St. Catherine, who had obstinately resisted the Reform, surrounded the convent with loud cries. In vain did the nuns barricade the doors; the walls were soon scaled, and the good wine, meat, confectionaries, and all the far from ascetic delicacies of the cloister became the prey of these rude jesters. Another persecution awaited them. Doctor Schappeler having been appointed their catechist, they were recommended to lay aside their monastic dress, and to attend his heretical sermons "clothed like all the world," said the sister Wiborath. Some of them embraced the Reform, but thirty others preferred exile.[1] On the 5th February, 1528, a numerous synod framed the constitution of the church of St. Gall.

The struggle was more violent at Glaris. The seeds of the Gospel truth, which Zwingle had scattered there, had prospered but little. The men in power anxiously rejected every innovation, and the people loved better "to leap and dance, and work miracles, *glass in hand*," as an old chronicle says, "than to busy themselves about the Gospel." The Landsgemeinde having pronounced, on the 15th May 1528, in favour of the Mass by a majority of thirty-three voices, the two parties were marked out with greater distinctness: the images were broken at Matt, at Elm, at Bettschwanden, and as each man remained aloof in his own house and village, there was no longer in the canton either council of state or tribunal of justice. At Schwanden, the minister Peter Rumelin, having invited the Roman catholics to a disputation with him in the church, the latter, instead of discussing, marched in procession to the sound of drums round the place of worship in which the Reformed were assembled, and then rushing into the pastor's house, which was situated in the middle of the city, destroyed the stoves and the windows: the irritated Reformed took their revenge and broke the images. On the 15th April, 1529, an agreement was concluded, by virtue of which every man was free to choose between the Mass and the Sermon.

At Wesen, where Schwytz exercised sovereignty conjointly with Glaris, the deputies of the former canton threatened the people. Upon this the young men took the

[1] Bernenses pro sua dignitate nodum hunc, quemadmodum Alexander Macedo, Gordium dissectari. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 243.)

[2] War gemünzet und den Armen ausgetheilt. (J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 415. St. Matthew xxvi. 7.)

[1] Arx. Gesch. St. Gall, ii. p. 529. J. J. Hottinger, p. 416. Müller; Hottinger, ii. p. 91.

images out of the churches, carried them to an open place near the banks of the picturesque lake of Wallenstadt, above which soar the mountains of the Ammon and of the Seven Electors, and cried: "Look! this road (that by the lake) leads to Coire and to Rome; that (to the south) to Glaris; this other (to the west) to Schwytz; and the fourth (by the Ammon) to St. Gall. Take which you please! But if you do not move off, you shall be burnt!" After waiting a few moments, these young people flung the motionless images into the fire, and the Schwytz deputies, eyewitnesses of this execution, withdrew in consternation, and filled the whole canton with projects of vengeance that were but too soon realized.

In the canton of Appenzell, where a conference had been opened, there suddenly appeared a band of Roman catholics, armed with whips and clubs, and crying out: "Where are these preachers? we are resolved to put them out of the village!" These strange doctors wounded the ministers and dispersed the assembly with their whips. Out of the eight parishes of the canton, six embraced the Reform, and Appenzell became finally divided into little sections, the one Romanist and the other Reformed.

In the Grisons religious liberty was proclaimed; the parishes had the election of their pastors, several castles were rased to the ground to render all return to arbitrary government impossible, and the affrighted bishop went and hid in the Tyrol his anger and his desire for vengence. "The Grisons," said Zwingle, "advanced daily. It is a nation that by its courage reminds us of the ancient Tuscans, and by its candour of the ancient Swiss."[1]

Schaffhausen, after having long "halted between two opinions," at the summons of Zurich and of Berne, removed the images from its churches without tumult or disorder. At the same time the Reformation invaded Thurgovia, the valley of the Rhine, and other bailiwicks subordinate to these cantons. In vain did the Roman-catholic cantons, that were in the majority, protest against it. "When temporal affairs are concerned," replied Zurich and Berne, "we will not oppose a plurality of votes; but the Word of God cannot be subjected to the suffrages of men." All the districts that lie along the banks of the Thur, of the Lake of Constance, and of the Upper Rhine, embraced the Gospel. The inhabitants of Mammeren, near the place where the Rhine issues from the lake, flung their images into the water. But the statue of St. Blaise, after remaining some time upright, and contemplating the ungrateful spot whence it was banished, swam across the lake to Catahorn, situated on the opposite shore, if we may believe the account of a monk named Lang.[2] Even while running away Popery worked its miracles.

Thus were the popular superstitions overthrown in Switzerland, and sometimes not without violence. Every great development in human affairs brings with it an energetic opposition to that which has existed. It necessarily contains an aggressive element, which ought to act freely, and by that means open the new path. In the times of the Reformation the doctors attacked the Pope, and the people the images. The movement almost always exceeded a just moderation. In order that human nature may take one step in advance, its pioneers must take many. Every superfluous step should be condemned, and yet we must acknowledge their necessity. Let us not forget this in the history of the Reformation, and especially in that of Switzerland.

Zurich was reformed; Berne had just become so: Basle still remained, before the great cities of the Confederation were gained over to the Evangelical faith. The reformation of this learned city was the most important consequence resulting from that of the warlike Berne.

For six years the Gospel had been preached in Basle. The meek and pious Œcolampadius was always waiting for happier times. "The darkness," said he, "is about to retire before the rays of truth."[1] But his expectation was vain. A triple aristocracy —the superior clergy, the nobles, and the university—checked the free expansion of christian convictions. It was the middle classes who were destined to effect the triumph of the Reformation in Basle.[2] Unhappily the popular wave invades nothing without tossing up some foul scum.

It is true that the Gospel had many friends in the councils: but being men of a middle party, they tacked backwards and forwards like Erasmus, instead of sailing straight to the port. They ordered "the pure preaching of the Word of God;" but stipulated at the same time that it should be "without Lutheranism." The aged and pious bishop Utenheim, who was living in retirement at Bruntrut, tottered daily into the church, supported by two domestics, to celebrate Mass with a broken voice. Gundelsheim, an enemy of the Reformation, succeeded him ere long; and on the 23d September, followed by many exiles and with a train of forty horses, he made his triumphal entry into Basle, proposing to restore every thing to its ancient footing. This made Œcolampadius write in alarm to Zwingle: "Our cause hangs upon a thread."

But in the citizens the Reform found a compensation for the disdain of the great, and for the terrors inspired by the new bishop. They organized repasts for fifty and a hundred guests each; Œcolampadius

[1] Gens animo veteres Tuscos referens, candore veteres Helvetios. (Zw. Epp.)
[2] J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 426.

[1] Sperabam enim tenebras veritatis radio cesuras tandem. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 136.)
[2] Major pars civitatis quæ toto corde dolet tantis nos dissidiis laborare. (Ibid. p. 36.)

and his colleagues took their seats at these tables with the people, where energetic acclamations and reiterated cheers greeted the work of the Reformation. In a short time even the council appeared to incline to the side of the Gospel. Twenty feast-days were retrenched, and the priests were permitted to refuse celebrating the Mass. "It is all over with Rome," was now the cry. But Œcolampadius, shaking his head, replied: "I am afraid that, by wishing to sit on the two stools, Basle will at last fall to the ground."[1]

This was at the period of his return from his discussion at Berne. He arrived in time to close the eyes of his pious mother; and then the reformer found himself alone, succumbing under the weight of public and domestic cares; for his house was like an inn for all fugitive Christians. "I shall marry a Monica,"[2] he had often said, "or else I shall remain a bachelor." He thought he had now discovered the "christian sister" he was in search of. This was Wilibrandis, daughter of one of the Emperor Maximilian's knights, and widow of a master of arts named Keller,—a woman already proved by many trials. He married her, saying: "I look to the ordinances of God, and not to the scowling faces of men." This did not prevent the sly Erasmus from exclaiming: "Luther's affair is called a tragedy, but I maintain it is a comedy, for each act of the drama ends in a wedding." This witticism has been often repeated. For a long time it was the fashion to account for the Reformation by the desire of the princes for the church-property, and of the priests for marriage. This vulgar method is now stigmatized by the best Roman controversialists as "a proof of a singularly narrow mind. The Reformation originated," add they, "in a true and Christian, although unenlightened zeal."[3]

The return of Œcolampadius had still more important consequences for Basle than it had for himself. The discussion at Berne caused a great sensation there. "Berne, the powerful Berne, is reforming!" was passed from mouth to mouth. "How, then!" said the people one to another, "the fierce bear has come out of his den.....he is groping about for the rays of the sun..... and Basle, the city of learning—Basle, the adopted city of Erasmus and of Œcolampadius, remaining in darkness!"

On Good Friday (10th April, 1528), without the knowledge of the council and Œcolampadius, five workmen of the Spinners' Company entered the church of St. Martin, which was that of the reformer, and where the Mass was already abolished, and carried away all the "idols." On Easter Monday, after the evening sermon, thirty-four citizens removed all the images from the church of the Augustines.

This was going too far. Were they desirous, then, of drawing Basle and its councils from that just medium in which they had till this moment so wisely halted? The council met hastily on Tuesday morning, and sent the five men to prison; but, on the intercession of the burghers, they were released, and the images suppressed in five other churches. These half-measures sufficed for a time.

On a sudden the flame burst out anew with greater violence. Sermons were preached at St. Martin's and St. Leonard's against the abominations of the cathedral; and at the cathedral the Reformers were called "heretics, knaves, and profligates."[1] The Papists celebrated mass upon mass. The burgomaster Meyer, a friend of the Reform, had with him a majority of the people; the burgomaster Meltinger, an intrepid leader of the partisans of Rome, prevailed in the councils: a collision became inevitable. "The fatal hour approaches," says Œcolampadius, "terrible for the enemies of God."[2]

On Wednesday, the 23d December, two days before Christmas, three hundred citizens from all the companies, pious and worthy men, assembled in the hall of the Gardeners' Company, and there drew up a petition to the senate. During this time the friends of Popery, who resided for the most part in Little Basle and the suburb of St. Paul, took up arms, brandishing their swords and lances against the Reformed citizens at the very moment that these were bearing their petition to the council, and endeavoured, although ineffectually, to bar their road. Meltinger haughtily refused to receive the petition, and charged the burghers, on the faith of their civic oath, to return to their homes. The burgomaster Meyer, however, took the address, and the senate ordered it to be read.

"Honoured, wise, and gracious Lords," it ran, "we, your dutiful fellow-citizens of the companies, address you as well-beloved fathers, whom we are ready to obey at the cost of our goods and of our lives. Take God's glory to heart; restore peace to the city; and oblige all the Pope's preachers to discuss freely with the ministers. If the Mass be true, we desire to have it in our churches; but if it is an abomination before God, why, through love for the priests, should we draw down His terrible anger upon ourselves and upon our children?"

Thus spoke the citizens of Basle. There was nothing revolutionary either in their language or in their proceedings. They de-

[1] Vereorque ne dum semper utraque sella sedere velit, utraque extrudatur aliquando. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 157.)

[2] The name of St. Augustin's mother.

[3] See Möhler's *Symbolik*, both in the preface and in the body of the work. This is one of the most important writings produced by Rome since the time of Bossuet.

[1] Ketzer, schelmen, und büben. (Bulling. ii. p. 36.)

[2] Maturatur fatalis hora et tremenda hostibus Dei. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 213.)

sired what was right with decision, but also with calmness. All might still proceed with order and decorum. But here begins a new period: the vessel of Reform is about to enter the port, but not until it has passed through violent storms.

V. It was the bishop's partisans who first departed from the legal course. Filled with terror on learning that mediators were expected from Zurich and Berne, they ran into the city, crying that an Austrian army was coming to their aid, and collected stones in their houses. The Reformed did the same. The disturbance increased hourly, and in the night of the 25th December the Papists met under arms: priests with arquebuse in hand were numbered among their ranks.

Scarcely had the Reformed learnt this, when some of them running hastily from house to house, knocked at the doors and awoke their friends, who, starting out of bed, seized their muskets, and repaired to the Gardeners' Hall, the rendezvous of their party. They soon amounted to three thousand.

Both parties passed the night under arms. At every moment a civil war, and what is worse, "a war of hearths," might break out. It was at last agreed that each party should nominate delegates to treat with the senate on this matter. The Reformed chose thirty men of respectability, courage, faith, and experience, who took up their quarters at the Gardeners' Hall. The partisans of the ancient faith chose also a commission, but less numerous and less respectable: their station was at the Fishmongers' Hall. The council was constantly sitting. All the gates of the city, except two, were closed; strong guards were posted in every quarter. Deputies from Lucerne, Uri, Schaffhausen, Zug, Schwytz, Mulhausen, and Strasburg, arrived successively. The agitation and tumult increased from hour to hour.

It was necessary to put an end to so violent a crisis. The senate, faithful to its ideas of half-measures, decreed that the priest should continue to celebrate the Mass; but that all, priests and ministers, should preach the Word of God, and for this purpose should meet once a-week to confer upon the holy Scriptures. They then called the Lutherans together in the Franciscan church, and the Papists in that belonging to the Dominicans. The senate first repaired to the former church, where they found two thousand five hundred citizens assembled. The secretary had hardly read the ordinance before a great agitation arose. "That shall not be," cried one of the people.[1] "We will not put up with the Mass, not even with a single one!" cried another; and all repeated, "No Mass—no Mass,—we will die sooner!"[2]

The senate having next visited the Dominican church, all the Romanists, to the number of six hundred, among whom were many foreign servants, cried out, "We are ready to sacrifice our lives for the Mass. We swear it, we swear it!" repeated they with uplifted hands. "If they reject the Mass—to arms! to arms!"[1]

The senate withdrew more embarrassed than ever.

The two parties were again assembled three days after. Œcolampadius was in the pulpit. "Be meek and tractable," said he; and he preached with such unction that many were ready to burst into tears.[2] The assembly offered up prayers, and then decreed that it would accept a new ordinance, by virtue of which, fifteen days after Pentecost, there should be a public disputation, in which no arguments should be employed but such as were drawn from the Word of God: after this a general vote should take place upon the Mass, that the majority should decide the question, and that in the meanwhile the Mass should be celebrated in three churches only; it being however understood, that nothing should be taught there that was in opposition to the Holy Scriptures.

The Romanist minority rejected these propositions: "Basle," said they, "is not like Berne and Zurich. Its revenues are derived in great measure from countries opposed to the Reformation!" The priests having refused to resort to the weekly conferences, they were suspended; and during a fortnight there was neither sermon nor mass at the cathedral, or in the churches of St. Ulric, St. Peter, and St. Theodore.

Those who remained faithful to Rome, resolved upon an intrepid defence. Meltinger placed Sebastian Muller in the pulpit at St. Peter's, from which he had been interdicted, and this hot-headed priest vented such abusive sarcasms against the Reform, that several of the Evangelicals, who were listening to the sermon, were insulted and nearly torn in pieces.

It was necessary to arouse Basle from this nightmare, and strike a decisive blow. "Let us remember our liberty," said the reformed citizens, "and what we owe to the glory of Christ, to public justice and to our posterity."[3] They then demanded that the enemies of the Reformation, friends and relations of the priests, who were the cause of all these delays and of all these troubles, should no longer sit in the councils until peace was re-established. This was the 8th February. The council notified that they would return an answer on the morrow.

At six o'clock in the evening, twelve hundred citizens were assembled in the corn-

[1] Quidam e plebe clamitabat: Hoc non fiet! (Zw. Epp ii. p. 255.)

[2] Nos plane ea non feremus, aut moriemur omnes. (Ibid.)

[1] At altera pars minitabat prælia si missam rejiceret. (Ibid.)

[2] Ut nemo non commoveretur et profecto fere mihi lacrymas excussisset. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 255.)

[3] Cogitans quid gloriæ Christi, quid justitiæ publicæ, quidque posteritati suæ deberet. (Œcol. Zurich MS.)

market. They began to fear that the delay required by the senate concealed some evil design. "We must have a reply this very night," they said. The senate was convoked in great haste.

From that period affairs assumed a more threatening attitude in Basle. Strong guards were posted by the burghers in the halls of the different guilds; armed men patrolled the city, and bivouacked in the public places, to anticipate the machinations of their adversaries;[1] the chains were stretched across the streets; torches were lighted, and resinous trees, whose flickering light scattered the darkness, were placed at intervals through the town; six pieces of artillery were planted before the town-hall; and the gates of the city, as well as the arsenal and the ramparts, were occupied. Basle was in a state of siege.

There was no longer any hope for the Romish party. The burgomaster, Meltinger, an intrepid soldier and one of the heroes of Marignan, where he had led eight hundred men into battle, lost courage. In the darkness he gained the banks of the Rhine with his son-in-law, the councillor Eglof d'Offenburg, embarked unnoticed in a small boat, and rapidly descended the stream amid the fogs of the night.[2] Other members of the council escaped in a similar manner.

This gave rise to new alarms. "Let us beware of their secret manœuvres," said the people. "Perhaps they are going to fetch the Austrians, with whom they have so often threatened us!" The affrighted citizens collected arms from every quarter, and at break of day they had two thousand men on foot. The beams of the rising sun fell on this resolute but calm assembly.

It was mid-day. The senate had come to no decision: the impatience of the burghers could be restrained no longer. Forty men were detached to visit the posts. As this patrol was passing the cathedral, they entered it, and one of the citizens, urged by curiosity, opened a closet with his halberd, in which some images had been hidden. One of them fell out and was broken into a thousand pieces against the stone pavement.[3] The sight of these fragments powerfully moved the spectators, who began throwing down one after another all the images that were concealed in this place. None of them offered any resistance: heads, feet, and hands—all were heaped in confusion before the halberdiers. "I am much surprised," said Erasmus, "that they performed no miracle to save themselves; formerly the saints worked frequent prodigies for much smaller offences!"[4] Some priests ran to the spot, and the patrol withdrew.

A rumour, however, having spread that a disturbance had taken place in this church, three hundred men came to the support of the forty. "Why," said they, "should we spare the idols that light up the flames of discord?" The priests in alarm had closed the gates of the sanctuary, drawn the bolts, raised barricades, and prepared every thing for maintaining a siege. But the townspeople, whose patience had been exhausted by the delays of the council, dash against one of the doors of the church: it yields to their blows, and they rush into the cathedral. The hour of madness has arrived. These men are no longer to be recognised, as they brandish their swords, rattle their pikes, and utter formidable cries: are they Goths, or are they fervent worshippers of God, animated by the zeal which in times of yore inflamed the prophets and the kings of Israel? However that might be, these proceedings were disorderly, since public authority alone can interfere in public reforms. Images, altars, pictures—all were thrown down and destroyed. The priests who had fled into the vestry, and there concealed themselves, trembled in every limb at the terrible noise made by the fall of their holy decorations. The work of destruction was completed without one of them venturing to save the objects of his worship, or to make the slightest remonstrance. The people next piled up the fragments in the squares and set fire to them; and during the chilly night the armed burghers stood round and warmed themselves at the crackling flame.[1]

The senate collected in amazement, and desired to interpose their authority and appease the tumult; but they might as well have striven to command the winds. The enthusiastic citizens replied to their magistrates in these haughty words: "What you have not been able to effect in three years, we will complete in one hour."[2]

In truth the anger of the people was no longer confined to the cathedral. They respected all kinds of private property;[3] but they attacked the churches of St. Peter, St. Ulric, St. Alban, and of the Dominicans; and in all these temples "the idols" fell under the blows of these good citizens of Basle, whom an extraordinary zeal inflamed. Already they were making preparations to cross the bridge and enter Little Basle, which was devoted to the cause of Popery, when the alarmed inhabitants begged to be allowed to remove the images themselves, and with heavy hearts they hastily carried them into the upper chambers of the church, whence they hoped to be able after a time to restore them to their old position.

They did not stop at these energetic demon-

[1] Ne quid forte ab adversariis insidiarum strueretur. (Œcol. Zurich MS.)

[2] Clam conscensa navicula fuga, nescio senatu, elapsus est. (Ibid.)

[3] Cum halpardis quasi per ludum aperirent armarium idolorum, unumque idolum educerent. (Ibid.)

[4] Erasm. Opp. p. 291.

[1] Lignis imaginum usi sunt vigiles, pro arcendo frigore nocturno. (Zurich MS.)

[2] De quo vos per triennium deliberastis, nihil efficientes, nos intra horam omnem absolvemus. (Œcol. Capitoni, Basle MS.)

[3] Nulli enim vel obolum abstulerunt. (Ibid.)

strations; the most excited talked of going to the town-hall and of constraining the senate to accede to the wishes of the people; but the good sense of the majority treated these brawlers as they deserved, and checked their guilty thoughts.

The senators now perceived the necessity of giving a legal character to this popular movement, and of thus changing a tumultuous revolution into a durable reformation.[1] Democracy and the Gospel were thus established simultaneously in Basle. The senate, after an hour's deliberation, granted that in future the burghers should participate in the election of the two councils; that from this day the Mass and images should be abolished throughout all the canton, and that in every deliberation which concerned the glory of God or the good of the state, the opinion of the guilds should be taken. The people, delighted at having obtained these conditions, which secured their political and religious liberty, returned joyful to their houses. It was now the close of day.[2]

On the morrow, Ash-Wednesday, it was intended to distribute the ruins of the altars and other ornaments of the Church among the poor, to serve them for fire-wood. But those unhappy creatures, in their eagerness for the fragments, having begun to dispute about them, they constructed great piles in the cathedral close and set fire to them. "The idols," said some wags, "are really keeping their Ash-Wednesday to-day!" The friends of Popery, turning away their horror-stricken eyes from this sacrilegious sight, says Œcolampadius, shed tears of blood.—"Thus severely did they treat the idols," continues the reformer, "and the Mass died of grief in consequence."[3] On the following Sunday hymns in German were sung at every church; and on the 18th February a general amnesty was published. Every thing was changed in Basle. The last had become first, and the first last. While Œcolampadius, who a few years before had entered the city as a stranger, without resources and without power, found himself raised to the first station in the Church, Erasmus, disturbed in the quiet study whence during so long a period he had issued his absolute commands to the world of letters, saw himself compelled to descend into the arena. But this king of the schools had no desire to lay down his sceptre before the sovereign people. For a long time he used to turn aside his head when he met his friend Œcolampadius. Besides, he feared by remaining at Basle to compromise himself with his protectors. "The torrent," said he, "which was hidden underground, has burst forth with violence, and committed frightful ravages.[4] My life is in danger: Œcolampadius possesses all the churches. People are continually bawling in my ears; I am besieged with letters, caricatures and pamphlets. It is all over: I am resolved to leave Basle. Only shall I or shall I not depart by stealth? The one is more becoming, the other more secure."

Wishing as much as possible to make his honour and his prudence agree, Erasmus desired the boatmen with whom he was to descend the Rhine to depart from an unfrequented spot. This was opposed by the senate, and the timid philosopher was compelled to enter the boat as it lay near the great bridge, at that time covered with a crowd of people. He floated down the river, sadly bade adieu to the city he had so much loved, and retired to Friburg in Brisgau with several other learned men.

New professors were invited to fill the vacant chairs in the university, and in particular Oswald Myconius, Phrygio, Sebastian Munster, and Simon Grynæus. At the same time was published an ecclesiastical order and a confession of faith, one of the most precious documents of this epoch.

Thus had a great transformation been effected without the loss of a single drop of blood. Popery had fallen in Basle, in despite of the secular and spiritual power. "The wedge of the Lord," says Œcolampadius, "has split this hard knot."[1]

We cannot, however, help acknowledging that the Basle Reformation may afford ground for some objections. Luther had opposed himself to the power of the many. "When the people prick up their ears, do not whistle too loud. It is better to suffer at the hand of one tyrant, that is to say, of a king, than of a thousand tyrants, that is to say, of the people." On this account the German Reformer has been reproached for acknowledging no other policy than servilism.

Perhaps when the Swiss Reformation is canvassed, a contrary objection will be made against it, and the Reform at Basle, in particular, will be looked upon as a revolution.

The Reformation must of necessity bear the stamp of the country in which it was accomplished: it will be monarchical in Germany, republican in Switzerland. Nevertheless, in religion as in politics, there is a great difference between reformation and revolution.

In neither of these spheres does Christianity desire either despotism, servitude, stagnation, retrogression, or death. But while looking for progress, it seeks to accomplish it by reformation and not by revolution.

Reformation works by the power of the Word, of doctrine, cultivation and truth; while revolution, or rather revolt, operates by the power of riot, of the sword, and of the club.

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[1] Cedendum plebi. (Œcol. Capitoni, Basle MS.)

[2] His conditionibus plebs læta domum rediit, sub ipsum noctis crepusculum. (Ibid. Zurich MS.)

[3] Ita sævitum est in idola, ac missa præ dolore expiravit. (Œcol. Cap. Zurich MS.)

Basilica torrens quidem, qui sub terra labebatur, subito erumpens, &c. (Er. Epp. ad Pirkheimer, July, 1539.)

[1] Malo nodo suus cuneus obvenit. (Œcol. Capit.)

Christianity proceeds by the inner man, and charters themselves, if they stand alone, cannot satisfy it. No doubt constitutions are one of the blessings of our age; but it is not sufficient for these securities to be committed to parchment; they must be written in the heart, and guarantied by the manners of the people.

Such were the principles of the Swiss Reformers, such were those of the Reform at Basle, and by these it is distinguished from a revolution.

There were, it is true, some excesses. Never perhaps has a reformation been accomplished among men without some mixture of a revolution. But it was doctrines, however, that were in question at Basle: the doctrines had acted powerfully on the moral convictions and on the lives of the people; the movement had taken place within, before it showed itself without. But more than this: the Reformation was not satisfied with taking away; it gave more than it took; and, far from confining itself to the work of destruction, it scattered rich blessings over all the people.[1]

VI. The recoil of the discussion at Berne had overthrown Popery in a considerable part of German Switzerland. It was also felt in many of the churches of French Switzerland, lying at the foot of the Jura, or scattered amid the pine-forests of its elevated valleys, and which up to this time had shown the most absolute devotion to the Roman pontiff.

Farel, seeing the Gospel established in the places where the Rhone mingles its sandy waters with the crystal Leman, turned his eyes to another quarter. He was supported by Berne. This state, which possessed jointly with Friburg the bailiwicks of Morat, Orbe, and Granson, and which had alliances with Lausanne, Avenches, Payerne, Neufchâtel, and Geneva, saw that both its interest and its duty alike called it to have the Gospel preached to its allies and subjects. Farel was empowered to carry it among them, always with reserve of the consent of the respective governments.

One day, therefore, journeying towards Morat, Farel arrived and preached the Gospel at the foot of those towers and battlements that had been attacked at three different periods by the armies of Conrad the Salic, Rodolph of Hapsburg, and Charles the Bold. Erelong the friends of the Reform amounted to a great number. A general vote having nevertheless declared in favour of the Pope, Farel proceeded to Lausanne.

He was at first driven away by the bishop and the clergy, but soon reappeared provided with a letter from the lords of Berne. "We send him to you," said their excellencies to the authorities of the city, "to defend his own cause and ours. Allow him to preach the Word of God, and beware that you touch not a hair of his head."

[1] Hagenbach, Vorlesungen, ii. pp. 125, 200.

There was great confusion in the councils. Placed between Berne and the bishop, what could they do? The Council of Twenty-four, finding the matter very serious, convoked the Council of Sixty; and this body excusing itself, they convoked the Council of Two Hundred, on the 14th of November, 1529. But these in their turn referred the business to the smaller council. No one would have any thing to do with it. The inhabitants of Lausanne, it is true, complained loudly of the holy members of their chapters, whose lives (they said) were one long orgy; but when their eyes turned on the austere countenance of Reform, they were still more terrified. Besides, how deprive Lausanne of her bishop, her court, and her dignitaries? What! no more pilgrims in the churches,—no more suitors in the ecclesiastical courts,—no more purchasers in the markets, or boon companions in the taverns! The widowed and desolate Lausanne would no longer behold the noisy throng of people, that were at once her wealth and her glory!—Better far a disorder that enriches, than a Reform that impoverishes! Farel was compelled to depart a second time.

He returned to Morat, and soon the Word gained over the hearts of the people. On feast-days, the roads from Payerne and Avenches were covered with merry bands, who laughingly said to one another, "Let us go to Morat and hear the preachers!" and exhorted each other slily, as they went along the road, "not to fall into the nets of the heretics." But at night, all was changed. Grasped by the strong hand of truth, these very people returned,—some in deep thought, others discussing with animation the doctrines they had heard. The fire was sparkling throughout all this district, and spreading in every direction its long rays of light. This was enough for Farel: he required new conquests.

At a short distance from Morat lay one of the strongholds of Popery—the Earldom of Neufchâtel. Joan of Hochberg, who had inherited this principality from her ancestors, had married, in 1504, Louis of Orleans, Duke of Longueville. This French nobleman having supported the King of France in 1512, in a war against the Swiss, the cantons had taken possession of Neufchâtel, but had restored it to his widow in 1529.

Few countries could have presented greater difficulties to the daring reformer. The princess of Longueville, residing in France in the suite of Francis I., a woman of courtly habits, vain, extravagant, always in debt, and thinking of Neufchâtel only as a farm that should bring her in a large revenue, was devoted to the Pope and Popery. Twelve canons with several priests and chaplains formed a powerful clergy, at whose head was the provost Oliver of Hochberg, natural brother to the princess. Auxiliaries full of zeal flanked this main army. On the one side there was the abbey of the Premonstrantes of Fontaine-André, three quarters of a league beyond the

town, the monks of which, after having in the twelfth century cleared the ground with their own hands,[1] had gradually become powerful lords; and, on the other side, the Benedictines of the Island of St. John, whose abbot, having been deposed by the Bernese, had taken refuge, burning with hatred and vengeance, in his priory at Corcelles.

The people of Neufchâtel had a great respect for ancient rights, and it was easy to take advantage of this state of feeling, considering the general ignorance, to maintain the innovations of Popery. The canons improved the opportunity. For the instructions of the Gospel they substituted pomps and shows. The church, situated on a steep rock, was filled with altars, chapels, and images of saints; and religion, descending from this sanctuary, ran up and down the streets, and was travestied in dramas and mysteries, mingled with indulgences, miracles and debauchery.[2]

The soldiers of Neufchâtel, however, who had made the campaign of 1529 with the Bernese army, brought back to their homes the liveliest enthusiasm for the Evangelical cause. It was at this period that a frail boat quitting the southern bank of the lake, on the side opposite Morat, and carrying a Frenchman of mean appearance, steered towards the Neufchâtel shore. Farel, for it was he, had learnt that the village of Serrière, situated at the gates of Neufchâtel, depended in spiritualities on the evangelical city of Bienne, and that Emer Beynon, the priest of the place, "had some liking for the Gospel." The plan of his campaign was immediately drawn up. He appeared before parson Emer, who received him with joy; but what could be done? for Farel had been interdicted from preaching in any church whatever in the earldom. The poor priest thought to reconcile every thing by permitting Farel to mount on a stone in the cemetery, and thus preach to the people, turning his back upon the church.[3]

A great disturbance arose in Neufchâtel. On one side the government, the canons, and the priests, cried "Heresy!" but, on the other, "some inhabitants of Neufchâtel, to whom God had given a knowledge of the truth,"[4] flocked to Serrière. In a short time these last could not contain themselves: 'Come," said they to Farel, "and preach to us in the town."

This was at the beginning of December. They entered by the gate of the castle, and leaving the church on the hill to the left, they passed in front of the canons' houses, and descended through the narrow streets inhabited by the citizens. On reaching the market-cross, Farel ascended a platform and addressed the crowd, which gathered together from all the neighbourhood,—weavers, vinedressers, husbandmen, a worthy race, possessing more feeling than imagination. The preacher's exterior was grave, his discourse energetic, his voice like thunder: his eyes, his features, his gestures, all showed him a man of intrepidity. The citizens, accustomed to run about the streets after the mountebanks, were touched by his powerful language. "Farel preached a sermon of such great efficacy," says a manuscript, "that he gained over much people."[1]

Some monks, however, with shaven crowns,[2] glided among his hearers, seeking to excite them against the heretical minister. "Let us beat out his brains," said some. "Duck him, duck him!" cried others, advancing to throw Farel into a fountain, which may still be seen near the spot where he preached. But the reformer stood firm.

This first preaching was succeeded by others. To this Gospel missionary every place was a church; every stone, every bench, every platform was a pulpit. Already the cutting winds and the snows of December should have kept the Neufchatelans around their firesides; "the canons made a vigorous defence;"[3] and in every quarter "the shorn crowns" were in agitation, supplicating, menacing, howling, and threatening,—but all was useless. No sooner did this man of small stature rise up in any place, with his pale yet sunburnt complexion, with red and unkempt beard, with sparkling eye and expressive mouth, than the monks' labour was lost: the people collected around, for it was the Word of God that fell from his lips.[4] All eyes were fixed on him: with open mouth and attentive ears they hung upon his words.[5] And scarcely does he begin to speak, when—Oh! wonderful work of God! he himself exclaims—this multitude believes as if it had but one soul.

The Word of God carried the town, as it were, at the first assault; and throwing down the devices Rome had taken ages to compose, established itself in triumph on the ruins of human traditions. Farel saw in imagination Jesus Christ himself walking in spirit through the midst of this crowd, opening the eyes of the blind, softening the hard heart, and working miracles,[6]..... so that scarcely had he returned to his humble residence before he wrote to his friends with a heart full of emotion: "Render thanks with me to the Father of mercies, in that he has shown his favour to those bowed down

[1] Propriis manibus. (Hist. of Neufchâtel, by F. de Chambrier, p. 13.)
[2] Mémoires sur l'Eglise collegiale de Neufchâtel, p. 240.
[3] M. de Perrot, ex-pastor of Serrière, and author of a work entitled "L'Eglise et la Réformation," has shown me the stone on which Farel stood.
[4] "Aucuns de Neufchâtel, auxquels Dieu avaient donné connoissance de la vérité, &c. (Choupart MS.)

[1] Quoted in the Choupart MS.
[2] Rasorum remoramenta. (Farellus Molandi Neufchâtel MS.)
[3] Contra tyrannica præcepta. (Ibid.)
[4] Ad verbum festinarent. (Ibid.)
[5] Avide audientes. (Ibid.)
[6] Quid Christus in suis egerit. (Ibid.)

by a weighty tyranny;" and falling on his knees, he worshipped God.[1]

But during this time, what were the adherents of the Pope doing in Neufchâtel?

The canons, members of the General Audiences, of which they formed the first estate, treated both priests and laymen with intolerable haughtiness. Laying the burden of their offices on poor curates, they publicly kept dissolute women, clothed them sumptuously, endowed their children by public acts, fought in the church, haunted the streets by night, or went into a foreign country to enjoy in secret the produce of their avarice and of their intrigues. Some poor lepers placed in a house near the city were maintained by the produce of certain offerings. The rich canons, in the midst of their banquets, dared take away the bread of charity from these unhappy wretches.

The abbey of Fontaine-André was at a little distance from the town. Now the canons of Neufchâtel and the monks of Fontaine were at open war. These hostile powers, encamped on their two hills, disputed each other's property, wrested away each other's privileges, launched at one another the coarsest insults, and even came to blows. "Debaucher of women!" said the canons to the abbot of Fontaine-André, who returned the compliment in the same coin. It is the Reformation which, through faith, has re-established the moral law in Christendom,—a law that Popery had trodden under foot.

For a long time these conventual wars had disturbed the country. On a sudden they cease. A strange event is passing in Neufchâtel,—the Word of God is preached there. The canons, seized with affright in the midst of their disorders, look down from their lofty dwellings on this new movement. The report reaches Fontaine-André. The monks and priests suspend their orgies and their quarrels. The heathen sensualism that had invaded the Church is put to the rout; Christian spiritualism has reappeared.

Immediately the monks and canons, so long at war, embrace and unite against the Reformer. "We must save religion," said they, meaning their tithes, banquets, scandals, and privileges. Not one of them could oppose a doctrine to the doctrine preached by Farel: to insult him was their sole weapon. At Corcelles, however, they went farther. As the minister was proclaiming the Gospel near the priory, the monks fell upon him; in the midst of them was the prior Rodolph de Benoit, storming, exciting, and striving to augment the tempest. He even had a dagger in his hand, according to one writer.[2] Farel escaped with difficulty.

This was not enough. Popery, as it always does, had recourse to the civil power. The canons, the abbot, and the prior, solicited the governor George de Rive at the same time. Farel stood firm. "The glory of Jesus Christ," said he, "and the lively affection his sheep bear to his Word, constrain me to endure sufferings greater than tongue can describe."[1] Erelong, however, he was compelled to yield. Farel again crossed the lake; but this passage was very different from the former. The fire was kindled!—On the 22d December he was at Morat, and shortly after at Aigle.

He was recalled hence. On the 7th January, religion was put to the vote at Morat, and the majority was in favour of the Gospel. But the Romish minority, supported by Friburg, immediately undertook to recover its ancient position by insults and bad treatment. "Farel! Farel!" cried the reformed party.[2]

A few days after this, Farel, accompanied by a Bernese messenger, scaled that magnificent amphitheatre of mountains above Vevay, whence the eye plunges into the waters of the Leman; and soon he crossed the estates of Count John of Gruyère, who was in the habit of saying, "We must burn this French Luther."[3] Scarcely had Farel reached the heights of St. Martin de Vaud,[4] when he saw the vicar of the place with two priests running to meet him. "Heretic! devil!" cried they. But the knight, through fear of Berne, remained behind his walls, and Farel passed on.

The Reformer, not allowing himself to be stopped by the necessity of defending himself in Morat, or by the inclemency of the season, immediately carried the Gospel to those beautiful hills that soar between the smiling waters of lakes Morat and Neufchâtel into the villages of the Vully. This manœuvre was crowned with the most complete success. On the 15th February four deputies from the Vully came to Morat to demand permission to embrace the Reform, which was immediately granted to them. "Let our ministers preach the Gospel," said their excellencies of Berne to the Friburgers, "and we will let your priests play their monkey tricks. We desire to force no man."[5] The Reform restored freedom of will to the Christian people. It was about this time that Farel wrote his beautiful letter "To all lords, people, and pastors," which we have so often quoted.[6]

The indefatigable reformer now went forward to new conquests. A chain of rocks

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[1] Gratias ergo, Fratres, mecum agite Patri misericordiarum, quod sit propitius gravi pressis tirannide. (Farellus Molano, Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] Rosselet in Annotat. Farel Leben von Kirchofer.

[1] At levia facit omnia Christus, added he. Farel to Dumoulin, 15th December. (Neufchâtel MS.)

[2] Choupart MS. (Chambrier, Hist. de Neufchâtel, p. 293.)

[3] Missive of Berne to the Count of Gruyère, 5th and 16th January, 1530.

[4] To the left of the modern road from Vevay to Friburg.

[5] Missive of Berne, Choupart MS.

[6] A tous seigneurs, peuples, et pasteurs. See above, Vol. III. book xii.

separates the Juran valley of Erguel, already evangelized by Farel, from the country of the ancient Rauraci, and a passage cut through the rock serves as a communication between the two districts. It was the end of April when Farel, passing through the *Pierre-Pertuis*,[1] descended to the village of Tavannes, and entered the church just as the priest was saying Mass. Farel went into the pulpit: the astonished priest stopped,—the minister filled his hearers with emotion, and seemed to them an angel come down from heaven. Immediately the images and the altars fell, and "the poor priest who was chanting the Mass could not finish it."[2] To put down Popery had required less time than the priest had spent at the altar.

A great part of the bishopric of Basle was in a few weeks gained over to the Reformation.

During this time the gospel was fermenting in Neufchâtel. The young men who had marched with Berne to deliver Geneva from the attacks of Savoy, recounted in their jovial meetings the exploits of the campaign, and related how the soldiers of Berne, feeling cold, had taken the images from the Dominican church at Geneva, saying: "Idols of wood are of no use but to make a fire with in winter."

Farel re-appeared in Neufchâtel.[3] Being master of the lower part of the town, he raised his eyes to the lofty rocks on which soared the cathedral and the castle. The best plan, thought he, is to bring these proud priests down to us. One morning his young friends spread themselves in the streets, and posted up large placards bearing these words: "*All those who say Mass are robbers, murderers, and seducers of the people.*"[4] Great was the uproar in Neufchâtel. The canons summoned their people, called together their clerks, and marching at the head of a large troop, armed with swords and clubs, descended into the town, tore down the sacrilegious placards, and cited Farel before the tribunal as a slanderer, demanding ten thousand crowns damages.

The two parties appeared in court, and this was all that Farel desired. "I confess the fact," said he, "but I am justified in what I have done. Where are there to be found more horrible murderers, than these seducers who sell paradise, and thus nullify the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ? I will prove my assertion by the Gospel." And he prepared to open it, when the canons, flushed with anger, cried out: "The common law of Neufchâtel, and not the Gospel, is in question here! Where are the witnesses?" But Farel, always returning to that fearful assertion, proved by the Word of God that the canons were really guilty of murder and robbery. To plead such a cause was to ruin Popery. The court of Neufchâtel, that had never heard a similar case, resolved, according to ancient custom, to lay it before the Council of Besançon,[1] which, not daring to pronounce the first estate of the General Audiences guilty of murder and robbery, referred the matter to the Emperor and to a general council. Bad causes gain nothing by making a disturbance.

At every step they wished to drive him back, Farel made one in advance. The streets and the houses were still his temple. One day when the people of Neufchâtel were around him, "Why," cried they, "should not the Word of God be proclaimed in a church?" They then hurried Farel along with them, opened the doors of the Hospital Chapel, set the minister in the pulpit, and a numerous crowd stood silent before him. "In like manner as Jesus Christ, appearing in a state of poverty and humility, was born in a stable at Bethlehem," said the Reformer; "so this hospital, this abode of the sick and of the poor, is to-day become his birthplace in the town of Neufchâtel." Then feeling ill at ease in the presence of the painted and carved figures that decorated the chapel, he laid his hands on these objects of idolatry, removed them, and broke them in pieces.[2]

Popery, which anger had blinded, now took a step that it undoubtedly had a right to take, but which destroyed it: it had recourse to the secular arm, and the governor sent a deputation to the Bernese council, praying the removal of Farel and his companions.

But almost at the same time deputies from the townspeople arrived at Berne. "Did not these hands bear arms at Interlaken and at Bremgarten to support your Reformation? and will you abandon us in ours?"

Berne hesitated. A public calamity was at that time filling the whole city with mourning. One of the most illustrious citizens of the republic, the Banneret of Weingarten, attacked by the plague, was expiring amid the tears of his sons and of his fellow-citizens. Being informed of the arrival of the Neufchâtelans, he rallied his waning strength: "Go," said he, "and beg the senate in my name to ask for a general assembly of the people of Neufchâtel for Sunday next."[3] This message of the dying banneret decided the council.

The deputies from Berne arrived in Neufchâtel on the 7th August. Farel thought that during the debates he had time to make a new conquest, and quitted the city. His zeal can be compared only to St. Paul's. His body was small and feeble, but his ac-

[1] Petra Pertusa.

[2] Donc le pauvre prêtre qui chantoit sa messe ne la peut pas achever. (Old MS. quoted in the Choupart MS.)

[3] Farellus suo more magna fortitudine jamjam agit. Megander to Zwingle, 6th August, 1530.

[4] De Chambrier, Hist. de Neufchâtel, i. p. 293.

[1] Prendre les *entraives*.

[2] Choupart MS.

[3] Wingarterus iste infectus peste apud senatum nostrum, pia legatione. (Megander to Zwingle.)

tivity was wholly apostolic: danger and bad treatment wasted him every day, but he had within him a divine power that rendered him victorious.

VII. At the distance of a league from Neufchâtel, beyond the mountain, extends the Val de Ruz, and near its entrance, in a precipitous situation, where roars an impetuous torrent surrounded by steep crags, stands the town of Valangin. An old castle, built on a rock, raises its vast walls into the air, overlooking the humble dwellings of the townspeople, and extending its jurisdiction over five valleys of these lofty and severe mountains at that time covered with forests of pine, but now peopled by the most active industry.[1]

In this castle dwelt Guillemette de Vergy, dowager-countess of Valangin, strongly attached to the Romish religion, and full of respect for the memory of her husband. A hundred priests had chanted high mass at the count's burial; many penitent young women had been married, and large alms distributed; the curate of Locle had been sent to Jerusalem, and Guillemette herself had made a pilgrimage, for the repose for the soul of her departed lord.

Sometimes, however, the Countess of Gruyère and other ladies would come and visit the widow of Vergy, who assembled in the castle a number of young lords. The fife and tambourine re-echoed under its vaulted roofs, chattering groups collected in the immense embrasures of its Gothic windows, and merry dances followed hard upon a long silence and gloomy devotion.[2] There was but one sentiment that never left Guillemette—this was her hatred against the Reformation.

Guillemette and the priests had in fact reason to tremble. The 15th August was a great Romish festival—Our Lady of August, or the Assumption. All the faithful of the Val de Ruz were preparing to keep it. This was the very day Farel selected. Animated by the fire and courage of Elijah, he set out for Valangin, and a young man, his fellow-countryman, and, as it would appear, a distant relation, Anthony Boyve, an ardent Christian and a man of decided character, went along with him.[3] The two missionaries climbed the mountain, plunged into the pine forest, and then descending again into the valley, they traversed Valangin, where the vicinity of the castle did not give them much encouragement to pause, and arrived at a village, probably Boudevilliers, proposing to preach the Gospel there.[4]

Already on all sides the people were thronging to the church; Farel and his companion entered also with a small number of the inhabitants who had heard him at Neufchâtel. The reformer immediately ascended the pulpit, and the priest prepared to celebrate the Mass. The combat begins. While the voice of Farel is preaching Jesus Christ and his promises, the voices of the priests and of the choir are chanting the missal. The solemn moment approaches: the ineffable transubstantiation is about to take place: the priest pronounces the sacred words over the elements. At this instant the people hesitate no longer; ancient habits, an irresistible influence, draw them towards the altar; the preacher is deserted; the kneeling crowd has recovered its old worship; Rome is triumphant. . . . . Suddenly a young man springs from the crowd,—traverses the choir,—rushes to the altar,—snatches the host from the hands of the priest, and cries, as he turns towards the people: "This is not the God whom you should worship. He is above,—in heaven,—in the majesty of the Father, and not, as you believe, in the hands of a priest."[1] This man was Anthony Boyve.

Such a daring act at first produced the desired effect. The Mass was interrupted, the chantings ceased, and the crowd, as if struck by a supernatural intervention, remained silent and noiseless. Farel, who was still in the pulpit, immediately took advantage of this calm, and proclaimed that Christ "whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things."[2] Then the priests and choristers with their adherents rushed to the towers, ran up into the belfry, and sounded the tocsin.

These means succeeded: a crowd was collected, and if Farel had not retired, his death and Boyve's would have been inevitable. "But God," says the chronicle, "delivered them." They crossed the interval that separates Boudevilliers from Valangin, and drew near the steep gorges of the torrent of the Seyon. But how traverse that town, which the tocsin had already alarmed?

Leaving Chaumont and its dark forests to the left, these two heralds of the Gospel took a narrow path that wound beneath the castle they were stealing cautiously along, when suddenly a shower of stones assailed them and at the same time a score of individuals, —priests, men, and women,—armed with clubs, fell furiously upon them. "The priests had not the gout either in their feet or arms," says a chronicler; "the ministers were so beaten that they nearly lost their lives."[3]

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[1] Here are situated Chaux de Fonds, Locle, &c.

[2] Chambrier, Hist de Neufchâtel, p. 276.

[3] Annals of Boyve and a family MS.—This family has since given several pastors to the church of Neufchâtel.

[4] There are two original manuscripts (both quoted in the Choupart MS.) which give an account of this transaction. One says that Farel preached at Valangin, the other indicates a village near Valangin. Ruchat has adopted the former version; I think the latter preferable. The second MS. appears to me older and more correct than the first.

[1] Choupart MS. [2] Acts iii. 21.

[3] Les prêtres n'avoient pas la goutte aux piedz et aux bras, et ils les battirent tellement que pou

Madame de Vergy, who descended to the terrace, far from moderating the anger of the priests, cried out: "Drown them!—drown them!—throw them into the Seyon—these Lutheran dogs, who have despised the Host!"[1] In fact, the priests were beginning to drag the two heretics towards the bridge. Never was Farel nearer death.

On a sudden, from behind the last rock that hides Valangin in the direction of the mountain, there appeared "certain good persons of the Val de Ruz, coming from Neufchâtel,"[2] and descending into the valley. "What are you doing?" asked they of the priests, with the intention no doubt of saving Farel; "put them rather in a place of safety, that they may answer for their proceedings! Would you deprive yourselves of the only means in your power of discovering those infected by the poison of heresy?"

The priests left off at these words, and conducted the prisoners to the castle. As they were passing before a little chapel, containing an image of the Virgin, "Kneel down," said they to Farel and Boyve, showing them the statue; "prostrate yourselves before Our Lady!" Farel began to admonish them. "Worship one God alone in spirit and in truth," said he to them, "and not dumb images without life or power." But they, continues the chronicle, "greatly vexed at his words and his firmness, inflicted on him so many blows, that he was covered with blood, which even spirted on the walls of the chapel. For a long time after the traces of it might still be seen."[3]

They resumed their march—they entered the town—they climbed the steep road that led to the esplanade where Guillemette de Vergy and her attendants waited for the "Lutherans;" so that, continues the chronicle, "from beating them thus continually, they conducted them all covered with filth and blood to the prisons, and let them down almost lifeless into the dungeon (*croton*) of the castle of Valangin." Thus had Paul at Lystra been stoned by the Jews, drawn out of the city, and left for dead.[4] The Apostles and the Reformers preached the same doctrine and suffered the same treatment.

It may perhaps be said, that Farel and Boyve were too violent in their attack; but the Church of the Middle Ages, which had fallen back into the legal spirit of Judaism, and into all the corruptions that flow from it, needed an energetic opposition to lead it again to the principle of grace. Augustin and St. Paul reappeared in the Church of the sixteenth century; and when we read of Boyve rushing in great emotion on those who were about to worship the bread of the Mass, may we not recall to mind the action of St. Paul, rending his clothes, and running in among the people, who were desirous of worshipping "men of like passions with themselves?"[1]

Farel and Boyve, thrust into the dungeons of the castle, could, like Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, "sing praises unto God." Messire de Bellegarde, ever ready to persecute the Gospel, was preparing for them a cruel end, when some townsmen of Neufchâtel arrived to claim them. Madame de Valangin dared not refuse, and at the demand of the Bernese even instituted an inquiry, "to put a good face on the matter," says a manuscript. "Nevertheless that priest who had beaten Farel most, never after failed to eat daily at the lady's table, by way of recompense."[2] But this was of little consequence: the seed of truth had been sown in the Val de Ruz.

At Neufchâtel the Bernese supported the Evangelical citizens. The governor, whose resources were exhausted, sent ambassadors to the princess, "begging her to cross the mountains, to appease her people, who were in terrible trouble in consequence of this Lutheran religion."[3]

Meantime the ferment increased. The townspeople prayed the canons to give up the Mass: they refused; whereupon the citizens presented them their reasons in writing, and begged them to discuss the question with Farel. Still the same refusal!—"But, for goodness' sake, speak either for or against!" It was all of no use!

On Sunday, the 23d of October, Farel, who had returned to Neufchâtel, was preaching at the hospital. He knew that the magistrates of the city had deliberated on the expediency of consecrating the cathedral itself to the Evangelical worship. "What then," said he, "will you not pay as much honour to the Gospel as the other party does to the Mass? . . . . . And if this superstitious act is celebrated in the high church, shall not the Gospel be proclaimed there also"? At these words all his hearers arose. "To the church!" cried they; "to the church!" Impetuous men are desirous of putting their heads to work, to accomplish what the prudence of the burgesses had proposed![4] They

s'en fallut qu'ils ne perdissent la vie. (Choupart MS.)

[1] A l'eau! á l'eau! jettez les dans le Seyon ces chiens de Luthériens qui ont méprisé le bon Dieu! (Choupart MS.)

[2] Choupart MS.

[3] Choupart MS. Mais eux rudement fachés de ses propos et constance, lui donnérent tant de coups, qu'ils le mirent tout en sang, jusques là que son sang jailissoit sur les murailles de la chapelle. On en voyoit long temps après encore les marques.

[4] Acts xiv .19.

[1] Acts xiv. 14.

[2] Choupart MS.

[3] Letter from the Governor to the Princess.

[4] This is the conclusion I draw from various papers, and in particular from the report of the meeting held at Neufchâtel by the Bernese deputies, in which the heads of the burgesses declare, *that it appeared to them a very good matter to take down the altars*, &c. Hitherto only one phasis of this action has been seen,—the popular movement: and the other, namely, the legal resolution of the magistrates of the city, seems to have been overlooked.

leave the hospital, and take Farel with them. They climb the steep street of the castle: in vain would the canons and their frightened followers stop the crowd: they force a passage. Convinced that they are advancing for God's glory, nothing can check them. Insults and shouts assail them from every side, but in the name of the Truth they are defending, they proceed: they open the gates of the Church of Our Lady; they enter, and here a fresh struggle begins. The canons and their friends assembled around the pulpit endeavour to stop Farel; but all is useless. They have not to deal with a band of rioters. God has pronounced in his Word, and the magistrates themselves have passed a definitive resolution. The townspeople advance, therefore, against the sacerdotal coterie; they form a close battalion, in the centre of which they place the Reformer. They succeed in making their way through the opposing crowd, and at last place the minister in the pulpit without any harm befalling him.[1]

Immediately all is calm within the church and without; even the adversaries are silent, and Farel delivers "one of the most effective sermons he had hitherto preached." Their eyes are opened; their emotion increases; their hearts are melted; the most obstinate appear converted; and from every part of the old church these cries resound: "We will follow the Evangelical religion, both we and our children, and in it will we live and die."[2]

Suddenly a whirlwind, as it were, sweeps over this multitude, and stirs it up like a vast sea. Farel's hearers desire to imitate the pious King Josiah.[3] "If we take away these idols from before our eyes, will it not be aiding us," said they, "in taking them from our own hearts? Once these idols broken, how many souls among our fellow-citizens, now disturbed and hesitating, will be decided by this striking manifestation of the truth! We must save them as it were by fire."[4]

This latter motive decides them, and then begins a scene that fills the Romanists with horror, and which must, according to them, bring down the terrible judgment of God on the city.

The very spot where this takes place would seem to add to its solemnity. To the north the castle-walls rise above the pointed crags of the gloomy but picturesque valley of the Seyon, and the mountain in front of the castle presents to the eye little more than bare rocks, vines, and black firs. But to the south, beneath the terrace on which this tumultuous scene is passing, extend the wide and tranquil waters of the lake, with its fertile and picturesque shores; and in the distance the continuous summits of the higher Alps, with their dazzling snows, their immense glaciers, and gigantic peaks, lie before the enraptured eye.

On this platform the people of Neufchâtel were in commotion, paying little attention to these noble scenes of nature. The governor, whose castle adjoined the church, was compelled to remain an idle spectator of the excesses that he could not prevent; he was content to leave us a description of them. "These daring fellows," says he, "seize mattocks, hatchets, and hammers, and thus march against the images of the saints." They advance—they strike the statues and the altars—they dash them to pieces. The figures carved in the fourteenth century by the "imagers" of Count Louis are not spared; and scarcely do the statues of the counts themselves, which were mistaken for idols, escape destruction. The townspeople collect all these fragments of an idolatrous worship; they carry them out of the church, and throw them from the top of the rock. The paintings meet with no better treatment. "It is the devil," thought they with the early Christians, "who taught the world this art of statues, images, and all sorts of likenesses."[1] They tear out the eyes in the pictures of the saints, and cut off their noses. The crucifix itself is thrown down, for this wooden figure usurps the homage that Jesus Christ claims in the heart. One image, the most venerated of all, still remains: it is our Lady of Mercy, which Mary of Savoy had presented to the collegiated church; but Our Lady herself is not spared. A hand more daring than the rest strikes it, as in the fourth century the colossal statue of Serapis was struck.[2] "They have even bored out the eyes of Our Lady of Mercy, which the departed lady your mother had caused to be made," wrote the governor to the Duchess of Longueville.

The Reformed went still further: they seized the patens in which lay the *corpus Domini*, and flung them from the top of the rock into the torrent; after which, being desirous of showing that the consecrated wafers are mere bread, and not God himself, they distributed them one to another and ate them. . . . . At this sight the canons and chaplains could no longer remain quiet. A cry of horror was heard; they ran up with their adherents, and opposed force to force. At length began the struggle that had been so much dreaded.

The provost Oliver of Hochberg, the canons Simon of Neufchâtel and Pontus of Soleilant, all three members of the privy council, had repaired hastily to the castle, as well as the other councillors of the princess. Until this moment they had remained silent spectators of the scene; but when they saw the two parties were coming to blows, they ordered all "the supporters of the Evan-

[1] Choupart MS.
[2] Ibid.
[3] 2 Chron. xxxiv. 7.
[4] Choupart MS.

[1] Diabolum sæculo intulisse artifices statuarum et imaginum et omnis generis simulacrorum. (Tertullian, de idolatria, cap. 3.)
[2] Socrates v. 16.

gelical doctrine" to appear before the governor. This was like trying to chain the winds. Besides, why should the Reformers stop? They were not acting without legitimate authority.[1] "Tell the governor," replied the townspeople haughtily, "that in the concerns of God and of our souls he has no command over us."[2]

George de Rive then discovered that his authority failed against a power superior to his own. He must yield, and save at least some remnants. He hastened therefore to remove the images that still remained, and to shut them up in secret chambers. The citizens of Neufchâtel allowed him to execute this measure. "Save your gods," thought they, "preserve them under strong bars, lest perchance a robber should deprive you of the objects of your adoration."[3] By degrees the tumult died away, the popular torrent returned within its channel, and a little after, in commemoration of this great day, they inscribed these words on a pillar of the church:—

L'AN 1530, LE 23 OCTOBRE, FUT OTEE ET ABATTUE L'IDOLATRIE DE CEANT PAR LES BOURGEOIS.[4]

An immense revolution had been effected. Doubtless it would have been better if the images had been taken away, and the Gospel substituted in their place with calmness, as at Zurich; but we must take into consideration the difficulties that so profound and contested a change brings with it, and make allowance for the inexperience and excesses inseparable from a first explosion. He who should see in this revolution its excesses only, would betray a singularly narrow mind. It is the Gospel that triumphed on the esplanade of the castle. It was no longer a few pictures or legends that were to speak to the imagination of the Neufchâtelans: the revelation of Christ and of the Apostles, as it had been preserved in the Holy Scriptures, was restored to them. In place of the mysteries, symbols, and miracles of Popery, the Reformation brought them sublime tenets, powerful doctrines, holy and eternal truths. Instead of a Mass, void of God, and filled with human puerilities, it restored to them the Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, his invisible yet real and mighty presence, his promises giving peace to the soul, and his Spirit, which changes the heart, and is a sure pledge of a glorious resurrection. All is gain in such an exchange.

VIII. The governor and his trusty friends had not, however, lost all hope. "It is only a minority," said they at the castle, "which has taken part in the destruction of the images; the majority of the nation still obeys the ancient doctrine." M. de Rive had yet to learn that if, in a popular movement, only the minority appears, it is in some cases because the majority, being of the same mind with it, prefers leaving the action to others. However that may be, the governor, thinking himself upon sure ground, resolved to put the preservation of the Mass to the vote. If the majority were doubtful, the combined influence of the government and clergy would make it incline to the side of Rome. The friends of the Reformation perceiving this trick, and feeling the necessity of securing the integrity of the votes, demanded the presence of Berne's commissioners. This was at first refused. But Neufchâtel, divided into two hostile parties, might at any time see her streets run blood: De Rive therefore called Berne to his aid.

Anthony Noll and Sulpice Archer, both members of the council, with Jacques Tribolet, bailiff of the Isle of St. John, all three devoted to the Reform, made their entry into Neufchâtel on the 4th November,—an eventful day for the principality, and one which would decide on its reformation. The deputies proceeded to the castle, and there spoke with haughtiness.[1] "Their excellencies of Berne," said they to the governor, "are much astonished that you should oppose the true and pure Word of God. Desist immediately, or else your state and lordship may suffer for it."[2]

George de Rive was amazed: he had thought to summon helpers, and he had found masters. He made, however, an attempt to escape from the strait in which he was caught. The Roman catholic cantons of Lucerne, Friburg, and Soleure, were also allies of the state. The governor insinuated to the Bernese deputies, that he might well claim their intervention. At these words the deputies indignantly arose, and declared to M. de Rive, that if he did so, he might be the cause of his sovereign's losing Neufchâtel. The governor saw the impossibility of escaping from the net into which he had fallen. There remained no alternative but submission, and to watch the current of events which it was impossible for him to direct.

It was not thus with the canons and the nobles. Not considering themselves beaten, they surrounded the Bernese; and mingling, as they always do in similar cases, religion and politics, endeavoured to shake them. "Do you not see," said they, "that unless we support the spiritual power, we shall compromise the civil power? The surest bulwark of the throne is the altar! These

[1] "Par les quatre du dit Neufchâtel," by the Four (the municipal authorities) of the said Neufchâtel, remarks the priest Besancenet. See also the *recess* of the council held at Neufchâtel by MM. of Berne, 4th November, 1530.

[2] The Governor's letter to the Princess.

[3] Cur vos sub validissimis clavibus, ingentibusque sub claustris conservatis, ne forte fur aliquis irreptat? (Arnobius contra gentes, vi. p. 257.

[4] On the 23d of October, 1530, idolatry was overthrown and removed from the church by the citizens.

[1] Trois ambassadeurs qui me tinrent assez grossiers et rudes propos. (The Governor to the Princess.)

[2] Ibid.

men, whose defenders you have become, are but a handful of mischief-makers: the majority are for the Mass!"—"Turn which way you like," replied one of the stubborn Bernese, "even though the majority should be on your side, still you must go that way; never will our lordships abandon the defenders of the Evangelical faith."[1]

The people assembled at the castle for the definitive vote. The destiny of Neufchâtel was about to be decided. On one hand were crowded around the governor the privy council, the canons, and the most zealous of the Romanists; on the other were to be seen the four aldermen, the town-council, and a great number of the citizens, gravely ascending the steep avenue leading to the government-house, and drawing up in front of their adversaries. On both sides there was the same attachment to the faith they had embraced, the same decision; but around the canons were many anxious minds, troubled hearts, and downcast eyes, while the friends of the Reform advanced with uplifted heads, firm looks, and hearts full of hope.

George de Rive, wishing to gain over their minds, began to address them. He described the violence with which the Reformed had broken the images, and thrown down the altars; "And yet," continued he, "who founded this church? It was the princess's predecessors, and not the citizens. For which reason, I demand that all those who have violently infringed our sovereign's authority, be obliged to restore what they have taken away, so that the holy Mass, and the canonical hours may be celebrated anew."[2]

Upon this the *prudhommes* of Neufchâtel advanced. They were not a troop of young and giddy persons, as the Papists had pretended; they were grave citizens, whose liberties were guaranteed, and who had weighed what they had to say. "By the illumination of the Holy Ghost," replied they, "and by the holy doctrines of the Gospel, which are taught us in the pure Word of God, we will show that the Mass is an abuse, without any utility, and which conduces much more to the damnation than to the salvation of souls. And we are ready to prove that by taking away the altars, we have done nothing that was not right and acceptable to God."[3]

Thus the two parties met face to face with "great hatred and division," says the Bernese report. The arbitrators consulted together. The governor persisted, feeling that this movement would decide the future. A few votes would suffice for the triumph of Rome, and he reckoned on gaining them by his assurance. "You should understand," said he, "that the majority of this town, men and women, adhere firmly to the ancient faith. The others are hotheaded young soldiers, vain of their persons, and puffed up with the new doctrine."[1]—"Well!" replied the Bernese deputies, "to prevent all mischief, let us settle this difference by the plurality of suffrages, in accordance with the treaty of peace made at Bremgarten between the cantons."

This was what the Reformed desired. "The vote! the vote!" cried they, according to the expression consecrated to such cases.[2] But the Lord of Prangins and the priests, who had desired it when they were alone, shrunk back in the presence of Berne. "We ask for time," said they. If the Reformed allowed themselves to be cheated by these dilatory measures, it was all over. When once the Bernese had quitted Neufchâtel, the governor and the clergy would easily have the upperhand. They therefore remained firm. "No, no!" said they, "now! —no delay!—not a day! not an hour!" But the governor, in the face of a proceeding that would decide the legal fall of Popery, trembled, and obstinately opposed the cries of the people. The magistrates were already indignant, the burghers murmured, and the most violent looked at their swords. "They were resolved to compel us, sword in hand," wrote the governor to the princess. A fresh storm was gathering over Neufchâtel. Yet a few more minutes' resistance, and it would burst forth upon the church, the town, and the castle, destroying not only statues, images, and altars, but "there would have remained dead men," said the lord of Rive.[3] He gave way in trouble and affright.

At the news of this concession, the partisans of Rome saw all their danger. They confer, they concert their measures, and in an instant their resolution is taken: they are resolved to fight.[4] "My lord," said they, turning to M. de Rive, and touching the hilt of their swords, "all of us who adhere to the holy Sacrament are resolved to die martyrs for our holy faith."[5] This demonstration did not escape the notice of the young soldiers who had returned from the Genevese war. One minute more and the swords would have been drawn, and the platform changed into a battlefield."

Monseigneur de Prangins, more wily than orthodox, shuddered at the thought. "I cannot suffer it," said he to the most violent of his party; "such an enterprise would forfeit my mistress's state and lordship."[6]—"I consent," said he to the Bernese, "to take the votes, with reserve nevertheless of the sovereignty, rights, and lordship of Madame."—"And we," replied the towns-

[1] Chambrier, Hist. de Neufchâtel, p. 296. (The governor's letter. Quand bien *le plus* sera des votres, si passerez vous par là, &c.)
[2] Choupart MS.; Reces du MM. de Berne.
[3] Ibid.

[1] Devez entendre que la pluspart de cette ville, hommes et femmes, tiennent fermement à l'ancienne foi. Les autres sont jeunes gens de guerre, forts de leurs personnes, remplis de la nouvelle doctrine, ayants le feu à la tête. (Ibid.)
[2] *Le plus*, the majority.
[3] The Governor's letter to the Princess.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.

people, "with the reserve of our liberties and privileges."

The Romanists, seeing the political power they had invoked now failing them, felt that all was lost. They will save their honour at least in this great shipwreck; they will subscribe their names, that posterity may know who had remained faithful to Rome. These proud supporters of the hierarchy advance towards the governor; tears course their rough cheeks, betraying thus their stifled anger. They write their signatures as witnesses at the foot of the solemn testament that Popery is now drawing up in Neufchâtel, in the presence of the Bernese deputies. They then added, with tears in their eyes, "that the names and surnames of the good and of the perverse had been written in perpetual memory, and declared that they were still good and faithful burghers of Madame, and would do her service unto death."[1]

The reformed townspeople were convinced that it was only by frankly bearing testimony to their religious convictions that they could discharge their debt before God, their sovereign, and their fellow-citizens. So that the Catholics had scarcely protested their fidelity towards their lady, when, turning towards the governor, the Reformed cried out: "We say the same in every other thing in which it shall please our Mistress to command us, save and except the Evangelical faith, in which we will live and die."[2]

Everything was then prepared for taking the votes. The church of our lady was opened, and the two parties advanced between the shattered altars, torn pictures, mutilated statues, and all those ruins of Popery, which clearly foretold to its partisans the last and irrevocable defeat it was about to undergo. The three Lords of Berne took their station beside the governor as arbitrators of the proceedings and presidents of the assembly, and the voting began.

George de Rive, notwithstanding the despondency of his friends, was not altogether without hope. All the partisans of the ancient worship in Neufchâtel had been forewarned; and but a few days previously the Reformed themselves, by refusing the voting, had acknowledged the numerical superiority of their adversaries. But the friends of the Gospel in Neufchâtel had a courage and a hope that seemed to repose on a firmer basis. Were they not the victorious party, and could they be vanquished in the midst of their triumph?

The two parties, however, moved forward, confounded one with the other, and each man gave his vote in silence. They counted each other: the result appeared uncertain, fear froze each party by turns. At length the majority seemed to declare itself;—they took out the votes,—the result was proclaimed. A majority of eighteen voices gave the victory to the Reformation, and the last blow to the Papacy!

The Bernese lords immediately hastened to profit by this advantage. "Live henceforth," said they, "in good understanding with one another; let the Mass be no longer celebrated; let no injury be done to the priests; and pay to your Lady, or to whomsoever they may be justly due, all tithes, quit-rent, cense, and revenues." These different points were proclaimed by the assembly, and a report was immediately drawn up, to which the deputies, the governors, and the magistrates of the city of Neufchâtel affixed their respective seals.[1]

Farel did not appear in all this business: one might have said that the reformer was not at Neufchâtel: the citizens appealed only to the Word of God; and the governor himself, in his long report to the princess, does not once mention him. It was the Apostles of our Lord, St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. James, who by their divine writings re-established the true foundations of the Church in the midst of the people of Neufchâtel. The Word of God was the law of the *prudhommes* of Neufchâtel. In vain will the Roman Church say, "But these very Scriptures,—it is I who give them to you; you cannot therefore believe in them without believing in me." It is *not* from the Church of Rome that the Protestant Church receives the Bible. Protestantism has always existed in the Church. It has existed alone in every place where men have been engaged in the study of the Holy Scriptures, of their divine origin, of their interpretation, and in their dissemination. The Protestantism of the sixteenth century received the Bible from the Protestantism of every age. When Rome speaks of the hierarchy, she is on her own ground: as soon as she speaks of the Scriptures, she is on ours. If Farel had been put forward in Neufchâtel, he would not perhaps have been able to stand against the Pope; but the Word of Christ alone was concerned, and Rome must fall before Jesus.

Thus terminated, by a mutual contract, that day at first so threatening. If the Reformed had sacrificed any of their convictions to a false peace, disorder would have been perpetuated in Neufchâtel. A bold manifestation of the truth and the inevitable shocks that acccompanied it, far from destroying society, preserved it. This manifestation is the wind that lifts the vessel from the rocks and brings it into the harbour.

The Lord of Prangins felt that, between fellow-citizens, "it is better to touch one

[1] Alors iceux dirent en pleurant que les noms et les surnoms des bons et des pervers fussent écrits en perpétuelle mémoire, et qu'ils protestoient être bons et fidèles bourgeois de Madame, et lui faire service jusqu' à la mort.

[2] Governor's letter. Nous disons le semblable en toute autre chose où il plaira à Madame nous commander, sauf et reserve icelle foi évangelique, dans laquelle nous voulons vivre et mourir.

[1] Reces de MM. de Berne, MS. Et que l'on paie à Madame ou à qui il sera dû justement dimes, cens, rentes et revenus.

another, even if it be by collision, than to avoid each other continually." The free explanation that had taken place had rendered the opposition of the two parties less irritating. "I give my promise," said the governor, "to undertake nothing against the vote of this day, for I am myself a witness that it has been honest, upright, without danger, and without coercion."[1]

It was necessary to dispose of the spoils of the vanquished party: the governor opened the castle to them. Thither were transported the relics, the ornaments of the altars, the church papers, and even the organ; and the Mass, expelled from the city, was there mournfully chaunted every day.

All the ornaments, however, did not take this road. Some days after, as two citizens, named Fauche and Sauge, were going out together to their vineyards, they passed a little chapel, in which the latter had set up a wooden figure of St. John. He said to his companion, "There is an image I shall heat my stove with to-morrow." And, in fact, as he returned, he carried away the saint and laid it down in front of his house.

The next morning he took the image and put it on the fire. Immediately a horrible explosion spread dismay through this humble family. The trembling Fauche doubts not that it is a miracle of the saint, and hastens to return to the Mass. In vain does his neighbour Sauge protest to him upon oath that, during the night, he had made a hole in the statue, filled it with gunpowder, and closed it up again. Fauche will listen to nothing, and resolves to flee from the vengeance of the saints. He went and settled with his family at Morteau in Franche Comté.[2] Such are the miracles upon which the divinity of Rome reposes!

By degrees everything became settled: some of the canons, as Jacques Baillod, Willam de Pury, and Benedict Chambrier, embraced the Reformation. Others were recommended by the governor to the priory of Motiers, in the Val de Travers; and, in the middle of November, at the time when the winds begin to rage among the mountains, several canons, surrounded by a few singing-boys,—sad relics of the ancient, powerful, rich, voluptuous, and haughty chapter of Neufchâtel, painfully climbed up the gorges of the Jura, and went to conceal in these lofty and picturesque valleys the disgrace of a defeat, which their long disorders and their insupportable tyranny had but too justly provoked.

During this time the new worship was organized. In room of the high-altar were substituted two marble tables to receive the bread and wine; and the Word of God was preached from a pulpit stripped of every ornament. The pre-eminence of the Word, which characterizes the Evangelical worship, replaced in the church of Neufchâtel the pre-eminence of the sacrament, which characterizes Popery. Towards the end of the second century, Rome, that ancient metropolis of all religions, after having welcomed the christian worship in its primitive purity, had gradually transformed it into mysteries; a magic power had been ascribed to certain forms; and the reign of the sacrifice offered by the priest had succeeded to the reign of the Word of God. The preaching of Farel had restored the Word to the rights which belong to it; and those vaulted roofs, which the piety of Count Ulric II. had, on his return from Jerusalem, dedicated to the worship of the Virgin, served at last, after four centuries, to nourish the faithful, as in the time of the Apostles, "in the words of faith and of good doctrine."[1]

IX. The convention, drawn up under the mediation of Berne, stipulated that "the change should take place only in the city and parish of Neufchâtel." Must the rest of the country remain in darkness? This was not Farel's wish, and the zeal of the citizens, in its first fervour, effectually seconded him. They visited the surrounding villages, exhorting some, combating others. Those who were compelled to labour with their hands during the day went thither at night. "Now, I am informed," writes the governor to the princess, "that they are working at a reformation night and day."

George de Rive, in alarm, convoked the magistrates of all the districts in the earldom. These good folks believed that their consciences, as well as their places, depended upon Madame de Longueville. Affrighted at the thought of freely receiving a new conviction from the Word of God, they were quite ready to accept it from the countess as they would a new impost. A sad helotism, in which religion springs from the soil, instead of descending from heaven! "We desire to live and die under the protection of our lady," said the magistrates to the Lord of Rive, "without changing the ancient faith, *until it be so ordered by her.*"[2] Rome, even after her fall, could not receive a deeper insult.

These assurances of fidelity, and the absence of the Bernese, restored De Rive's confidence, and he secretly prepared a reaction among the nobles and the lower classes. There is in every historical catastrophe, in the fall of great establishments, and in the spectacle of their ruins, something which excites and improves the mind. This was what happened at the period in question. Some were more zealous for Popery after its fall than in its day of power. The priests gliding into the houses said Mass to a few friends mysteriously called together around

[1] Ungefährlich, ungezwringen, aufrecht und redlich. (Berne to the Governor, 17th Dec. 1530.)
[2] Boyve Annals, MS.

[1] 1 Tim. iv. 6.
[2] Choupart MS. Nous voulons vivre et mourir sous la protection de Madame, sans changer l'ancienne foi, *jusqu'à ce que par elle en soit ordonné.*

a temporary altar. If a child was born, the priest noiselessly arrived, breathed on the infant, made the sign of the cross on its forehead and breast, and baptized it according to the Roman ritual.[1] Thus they were rebuilding in secret what had been overthrown in the light of day. At length a counter-revolution was agreed upon; and Christmas day was selected for the restoration of Roman-catholicism. While the Christians' songs of joy should be rising to heaven, the partisans of Rome were to rush into the church, expel the heretical assembly, overthrow the pulpit and the holy table, restore the images, and celebrate the Mass in triumph. Such was the plan of the Neufchâtelan vespers.[2]

The plot got wind. Deputies from Berne arrived at Neufchâtel on the very eve of the festival. "You must see to this," said they to the governor: "if the Reformed are attacked, we, their coburghers, will protect them with all our power." The conspirators laid down their arms, and the Christmas hymns were not disturbed.

This signal deliverance augmented the devotion and zeal of the friends of the Gospel. Already Emer Beynon of Serrière, where Farel had one day landed from a small boat, ascending the pulpit, had said to his parishioners: "If I have been a good priest, I desire by the grace of God to be a still better pastor." It was necessary for these words to be heard from every pulpit. Farel recommenced a career of labours, fatigues, and struggles, which the actions of the apostles and missionaries alone can equal.

Towards the end of the year 1530, he crossed the mountain in the middle of winter, entered the church of Valangin, went into the pulpit, and began to preach at the very moment that Guillemette de Vergy was coming to Mass. She endeavoured to shut the reformer's mouth, but in vain, and the aged and noble dowager retired precipitately, saying: "I do not think this is according to the old Gospels; if there are any new ones that encourage this, I am quite amazed."[3] The people of Valangin embraced the Gospel. The affrighted lieutenant ran to Neufchâtel, thence to Berne, and on the 11th February, 1521, laid his complaint before the council; but all was useless. "Why," said their excellencies of Berne to him, "why should you disturb the water of the river? let it flow freely on."

Farel immediately turned to the parishes on the slopes between the lake and Mount Jura. At Corcelles a fanatic crowd, well armed and led on by the curate of Neufchâtel, rushed into the church where the minister was preaching, and he did not escape without a wound. At Bevay, the abbot John of Livron and his monks, collected a numerous body of friends, surrounded the church, and having thus completed the blockade, entered the building, dragged the minister from the pulpit, and drove him out with blows and insults. Each time he reappeared, they pursued him as far as Auvernier with stones and gun-shots.

While Farel was thus preaching in the plain, he sent one of his brethren into the valley; it was John de Bély, a man of good family from Crest in Dauphiny. Beyond Valangin, at a little distance from Fontaine, on the left side of the road to Cernier, was a stone that remains to this day. It was here in the open air, as if in a magnificent temple, that this herald of the Gospel began to proclaim salvation by grace.[1] Before him stretched the declivity of Chaumont, dotted with the pretty villages of Fenin, Villars, Sole, and Savagnier, and beyond, where the mountains fell away, might be seen the distant and picturesque chain of the Alps. The most zealous of his hearers entreated him to enter the church. He did so; but suddenly the priest and his curate "arrived with great noise." They proceeded to the pulpit, dragged Bély down; and then turning to the women and young persons of the place, "excited them to beat him and drive him away."[2]

John de Bély returned to Neufchâtel, hooted and bruised, like his friend after the affair at Valangin; but these evangelists followed the traces of the Apostle Paul, whom neither whips nor scourges could arrest.[3] De Bély often returned to Fontaine. The Mass was abolished ere long in this village; Bély was its pastor for twenty-seven years; his descendants have more than once exercised the ministry there, and now they form the most numerous family of agriculturists in the place.

Farel, after evangelizing the shores of the lake to the south of Neufchâtel, had gone to the north and preached at St. Blaise. The populace, stirred up by the priests and the lieutenant, had fallen upon him, and Farel escaped from their hands, severely beaten, spitting blood, and scarcely recognisable. His friends had thrown him hurriedly into a boat, and conveyed him to Morat, where his wounds detained him for some time.[4]

At the report of this violence the reformed Neufchâtelans felt their blood boil. If the lieutenant, the priest, and his flock have bruised the body of Christ's servant, which is truly the altar of the living God, why should they spare dead idols? Immediately they rush to St. Blaise, throw down the images, and do the same at the abbey of Fon-

[1] Berne to Neufchâtel, 17th December.
[2] Berne to the Governor, 23d December
[3] Chambrier, Hist. de Neufchâtel et Valangin, p. 299. Je ne crois pas que ce soit selon les vieux évangiles; s'il y en a de nouveaux qui fassent cela faire, j'en suis esbahie.

[1] It does not appear that Bély could have stood and preached on this stone, as is generally said, unless what now remains is but a fragment of the original.
[2] MS. AA. in the Choupart MS.
[3] 2 Cor xi. 24, 25.
[4] De Perrot: L'Eglise et la Réformation ii. p. 233.

taine-André,—a sanctuary of the ancient worship.

The images still existed at Valangin, but their last hour was about to strike. A Frenchman, Anthony Marcourt, had been nominated pastor of Neufchâtel. Treading in Farel's footsteps, he repaired, with a few of the citizens, to Valangin on the 14th June, a great holiday in that town.[1] Scarcely had they arrived when a numerous crowd pressed around the minister, listening to his words. The canons, who were on the watch in their houses, and Madame de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde from their towers, sought how they could make a diversion against this heretical preaching. They could not employ force because of Berne. They had recourse to a brutal expedient, worthy of the darkest days of Popery, and which, by insulting the minister, might divert (they imagined) the attention of the people, and change it into shouts and laughter. A canon,[2] assisted by the countess's coachman, went to the stables and took thence two animals, which they led to the spot where Marcourt was preaching. We will throw a veil over this scene: it is one of those disgraceful subjects which the pen of history refuses to transcribe.[3] But never did punishment follow closer upon crime. The conscience of the hearers was aroused at the sight of this infamous spectacle. The torrent, that such a proceeding was intended to check, rushed out of its channel. The indignant people, undertaking the defence of that religion which their opponents had wished to insult, entered the church like an avenging wave; the ancient windows were broken, the shields of the lords were demolished, the relics scattered about, the books torn, the images thrown down, and the altar overturned. But this was not enough: the popular wave, after sweeping out the church, flowed back again, and dashed against the canons' houses. Their inhabitants fled in consternation into the forests, and every thing was destroyed in their dwellings.

Guillemette de Vergy and M. de Bellegarde, agitated and trembling behind their battlements, repenting, but too late, of their monstrous expedient, are the only ones who have not yet suffered the popular vengeance. Their restless eyes watch the motion of the indignant townspeople. The work is completed! the last house is sacked! The burghers consult together.—O horror!—they turn towards the castle,—they ascend the hill,—they draw near. Is then the abode of the noble counts of Arberg about to be laid waste? But no!—"We come," said the delegates standing near the gate of the castle, "we are come to demand justice for the outrage committed against religion and its minister." They are permitted to enter, and the trembling countess orders the poor wretches to be punished who had acted solely by her orders. But at the same time she sends deputies to Berne, complaining of the "great insults that had been offered her."[1] Berne declared that the Reformed should pay for the damage; but that the countess should grant them the free exercise of their worship. Jacques Veluzat, a native of Champagne, was the first pastor of Valangin. A little later we shall see new struggles at the foot of Mount Jura.

Thus was the Reformation established at Valangin, as it had been at Neufchâtel: the two capitals of these mountains were gained to the Gospel. Ere long it received a legal sanction. Francis, Marquis of Rothelin, son of the Duchess of Longueville, arrived in the principality in March, 1531, with the intention of playing on this small theatre the part of a Francis I. But he soon found out that there are revolutions which an irresistible hand has accomplished, and that must be submitted to. Rothelin excluded from the estates of the earldom the canons who had hitherto formed the first power, and replaced them by four bannerets and four burgesses. Then, availing himself of the principle that all abandoned property falls to the state, he laid his hands upon their rich heritage, and proclaimed freedom of conscience throughout all the country. All the necessary forms having been observed with Madame, the politic M. de Rive became reformed also. Such was the support Rome received from the State, to which she had looked for her deliverance.

A great energy characterized the Reformation of French Switzerland; and this is shown by the events we have just witnessed. Men have attributed to Farel this distinctive feature of his work; but no man has ever created his own times; it is always, on the contrary, the times that create the man. The greater the epoch, the less do individualities prevail in it. All the good contained in the events we have just related came from that Almighty Spirit, of which the strongest men are but weak instruments. All the evil proceeded from the character of the people, and, indeed, it was almost always Popery that began these scenes of violence. Farel submitted to the influence of his time, rather than the time received his. A great man may be the personification and the type of the epoch for which God destines him: he is never its creator.

But it is time to quit the Jura and its beautiful valleys, brightened by the vernal sun, to direct our step towards the Alps of German Switzerland, along which thick clouds

[1] This incident is generally attributed to Farel, but Choupart, following an older manuscript, says, *le ministre de Neufchatel*, by which title he always means Marcourt, and never Farel.

[2] Some historians say "the coachman of the countess;" but Choupart, on three different occasions, writes *a canon*. The latter is no doubt more revolting; but there is nothing incredible in it.

[3] De equo admissario loquitur qui equam init.

[1] Curate of Bezancenet's chronicle. Des grands vitupères qu'on lui avait faits.

and horrible tempests are beginning to gather. The free and courageous people, who dwell below the eternal glaciers, or on the smiling banks of the lakes, daily assume a fiercer aspect, and the collision threatens to be sudden, violent, and terrible. We have just been witnessing a glorious conquest: a dreadful catastrophe awaits us.

BOOK XVI.

SWITZERLAND—CATASTROPHE.

1528—1531.

Christian Warfare—Zwingle—Persecutions—Austrian Alliance—Animosity—Christian Exhortation—Keyser's Martyrdom—Zwingle and War—Zwingle's Error—Zwingle's Advice—War of Religion—Zwingle joins the Army—War—The Landamman Æbli—Bernese Interposition—Swiss Cordiality—The Zurich Camp—A Conference—Peace Restored—Austrian Treaty Torn—Zwingle's Hymn—Nuns of St. Catherine—Conquests of Reform—the Priest of Zurzack—The Reform in Glaris—Italian Bailiwicks—the Monk of Como—The Monk of Locarno—Letter to the German Church——The Monks of Wettingen—Abbé of St. Gall—Kiliankouffi—Soleure—A New Miracle—Popery Triumphs—The Grisons Invaded—Forebodings to Berne—Mutual Errors—Failure of the Diet—Political Reformation—Activity of Zurich—Diet at Arau—Blockade of the Waldsleddtes—Indignation—France Conciliates—Diet at Bremgarten—The Five Cantons Inflexible—Zurich—Zwingle's False Position—The Great Council—Zwingle at Bremgarten—The Apparition—Zwingle's Agony—Frightful Omens—The Comet—Zwingle's Tranquillity—New Mediations—Deceitful Calm—Fatal Inactivity—Zurich forewarned—Manifesto of the Cantons—The Abbot Wolfgang—Infatuation of Zurich—The War Begins—A Fearful Night—The War—Army of Zurich—Zwingle's Departure—Anna Zwingle—Army of Zurich—Battle of Cappel—The March—Ambuscade—The Banner in Danger—The Banner saved—Terrible Slaughter—Slaughter of the Pastors—Zwingle's Last Moments—Barbarity of the Victors—The Furnace of Trial—Distress—Zwingle is Dead—Funeral Oration—Army of Zurich—Another Reverse—Inactivity of the Bernese—Joy of the Romanists—End of the War—Death of Œcolampadius—Conclusion.

I. It was the will of God that at the very gates of his revived Church there should be two great examples to serve as lessons for future generations. Luther and the German Reformation, declining the aid of temporal power, rejecting the force of arms, and looking for victory only in the confession of the truth, were destined to see their faith crowned with the most brilliant success; while Zwingle and the Swiss Reformation, stretching out their hands to the mighty ones of the earth, and grasping the sword, were fated to witness a horrible, cruel, and bloody catastrophe fall upon the Word of God—a catastrophe which threatened to engulf the Evangelical cause in the most furious whirlpool. God is a jealous God, and gives not his glory to another; he claims to perform his own work himself, and to attain his ends sets other springs in motion than those of a skilful diplomacy.

We are far from forgetting that we are called upon to relate facts and not to discuss theories; but there is a principle which the history we are narrating sets forth in capital letters: it is that professed in the Gospel, where it says: The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God! In maintaining this truth we do not place ourselves on the ground of any particular school, but on that of universal conscience and of the Word of God.

Of all carnal support that religion can invoke, there is none more injurious to it than arms and diplomacy. The latter throws it into tortuous ways; the former hurries it into paths of bloodshed; and Religion, from whose brow has been torn the double wreath of truth and meekness, presents but a degraded and humiliated countenance that no person can, that no person desires to recognise.

It was the very extension of the Reform in Switzerland that exposed it to the dangers under which it sunk. So long as it was concentrated at Zurich, it continued a religious matter; but when it had gained Berne, Basle, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Glaris, Appenzell, and numerous bailiwicks, it formed inter-cantonal relations; and—here was the error and misfortune—while the connexion should have taken place between church and church, it was formed between state and state.

As soon as spiritual and political matters became mingled together, the latter took the upperhand. Zwingle ere long thought it his duty to examine not only doctrinal, but also federal questions; and the illustrious reformer might be seen, unconscious of the snares beneath his feet, precipitating himself into a course strewn with rocks, at the end of which a cruel death awaited him.

The primitive Swiss cantons had resigned the right of forming new alliances without the consent of all; but Zurich and Berne had reserved the power. Zwingle thought himself therefore quite at liberty to promote an alliance with the Evangelical states. Constance was the first city that gave her adhesion. But this christian co-burghery, which might become the germ of a new

confederation, immediately raised up numerous adversaries against Zwingle, even among the partizans of the Reformation.

There was yet time: Zwingle might withdraw from public affairs, to occupy himself entirely with those of the Gospel. But no one in Zurich had, like him, that application to labour, that correct, keen, and sure eye, so necessary for politicians. If he retired, the vessel of the state would be left without a pilot. Besides, he was convinced that political acts alone could save the Reform. He resolved, therefore, to be at one and the same time the man of the State and of the Church. The registers prove that in his latter years he took part in the most important deliberations; and he was commissioned by the council of his canton to write letters, compose proclamations, and draw up opinions. Already, before the dispute with Berne, looking upon war as possible, he had traced out a very detailed plan of defence, the manuscript of which is still in existence.[1] In 1528 he did still more; he showed in a remarkable paper, how the republic should act with regard to the Empire, France, and other European states, and with respect to the several cantons and bailiwicks. Then, as if he had grown grey at the head of the Helvetic troops (and it is but just to remark that he had long lived among soldiers), he explained the advantages there would be in surprising the enemy; and he described even the nature of the arms, and the manner of employing them. In truth, an important revolution was then taking place in the art of war. The pastor of Zurich is at once the head of the state and general of the army: this double—this triple part of the reformer was the ruin of the Reformation and of himself. Undoubtedly we must make allowances for the men of this age, who, being accustomed to see Rome wield two swords for so many centuries, did not understand that they must take up one and leave the other. We must admire the strength of that superior genius, which, while pursuing a political course, in which the greatest minds would have been absorbed, ceased not however to display an indefatigable activity as pastor, preacher, divine, and author. We must acknowledge that the republican education of Zwingle had taught him to confound his country with his religion, and that there was in this great man enough to fill up many lives. We must appreciate that indomitable courage which, relying upon justice, feared not, at a time when Zurich had but one or two weak cities for allies, to confront the redoubtable forces of the Empire and of the Confederation; but we should also see in the great and terrible lesson that God gave him, a precept for all times and for every nation; and finally, understand what is so often forgotten, "that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world."

The Roman-catholic cantons, on hearing of the new alliances of the Reformed, felt a violent indignation. William of Diesbach, deputy from Berne at the diet, was forced to submit to the keenest reproaches. The sitting, for some time interrupted, was resumed immediately after his departure. "They may try to patch up the old faith," said the Bernese, as he withdrew, "it cannot, however, last any longer."[1] In truth, they patched away with all their might, but with a sharp and envenomed needle that drew blood. Joseph Am Berg of Schwytz, and Jacques Stocker of Zug, bailiffs of Thurgovia, treated with cruelty all who were attached to the Gospel. They enforced against them fines, imprisonment, torture, the scourge, confiscation, and banishment; they cut out the ministers' tongues, beheaded them, or condemned them to be burnt.[2] At the same time they took away the Bibles and all the evangelical books; and if any poor Lutherans, fleeing from Austria, crossed the Rhine, and that low valley where its calm waters flow between the Alps of the Tyrol and of Appenzell,—if these poor creatures, tracked by the lansquenets, came to seek a refuge in Switzerland, they were cruelly given up to their persecutors.

The heavier lay the hands of the bailiff on Thurgovia and the Rhienthal, the greater conquests did the Gospel make. The Bishop of Constance wrote to the Five Cantons, that if they did not act with firmness, all the country would embrace the Reform. In consequence of this, the cantons convoked at Frauenfeld all the prelates, nobles, judges, and persons of note in the district; and a second meeting taking place six days after (6th December, 1528,) at Weinfeld, deputies from Berne and Zurich entreated the assembly to consider the honour of God above all things, and in no respect to care for the threats of the world.[3] A great agitation followed upon this discourse. At last a majority called for the preaching of the Word of God: the people came to the same decision; and the Rheinthal, as well as Bremgarten, followed this example.

What was to be done? The flood had become hourly encroaching. Must then the Forest Cantons open their valleys to it at last? Religious antipathies put an end to national antipathies; and these proud mountaineers, directing their looks beyond the Rhine, thought of invoking the succour of Austria, which they had vanquished at Morgarten and at Sempach.[4] The fanatical German party that had crushed the revolted Swabian peasants was all-powerful on the frontiers. Letters were exchanged; messengers passed to and fro across the river; at last they took advantage of a wedding in

[1] Escher & Hottinger, Archives, ii. p. 263.

[1] Mögen sie blätzen am alten Glauben. (Hottinger, Zwingli, p. 389.)

[2] Die Zungen geschlitzt, mit dem Schwerdt richten und verbränt. (Bull. ii. p. 31.)

[3] Die Eer Gottes, uwer Seelen Heil. (Bulling Chron. ii. p. 28.)

[4] Ibid. p. 48.

high rank that was to take place at Feldkirch in Swabia, six leagues from Appenzell. On the 16th February, 1529, the marriage party, forming a brilliant cavalcade, in the midst of which the deputies of the Five Cantons were concealed, made their entry into Feldkirch, and Am Berg had an immediate interview with the Austrian governor. "The power of the enemies of our ancient faith has so increased," said the Swiss, "that the friends of the Church can resist them no longer. We therefore turn our eyes to that illustrious prince who has saved in Germany the faith of our fathers."

This alliance was so very unnatural, that the Austrians had some difficulty in believing it to be sincere. "Take hostages," said the Waldstettes, "write the articles of the treaty with your own hands; command, and we will obey!" "Very good!" replied the Austrians; "in two months you find us again at Waldshut, and we will let you know our conditions."

A rumour of these negotiations being spread abroad excited great dissatisfaction, even in the partisans of Rome. In no place did it burst out with greater force than in the council of Zug. The opposing parties were violently agitated; they stamped their feet, they started from their seats, and were nearly coming to blows; but hatred prevailed over patriotism. The Waldstette deputies appeared at Waldshut; they suspended the arms of their cantons by the side of those of the oppressors of Switzerland; they decorated their hats with peacocks' feathers (the badge of Austria), and laughed, drank, and chattered with the Imperialists. This strange alliance was at last concluded.[1] "Whoever shall form new sects among the people," it ran, "shall be punished with death; and, if need be, with the help of Austria. This power, in case of emergency, shall send into Switzerland six thousand foot soldiers, and four hundred horse, with all requisite artillery. If necessary, the reformed cantons shall be blockaded, and all provisions intercepted." To the Romish cantons, then, belongs the initiative of this measure so much decried. Finally, Austria guaranteed to the Waldstettes the possession, not only of the common bailiwicks, but of all the *conquests* that might be made on the left bank of the Rhine.

Dejection and consternation immediately pervaded all Switzerland. The national complaint, which Bullinger has preserved, was sung in every direction:—

> Wail, Helvetians, wail,
> For the peacock's plume of pride
> To the forest-cantons' savage bull
> In friendship is allied.

All the cantons not included in this alliance, with the exception of Friburg, assembled in diet at Zurich, and resolved to send a deputation to their mountain confederates, with a view to reconciliation. The deputation, admitted at Schwytz in the presence of the people, was able to execute its mission without tumult. At Zug there was a cry of "No sermon! no sermon!" At Altorf the answer was: "Would to God that your new faith was buried for ever!" At Lucerne they received this haughty reply: "We shall know how to defend ourselves, our children, and our children's children, from the poison of your rebellious priests." It was at Unterwalden that the deputation met with the worst reception. "We declare our alliance at an end," said they. "It is we,—it is the other Waldstettes who are the real Swiss. We graciously admitted you into our confederation, and now you claim to become our masters!—The Emperor, Austria, France, Savoy, and Valais will assist us!" The deputies retired in astonishment, shuddering as they passed before the house of the secretary of state, where they saw the arms of Zurich, Berne, Basle, and Strasburg hanging from a lofty gibbet.

The deputation had scarcely returned to Zurich and made their report, when men's minds were inflamed. Zwingle proposed to grant no peace to Unterwalden, if it would not renounce foreign service, the alliance with Austria, and the government of the common bailiwicks. "No! no!" said Berne, that had just stifled a civil war in its own canton, "let us not be so hasty. When the rays of the sun shine forth, each one wishes to set out; but as soon as it begins to rain, every man loses heart! The word of God enjoins peace. It is not with pikes and lances that faith is made to enter the heart. For this reason, in the name of our Lord's sufferings, we entreat you to moderate our anger."

This Christian exhortation would have succeeded, if the fearful news that reached Zurich, on the very day when the Bernese delivered their moderate speech, had not rendered it unavailing.

On Saturday the 22d May, Jacques Keyser, a pastor and father of a family in the neighbourhood of the Greiffensee, after coasting the fertile shores of this little lake, crossed the rich pastures of the bailiwick of Gruningen, passed near the Teutonic house of Bubikon and the convent of Ruti, and reached that simple and wild district bathed by the upper part of Lake Zurich. Making his way to Oberkirk, a parish in the Gaster district, between the two lakes of Zurich and Wallenstadt, of which he had been nominated pastor, and where he was to preach on the morrow, he crossed on foot the lengthened and rounded flanks of the Buchberg, fronting the picturesque heights of the Ammon. He was confidently advancing into those woods which for many weeks he had often traversed without obstruction, when he was suddenly seized by six men, posted there to surprise him, and carried off to Schwytz. "The bailiffs," said they to the magistrates, "have ordered all innovating ministers to be brough-

[1] Bullinger gives the treaty at full length. (Tigur. ii. p. 49—59.)

before the tribunals: here is one that we bring you." Although Zurich and Glaris interposed; although the government of Gaster, where Keyser had been taken, did not then belong to Schwytz; the Landsgemeinde desired a victim, and on the 29th May they condemned the minister to be burnt alive. On being informed of his sentence, Keyser burst into tears.[1] But when the hour of execution arrived, he walked cheerfully to death, freely confessed his faith, and gave thanks to the Lord even with his latest breath. "Go and tell them at Zurich how he thanks us!" said one of the Schwytz magistrates, with a sarcastic smile, to the Zurich deputies. Thus had a fresh martyr fallen under the hands of that formidable power that is "drunk with the blood of the saints."[2]

The cup was full. The flames of Keyser's pile became the signal of war. Exasperated Zurich uttered a cry that resounded through all the confederation. Zwingle above all called for energetic measures. Everywhere, —in the streets, in the councils, and even in the pulpits,—he surpassed in daring even the most valiant captains. He spoke at Zurich,—he wrote to Berne. "Let us be firm, and fear not to take up arms," said he. "This peace, which some desire so much, is not peace, but war: while the war that we call for is not war but peace.[3] We thirst for no man's blood, but we will clip the wings of the oligarchy.[4] If we shun it, the truth of the Gospel and the ministers' lives will never be secure among us."

Thus spoke Zwingle. In every part of Europe he beheld the mighty ones of the earth aiding one another to stifle the reviving animation of the Church; and he thought that without some decisive and energetic movement, Christianity, overwhelmed by so many blows, would soon fall back into its ancient slavery. Luther under similar circumstances arrested the swords ready to be crossed, and demanded that the Word of God alone should appear on the field of battle. Zwingle thought not thus. In his opinion war was not revolt, for Switzerland had no master. "Undoubtedly," said he, "we must trust in God alone; but when He gives us a just cause, we must also know how to defend it, and, like Joshua and Gideon, shed blood in behalf of our country and our God."

If we adopt the principles of justice which govern the rulers of nations, the advice of Zwingle was judicious and irreproachable. It was the duty of the Swiss magistrates to defend the oppressed against the oppressor. But is not such language, which might have been suitable in the mouth of the magistrate, blamable in a minister of Christ? Perhaps Zwingle forgot his quality of pastor, and considered himself only as a citizen, consulted by his fellow-citizens; perhaps he wished to defend Switzerland, and not the Church, by his counsels; but it is a question if he ought ever to have forgotten the Church and his ministry. We think we may go even further; and while granting all that may be urged in favour of the contrary supposition, we may deny that the secular power ought ever to interfere with the sword to protect the faith.

To accomplish his designs, the reformer needed even in Zurich the greatest unity. But there were many men in that city devoted to interests and superstitions which were opposed to him. "How long," had he exclaimed in the pulpit on the 1st December, 1528, "will you support in the council these unbelievers, these impious men, who oppose the Word of God?"[1] They had decided upon purging the council, as required by the reformer; they had examined the citizens individually; and then had excluded all the hostile members.

II. On Saturday the 15th June, 1529, seven days after Keyser's martyrdom, all Zurich was in agitation. The moment was come when Unterwalden should send a governor to the common bailiwicks; and the images, having been burnt in those districts, Unterwalden had sworn to take a signal revenge.[2] Thus the consternation had become general. "Keyser's pile," thought they, "will be rekindled in all our villages." Many of the inhabitants flocked to Zurich, and on their alarmed and agitated features, one might, in imagination, have seen reflected the flames that had just consumed the martyr.

These unhappy people found a powerful advocate in Zwingle. The reformer imagined that he had at last attained the object that he never ceased to pursue—the free preaching of the Gospel in Switzerland. To inflict a final blow would, in his idea, suffice to bring this enterprise to a favourable issue. "Greedy pensioners," said Zwingle to the Zurichers, "profit by the ignorance of the mountaineers to stir up these simple souls against the friends of the Gospel. Let us therefore be severe upon these haughty chiefs. The mildness of the lamb would only serve to render the wolf more ferocious.[3] Let us propose to the Five Cantons to allow the free preaching of the Word of the Lord, to renounce their wicked alliances, and to punish the abettors of foreign service. As for the Mass, idols, rites, and superstitions, let no one be forced to abandon them. It is for the Word of God alone to scatter with its powerful breath all this idle dust.[4] Be firm, noble

[1] Weinet häfftig. (Bull. ii. p. 149.)
[2] Rev. xvii. 6.
[3] Bellum cui nos instamus, pax est, non bellum. (Vita Zwinglii per O. Myconium.)
[4] Obligarchiæ nervi succidantur. (Ibid.)

[1] Den rath reinigen. (Füssli Beyträge, iv. p. 91.)
[2] Den götzen brand, an inen mitt der Hand zu rächen. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 193.)
[3] Lupus lenitate agni, magis magisque vorax fit. (Zwing. Epp. ii. p. 296.)
[4] Dei verbum enim hos pulveres omnes facile flatu suo disperget. (Ibid.)

lords, and in despite of certain black horses, as black at Zurich as they are at Lucerne,[1] but whose malice will never succeed in overturning the chariot of Reform, we shall clear this difficult pass, and arrive at the unity of Switzerland and at unity of faith." Thus Zwingle, while calling for force against political abuses, asked only liberty for the Gospel; but he desired a prompt intervention, in order that this liberty might be secured to it. Œcolampadius thought the same: "It is not a time for delay," said he, "it is not a time for parsimony and pusillanimity! So long as the venom shall not be utterly removed from this adder in our bosoms we shall be exposed to the greatest dangers."[2]

The council of Zurich, led away by the reformer, promised the bailiwicks to support religious liberty among them; and scarcely had they learnt that Anthony ab Acker of the Unterwalden was proceeding to Baden with an army, than they ordered five hundred men to set out for Bremgarten with four pieces of artillery. This was the 5th June, and on the same evening the standard of Zurich waved over the convent of Mouri.

The war of religion had begun. The horn of the Waldstettes re-echoed afar in mountains: men were arming in every direction, and messengers were sent off in haste to invoke the assistance of the Valais and of Austria. Three days later (Tuesday the 8th June), six hundred Zurichers, under the command of Jacques Werdmüller, set out for Rapperschwyl and the district of Gaster; and, on the morrow, four thousand men repaired to Cappel, under the command of the valiant Captain George Berguer, to whom Conrad Schmidt, pastor of Kussnacht, had been appointed chaplain. "We do not wish you to go to the war," said Burgomaster Roust to Zwingle; "for the Pope, the Archduke Ferdinand, the Romish cantons, the bishops, the abbots, and the prelates hate you mortally. Stay with the council: we have need of you."—"No!" replied Zwingle, who was unwilling to confide so important an enterprise to any one; "when my brethren expose their lives I will not remain quietly at home by my fireside. Besides, the army also requires a watchful eye, that looks continually around it." Then, taking down his glittering halberd, which he had carried (as they say) at Marignan, and placing it on his shoulder, the reformer mounted his horse and set out with the army.[3] The walls, towers, and battlements were covered with a crowd of old men, children, and women, among whom was Anna, Zwingle's wife.

Zurich had called for the aid of Berne; but that city, whose inhabitants showed little disposition for a religious war, and which besides was not pleased at seeing the increasing influence of Zurich, replied: "Since Zurich has begun the war without us, let her finish it in like manner." The Evangelical states were disunited at the very moment of struggle.

The Romish cantons did not act thus. It was Zug that issued the first summons; and the men of Uri, of Schwytz, and of Unterwalden had immediately begun the march. On the 8th June, the great banner floated before the townhouse of Lucerne, and on the next day the army set out to the sound of the antique horns that Lucerne pretended to have received from the Emperor Charlemagne.

On the 10th June, the Zurichers, who were posted at Cappel, sent a herald at daybreak to Zug, who was commissioned, according to custom, to denounce to the Five Cantons the rupture of the alliance. Immediately Zug was filled with cries and alarm. This canton, the smallest in Switzerland, not having yet received all the confederate contingents, was not in a condition to defend itself. The people ran to and fro, sent off messengers, and hastily prepared for battle; the warriors fitted on their armour, the women shed tears, and the children shrieked.

Already the first division of the Zurich army, amounting to two thousand men, under the command of William Thöming, and stationed near the frontier below Cappel, was preparing to march, when they observed, in the direction of Baar, a horseman, pressing the flanks of his steed and galloping up as fast as the mountain which he had to ascend would permit. It was Aebli, landamman of Glaris. "The Five Cantons are prepared," said he, as he arrived, "but I have prevailed upon them to halt, if you will do the same. For this reason I entreat my lords and the people of Zurich, for the love of God, and the safety of the Confederation, to suspend their march at the present moment." As he said these words, the brave Helvetian shed tears.[1] "In a few hours," continued he, "I shall be back again. I hope, with God's grace, to obtain an honourable peace, and to prevent our cottages from being filled with widows and orphans."

Aebli was known to be an honourable man, friendly to the Gospel, and opposed to foreign service: his words, therefore, moved the Zurich captains, who resolved to halt. Zwingle alone, motionless and uneasy, beheld in his friend's intervention the machinations of the adversary. Austria, occupied in repelling the Turks, and unable to succour the Five Cantons, had exhorted them to peace. This, in Zwingle's opinion, was the cause of the propositions brought to them by the landamman of Glaris. So at the moment Aebli turned round to return to Zug,[2] Zwingle approaching him said with

[1] The Pensioners.—Exceptis aliquot nigris equis. (Zwing. Epp. ii. 298.)

[2] Venenum a domestico illo colubro. (Ibid.)

[3] Soudern sass auf ein Ross, und führte eine hölzerne Helparten auf den Achseln. (Füss li. Beytr. iv. p. 103.)

[1] Das redt er mitt weynenden Ougen. (Bull. ii p. 169.)

[2] Alls nun der Amman wiederumm zu dem

earnestness, "Gossip landamman, you will render to God an account of all this. Our adversaries are caught in a sack: this is why they give you sweet words. By and by they will fall upon us unawares, and there will be none to deliver us." Prophetic words, whose fulfilment went beyond all foresight! "Dear gossip!" replied the landamman, "I have confidence in God that all will go well. Let each one do his best." And he departed.

Then, instead of advancing upon Zug, the army began to erect tents along the edge of the forest and the brink of the torrent a few paces from the sentinels of the Five Cantons; while Zwingle, seated in his tent, silent, and in deep thought, anticipated some distressing news from hour to hour.

He had not long to wait. It was the deputies of the Zurich Council who came to give reality to his fears. Berne, maintaining the character that it had so often filled as representative of the federal policy, declared that if Zurich or the cantons would not make peace, they should know how to compel them; this state at the same time convoked a diet at Arau, and sent five thousand men into the field, under the command of Sebastian Diesbach. Zwingle was struck with consternation.

Aebli's message, supported by that of Berne, was sent back by the council to the army; for, according to the principles of the time, "wherever the banner waves, there is Zurich."—"Let us not be staggered," cried the reformer, ever decided and firm; "our destiny depends upon our courage; to-day they beg and entreat, and in a month, when we have laid down our arms, they will crush us. Let us stand firm in God. Before all things, let us be just: peace will come after that." But Zwingle, transformed to a statesman, began to lose the influence which he had gained as a servant of God. Many could not understand him, and asked if what they had heard was really the language of a minister of the Lord. "Ah!" said one of his friends, who perhaps knew him best, Oswald Myconius, "Zwingle certainly was an intrepid man in the midst of danger; but he always had a horror of blood, even of his most deadly enemies. The freedom of his country, the virtues of our forefathers, and, above all, the glory of Christ, were the sole end of his designs.[1]—I speak the truth, as if in the presence of God," adds he.

While Zurich was sending deputies to Arau, the two armies received reinforcements. The men of Thurgovia and St. Gall joined their banners to that of Zurich; the Valaisans and the men of St. Gothard united with the Romanist cantons. The advanced posts were in sight of each other at Thunn, Leematt, and Goldesbrunnen, on the delightful slopes of the Albis.

Never, perhaps, did Swiss cordiality shine forth brighter with its ancient lustre. The soldiers called to one another in a friendly manner, shook hands, styled themselves confederates and brothers. "We shall not fight," said they. "A storm is passing over our heads, but we will pray to God, and he will preserve us from every harm." Scarcity afflicted the army of the Five Cantons, while abundance reigned in the camp of Zurich.[1] Some young famishing Waldstettes one day passed the outposts: the Zurichers made them prisoners, led them to the camp, and then sent them back laden with provisions, with still greater goodnature than was shown by Henry IV. at the siege of Paris. At another time, some warriors of the Five Cantons, having placed a bucket filled with milk on the frontier line, cried out to the Zurichers that they had no bread. The latter came down immediately, and cut their bread into the enemies' milk: then the soldiers of the two parties began with jokes to eat out of the same dish—some on this side, some on that. The Zurichers were delighted that, notwithstanding the prohibition of their priests, the Waldstettes ate with heretics. When one of the troop took a morsel that was on the side of his adversaries, these sportively struck him with their spoons, and said to him: "Do not cross the frontier!" Thus did these good Helvetians make war upon one another; and hence it was that the Burgomaster Sturm of Strasburg, one of the mediators, exclaimed: "You Confederates are a singular people! When you are disunited, you live still in harmony with one another, and your ancient friendship never slumbers."[2]

The most perfect order reigned in the camp of Zurich. Every day Zwingle, the commander Schmidt, Zink abbot of Cappel, or some other minister, preached among the soldiers. No oath or dispute was heard; every disorderly woman was turned out of the camp; prayers were offered up before and after every meal; and each man obeyed his chiefs. There were no dice, no cards, no games calculated to excite quarrels; but psalms, hymns, national songs, bodily exercise, wrestling, or pitching the stone, were the military recreations of the Zurichers.[3] The spirit that animated the reformer had passed into the army.

The assembly at Arau, transported to Steinhausen in the neighbourhood of the two camps, decreed that each army should hear the complaints of the opposite party. The reception of the deputies of the Five Cantons by the Zurichers was tolerably calm; it was not so in the other camp.

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orten ryten wollt. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 170.) Zwingle was godfather to one of Aebli's children.

[1] Libertas patriæ, virtutes avitæ, et imprimis gloria Christi. (Osw. Myc. De vita Zw.)

[1] A measure of corn was sold for a florin, and one of wine for a half-batz, about three halfpence. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 182.)

[2] Wenn ihr schon uneins sind, so sind ir eins. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 183.)

[3] Sondern sang, sprang, wurf, und Stiess die Steine. (Füssli Beyt. iv. p. 108.)

On the 15th June, fifty Zurichers, surrounded by a crowd of peasants, proceeded on horseback to the Waldstettes. The sound of the trumpet, the roll of the drum, and repeated salvos of artillery announced their arrival. Nearly twelve thousand men of the smaller cantons, in good order, with uplifted heads and arrogant looks, were under arms. Escher of Zurich spoke first, and many persons from the rural districts enumerated their grievances after him, which the Waldstettes thought exaggerated. "When have we ever refused you the federal right?" asked they. "Yes, yes!" replied Funk, Zwingle's friend; "we know how you exercise it. That pastor (Keyser) appealed to it, and you referred him—to the executioner!" "Funk, you would have done better to have held your tongue," said one of his friends. But the words had slipped out; a dreadful tumult suddenly arose; all the army of the Waldstettes was in agitation; the most prudent begged the Zurichers to retire promptly, and protected their departure.

At length the treaty was concluded on the 26th June, 1529. Zwingle did not obtain all he desired. Instead of the free preaching of the Word of God, the treaty stipulated only liberty of conscience; it declared that the common bailiwicks should pronounce for or against the Reform by a majority of votes. Without decreeing the abolition of foreign pensions, it was recommended to the Romish cantons to renounce the alliance formed with Austria; the Five Cantons were to pay the expenses of the war, Murner to retract his insulting words, and an indemnity was secured to Keyser's family.[1]

An incontrovertible success had just crowned the warlike demonstration of Zurich. The Five Cantons felt it. Gloomy, irritated, silently champing the bit that had been placed in their mouths, their chiefs could not decide upon giving up the deed of their alliance with Austria. Zurich immediately recalled her troops, the mediators redoubled their solicitations, and the Bernese exclaimed: "If you do not deliver up this document, we will ourselves go in procession and tear it from your archives." At last it was brought to Cappel on the 26th June, two hours after midnight. All the army was drawn out at eleven in the forenoon, and they began to read the treaty. The Zurichers looked with astonishment at its breadth and excessive length, and the nine seals which had been affixed, one of which was in gold. But scarcely had a few words been read, when Aebli, snatching the parchment, cried out: "Enough, enough!"—"Read it, read it!" said the Zurichers; "we desire to learn their treason!" But the Bailiff of Glaris replied boldly: "I would rather be cut in a thousand pieces than permit it." Then dashing his knife into the parchment he cut it in pieces in the presence of Zwingle and the soldiers,[1] and threw the fragments to the secretary to commit them to the flames. "This paper was not Swiss," says Bullinger with sublime simplicity.

The banners were immediately struck. The men of Unterwalden retired in anger; those of Schwytz swore they would for ever preserve their ancient faith; while the troops of Zurich returned in triumph to their homes. But the most opposite thoughts agitated Zwingle's mind. "I hope," said he, doing violence to his feelings, "that we bring back an honourable peace to our dwellings. It was not to shed blood that we set out.[2] God has once again shown the great ones of the earth that they can do nothing against us." But when he gave way to his natural disposition a very different order of thoughts took possession of his mind. He was seen walking apart in deep dejection, and anticipating the most gloomy future. In vain did the people surround him with joyful shouts. "This peace," said he, "which you consider a triumph, you will soon repent of, striking your breasts." It was at this time that, venting his sorrow, he composed, as he was descending the Albis, a celebrated hymn often repeated to the sound of music in the fields of Switzerland, among the burghers of the Confederate cities, and even in the palaces of kings. The hymns of Luther and of Zwingle play the same part in the German and Swiss Reformation as the Psalms in that of France.

Do thou direct thy chariot, Lord,
And guide it at thy will;
Without thy aid our strength is vain,
And useless all our skill.
Look down upon thy saints brought low,
And prostrate laid beneath the foe.

Beloved Pastor, who hast saved
Our souls from death and sin,
Uplift thy voice, awake thy sheep
That slumbering lie within
Thy fold, and curb with thy right hand
The rage of Satan's furious band.

Send down thy peace, and banish strife,
Let bitterness depart;
Revive the spirit of the past
In every Switzer's heart;
Then shall thy Church for ever sing
The praises of her heavenly King.

An edict, published in the name of the Confederates, ordered the revival everywhere of the old friendship and brotherly concord: but decrees are powerless to work such miracles.

This treaty of peace was nevertheless favourable to the Reform. No doubt it met with a violent opposition in some places. The nuns of the vale of St. Catherine in Thurgovia, deserted by their priests and excited by some noblemen beyond the Rhine,

[1] Supra, p. 536. The treaty is given entire in Bullinger, ii. p. 185, and Ruchat, ii.

[1] Tabellæ fœderis a prætore Pagi Glaronensis gladio concisæ et deletæ, id quod ipse vidi. (Zw Epp. ii. p. 310.)

[2] Cum non cædem factum profecti sumus (Ibid.)

who styled them in their letters, "Chivalrous women of the house of God," sang Mass themselves, and appointed one of their number preacher to the convent. Certain deputies from the Protestant cantons having had an interview with them, the abbess and three of the nuns secretly crossed the river by night, carrying with them the papers of the monastery and the ornaments of the church. But such isolated resistance as this was unavailing. Already in 1529 Zwingle was able to hold a synod in Thurgovia, which organized a church there, and decreed that the property of the convents should be consecrated to the instruction of pious young men in sacred learning. Thus concord and peace seemed at last to be re-established in the Confederation.

III. When, however, the conqueror abandons himself to his triumph, in that very confidence he often finds destruction. Zurich and Zwingle were to exemplify this mournful lesson of history. Taking advantage of the national peace, they redoubled their exertions for the triumph of the Gospel. This was a legitimate zeal, but it was not always wisely directed. To attain the unity of Switzerland by unity of faith was the object of the Zurichers: but they forgot that, by desiring to force a unity, it is broken to pieces, and that freedom is the only medium in which contrary elements can be dissolved, and a salutary union established. While Rome aims at unity by anathemas, imprisonment, and the stake, Christian truth demands unity through liberty. And let us not fear that unity, expanding each individuality beyond measure, will produce by this means an infinite multiplicity. While we urge every mind to attach itself to the Word of God, we give it up to a power capable of restoring its diverging opinions to a wholesome unity.

Zwingle at first signalized his victory by legitimate conquests. He advanced with courage. "His eye and his arm were every where." "A few wretched mischief-makers," says Salat, a Romanist chronicler, "penetrating into the Five Cantons, troubled men's souls, distributed their frippery, scattered every where little poems, little tracts, little testaments, and ceased not from saying that the people ought not to believe the priests."[1] This was not all; while the Reform was destined to be confined around the lake of the Waldstettes to a few fruitless efforts, it made brilliant conquests among the cantons,—the allies and subjects of Switzerland; and all the blows there inflicted on the Papacy re-echoed among the lofty valleys of the primitive cantons, and filled them with affright. No where had Popery shown itself more determined than in the Swiss mountains. A mixture of Romish despotism and Helvetian roughness existed there. Rome was resolved to conquer, and yet she beheld her most important positions successively wrested from her.

In fact, on the 29th September, 1529, the citizens of Schaffhausen removed the "great God" (*le bon Dieu*) from the cathedral, to the deep regret of a small number of devotees, whom the Roman worship still counted in this city; then they abolished the Mass, and stretched out their hands to Zurich and to Berne.

At Zurzack, near the confluence of the Rhine and the Aar, at the moment when the priest of the place, a man devoted to the ancient worship, was preaching with zeal, a person named Tufel (devil), raising his head, said to him: "Sir, you are heaping insults on good men, and you are loading the Pope and the saints of the Roman calendar with honour; pray where do we find that in the Holy Scriptures?" This question, put in a serious tone of voice, raised a sly smile on many faces, and the people with their eyes fixed on the pulpit awaited the reply. The curate, in astonishment and at his wit's end, answered with a trembling voice: "Devil is thy name; thou actest like the devil, and thou art the devil? For this reason I will have nothing to do with thee." Then hastily leaving the pulpit, he ran away as if Satan himself had been behind him. Immediately the images were torn down, and the Mass abolished. The Roman-catholics sought to console themselves by repeating every where: "At Zurzack it was the devil who introduced the Reformation."[1]

The priests and warriors of the Forest Cantons beheld the overthrow of the Romish faith in countries that lay nearer to them. In the canton of Glaris, whence by the steep passes of the Klaus and the Pragel,[2] the Reform might suddenly fall upon Uri and Schwytz, two men met face to face. At Mollis, Fridolin Brunner, questioning himself every day by what means he could advance the cause of Christ,[3] attacked the abuses of the Church with the energy of his friend Zwingle,[4] and endeavoured to spread among the people, who were passionately fond of war, the peace and charity of the Gospel. At Glaris, on the contrary, Valentine Tschudi studied with all the circumspection of his friend Erasmus to preserve a just medium between Rome and the Reform. And although—thanks to the preaching of Fridolin!—the doctrines of purgatory, indulgences, meritorious works, and intercession of the saints, were looked at by the Glaronais as mere follies and fables,[5] they still believed with Tschudi that the body

[1] Die sectischen haltend vil elends Hüdel volk gefunden, &c. (Salat, Chron.)

[1] That der Tüffel den ersten Angriff.

[2] This is the road by which the army of Suwaroff escaped in 1799.

[3] Nam cotidie cogitare soleo quanam re Christianum adjuvem profectum. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 13.)

[4] Audea ego intrepide omnem ecclesiæ abusum et omnia humana precepta in enunciatione verbi Dei damnare. (Ibid.)

[5] Nugas esse et fabulas. (Ibid.)

and blood of Christ were substantially in the bread of the Lord's Supper.

At the same time a movement in opposition to the Reform was taking place in that high and savage valley, where the Linth, roaring at the foot of vast rocks with jagged crests—enormous citadels which seemed built in the air,—bathes the villages of Schwanden and Ruti with its waters. The Roman-catholics, alarmed at the progress of the Gospel, and wishing to save these mountains at least, had scattered with liberal hands the money they derived from their foreign pensions; and from that time violent hatred had been seen to divide old friends, and men who appeared to have been won over to the Gospel basely sought for a pretext to conceal a disgraceful flight.[1] "Peter[2] and I," wrote Rasdorfer, pastor of Ruti, in despair, "are labouring in the vineyard, but, alas! the grapes we gather are not employed for the sacrifice, and the very birds do not eat them. We fish, but after having toiled all night, we find that we have only caught leeches.[3] Alas! we are casting pearls before dogs, and roses before swine!" This spirit of revolt against the Gospel soon descended from these valleys with the noisy waters of the Linth, as far as Glaris and Mollis. "The council, as if it had been composed only of silly women, shifted its sails every day," said Rasdorfer;[4] "one day it will have the cowl, on the next it will not."[5] Glaris, like a leaf carried along by one of its torrents, and which the waves and eddies drive in different directions, wavered, wheeled about, and was nearly being swallowed up.

But this crisis came to an end: the Gospel suddenly regained strength, and on Easter Monday, 1530, a general assembly of the people "put the Mass and the altars to the vote." A powerful party that relied upon the Five Cantons vainly opposed the Reform. It was proclaimed, and its vanquished and disconcerted enemies were forced to content themselves, says Bullinger, with mysteriously concealing a few idols, which they reserved for better days.

In the meanwhile, the Reform advanced in the exterior *Rhodes* of Appenzell,[6] and in the districts of Sargans. But what most exasperated the cantons that remained faithful to the Romish doctrines, was to see it pass the Alps and appear in Italy, in those beautiful districts round Lake Maggiore, where, near the embouchure of the Maggia within the walls of Locarno, in the midst of laurels, pomegranates, and cypresses, flourished the noble families of Orelli, Muralto, Magoria, and Duni, and where floated since 1512, the sovereign standard of the cantons. "What!" said the Waldstettes, "is it not enough that Zurich and Zwingle infest Switzerland! They have the impudence to carry their pretended Reform even into Italy,—even into the country of the Pope!"

Great irregularities prevailed there among the clergy: "Whoever wishes to be damned must become a priest," was a common saying.[1] But the Gospel succeeded in making its way even into that district. A monk of Como, Egidio à Porta, who had taken the cowl in 1511, against the wishes of his family,[2] struggled for years in the Augustine convent, and no where found peace for his soul. Motionless, environed, as it appeared to him, with profound night, he cried aloud: "Lord, what wilt thou that I should do?" Ere long the monk of Como thought he heard these words in his heart: "Go to Ulric Zwingle and he will tell thee." He rose trembling with emotion. "It is you," wrote he to Zwingle immediately, "but no! it is not you, it is God who, through you, will deliver me from the nets of the hunters." "Translate the New Testament into Italian," replied Zwingle; "I will undertake to get it printed at Zurich." This is what Reform did for Italy more than three centuries ago.

Egidio therefore remained. He commenced translating the Gospel; but at one time he had to beg for the convent, at another to repeat his "hours," and then to accompany one of the fathers on his journeys.[3] Every thing that surrounded him increased his distress. He saw his country reduced to the greatest misery by desolating wars,—men formerly rich, holding out their hands for alms,—crowds of women driven by want to the most shameful degradation. He imagined that a great political deliverance could alone bring about the religious independence of his fellow-countrymen.

On a sudden he thought that this happy hour was arrived. He perceived a band of Lutheran lansquenets descending the Alps. Their serried phalanxes, their threatening looks were directed towards the banks of the Tiber. At their head marched Freunds-

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[1] Jam ære convicti palinodiam canunt. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 292.)

[2] Pierre Rumelin, pastor of Schwanden.

[3] Tota enim nocte piscantes, sanguisugas aspendios cepimus. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 13.) Rasdorfer evidently alludes to what Pliny says of a kind of vine, termed *Aspendios:* E diverso aspendios, damnata aris. Ferunt eam nec ab alite ulla attingi. (Hist. Nat. lib. xiv. cap. xviii. § 22.)

[4] Vertit vela indies senatus noster mulierularum more. (Ibid.)

[5] Vult jam cucullum, post non vult. (Ibid.) That is, at one time it recognises, at another rejects, the Abbot of Saint Gall.

[6] See Benedict Noll's letter to Zwingle, Epp. ii. p. 635.

[1] St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, suppressed somewhat later several convents in this district: "Monialium non dicam collegia, sed amantium contubernia," said he. (Die evangel Gem. in Locarno von F. Meyer, i. p. 109.)

[2] Subduxi memet a parentum patrocinio, cucullumque nigrum ex animo suscepi. (Zw. Epp. i. p. 448.)

[3] Confratres nonnulli viri certe et pietate et eruditione nequaquam contemptibiles. (Ibid. p 533.)

berg, wearing a chain of gold around his neck, and saying: "If I reach Rome I will make use of it to hang the Pope." "God wills to save us," wrote Egidio to Zwingle: "write to the constable;[1] entreat him to deliver the people over whom he rules,—to take from the shaven crowns, whose God is their belly, the wealth which renders them so proud,—and to distribute it among the people who are dying of hunger. Then let each one preach without fear the pure Word of the Lord.—The strength of Antichrist is near its fall!"

Thus, about the end of 1526, Egidio already dreamt of the Reformation of Italy. From that time his letters cease: the monk disappeared. There can be no doubt that the arm of Rome was able to reach him, and that, like so many others, he was plunged into the gloomy dungeon of some convent.

In the spring of 1530, a new epoch commenced for the Italian bailiwicks. Zurich appointed Jacques Werdmüller bailiff of Locarno; he was a grave man, respected by all, and who even in 1521 had kissed the feet of the Pope; he had since then been won over to the Gospel, and had sat down at the feet of the Saviour.[2] "Go," said Zurich, "and bear yourself like a Christian, and in all that concerns the Word of God conform to the ordinances." Werdmüller met with nothing but darkness in every quarter. Yet, in the midst of this gloom, a feeble glimmering seemed to issue from a convent situated on the delightful shores of Lake Maggiore. Among the Carmelites at Locarno was a monk named Fontana, skilled in the Holy Scriptures, and animated with the same spirit that had enlightened the monk of Como. The doctrine of salvation, "without money and without price," which God proclaims in the Gospel, filled him with love and joy. "As long as I live," said he, "will I preach upon the Epistles of St. Paul;"[3] for it was particularly in these Epistles that he had found the truth. Two monks, of whose names we are ignorant, shared his sentiments. Fontana wrote a letter "to all the Church of Christ in Germany," which was forwarded to Zwingle. We may imagine we hear that man of Macedonia, who appeared in a vision to Paul in the night, calling him to Europe, and saying, "Come over and help us."[4]—"O, trusty and well-beloved of Christ Jesus," cried the monk of Locarno to Germany, "remember Lazarus, the beggar, in the Gospel,—remember that humble Canaanitish woman, longing for the crumbs that fell from the Lord's table, hungry as David, I have recourse to the show-bread placed upon the altar. A poor traveller devoured by thirst, I rush to the springs of living water.[1] Plunged in darkness, bathed in tears, we cry to you who know the mysteries of God to send us by the hands of the munificent J. Werdmüller all the writings of the divine Zwingle, of the famous Luther, of the skilful Melancthon, of the mild Œcolampadius, of the ingenious Pomeranus, of the learned Lambert, of the elegant Brenz, of the penetrating Bucer, of the studious Leo, of the vigilant Hütten, and of the other illustrious doctors, if there are any more. Excellent princes, pivots of the Church, our holy mother, make haste to deliver from the slavery of Babylon a city of Lombardy that has not yet known the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We are but three who have combined together to fight on behalf of the truth;[2] but it was beneath the blows of a small body of men, chosen by God, and not by the thousands of Gideon, that Midian fell. Who knows if from a small spark God may not cause a great conflagration?"

Thus three men on the banks of the Maggia hoped at that time to reform Italy. They uttered a call to which, for three centuries, the Evangelical world has not replied. Zurich, however, in these days of its strength and of its faith, displayed a holy boldness, and dared extend her heretical arms beyond the Alps. Hence, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, and all the Romanists of Switzerland gave vent to loud and terrible threats, swearing to arrest even in Zurich itself the course of these presumptuous invasions.

But the Zurichers did not confine themselves to this: they gave the Confederates more serious cause of fear by waging incessant war against the convents,—those centres of Ultramontane fanaticism. The extensive monastery of Wettingen, around which roll the waters of the Limmat, and which, by its proximity to Zurich, was exposed more than any other to the breath of Reform, was in violent commotion. On the 23d August, 1529, a great change took place; the ice was broken and the downfal complete. The monks ceased to sing Mass; they cut off each other's beards, not without shedding a few tears; they laid down their frocks and their hoods, and clothed themselves in becoming secular dresses.[3] Then, in astonishment at this metamorphosis, they listened devoutly to the sermon which Sebastian Benli of Zurich came and preached to them, and erelong employed themselves in propagating the Gospel, and in singing psalms in German. Thus Wettingen fell into the current of that river which seemed to be everywhere reviving the Confederation. The cloister, ceasing to be a house for gaming,

[1] Bourbon, who commanded in Italy on behalf of the Emperor. (Supra, book xii.)
[2] Luke x. 39.
[3] Se dum vivat satis de Epistolis Pauli concionaturum esse. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 497.)
[4] Acts xvi. 9.

[1] Debilis et infirmus apud piscinam, salutem mei et patriæ toto mentis affectu citissime expecto (Hottinger, sæcul. 16, pars 2, p. 619.)
[2] Confederati conjunctique in expeditionem veritatis tres tantum numero sumus. (Hottinger sæcul. 16, pars 2. p. 630.)
[3] Bekleitend sich in erbare gemeine Landskleyder. (Bull. Chron. ii. p. 221.)

gluttony, and drunkenness, was changed into a school. Two monks alone in all the monastery remained faithful to the cowl.

The commander of Mulinen, without troubling himself about the threats of the Romish cantons, earnestly pressed the commandery of St. John at Hitzkirch towards the Reformation. The question was put to the vote, and the majority declared in favour of the Word of God. "Ah!" said the commander, "I have been long pushing behind the chariot."[1] On the 4th September the commandery was reformed. It was the same with that of Wadenswyl, with the convent of Pfeffers, and others besides. Even at Mury the majority declared for the Gospel; but the minority prevailed through the support of the Five Cantons.[2] A new triumph, and one of greater value, was destined to indemnify the Reform, and to raise the indignation of the Waldstettes to the highest pitch.

The Abbot of St. Gall, by his wealth, by the number of his subjects, and the influence which he exercised in Switzerland, was one of the most formidable adversaries of the Gospel. In 1529, therefore, at the moment when the army of Zurich took the field against the Five Cantons, the Abbot Francis of Geisberg, in alarm and at the brink of death, caused himself to be hastily removed into the strong castle of Rohrschach, not thinking himself secure except within its walls. Four days after this, the illustrious Vadianus, burgomaster of St. Gall, entered the convent, and announced the intention of the people to resume the use of their cathedral-church, and to remove the images. The monks were astonished at such audacity, and having in vain protested and cried for help, put their most precious effects in a place of safety, and fled to Einsideln.

Among these was Kilian Kouffi, head-steward of the Abbey, a cunning and active monk, and, like Zwingle, a native of the Tockenburg. Knowing how important it was to find a successor to the abbot, before the news of his death was bruited abroad, he came to an understanding with those who waited on the prelate; and the latter dying on Tuesday in Holy Week, the meals were carried as usual into his chamber, and with downcast eyes and low voice the attendants made every inquiry about his health. While this farce was going on round the dead body, the monks who had assembled in Einsideln repaired in all haste to Rapperswyl, in the territory of St. Gall, and there elected Kilian, who had so skilfully managed the affair.—The new abbot went immediately to Rohrschach, and on Good Friday he there proclaimed his own election and the death of his predecessor. Zurich and Glaris declared they would not recognise him, unless he could prove by the Holy Scriptures that a monkish life was in conformity with the Gospel. "We are ready to protect the house of God," said they; "and it is for this reason we require that it be consecrated anew to the Lord. But we do not forget that it is our duty also to protect the people. It is in the bosom of a free people that the free Church of Christ should raise its head." At the same time the ministers of St. Gall published forty-two theses, in which they asserted that convents were not "houses of God, but houses of the devil."[1] The abbot, supported by Lucerne and Schwytz, which with Zurich and Glaris exercised sovereign power in St. Gall, replied that he would not dispute about rights which he held from kings and emperors. The two natives of the Tockenburg, Zwingle and Kilian, were thus struggling around St. Gall,—the one claiming the people for the abbey, and the other the abbey for the people. The army of Zurich having approached Wyl, Kilian seized upon the treasures and immunities of the convent, and fled precipitately beyond the Rhine. Then when peace was concluded, the crafty monk clothed himself in a secular dress, and crept mysteriously as far as Einsideln, whence on a sudden he made all Switzerland re-echo with his cries. Zurich replied only by publishing in conjunction with Glaris a constitution, by which a governor "confirmed in the evangelical faith," should preside over the district, with a council of twelve members, while the election of pastors was left to the parishes.[2] Not long afterwards, the abbot, expelled and a fugitive, while crossing a river near Bregentz, fell from his horse, got entangled in his frock, and was drowned. Of the two combatants from the Tockenburg, it was Zwingle who gained the victory.

The convent was put up to sale, and was purchased by the town of St. Gall, "with the exception," says Bullinger, "of a detached building, called *Hell*, where the monks were left who had not embraced the Reform."[3] The time having arrived when the governor sent by Zurich was to give place to the one sent from Lucerne, the people of St. Gall called upon the latter to swear to their constitution. "A governor has never been known," replied he, "to make an oath to peasants; it is the peasants who should make oath to the governor!" Upon this he retired: the Zurich governor remained, and the indignation of the five Cantons against Zurich, which so daringly assisted the people of St. Gall in recovering their liberties, rose to the highest paroxysm of anger.

A few victories, however, consoled in some degree the partisans of Rome. Soleure was for a long time one of the most contested battle fields. The citizens and the learned

[1] Diu me in hoc curru promovendo laborasse, priusquam tam longe processit. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 334.)

[2] Das das minder müst das meer sin. (Bull. ii. p. 241.)

[1] Thesis 8. (Bull. ii. p. 115.)

[2] Die Pfarer soll den Gmeinden irs gfellens zu erkiessen Zugestelt syn. (Bull. ii. p. 268.)

[3] Alein was ein gebuw die *Hell* genampt, das liess man den Munchen blyben. (Ibid. p. 271.)

were in favour of Reform: the patricians and canons for Popery. Philip Grotz of Zug was preaching the Gospel there, and the council having desired to compel him to say Mass, one hundred Reformed appeared in the hall of assembly on the 13th of September, 1529, and with energy called for liberty of conscience. Zurich and Berne having supported this demand, it was granted to them.

Upon this, the most fanatical of the Roman catholics, exasperated at the concession, closed the gates of the city, pointed the guns, and made a show of expelling the friends of the Reform. The council prepared to punish these agitators, when the Reformed, willing to set an example of Christian moderation, declared they would forgive them.[1] The Great Council then published throughout the canton that the dominion of conscience belonging to God alone, and faith being the free gift of His grace, each one might follow the religion which he thought best. Thirty-four parishes declared for the Reformation, and only two for the Mass. Almost all the rural districts were in favour of the Gospel; but the majority of the city sided with the Pope.[2] Haller, whom the Reformed of Soleure had sent for, arrived, and it was a day of triumph for them. It was in the middle of winter: "To-day," ironically observed one of the Evangelical Christians, "our patron saint (St. Ours) will sweat!" And in truth—oh! wonderful!—drops of moisture fell from the holy image. It was simply a little holy water that had frozen and then thawed. But the Romanists would listen to no raillery on so illustrious a prodigy, reminding us of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. All the city resounded with piteous cries,—the bells were tolled,—a general procession moved through the streets,—and high mass was sung in honour of the heavenly prince who had shown in so marvellous a manner the pangs he felt for his dearly beloved. "It is the fat minister of Berne (Haller) who is the cause of the saint's alarm," said the devout old women. One of them declared that she would thrust a knife into his body; and certain Roman catholics threatened to go to the Cordelier's church and murder the pastors who preached there. Upon this the Reformed rushed to that church and called for a public discussion: two hundred of their adversaries posted themselves at the same time in the church of St. Ours and refused the discussion. Neither of the two parties was willing to be the first to abandon the camp in which it was entrenched. The senate wishing to clear the two churches thus transformed into citadels, announced that at Martimas, *i. e.* nine months later, a public discussion should take place. But as the Reformed found the delay too long, both parties remained for a whole week more under arms. Commerce was interrupted,—the public offices were closed—messengers ran to and fro,—arrangements were proposed; but the people were so stiffnecked,[1] that no one would give way. The city was in a state of siege. At last all were agreed about the discussion, and the ministers committed four theses to writing, which the canons immediately attempted to refute.

Nevertheless they judged it a still better plan to elude them. Nothing alarmed the Romanists so much as discussion. "What need have we of any?" said they. "Do not the writings of the two parties declare their sentiments?" The conference was, therefore, put off until the following year. Many of the Reformed, indignant at these delays, imprudently quitted the city; and the councils, charmed at this result, which they were far from expecting, hastily declared that the people should be free in the canton, but that in the city no one should attack the Mass. From that time the Reformed were compelled every Sunday to leave Soleure and repair to the village of Zuchsweil to hear the Word of God. Thus Popery, defeated in so many places, triumphed in Soleure.

Zurich and the other reformed cantons attentively watched these successes of their adversaries, and lent a fearful ear to the threats of the Roman catholics, who ceased not from announcing the intervention of the Emperor; when on a sudden a report was heard that nine hundred Spaniards had entered the Grisons; that they were led by the Chatelain of Musso, recently invested with the title of marquis by Charles the Fifth; that the chatelain's brother-in-law, Didier d'Embs, was also marching against the Swiss at the head of three thousand imperial lansquenets; and that the Emperor himself was ready to support them with all his forces. The Grisons uttered a cry of alarm. The Waldstettes remained motionless; but all the reformed cantons assembled their troops, and eleven thousand men began their march.[2] The Emperor and the Duke of Milan having soon after declared that they would not support the chatelain, this adventurer beheld his castle rased to the ground, and was compelled to retire to the banks of the Sesia, giving guarantees of future tranquillity; while the Swiss soldiers returned to their homes, fired with indignation against the Five Cantons, who by their inactivity had infringed the Federal alliance.[3] "Our prompt and energetic resistance," said they, "has undoubtedly baffled their perfidious designs; but the reaction is only adjourned. Although the parchment of the Austrian alliance has been torn in pieces, the alliance itself still exists. The truth has freed us, but soon the imperial lansquenets will come and try to place us again under the yoke of slavery."

[1] Ruchat, ii. p. 139.

[2] Major pars agri abolita superstitione a parte nostra stat. Major et potior pars urbis a papistis. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 489.)

[1] Tam duræ cervicis populus est. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 489.)

[2] Bull. Chron. ii. p. 357.

[3] Ward ein grosser Unwilt wieder sie. (Ibid. p. 461.)

Thus, in consequence of so many violent shocks, the two parties that divided Switzerland had attained the highest degree of irritation. The gulf that separated them widened daily. The clouds—the forerunners of the tempest—drove swiftly along the mountains, and gathered threateningly above the valleys. Under these circumstances, Zwingle and his friends thought it their duty to raise their voices, and if possible to avert the storm. Thus Nicholas de Flue had in former days thrown himself between the hostile parties.

On the 5th September, 1530, the principal ministers of Zurich, Berne, Basle, and Strasburg,—Œcolampadius, Capito, Megander, Leo Juda, and Myconius,—were assembled at Zurich in Zwingle's house. Desirous of taking a solemn step with the Five Cantons, they drew up an address that was presented to the Confederates at the meeting of the Diet at Baden. However unfavourable the deputies were, as a body, to these heretical ministers, they nevertheless listened to this epistle, but not without signs of impatience and weariness.[1] "You are aware, gracious lords, that concord increases the power of states, and that discord overthrows them.[2] You are yourselves a proof of the first of these truths. Setting out from a small beginning, you have, by a good understanding one with another, arrived at a great end. May God condescend to prevent you also from giving a striking proof of the second! Whence comes disunion, if not from selfishness? and how can we destroy this fatal passion, except by receiving from God the love of the common weal? For this reason we conjure you to allow the Word of God to be freely preached among you, as did your pious ancestors. When has there ever existed a government, even among the heathens, which saw not that the hand of God alone upholds a nation? Do not two drops of quicksilver unite so soon as you remove that which separates them? Away then with that which separates you from our cities, that is, the absence of the Word of God; and immediately the Almighty God will unite us, as our fathers were united. Then placed in your mountains, as in the centre of Christendom, you will be an example to it, its protection and its refuge; and after having passed through this vale of tears, being the terror of the wicked and the consolation of the faithful, you will at last be established in eternal happiness."

Thus frankly did these men of God address their brothers, the Waldstettes. But their voice was not attended to. "The ministers' sermon is rather long,"[3] said some of the deputies yawning and stretching their arms, while others pretended to see in it fresh cause of complaint against the cities.

This proceeding of the ministers was useless: the Waldstettes rejected the Word of God, which they had been entreated to admit; they rejected the hands that were extended towards them in the name of Jesus Christ. They called for the Pope and not for the Gospel. All hope of reconciliation appeared lost.

Some persons, however, had at that time a glimpse of what might have saved Switzerland and the Reformation,—the *autonomy* (self-government) of the Church, and its independence of political interests. Had they been wise enough to decline the secular power to secure the triumph of the Gospel, it is probable that harmony might have been gradually established in the Helvetic cantons, and that the Gospel would have conquered by its Divine strength. The power of the Word of God presented chances of success that were not afforded by pikes and muskets. The energy of faith, the influence of charity, would have proved a securer protection to Christians against the burning piles of Waldstettes than diplomatists and men-at-arms. None of the Reformers understood this so clearly as Œcolampadius. His handsome countenance, the serenity of his features, the mild expression of his eyes, his long and venerable beard, the spirituality of his expression, a certain dignity that inspired confidence and respect, gave him rather the air of an apostle than of a reformer. It was the power of the inner word that he particularly extolled; perhaps he even went too far in spiritualism. But, however that may be, if any man could have saved Reform from the misfortunes that were about to befall it—that man was he. In separating from the Papacy, he desired not to set up the magistrate in its stead. "The magistrate who should take away from the churches the authority that belongs to them," wrote he to Zwingle, "would be more intolerable than Antichrist himself (*i. e.* the the Pope)."[1] "The hand of the magistrate strikes with the sword, but the hand of Christ heals. Christ has not said,—If thy brother will not hear thee, tell it to the magistrate, but—*tell it to the Church.* The functions of the State are distinct from those of the Church. The State is free to do many things which the purity of the Gospel condemns."[2] Œcolampadius saw how important it was that his convictions should prevail among the Reformed. This man, so mild and so spiritual, feared not to stand forth boldly in defence of doctrines then so novel. He expounded them before a synod assembly, and next developed them before

[1] Lecta est epistola nostra in comitiis Badensibus. (Œcol. to Bucer. 28th December, 1530.)

[2] Wie mit einhalligkeit kleine Ding gross werdend. (Zw. Opp. ii. p. 78.)

[3] Libellum supplicem ad quinque pagos breviorum vellent. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 511.) Fastidiunt tam sancta (Œcol.)

[1] Intolerabilior enim Antichristo ipso magistratus, qui Ecclesiis auctoritatem suam adimit. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 510.)

[2] Ipsorum functio alia est et ecclesiastica, multaque ferre et facere potest quæ puritas evangelica non agnoscit. (Ibid.)

the senate of Basle.[1] It is a strange circumstance that these ideas, for a moment at least, were acceptable to Zwingle;[2] but they displeased an assembly of the brethren to whom he communicated them; the politic Bucer, above all, feared that this independence of the Church would in some measure check the exercise of the civil power.[3] The exertions of Œcolampadius to constitute the Church, were not, however, entirely unsuccessful. In February, 1531, a diet of four reformed cantons (Basle, Zurich, Berne, and St. Gall) was held at Basle, in which it was agreed, that whenever any difficulty should arise with regard to doctrine or worship, an assembly of divines and laymen should be convoked, which should examine what the Word of God said on the matter.[4] This resolution, by giving greater unity to the renovated Church, gave it also fresh strength.

IV. But it was too late to tread in this path, which would have prevented so many disasters. The Reformation had already entered with all her sails set upon the stormy ocean of politics, and terrible misfortunes were gathering over her. The impulse communicated to the Reform came from another than Œcolampadius. Zwingle's proud and piercing eyes,—his harsh features,—his bold step,—all proclaimed in him a resolute mind and the man of action. Nurtured in the exploits of the heroes of antiquity, he threw himself, to save Reform, in the footsteps of Demosthenes and Cato, rather than in those of St. John and St. Paul. His prompt and penetrating looks were turned to the right and to the left,—to the cabinets of kings and the councils of the people, whilst they should have been directed solely to God. We have already seen, that as early as 1527, Zwingle, observing how all the powers were rising against the Reformation, had conceived the plan of a *co-burghery* or Christian State,[5] which should unite all the friends of the Word of God in one holy and powerful league. This was so much the easier, as Zwingle's reformation had won over Strasburg, Augsburgh, Ulm, Reutlingen, Lindau, Memmingen, and other towns of Upper Germany. Constance in December, 1527, Berne in June, 1528, St. Gall in November of the same year, Bienne in 1529, Mulhausen in February, Basle in March, Schaffhausen in September, and Strasburg in December, entered into this alliance. This political phase of Zwingle's character is in the eyes of some persons his highest claim to glory: we do not hesitate to acknowledge it as his greatest fault. The Reformer, deserting the paths of the Apostles, allowed himself to be led astray by the perverse example of Popery. The primitive Church never opposed their prosecutors but by the dispositions of the Gospel of peace. Faith was the only sword by which it vanquished the mighty ones of the earth. Zwingle felt clearly that by entering into the ways of worldly politicians, he was leaving those of a minister of Christ: he therefore sought to justify himself. "No doubt, it is not by human strength," said he, "it is by the strength of God alone that the Word of the Lord should be upheld. But God often makes use of men as instruments to succour men. Let us therefore unite, and from the sources of the Rhine to Strasburg let us form but one people and one alliance."[1]

Zwingle played two parts at once—he was a reformer and a magistrate. But these are two characters that ought not more to be united than those of a minister and of a soldier. We will not blame the soldiers, we will not blame the magistrates; in forming leagues and drawing the sword, they act according to their point of view, although it is not the same as ours; but we will decidedly blame the Christian minister, who becomes a diplomatist or a general.

In October, 1529, as we have already observed, Zwingle repaired to Marburg, whither he had been invited by Philip of Hesse; and while neither of them had been able to come to an understanding with Luther, the Landgrave and the Swiss Reformer, animated by the same bold and enterprising spirit, soon agreed together.

The two reformers differed not less in their political than in their religious system. Luther, brought up in the cloister and in monastic submission, was imbued in youth with the writings of the fathers of the Church; Zwingle, on the other hand, reared in the midst of Swiss liberty, had, during those early years which decide the course of all the others, imbibed the history of the ancient republics. Thus, while Luther was in favour of a passive obedience, Zwingle demanded that the tyrants should be opposed.

These two men were the faithful representatives of their respective nations. In the north of Germany, the princes and nobility were the essential part of the nation, and the people—strangers to all political liberty—had only to obey. Thus, at the epoch of the Reformation, they were contented to follow the voice of their doctors and chiefs. In Switzerland, in the south of Germany, and on the Rhine, on the contrary, many cities, after long and violent struggles, had won their civil liberty; and hence we see in almost every place the people taking a decided part in the Reform of the Church. There was good in this; but evil was close at hand. The Reformers, themselves men of the people, who dared

[1] Orationis meæ quam, fratrum nomine, coram senatu habui. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 510.)
[2] Ut mihi magis ac magis arridet. (Ibid. p. 518.)
[3] Ut non impediat alicubi magistratum Christianum. (Bucer to Zw. p. 836.)
[4] J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 554.
[5] Civitas Christiana.

[1] Dass von oben hinab hie dises Rhyns, bis gen Strasbourg ein Volk und Bundniss würde. Zw Opp. ii. p. 28.)

not act upon princes, might be tempted to hurry away the people. It was easier for the Reformation to unite with republics than with kings. This facility nearly proved its ruin. The Gospel was thus to learn that its alliance is in heaven.

There was, however, one prince with whom the reformed party of the free states desired to be in union: this was Philip of Hesse. It was he who in great measure prompted Zwingle's warlike projects. Zwingle desired to make him some return, and to introduce his new friend into the evangelical league. But Berne, watchful to avert any thing that might irritate the Emperor and its ancient confederates, rejected this proposal, and thus excited a lively discontent in the "Christian City."—"What!" cried they, "do the Bernese refuse an alliance that would be honourable for us, acceptable to Jesus Christ, and terrible to our adversaries?"[1]—"The Bear," said the high-spirited Zwingle, "is jealous of the Lion (Zurich); but there will be an end to all these artifices, and victory will remain with the bold." It would appear, indeed, according to a letter in cipher, that the Bernese at last sided with Zwingle, requiring only that this alliance with a prince of the Empire should not be made public.[2]

Still Œcolampadius had not given way, and his meekness contended, although modestly, with the boldness of his impetuous friend. He was convinced that faith was destined to triumph only by the cordial union of all believers. A valuable relief came to reanimate his exertions. The deputies of the Christian co-burghery, being assembled at Basle in 1530, the envoys from Strasburg endeavoured to reconcile Luther and Zwingle. Œcolampadius wrote to Zwingle on the subject, begging him to hasten to Basle,[3] and not show himself too unyielding. "To say that the body and blood of Christ are really in the Lord's Supper, may appear to many too hard an expression," said he, "but is it not softened, when it is added—spiritually and not bodily?"[4]

Zwingle was immovable. "It is to flatter Luther that you hold such language, and not to defend the truth.[5] *Edere est credere.*"[6] Nevertheless there were men present at the meeting, who were resolved upon energetic measures. Brotherly love was on the eve of triumphing: peace was to be obtained by union. The Elector of Saxony himself proposed a concord of all Evangelical Christians: the Landgrave invited the Swiss cities to accede to it. A report spread that Luther and Zwingle were about to make the same confession of faith. Zwingle, calling to mind the early professions of the Saxon Reformer, said one day at table before many witnesses, that Luther would not think so erroneously about the Eucharist, if he were not misled by Melancthon.[1] The union of the whole Reform seemed about to be concluded: it would have vanquished by its own weapons. But Luther soon showed that Zwingle was mistaken in his expectation. He required a written engagement by which Zwingle and Œcolampadius should adhere to his sentiments, and the negotiations were broken off in consequence. Concord having failed, there remained nothing but war. Œcolampadius must be silent, and Zwingle must act.

And in truth from that hour Zwingle advanced more and more along that fatal path, into which he was led by his character, his patriotism, and his early habits. Stunned by so many violent shocks, attacked by his enemies and by his brethren, he staggered and his head grew dizzy. From this period the reformer almost entirely disappears, and we see in his place the politician, the great citizen, who, beholding a formidable coalition preparing its chains for every nation, stands up energetically against it. The Emperor had just formed a close alliance with the Pope. If his deadly schemes were not opposed, it would be all over, in Zwingle's opinion, with the Reformation, with religious and political liberty, and even with the Confederation itself. "The Emperor," said he, "is stirring up friend against friend, enemy against enemy: and then he endeavours to raise out of this confusion the glory of the Papacy, and, above all, his own power. He excites the Chatelain of Musso against the Grisons—Duke George of Saxony against Duke John—the Bishop of Constance against the city—the Duke of Savoy against Berne—the Five Cantons against Zurich—and the Bishops of the Rhine against the Landgrave; then, when the confusion shall have become general, he will fall upon Germany, will offer himself as a mediator, and ensnare princes and cities by fine speeches, until he has them all under his feet. Alas! what discord, what disasters, under the pretence of re-establishing the Empire and restoring religion!"[2] Zwingle went farther. The reformer of a small town in Switzerland, rising to the most astonishing political conceptions, called for a European alliance against such fatal designs. The son of a peasant of the Tockenburg held up his head against the heir of so many crowns. "That

[1] Ipsis et nobis honestius, ob religionis et caritatis causam, Christo gratius, ob conjunctas vires utilius, hostibusque terribilius. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 481.)

[2] Tantum recusaverunt aperte agere. (Ibid. p. 487. The cipher 3 appears to indicate the Bernese.

[3] Si potes, mox advola. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 547.)

[4] Christi corpus et sanguinem adesse vero in cœna fortasse cuipiam durius sonat, sed mitigatur dum adjungitur animo non corpore. (Ibid.)

[5] Hæc omnia fieri pro Luthero neque pro veritate propugnandi causa. (Ibid. p. 550.)

[6] To eat is to believe. (Ibid.)

[1] Memini dudum Tiguri te dicentem cum convivio me exciperes, Lutherum non adeo perperam de Eucharistia sentire, nisi quod Melancthon ex alio eum cogeret. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 562.)

[2] Quæ dissidia, quas turbas, quæ mala quas clades! (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 429.)

man must either be a traitor or a coward," wrote he to a senator of Constance, "who is content to stretch and yawn, when he ought to be collecting men and arms on every side, to show the Emperor that in vain he strives to re-establish the Romish faith, to enslave the free cities, and to subdue the Helvetians.[1] He showed us only six months ago how he would proceed. To-day he will take one city in hand, to-morrow another; and so, step by step, until they are all reduced. Then their arms will be taken away, their treasures, their machines of war, and all their power. . . . . Arouse Lindau, and all your neighbours; if they do not awake, public liberty will perish under the pretext of religion. We must place no confidence in the friendship of tyrants. Demosthenes teaches us that there is nothing so hateful in their eyes as *την των πολεων ελευθεριαν*.[2] The Emperor with one hand offers us bread, but in the other he conceals a stone."[3] And a few months later Zwingle wrote to his friends in Constance: "Be bold; fear not the schemes of Charles. The razor will cut him who is sharpening it."[4]

Away, then, with delay! Should they wait until Charles the Fifth claimed the ancient castle of Hapsburg? The Papacy and the Empire, it was said at Zurich, are so confounded together,[5] that one cannot exist or perish without the other. Whoever rejects Popery should reject the Empire, and whoever rejects the Emperor should reject the Pope.

It appears that Zwingle's thoughts even went beyond a simple resistance. When once the Gospel had ceased to be his principal study, there was nothing that could arrest him. "A single individual," said he, "must not take it into his head to dethrone a tyrant; this would be a revolt, and the kingdom of God commands peace, righteousness, and joy. But if a whole people with common accord, or if the majority at least, rejects him, without committing any excess, it is God himself who acts,"[6] Charles V. was at that time a tyrant in Zwingle's eyes; and the reformer hoped that Europe, awakening at length from its long slumber, would be the hand of God to hurl him from his throne.

Never since the time of Demosthenes and of the two Catos had the world seen a more energetic resistance to the power of its oppressors. Zwingle in a political point of view is one of the greatest characters of modern times: we must pay him this honour, which is, perhaps, for a minister of God, the greatest reproach. Everything was prepared in his mind to bring about a revolution that would have changed the history of Europe. He knew what he desired to substitute in place of the power he wished to overthrow. He had already cast his eyes upon the prince who was to wear the imperial crown instead of Charles. It was his friend the Landgrave. "Most gracious prince," wrote he on the 2d November 1529, "I write to you as a child to a father; it is because I hope that God has chosen you for great events. . . . . I dare think, but I dare not speak of them.[1] . . . . . However, we must bell the cat at last.[2] . . . . . All that I can do with my feeble means to manifest the truth, to save the Universal Church, to augment your power and the power of those who love God—with God's help, I will do." Thus was this great man led astray. It is the will of God that there be spots even in those who shine brightest in the eyes of the world, and that only one upon earth shall say—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" We are now viewing the faults of the Reformation: they arise from the union of religion with politics. I could not take upon myself to pass them by; the recollection of the errors of our predecessors is perhaps the most useful legacy they have bequeathed to us.

It appears already that at Marburg Zwingle and the Landgrave had drawn out the first sketch of a general alliance against Charles V. The Landgrave had undertaken to bring over the princes, Zwingle the free cities of Southern Germany and Switzerland. He went still further, and formed a plan of gaining over to this league the republics of Italy—the powerful Venice at least—that she might detain the Emperor beyond the Alps, and prevent him from leading all his forces to Germany. Zwingle, who had earnestly pleaded against all foreign alliances, and proclaimed on so many occasions that the only ally of the Swiss should be the arm of the Almighty, began now to look around for what he had condemned, and thus prepared the way for the terrible judgment that was about to strike his family, his country, and his Church.

He had hardly returned from Marburg, and had made no official communication to the great council, when he obtained from the senate the nomination of an ambassador to Venice. Great men, after their first success, easily imagine that they can do everything. It was not a statesman who was charged with this mission, but one of Zwingle's friends, who had accompanied him into Germany, to the court of the future chief of the Empire—the Greek professor, Rodolph Collin, a bold and skilful man, and who

[1] Romanam fidem restituere, urbes liberas capere, Helvetios in ordinem cogere. (Ibid. March, 1530.)

[2] "The freedom of cities." These words are in Greek in the original.

[3] Cæsar altera manu panem ostentat, altera lapidem celat. (Zw. Epp. March, 1530.)

[4] Incidet in cotem aliquando novacula. Ibid. p. 544.

[5] Bapst und Keyserthumen habend sich dermassen in einandern geflickt. (Bull. ii. p. 343.)

[6] So ist es mit Gott. (Zw. Opp.

[1] Spero Deum te ad magnas res . . . . quas quidem cogitare sed non dicere licet. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 666.)

[2] Sed fieri non potest quin tintinnabulum aliquando feli adnectatur. (Ibid.)

knew Italian. Thus the Reform stretched its hands to the Doge and the Procurator of St. Marc. The Bible was not enough for it—it must have the *Golden Book:* never did a greater humiliation befall God's work. The opinion which Protestants then entertained of Venice may, however, partly excuse Zwingle. There was in that city more independence of the Pope, more freedom of thought, than in all the rest of Italy. Luther himself about this time wrote to Gabriel Zwilling, pastor at Torgau: "With what joy do I learn what you write to me concerning the Venetians. God be praised and glorified, for that they have received his Word!"[1]

Collin was admitted, on the 26th December, to an audience with the Doge and senate, who looked with an air of astonishment at this schoolmaster, this strange ambassador, without attendants, and without parade. They could not even understand his credentials, in so singular a style were they drawn up, and Collin was forced to explain their meaning. "I am come to you," said he, "in the name of the council of Zurich and of the cities of the christian co-burghery—free cities like Venice, and to which common interests should unite you. The power of the Emperor is formidable to the Republics; he is aiming at a universal monarchy in Europe; if he succeeds, all the free states will perish. We must therefore check him."[2] The Doge replied that the Republic had just concluded an alliance with the Emperor, and betrayed the distrust that so mysterious a mission excited in the Venetian senate. But afterwards, in a private conference,[3] the Doge, wishing to preserve a retreat on both sides, added, that Venice gratefully received the message from Zurich, and that a Venetian regiment, armed and paid by the Republic itself, should be always ready to support the Evangelical Swiss. The chancellor, covered with his purple robe, attended Collin to the door, and, at the very gates of the ducal palace, confirmed the promise of support. The moment the Reformation passed the magnificent porticos of St. Marc it was seized with giddiness; it could but stagger onwards to the abyss. They dismissed poor Collin by placing in his hands a present of twenty crowns. The rumour of these negotiations soon spread abroad, and the less suspicious, Capito for example, shook their heads, and could see in this pretended agreement nothing but the accustomed perfidy of Venice.[4]

This was not enough. The cause of the Reform was fated to drink the cup of degradation to the very dregs. Zwingle, seeing that his adversaries in the Empire increased daily in numbers and in power, gradually lost his ancient aversion for France; and, although there was now a greater obstacle than before between him and Francis I.,—the blood of his brethren shed by that monarch,—he showed himself favourably disposed to a union that he had once so forcibly condemned.

Lambert Maigret, a French general, who appears to have had some leaning to the Gospel—which is a slight excuse for Zwingle—entered into correspondence with the reformer, giving him to understand that the secret designs of Charles V. called for an alliance between the King of France and the Swiss Republics. "Apply yourself," said this diplomatist to him in 1530, "to a work so agreeable to our Creator, and which, by God's grace, will be very easy to your Mightiness."[1] Zwingle was at first astonished at these overtures. "The King of France," thought he, "cannot know which way to turn."[2] Twice he took no heed of this prayer; but the envoy of Francis I. insisted that the reformer should communicate to him a plan of alliance. At the third attempt of the ambassador, the simple child of the Tockenburg mountains could no longer resist his advances. If Charles V. must fall, it cannot be without French assistance; and why should not the Reformation contract an alliance with Francis I., the object of which would be to establish a power in the Empire that should in its turn oblige the King to tolerate the Reform in his own dominions? Every thing seemed to meet the wishes of Zwingle; the fall of the tyrant was at hand, and he would drag the Pope along with him. He communicated the general's overtures to the secret council, and Collin set out, commissioned to bear the required project to the French ambassador.[3] "In ancient times," it ran, "no kings or people ever resisted the Roman Empire with such firmness as those of France and Switzerland. Let us not degenerate from the virtues of our ancestors. His most Christian Majesty—all whose wishes are, that the purity of the Gospel may remain undefiled—engages therefore to conclude an alliance with the Christian co-burghery that should be in accordance with the Divine law, and that shall be submitted to the censure of the evangelical theologians of Switzerland." Then followed an outline of the different articles of the treaty.

Lanzerant, another of the king's envoys, replied the same day (27th February,) to

[1] Lætus audio de Venetis quæ scribis, quod verbum Dei receperint, Deo gratia ac gloria. (7th March, 1528. L. Epp. iii. p. 289.)

[2] Formidandam rebus-publicis potentiam Cæsaris, quæ omnino ad Europæ monarchiam vergit. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 445.)

[3] Postea privatim alia respondisse. (Ibid.)

[4] Perfidiam adversus Cæsarem, fidem videri voluunt. (Capito, Zw. Epp. ii. p. 445.)

[1] Operi Creatori nostro acceptissimo, Dominationi tuæ facillimo, media gratia Dei. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 413.)

[2] Regem admodum desesperare et inopem concilii esse, ut nesciat quo se vertat. (Ibid. p. 414.)

[3] Bis negavi, at tertio misi, non sine conscientia Probulatarum. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 422.)

[4] Nihil enim æqui esse in votis Christianissimi Regis, atque ut Evangelii puritas illibata permaneat. (Ibid. p. 417.)

this astonishing project of alliance, about to be concluded between the reformed Swiss and the persecutor of the French Reformed, *under reserve of the censure of the theologians.* . . . . . This was not what France desired: it was Lombardy, and not the Gospel that the king wanted. For that purpose, he needed the support of all the Swiss. But an alliance which ranged the Roman-catholic cantons against him, would not suit him. Being satisfied, therefore, for the present with knowing the sentiments of Zurich, the French envoys began to look coolly upon the Reformer's scheme. "The matters you have submitted to us are admirably drawn up," said Lanzerant to the Swiss commissioner, "but I can scarcely understand them, no doubt because of the weakness of my mind. . . . . We must not put any seed into the ground, unless the soil be properly prepared for it."

Thus, the Reform acquired nothing but shame from these propositions. Since it had forgotten these precepts of the Word of God: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers!"[1] how could it fail to meet with striking reverses? Already Zwingle's friends began to abandon him. The Landgrave, who had pushed him into this diplomatic career, drew towards Luther, and sought to check the Swiss Reformer, particularly after this saying of Erasmus had sounded in the ears of the great: "They ask us to open our gates, crying aloud—the Gospel! the Gospel! . . . . . Raise the cloak, and under its mysterious folds you will find—democracy."

While the Reform, by its culpable proceedings, was calling down the chastisement of Heaven, the Five Cantons, that were to be the instruments of its punishment, accelerated with all their might those fatal days of anger and of vengeance. They were irritated at the progress of the Gospel throughout the Confederation, while the peace they had signed became every day more irksome to them. "We shall have no repose," said they, "until we have broken these bonds and regained our former liberty."[2] A general diet was convoked at Baden for the 8th January, 1531. The Five Cantons then declared that if justice was not done to their grievances, particularly with respect to the abbey of St. Gall, they would no more appear in diet. "Confederates of Glaris, Schaffhausen, Friburg, Soleure, and Appenzell," cried they, "aid us in making our ancient alliances respected, or we will ourselves contrive the means of checking this guilty violence; and may the Holy Trinity assist us in this work!"[3]

But they did not confine themselves to threats. The treaty of peace had expressly forbidden all insulting language—"for fear," it is said, "that by insults and calumnies, discord should again be excited, and greater troubles than the former should arise." Thus was concealed in the treaty itself the spark whence the conflagration was to proceed. In fact, to restrain the rude tongues of the Waldstettes was impossible. Two Zurichers, the aged prior Ravensbühler, and the pensioner Gaspard Gödli, who had been compelled to renounce, the one his convent, and the other his pension, especially aroused the anger of the people against their native city. They used to say every where in these valleys, and with impunity, that the Zurichers were heretics; that there was not one of them who did not indulge in unnatural sins, and who was not a robber at the very least;[1] —that Zwingle was a thief, a murderer, and an arch-heretic; and that, on one occasion at Paris (where he had never been,) he had committed a horrible offence, in which Leo Juda had been his pander.[2] "I shall have no rest," said a pensioner, "until I have thrust my sword up to the hilt in the heart of this impious wretch." Old commanders of troops, who were feared by all on account of their unruly character; the satellites who followed in their train; insolent young people, sons of the first persons in the state, who thought every thing was lawful against miserable preachers, and their stupid flocks; priests inflamed with hatred, and treading in the footsteps of these old captains and giddy young men, who seemed to take the pulpit of a church for the bench of a pot-house: all poured torrents of insults on the Reform and its adherents. "The towns-people," exclaimed with one accord these drunken soldiers and these fanatic priests, "are heretics, soul-stealers, conscience-slayers, and Zwingle—that horrible man, who commits infamous sins—is the *Lutheran God.*"[3]

They went still further. Passing from words to deeds, the Five Cantons persecuted the poor people among them who loved the Word of God, flung them into prison, imposed fines upon them, brutally tormented them, and mercilessly expelled them from their country. The people of Schwytz did even worse. Not fearing to announce their sinister designs, they appeared at a Landsgemeinde wearing pine-branches in their hats, in sign of war, and no one opposed them. "The Abbot of St. Gall," said they, "is a prince of the Empire, and holds his investiture from the Emperor. Do they imagine that Charles V. will not avenge him?"—"Have not these heretics," said others, "dared to form a *Christian Fraternity*, as if old Switzerland was a heathen country?" Secret councils were continually held in one place or another.[4]

[1] 2 Cor. vi. 13.

[2] Nitt ruwen biss sy der banden ledig. (Bull. ii. p. 324.)

[3] Darzu helfe uns die helig dryfaltikeit. (Bull. p. 336.)

[1] Es were hein Zurycher er hatte chuy und merchen gehygt. (Bull. p. 336.)

[2] Alls der zu Parys ein Esel gehygt; und habe imm Leo Jud denselben geliept. (Bull. ii. p. 336.)

[3] Der lutherischen Gott. (Ibid. p. 337.)

[4] Radt schlagtend und tagentend heymlich v. e. (Bull. ii. p. 336.)

New alliances were sought with the Valais, the Pope, and the Emperor[1]—blamable alliances, no doubt, but such as they might at least justify by the proverb: "Birds of a feather go together;" which Zurich and Venice could not say.

The Valaisans at first refused their support: they preferred remaining neuter; but on a sudden their fanaticism was inflamed. A sheet of paper was found on an altar—such at least was the report circulated in their valleys,—in which Zurich and Berne were accused of preaching that to commit an offence against nature is a smaller crime than to hear Mass![2] Who had placed this mysterious paper on the altar? Came it from man? Did it fall from heaven? . . . . . They knew not; but however that might be, it was copied, circulated, and read everywhere; and the effects of this fable, invented by some villain, says Zwingle,[3] was such that Valais immediately granted the support it had at first refused! The Waldstettes, proud of their strength, then closed their ranks; their fierce eyes menaced the heretical cantons; and the winds bore from their mountains to their neighbours of the towns a formidable clang of arms.

At the sight of these alarming manifestations the evangelical cities were in commotion. They first assembled at Basle in February 1531, then at Zurich in March. "What is to be done?" said the deputies from Zurich, after setting forth their grievances; "how can we punish these infamous calumnies, and force these threatening arms to fall?"—"We understand," replied Berne, "that you would have recourse to violence; but think of these secret and formidable alliances that are forming with the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France, with so many princes, in a word with all the priests' party, to accelerate our ruin;—think on the innocence of so many pious souls in the Five Cantons, who deplore these perfidious machinations;—think how easy it is to begin a war, but that no one can tell when it will end."[4] Sad foreboding! which a catastrophe, beyond all human foresight, accomplished but too soon. "Let us therefore send a deputation to the Five Cantons," continued Berne; "let us call upon them to punish these infamous calumnies in accordance with the treaty; and if they refuse, let us break off all intercourse with them."—"What will be the use of this mission?" asked Basle. "Do we not know the brutality of this people? And is it not to be feared that the rough treatment to which our deputies will be exposed, may make the matter worse? Let us rather convoke a general diet." Schaffhausen and St. Gali having concurred in this opinion, Berne summoned a diet at Baden for the 10th April, at which deputies from all the cantons were assembled.

Many of the principal men among the Waldstettes disapproved of the violence of the retired soldiers and of the monks. They saw that these continually repeated insults would injure their cause. "The insults of which you complain," said they to the diet, "afflict us no less than you. We shall know how to punish them, and we have already done so. But there are violent men on both sides. The other day a man of Basle having met on the highroad a person who was coming from Berne, and having learnt that he was going to Lucerne:—'To go from Berne to Lucerne,' exclaimed he, 'is passing from a father to an arrant knave!'" The mediating cantons invited the two parties to banish every cause of discord.

But the war of the Chatelain of Musso having then broken out, Zwingle and Zurich, who saw in it the first act of a vast conspiracy, destined to stifle the Reform in every place, called their allies together. "We must waver no longer," said Zwingle; "the rupture of the alliance on the part of the Five Cantons, and the unheard of insults with which they load us, impose upon us the obligation of marching against our enemies,[1] before the Emperor, who is still detained by the Turks, shall have expelled the Landgrave, seized upon Strasburg, and subjugated even ourselves." All the blood of the ancient Swiss seemed to boil in this man's veins; and while Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden basely kissed the hand of Austria, this Zuricher—the greatest Helvetian of the age—faithful to the memory of old Switzerland, but not so to still holier traditions, followed in the glorious steps of Stauffacher and Winkelried.

The warlike tone of Zurich alarmed its confederates. Basle proposed a summons, and then, in case of refusal, the rupture of the alliance. Schaffhausen and St. Gall were frightened at even this step: "The mountaineers, so proud, indomitable, and exasperated," said they, "will accept with joy the dissolution of the Confederation, and then shall we be more advanced?" Such was the posture of affairs, when to the great astonishment of all, deputies from Uri and Schwytz made their appearance. They were coldly received; the cup of honour was not offered to them; and they had to walk, according to their own account, in the midst of the insulting cries of the people. They unsuccessfully endeavoured to excuse their conduct. "We have long been waiting," was the cold reply of the diet, "to see your actions and your words agree."[2] The men

[1] Nüwe fründschaften, by den Walliseren, dem Bapst, und den Keysserischen. (Ibid.)

[2] Ut si quis rem obscœnam cum jumento sive bove habeat, minus peccare quam si missam inaudiat. (Zw. Epp. p. 610.)

[3] Perfidorum ac sceleratorum hominum commentum. (Ibid.)

[4] Aber sin end und ussgang möchte nieman bald wüssen. (Bull. ii. p. 346.)

[1] Sy gwaltig ze überziehen. (Bull. ii. p. 366.)

[2] Und wortt und werk mit einandern gangen werind. (Bull. ii. p. 367.)

of Schwytz and of Uri returned in sadness to their homes; and the assembly broke up, full of sorrow and distress.

Zwingle beheld with pain the deputies of the evangelical towns separating without having come to any decision. He no longer desired only a reformation of the Church; he wished for a transformation in the Confederacy; and it was this latter reform that he was now preaching from the pulpit, according to what we learn from Bullinger.[1] He was not the only person who desired it. For a long time the inhabitants of the most populous and powerful towns of Switzerland had complained that the Waldstettes, whose contingent of men and money was much below theirs, had an equal share in the deliberations of the diet, and in the fruits of their victories. This had been the cause of division after the Burgundian War. The Five Cantons, by means of their adherents, had the majority. Now Zwingle thought that the reins of Switzerland should be placed in the hands of the great cities, and, above all, in those of the powerful cantons of Berne and Zurich. New times, in his opinion, called for new forms. It was not sufficient to dismiss from every public office the pensioners of foreign princes, and substitute pious men in their place; the federal compact must be remodelled, and settled upon a more equitable basis. A national constituent assembly would doubtless have responded to his wishes. These discourses, which were rather those of a tribune of the people, than of a minister of Jesus Christ, hastened on the terrible catastrophe.

And indeed the animated words of the patriot reformer passed from the church where they had been delivered into the councils and the halls of the guilds, into the streets and the fields. The burning words that fell from the lips of this man kindled the hearts of his fellow-citizens. The electric spark, escaping with noise and commotion, was felt even in the most distant cottage. The ancient traditions of wisdom and prudence seemed forgotten. Public opinion declared itself energetically. On the 29th and 30th April, a number of horsemen rode hastily out of Zurich; they were envoys from the council, commissioned to remind all the allied cities of the encroachment of the Five Cantons, and to call for a prompt and definitive decision. Reaching their several destinations, the messengers recapitulated the grievances.[2] "Take care," said they in conclusion; "great dangers are impending over all of us. The Emperor and King Ferdinand are making vast preparations; they are about to enter Switzerland with large sums of money, and with a numerous army."

Zurich joined actions to words. This state, being resolved to make every exertion to establish the free preaching of the Gospel in those bailiwicks where it shared the sovereignty with the Roman-catholic cantons, desired to interfere by force wherever negotiations could not prevail. The federal rights, it must be confessed, were trampled under foot at St. Gall, in Thurgovia, in the Rheinthal; and Zurich substituted arbitrary decisions in their place, that excited the indignation of the Waldstettes to the highest degree. Thus the number of enemies to the Reform kept increasing; the tone of the Five Cantons became daily more threatening, and the inhabitants of the canton of Zurich, whom their business called into the mountains, were loaded with insults, and sometimes badly treated. These violent proceedings excited in turn the anger of the reformed cantons. Zwingle traversed Thurgovia, St. Gall, and the Tockenburg, everywhere organizing synods, taking part in their proceedings, and preaching before excited and enthusiastic crowds. In all parts he met with confidence and respect. At St. Gall an immense crowd assembled under his windows, and a concert of voices and instruments expressed to the reformer the public gratitude in harmonious songs. "Let us not abandon ourselves," he repeated continually, "and all will go well." It was resolved that a meeting should be held at Arau on the 12th May, to deliberate on a posture of affairs that daily became more critical. This meeting was to be the beginning of sorrows.

V. Zwingle's scheme with regard to the establishment of a new Helvetian constitution did not prevail in the diet of Arau. Perhaps it was thought better to see the result of the crisis. Perhaps a more Christian, a more federal view—the hope of procuring the unity of Switzerland by unity of faith—occupied men's minds more than the pre-eminence of the cities. In truth, if a certain number of cantons remained with the Pope, the unity of the Confederation was destroyed, it might be for ever. But if all the Confederation was brought over to the same faith, the ancient Helvetic unity would be established on the strongest and surest foundation. Now was the time for acting—or never; and there must be no fear of employing a violent remedy to restore the whole body to health.

Nevertheless, the allies shrunk back at the thought of restoring religious liberty or political unity by means of arms; and to escape from the difficulties in which the Confederation was placed, they sought a middle course between war and peace. "There is no doubt," said the deputies from Berne, "that the behaviour of the cantons with regard to the Word of God fully authorizes an armed intervention; but the dangers that threaten us on the side of Italy and the Empire—the danger of arousing the lion from his slumber—the general want and

[1] Trang gar häfftig uff eine gemeine Reformation gemeiner Eydgenoschaft. (Bull. ii. p. 368.)

[2] They are to be found in Bullinger, ii. p. 368–376.

misery that afflict our people—the rich harvests that will soon cover our fields, and that the war would infallibly destroy—the great number of pious men among the Waldstettes, and whose innocent blood would flow along with that of the guilty:—all these motives enjoin us to leave the sword in the scabbard. Let us rather close our markets against the Five Cantons; let us refuse them corn, salt, wine, steel, and iron; we shall thus impart authority to the friends of peace among them, and innocent blood will be spared."[1] The meeting separated forthwith to carry this intermediate proposition to the different Evangelical cantons, and on the 15th May again assembled at Zurich.

Convinced that the means apparently the most violent were nevertheless both the surest and the most humane, Zurich resisted the Bernese proposition with all its might. "By accepting this proposition," said they, "we sacrifice the advantages that we now possess, and we give the Five Cantons time to arm themselves, and to fall upon us first. Let us take care that the Emperor does not then attack us on one side, while our ancient confederates attack us on the other; a just war is not in opposition to the Word of God; but this is contrary to it—taking the bread from the mouths of the innocent as well as the guilty; straitening by hunger the sick, the aged, pregnant women, children, and all who are deeply afflicted by the injustice of the Waldstettes.[2] We should beware of exciting by this means the anger of the poor, and transforming into enemies many who at the present time are our friends and our brothers!"

We must acknowledge that this language, which was Zwingle's, contained much truth. But the other cantons, and Berne in particular, were immoveable. "When we have once shed the blood of our brothers," said they, "we shall never be able to restore life to those who have lost it; while, from the moment the Waldstettes have given us satisfaction, we shall be able to put an end to all these severe measures. We are resolved not to begin the war." There were no means of running counter to such a declaration. The Zurichers consented to refuse supplies to the Waldstettes; but it was with hearts full of anguish, as if they had foreseen all that this deplorable measure would cost them.[3] It was agreed that the severe step that was now about to be taken should not be suspended except by common consent, and that, as it would create great exasperation, each one should hold himself prepared to repel the attacks of the enemy. Zurich and Berne were commissioned to notify this determination to the Five Cantons; and Zurich, discharging its task with promptitude, immediately forwarded an order to every bailiwick to suspend all communication with the Waldstettes, commanding them at the same time to abstain from ill-usage and hostile language. Thus the Reformation, becoming imprudently mixed up with political combinations, marched from fault to fault; it pretended to preach the Gospel to the poor, and was now about to refuse them bread!

On the Sunday following—it was Whitsunday—the resolution was published from the pulpits. Zwingle walked towards his, where an immense crowd was waiting for him. The piercing eye of this great man easily discovered the dangers of the measure in a political point of view, and his christian heart deeply felt all its cruelty. His soul was overburdened, his eyes downcast. If at this moment the true character of a minister of the Gospel had awoke within him;—if Zwingle with his powerful voice had called on the people to humiliation before God, to forgiveness of trespasses, and to prayer; safety might yet have dawned on "broken-hearted" Switzerland. But it was not so. More and more the Christian disappears in the Reformer, and the citizen alone remains; but in that character he soars far above all, and his policy is undoubtedly the most skilful. He sees clearly that every delay may ruin Zurich; and after having made his way through the people, and closed the book of the Prince of Peace, he hesitates not to attack the resolution which he has just communicated to the people, and on the very festival of the Holy Ghost to preach war. "He who fears not to call his adversary a criminal," says he in his usual forcible language, "must be ready to follow the word with a blow.[1] If he does not strike, he will lie stricken. Men of Zurich! you deny food to the Five Cantons, as to evil-doers: well! let the blow follow the threat, rather than reduce poor innocent creatures to starvation. If, by not taking the offensive, you appear to believe that there is not sufficient reason for punishing the Waldstettes, and yet you refuse them food and drink, you will force them by this line of conduct to take up arms, to raise their hands, and to inflict punishment upon you. This is the fate that awaits you."

These words of the eloquent reformer moved the whole assembly. Zwingle's politic mind already so influenced and misled all the people that there were few souls christian enough to feel how strange it was that on the very day when they were celebrating the outpouring of the Spirit of peace and love upon the Christian Church, the mouth of a minister of God should utter provocation to war. They looked at this sermon only in a political point of view: "It is a seditious discourse; it is an excite-

[1] Und dadurch unshuldiez Blüt erspart wurde. (Bull ii. p. 383.)

[2] Kranke alte shwangere wyber, kinder und sunst betrubte. (Bull. ii. p. 384.)

[3] Schmerzlich und kummersachlich. (Ibid. p. 386.)

[1] Das er wortt und faust mitt einander gan lasse (Bull. ii. p. 388.)

ment to civil war!" said some. "No," replied others, "it is the language that the safety of the state requires!" All Zurich was agitated. "Zurich has too much fire," said Berne. "Berne has too much cunning," replied Zurich.[1] Zwingle's gloomy prophecy was too soon to be fulfilled!

No sooner had the reformed cantons communicated to the Waldstettes this pitiless decree than they hastened its execution; and Zurich showed the greatest strictness respecting it. Not only the markets of Zurich and of Berne, but also those of the free bailiwicks, those of St. Gall, of the Tockenburg, of the district of Sargans and of the valley of the Rhine, a country partly under the sovereignty of the Waldstettes, were shut against the Five Cantons. A formidable power had suddenly encompassed with barrenness, famine, and death, the noble founders of Helvetian liberty. Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, and Lucerne, were, as it seemed, in the midst of a vast desert. Their own subjects, thought they at least, the communes that have taken the oath of allegiance to them, would range themselves on their side! But no; Bremgarten, and even Mellingen, refused all succour. Their last hope was in Wesen and the Gastal. Neither Berne nor Zurich have any thing to do there; Schwytz and Glaris alone rule over them; but the power of their enemies has penetrated everywhere. A majority of thirteen votes had declared in favour of Zurich at the Landsgemeinde of Glaris; and Glaris closed the gates of Wesen and of the Gastal against Schwytz. In vain did Berne itself cry out: "How can you compel subjects to refuse supplies to their lords?" In vain did Schwytz raise its voice in indignation; Zurich immediately sent to Wesen——gunpowder and bullets. It is upon Zurich, therefore, that falls all the odium of a measure which that city had at first so earnestly combated. At Arau, at Bremgarten, at Mellingen, in the free bailiwicks, were several carriages laden with provisions for the Waldstettes. They were stopped, unloaded, and upset: with them were barricades erected on the roads leading to Lucerne, Schwytz, and Zug. Already a year of dearth had made provisions scarce in the Five Cantons;—already had a frightful epidemic, the *Sweating Sickness*, scattered everywhere despondency and death: but now the hand of man was joined to the hand of God; the evil increased, and the poor inhabitants of these mountains beheld unheard of calamities approach with hasty steps. No more bread for their children—no more wine to revive their exhausted strength—no more salt for their flocks and herds! Every thing failed them that man requires for subsistence.[2] One could not see such things, and be a man, without a broken heart. In the confederate cities, and out of Switzerland, numerous voices were raised against this implacable measure. What good can result from it? Did not St. Paul write to the Romans: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head?"[1] And when the magistrates wished to convince certain refractory communes of the utility of the measure: "We desire no religious war," cried they. "If the Waldstettes will not believe in God, let them stick to the devil!"

But it was especially in the Five Cantons that earnest complaints were heard. The most pacific individuals, and even the secret partisans of the Reform, seeing famine invade their habitations, felt the deepest indignation. The enemies of Zurich skilfully took advantage of this disposition; they fostered these murmurs; and soon the cry of anger and distress re-echoed from all the mountains. In vain did Berne represent to the Waldstettes that it is more cruel to refuse men the nourishment of the soul than to cut off that of the body. "God," replied these mountaineers in their despair, "God causes the fruits of the earth to grow freely for all men!"[2] They were not content with groaning in their cottages, and venting their indignation in councils; they filled all Switzerland with complaints and menaces.[3] "They wish to employ famine to tear us from our ancient faith; they wish to deprive our wives and our children of bread, that they may take from us the liberty we derive from our forefathers. When did such things ever take place in the bosom of the Confederation? Did we not see, in the last war, the Confederates with arms in their hands, and who were ready to draw the sword, eating together from the same dish? They tear in pieces old friendships—they trample our ancient manners underfoot—they violate treaties—they break alliances. . . . We invoke the charters of our ancestors! Help! help! . . . Wise men of our people, give us your advice, and all you who know how to handle the sling and the sword, come and maintain with us the sacred possessions, for which our fathers, delivered from the yoke of the stranger, united their arms and their hearts."

At the same time the Five Cantons sent into Alsace, Brisgau, and Swabia, to obtain salt, wine, and bread; but the administration of the cities was implacable; the orders were everywhere given, and everywhere strictly executed. Zurich and the other allied cantons intercepted all communication, and sent back to Germany the supplies

[1] It was Zwingle who characterized the two cities:—

Berne: klage Zurich wäre zu hitzig:
Zurich: Bern wäre zu witzig.—(Stettler.)

[2] Deshalb sy bald grossen mangel erlittend an allem dem das der Mensh geläben soll. (Bull. ii. p. 396.)

[1] Ibid.—Romans xii. 20.

[2] Hartmann von Hall wyll to Albert of Mulinen, 7th August.

[3] Klagtend sich allent halben wyt und breit (Bull. ii. p. 397.)

that had been forwarded to their brethren. These Five Cantons were like a vast fortress, all the issues from which are closely guarded by watchful sentinels. The afflicted Waldstettes, on beholding themselves alone with famine between their lakes and their mountains, had recourse to the observances of their worship. All sports, dances, and every kind of amusement were interdicted;[1] prayers were directed to be offered up; and long processions covered the roads of Einsideln and other resorts of pilgrims. They assumed the belt, and staff, and arms of the brotherhood to which they each belonged; each man carried a chaplet in his hands, and repeated paternosters; the mountains and the valleys re-echoed with their plaintive hymns. But the Waldstettes did still more: they grasped their swords—they sharpened the points of their halberds—they brandished their weapons in the direction of Zurich and of Berne, and exclaimed with rage: "They block up their roads, but we will open them with our right arms!"[2] No one replied to this cry of despair; but there is a just Judge in heaven to whom vengeance belongs, and who will soon reply in a terrible manner, by punishing those misguided persons, who, forgetful of christian mercy, and making an impious mixture of political and religious matters, pretend to secure the triumph of the Gospel by famine and by armed men.

Some attempts, however, were made to arrange matters; but these very efforts proved a great humiliation for Switzerland and for the Reform. It was not the ministers of the Gospel, it was France—more than once an occasion of discord to Switzerland—that offered to restore peace. Every proceeding calculated to increase its influence among the cantons was of service to its policy. On the 14th May, Maigret and Dangertin (the latter of whom had received the Gospel truth, and consequently did not dare return to France),[3] after some allusions to the spirit which Zurich had shown in this affair—a spirit little in accordance with the Gospel—said to the council: "The king our master has sent you two gentlemen to consult on the means of preserving concord among you. If war and tumult invade Switzerland, all the society of the Helvetians will be destroyed,[4] and whichever party is the conqueror, he will be as much ruined as the other." Zurich having replied that if the Five Cantons would allow the free preaching of the Word of God, the reconciliation would be easy, the French secretly sounded the Waldstettes, whose answer was: "We will never permit the preaching of the Word of God, as the people of Zurich understand it."[1]

These more or less interested exertions of the foreigners having failed, a general diet became the only chance of safety that remained for Switzerland. One was accordingly convoked at Bremgarten. It was opened in presence of deputies from France, from the Duke of Milan, from the Countess of Neufchatel, from the Grisons, Valais, Thurgovia, and the district of Sargans; and met on five different occasions,—on the 14th and 20th June, on the 9th July, and the 10th and 23d August. The chronicler Bullinger, who was pastor of Bremgarten, delivered an oration at the opening, in which he earnestly exhorted the Confederates to union and peace.

A gleam of hope for a moment cheered Switzerland. The blockade had become less strict; friendship and good neighbourhood had prevailed in many places over the decrees of the state. Unusual roads had been opened across the wildest mountains to convey supplies to the Waldstettes. Provisions were concealed in bales of merchandise; and while Lucerne imprisoned and tortured its own citizens, who were found with the books of the Zurichers,[2] Berne punished but slightly the peasants who had been discovered bearing food for Unterwalden and Lucerne; and Glaris shut its eyes on the frequent violation of its orders. The voice of charity, that had been momentarily stifled, pleaded with fresh energy the cause of their confederates before the reformed cantons.

But the Five Cantons were inflexible. "We will not listen to any proposition before the raising of the blockade," said they. "We will not raise it," replied Berne and Zurich, "before the Gospel is allowed to be freely preached, not only in the common bailiwicks, but also in the Five Cantons." This was undoubtedly going too far, even according to the natural law and the principles of the Confederation. The council of Zurich might consider it their duty to have recourse to war for maintaining liberty of conscience in the common bailiwicks; but it was unjust—it was a usurpation, to constrain the Five Cantons in a matter that concerned their own territory. Nevertheless the mediators succeeded, not without much trouble, in drawing up a plan of conciliation that seemed to harmonize with the wishes of both parties. The conference was broken up, and this project was hastily transmitted to the different states for their ratification.

The diet met again a few days after; but the Five Cantons persisted in their demand, without yielding in any one point. In vain did Zurich and Berne represent to them, that,

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[1] Stelltent ab spielen, Tanzen.—Tschudi der Capeller krieg, 1531. This MS. is attributed to Egidius Tschudi, who must have written it in 1533, in favour of Five Cantons, and was printed in the "Helvetia," vol. ii. p. 165.

[2] Trowtend auch die Straassen uff zu thun mit gwalt. (Bull. ii. p. 397.)

[3] Ep Rugeri ad Bulling., 12th November, 1560.

[4] Universa societas *Helvetiorum* dilabetur, si tumultus et bellum inter eam eruperit (Zw. Epp. i. p. 604.)

[1] Responderunt verbi Dei predicationem non laturos, quomodo nos intelligamus. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 607.)

[2] Bull. ii. p. 30.

by persecuting the Reformed, the cantons violated the treaty of peace; in vain did the mediators exhaust their strength in warnings and entreaties. The parties appeared at one time to approximate, and then on a sudden they were more distant and more irritated than ever. The Waldstettes at last brake up the third conference by declaring, that far from opposing the Evangelical truth, they would maintain it, as it had been taught by the Redeemer, by his holy Apostles, by the Four Doctors, and by their holy mother, the Church—a declaration that seemed a bitter irony to the deputies from Zurich and Berne. Nevertheless Berne, turning towards Zurich as they were separating, observed: "Beware of too much violence, even should they attack you!"

This exhortation was unnecessary. The strength of Zurich had passed away. The first appearance of the Reformation and of the Reformers had been greeted with joy. The people, who groaned under a twofold slavery, believed they saw the dawn of liberty. But their minds, abandoned for ages to superstition and ignorance, being unable immediately to realize the hopes they had conceived, a spirit of discontent soon spread among the masses. The change by which Zwingle, ceasing to be a man of the Gospel, became the man of the State, took away from the people the enthusiasm necessary to resist the terrible attacks they would have to sustain. The enemies of the Reform had a fair chance against it, so soon as its friends abandoned the position that gave them strength. Besides, Christians could not have recourse to famine and to war to secure the triumph of the Gospel, without their consciences becoming troubled. The Zurichers "*walked not in the Spirit, but in the flesh; now, the works of the flesh are hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions.*"[1] The danger without was increasing, while within, hope, agreement, and courage were far from being augmented: men saw on the contrary the gradual disappearance of that harmony and lively faith which had been the strength of the Reform. The Reformation had grasped the sword, and that very sword pierced its heart.

Occasions of discord were multiplied in Zurich. By the advice of Zwingle, the number of nobles was diminished in the two councils, because of their opposition to the Gospel; and this measure spread discontent among the most honourable families of the canton. The millers and bakers were placed under certain regulations, which the dearth rendered necessary, and a great part of the townspeople attributed this proceeding to the sermons of the Reformer, and became irritated against him. Rodolph Lavater, bailiff of Kibourg, was appointed captain-general, and the officers who were of longer standing than he were offended. Many who had been formerly the most distinguished by their zeal for the Reform, now openly opposed the cause they had supported. The ardour with which the ministers of peace demanded war, spread in every quarter a smothered dissatisfaction, and many persons gave vent to their indignation. This unnatural confusion of Church and State which had corrupted Christianity after the age of Constantine, was hurrying on the ruin of the Reformation. The majority of the Great Council, ever ready to adopt important and salutary resolutions, was abolished. The old magistrates, who were still at the head of affairs, allowed themselves to be carried away by feelings of jealousy against men whose non-official influence prevailed over theirs. All those who hated the doctrine of the Gospel, whether from love of the world or from love to the Pope, boldly raised their heads in Zurich. The partisans of the monks, the friends of foreign service, the malcontents of every class, coalesced in pointing out Zwingle as the author of all the sufferings of the people.

Zwingle was heart-broken. He saw that Zurich and the Reformation were hastening to their ruin, and he could not check them. How could he do so, since, without suspecting it, he had been the principal accomplice in these disasters? What was to be done? Shall the pilot remain in the ship which he is no longer permitted to save? There was but one means of safety for Zurich and for Zwingle. He should have retired from the political stage, and fallen back on that *kingdom which is not of this world*; he should, like Moses, have kept his hands and his heart night and day raised towards heaven, and energetically preached repentance, faith, and peace. But religious and political matters were united in the mind of this great man by such old and dear ties, that it was impossible for him to distinguish their line of separation. This confusion had become his dominant idea; the Christian and the citizen were for him one and the same character; and hence it resulted, that all resources of the state—even cannons and arquebuses—were to be placed at the service of the Truth. When one peculiar idea thus seizes upon a man, we see a false conscience formed within him, which approves of many things condemned by the Word of God.

This was now Zwingle's condition. War appeared to him legitimate and desirable; and if that was refused, he had only to withdraw from public life; he was for every thing or nothing. He therefore, on the 26th July, appeared before the Great Council, with dimmed eyes and disconsolate heart. "It is now eleven years," said he, "since I have been preaching the Gospel among you, and that I have warned you faithfully and paternally of the woes that are hanging over you; but no attention is paid to my words; the friends of foreign alliances, the enemies of the Gospel, are elected to the council, and while you refuse to follow my advice, I am made responsible for every misfortune.

[1] Galatians, v. 19, 20.

I cannot accept such a position, and I ask for my dismissal." The reformer retired bathed in tears.

The council shuddered as they heard these words. All the old feelings of respect which they had so long entertained for Zwingle were revived; to lose him now was to ruin Zurich. The burgomaster and the other magistrates received orders to persuade him to recall his fatal resolution. The conference took place on the same day; Zwingle asked time for consideration. For three days and three nights he sought the road that he should follow. Seeing the dark storm that was collecting from all quarters, he considered whether he ought to quit Zurich and seek refuge on the lofty hills of the Tockenburg, where he had been reared, when his country and his Church were on the point of being assailed and beaten down by their enemies, like corn by the hailstorm. He groaned and cried to the Lord. He would have put away the cup of bitterness that was presented to his soul, but could not gather up the resolution. At length the sacrifice was accomplished, and the victim was placed shuddering upon the altar. Three days after the first conference, Zwingle reappeared in the council: "I will stay with you," said he, "and I will labour for the public safety—until death!"

From this moment he displayed new zeal. On the one hand, he endeavoured to revive harmony and courage in Zurich; on the other, he set about arousing and exciting the allied cities to increase and concentrate all the forces of the Reformation. Faithful to the political character he imagined he had received from God himself—persuaded that it was in the doubts and want of energy of the Bernese that he must look for the cause of all the evil, the Reformer repaired to Bremgarten with Collin and Steiner, during the fourth conference of the diet, although he incurred great danger in the attempt. He arrived secretly by night, and having entered the house of his friend and disciple, Bullinger, he invited the deputies of Berne (J. J. de Watteville and Jur Hag) to meet him there with the greatest secresy, and prayed them in the most solemn tone earnestly to reflect upon the dangers of the Reform. "I fear," said he, "that in consequence of our unbelief, this business will not succeed. By refusing supplies to the Five Cantons, we have begun a work that will be fatal to us. What is to be done? Withdraw the prohibition? The cantons will then be more insolent and haughty than ever. Enforce it? They will take the offensive, and if their attack succeed, you will behold our fields red with the blood of the believers, the doctrine of truth cast down, the Church of Christ laid waste, all social relations overthrown, our adversaries more hardened and irritated against the Gospel, and crowds of priests and monks again fill our rural districts, streets, and temples. . . . . And yet," added Zwingle, after a few instants of emotion and silence, "that also will have an end." The Bernese were filled with agitation by the solemn voice of the reformer. "We see," replied they, "all that is to be feared for our common cause, and we will employ every care to prevent such great disasters." "I who write these things was present and heard them," adds Bullinger.[1]

It was feared that if the presence of Zwingle at Bremgarten became known to the deputies of the Five Cantons, they would not restrain their violence. During this nocturnal conference three of the town-councillors were stationed as sentinels in front of Bullinger's house. Before daybreak, the reformer and his two friends, accompanied by Bullinger and the three councillors, passed through the deserted streets leading to the gate on the road to Zurich. Three different times Zwingle took leave of Bullinger, who was erelong to be his successor. His mind was filled with a presentiment of his approaching death; he could not tear himself from that young friend whose face he was never to see again; he blessed him amidst floods of tears. "O my dear Henry!" said he, "may God protect you! Be faithful to our Lord Jesus Christ, and to his Church!" At length they separated; but at that very moment, says Bullinger, a mysterious personage, clad in a robe as white as snow, suddenly appeared, and after frightening the soldiers who guarded the gate, plunged suddenly into the water, and vanished. Bullinger, Zwingle, and their friends did not perceive it; Bullinger himself sought for it all around, but to no purpose;[2] still the sentinels persisted in the reality of this frightful apparition. Bullinger in great agitation returned in darkness and in silence to his house. His mind involuntarily compared the departure of Zwingle and the white phantom; and he shuddered at the frightful omen which the thought of this spectre impressed upon his mind.

Sufferings of another kind pursued Zwingle to Zurich. He had thought that by consenting to remain at the head of affairs, he would recover all his ancient influence. But he was deceived: the people desired to see him there, and yet they would not follow him. The Zurichers daily became more and more indisposed towards the war which they had at first demanded, and identified themselves with the passive system of Berne. Zwingle remained for some time stupified and motionless before this inert mass, which his most vigorous exertions could not move. But soon discovering in every quarter of the horizon the prophetic signs, precursors of the storm about to burst upon the ship of which he was the pilot, he uttered cries of anguish, and showed the signal of distress. "I see," exclaimed he one day to the people from the

[1] These words are in Latin: Hæc ipse, qui hæc scribo, ab illis audivi, præsens colloquio (Bull. ii. p. 49.)

[2] Ein menshen in ein schneeweissen Kleid (Bull. ii. p. 49.)

pulpit, whither he had gone to give utterance to his gloomy forebodings,—"I see that the most faithful warnings cannot save you: you will not punish the pensioners of the foreigner. . . . . They have too firm a support among us! A chain is prepared—behold it entire—it unrolls link after link,—soon they will bind me to it, and more than one pious Zuricher with me. . . . . It is against me they are enraged! I am ready; I submit to the Lord's will. But these people shall never be my masters. . . . . As for thee, O Zurich, they will give thee thy reward; they will strike thee on the head. Thou willest it. Thou refusest to punish them; well! it is they who will punish thee.[1] But God will not the less preserve his Word. and their haughtiness shall come to an end." Such was Zwingle's cry of agony; but the immobility of death alone replied. The hearts of the Zurichers were so hardened that the sharpest arrows of the Reformer could not pierce them, and they fell at his feet blunted and useless.

But events were pressing on, and justified all his fears. The Five Cantons had rejected every proposition that had been made to them. "Why do you talk of punishing a few wrongs?" they had replied to the mediators; "it is a question of quite another kind. Do you not require that we should receive back among us the heretics whom we have banished, and tolerate no other priests than those who preach conformably to the Word of God? We know what that means. No—no—we will not abandon the religion of our fathers; and if we must see our wives and our children deprived of food, our hands will know how to conquer what is refused to us: to that we pledge our bodies—our goods—our lives." It was with this threatening language that the deputies quitted the Diet of Bremgarten. They had proudly shaken the folds of their mantles, war had fallen from them.

The terror was general, and the alarmed citizens beheld everywhere frightful portents, terrific signs, apparently foreboding the most horrible events. It was not only the white phantom that had appeared at Bremgarten at Zwingle's side: the most fearful omens, passing from mouth to mouth, filled the people with the most gloomy presentiments. The history of these phenomena, however strange it may appear, characterizes the period of which we write.

On the 26th July, a widow chancing to be alone before her house in the village of Castelenschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her![2] She rushed in alarm into the cottage . . . . but, oh horrible! blood is flowing everywhere—from the wainscot and from the stones;[1]—it falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf, and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying murder! murder![2] The villagers and the monks of a neighbouring convent assemble at the cry—they succeed in partly effacing the bloody stains; but a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond—blood flowing from the loft—blood covering all the walls of the house! Blood—blood—everywhere blood! The bailiff of Schenberg and the pastor of Dalheim arrive—inquire into the matter—and immediately report it to the lords of Berne and to Zwingle.

Scarcely had this horrible recital—the particulars of which are faithfully preserved in Latin and in German—filled all minds with the idea of a horrible butchery, than in the western quarter of the heavens there appeared a frightful comet,[3] whose immense train of a pale yellow colour turned towards the south. At the time of its setting, this apparition shone in the sky like the fire of a furnace.[4] One night—on the 15th August as it would appear[5]—Zwingle and George Mühler, formerly abbot of Wettingen, being together in the cemetery of the cathedral, both fixed their eyes upon this terrific meteor. "This ominous globe," said Zwingle, "is come to light the path that leads to my grave. It will be at the cost of my life and of many good men with me. Although I am rather shortsighted, I foresee great calamities in the future.[6] The Truth and the Church will mourn; but Christ will never abandon us." It was not only at Zurich that this flaming star spread consternation. Vadianus being one night on an eminence in the neighbourhood of St. Gall, surrounded by his friends and disciples, after having explained to them the names of the stars and the miracles of the Creator, stopped before this comet, which denounced the anger of God; and the famous Theophrasius declared that it foreboded not only great bloodshed, but most especially the death of learned and

[1] Strnafen willt sy nitt, des werden sy dich straafen. (Bull. ii. p. 52.)

[2] Ante et post eam purus sanguis ita acriter ex dura terra effluxit, ut ex vena incisa. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 627.

[1] Sed etiam sanguis ex terra, lignis, et lapidibus effluxit. (Zw. Epp. ii. p. 627.)

[2] Ut eadem excurreret cædem clamitans. (Ibid.)

[3] Ein gar eschrocklicher comet. (Bull. ii. p. 46.) It was Halley's comet, that returns about every 76 years. It appeared last in 1835.

[4] Wie ein fhuwr in einer ess. (Ibid.) Perhaps Bullinger alludes in this way to the phenomenon remarked by Appian, astronomer to Charles V., who observed this comet at Ingoldstadt, and who says that the tail disappeared as the nucleus approached the horizon. In 1456, its appearance had already excited great terror.

[5] Cometam jam tribus noctibus viderunt apud nos alii, ego una tantum, puto 15 Augusti. (Zw. Epp. p. 634.)

[6] Ego cæculus non unam calamitatem expecto. (Ibid. p. 626.)

illustrious men. This mysterious phenomenon prolonged its frightful visitation until the 3d September.

When once the noise of these omens was spread abroad, men could no longer contain themselves. Their imaginations were excited; they heaped fright upon fright: each place had its terrors. Two banners waving in the clouds had been seen on the mountain of the Brunig; at Zug a buckler had appeared in the heavens; on the banks of the Reuss, reiterated explosions were heard during the night; on the lake of the Four Cantons, ships carrying aërial combatants cruised about in every direction. War—war;—blood—blood!—these were the general cries.

In the midst of all this agitation, Zwingle alone seemed tranquil. He rejected none of these presentiments, but he contemplated them with calmness. "A heart that fears God," said he, "cares not for the threats of the world. To forward the designs of God, whatever may happen,—this is his task. A carrier who has a long road to go must make up his mind to wear his wagon and his gear during the journey. If he carry his merchandise to the appointed spot, that is enough for him. We are the wagon and the gear of God. There is not one of the articles that is not worn, twisted, or broken; but our great Driver will not the less accomplish by our means his vast designs. Is it not to those who fall upon the field of battle that the noblest crown belongs? Take courage, then, in the midst of all these dangers, through which the cause of Jesus Christ must pass. Be of good cheer, although we should never here below see its triumphs with our own eyes. The Judge of the combat beholds us, and it is he who confers the crown. Others will enjoy upon earth the fruits of our labours; while we, already in heaven, shall enjoy an eternal reward."[1]

Thus spoke Zwingle, as he advanced calmly towards the threatening noise of the tempest, which, by its repeated flashes and sudden explosions, foreboded death.

VI. The Five Cantons, assembled in diet at Lucerne, appeared full of determination, and war was decided upon. "We will call upon the cities to respect our alliances," said they, "and if they refuse, we will enter the common bailiwicks by force to procure provisions, and we will unite our banners in Zug to attack the enemy." The Waldstettes were not alone. The Nuncio, being solicited by his Lucerne friends, had required that auxiliary troops, paid by the Pope, should be put in motion towards Switzerland, and he announced their near arrival.

These resolutions carried terror into Switzerland; the mediating cantons met again at Arau, and drew up a plan that should leave the religious question just as it had been settled by the treaty of 1529. Deputies immediately bore these propositions to the different councils. Lucerne haughtily rejected them. "Tell those who sent you," was the reply, "that we do not acknowledge them as our schoolmasters. We would rather die than yield the least thing to the prejudice of our faith." The mediators returned to Arau, trembling and discouraged. This useless attempt increased the disagreement among the Reformed, and gave the Waldstettes still greater confidence. Zurich, so decided for the reception of the Gospel, now became daily more irresolute! The members of the council distrusted each other; the people felt no interest in this war; and Zwingle, notwithstanding his unshaken faith in the justice of his cause, had no hope for the struggle that was about to take place. Berne, on its side, did not cease to entreat Zurich to avoid precipitation. "Do not let us expose ourselves to the reproach of too much haste, as in 1529," was the general remark in Zurich. "We have sure friends in the midst of the Waldstettes; let us wait until they announce to us, as they have promised, some real danger."

It was soon believed that these temporizers were right. In fact the alarming news ceased. That constant rumour of war, which incessantly came from the Waldstettes, discontinued. There were no more alarms—no more fears! Deceitful omen! Over the mountains and valleys of Switzerland hangs that gloomy and mysterious silence, the forerunner of the tempest.

Whilst they were sleeping at Zurich, the Waldstettes were preparing to conquer their rights by force of arms. The chiefs, closely united to each other by common interests and dangers, found a powerful support in the indignation of the people. In a diet of the Five Cantons, held at Brunnen on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, opposite Grutli, the alliances of the Confederation were read; and the deputies, having been summoned to declare by their votes whether they thought the war just and lawful, all hands were raised with a shudder. Immediately the Waldstettes had prepared their attack with the profoundest mystery. All the passes had been guarded—all communication between Zurich and the Five Cantons had been rendered impossible. The friends upon whom the Zurichers had reckoned on the banks of the Lakes Lucerne and Zug, and who had promised them intelligence, were like prisoners in their mountains. The terrible avalanche was about to slip from the icy summits of the mountain, and to roll into the valleys, even to the gates of Zurich, overthrowing every thing in its passage, without the least forewarning of its fall. The mediators had returned discouraged to their cantons. A spirit of imprudence and of error—sad forerunner of the fall of republics as well as of kings—had spread over the whole city of Zurich. The council had at

[1] Zw. Opp. Comment. in Jeremiam. This work was composed the very year of Zwingle's death.

first given the order to call out the militia; then, deceived by the silence of the Waldstettes, it had imprudently revoked the decree, and Lavater, the commander of the army, had retired in discontent to Rybourg, and indignantly thrown far from him that sword which they had commanded him to leave in the scabbard. Thus the winds were about to be unchained from the mountains; the waters of the great deep, aroused by a terrible earthquake, were about to open; and yet the vessel of the state, sadly abandoned, sported up and down with indifference over the frightful gulf,—its yards struck, its sails loose and motionless—without compass or crew—without pilot, watch, or helm.

Whatever were the exertions of the Waldstettes, they could not entirely stifle the rumour of war, which from chalet to chalet called all their citizens to arms. God permits a cry of alarm—a single one, it is true—to resound in the ears of the people of Zurich. On the 4th October, a little boy, who knew not what he was doing, succeeded in crossing the frontier of Zug, and presented himself with two loaves at the gate of the reformed monastery of Cappel, situated in the farthest limits of the canton of Zurich. He was led to the abbot, to whom the child gave the loaves without saying a word. The superior, with whom there chanced to be at this time a councillor from Zurich, Henry Peyer, sent by his government, turned pale at the sight. "If the Five Cantons intend entering by force of arms into the free bailiwicks," had said these two Zurichers to one of their friends in Zug, "you will send your son to us with one loaf; but you will give him two if they are marching at once upon the bailiwicks and upon Zurich." The abbot and the councillor wrote with all speed to Zurich. "Be upon your guard! take up arms," said they; but no credit was attached to this information. The council were at that time occupied in taking measures to prevent the supplies that had arrived from Alsace from entering the cantons. Zwingle himself, who had never ceased to announce war, did not believe it. "These pensioners are really clever fellows," said the Reformer. "Their preparations may be after all nothing but a French manœuvre."[1]

He was deceived—they were a reality. Four days were to accomplish the ruin of Zurich. Let us retrace in succession the history of these disastrous moments.

On Sunday, 8th October, a messenger appeared at Zurich, and demanded, in the name of the Five Cantons, letters of perpetual alliance.[2] The majority saw in this step nothing but a trick; but Zwingle began to discern the thunderbolt in the black cloud that was drawing near. He was in the pulpit: it was the last time he was destined to appear in it; and as if he had seen a formidable spectre of Rome rise frightfully above the Alps, calling upon him and upon his people to abandon the faith: "No, no!" cried he, "never will I deny my Redeemer!"

At the same moment a messenger arrived in haste from Mulinen, commander of the Knights-hospitallers of St. John at Hytzkilch. "On Friday, 6th October," said he to the councils of Zurich, "the people of Lucerne planted their banner in the great Square.[1] Two men that I sent to Lucerne have been thrown into prison. To-morrow morning, Monday, 9th October, the Five Cantons will enter the bailiwicks. Already the country-people, frightened and fugitive, are running to us in crowds."—"It is an idle story," said the councils.[2] Nevertheless they recalled the commander-in-chief, Lavater, who sent off a trusty man, nephew of James Winckler, with orders to repair to Cappel, and if possible as far as Zug, to reconnoitre the arrangements of the cantons.

The Waldstettes were in reality assembling round the banner of Lucerne. The people of this canton; the men of Schwytz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwalden; refugees from Zurich and Berne, with a few Italians, formed the main body of the army, which had been raised to invade the free bailiwicks Two manifestoes were published—one addressed to the cantons, the other to foreign princes and nations.

The Five Cantons energetically set forth the attacks made upon the treaties, the discord sown throughout the Confederation, and finally the refusal to sell them provisions—a refusal whose only aim was (according to them) to excite the people against the magistrates, and to establish the Reform by force. "It is not true," added they, "that—as they cease not to cry out—we oppose the preaching of the truth and the reading of the Bible. As obedient members of the Church, we desire to receive all that our holy mother receives. But we reject all the books and the innovations of Zwingle and his companions."[3]

Hardly had the messengers charged with these manifestoes departed, before the first division of the army began to march, and arrived in the evening in the free bailiwicks. The soldiers having entered the deserted churches, and having seen the images of the saints removed and the altars broken, their anger was kindled; they spread like a torrent over the whole country, pillaged every thing they met with, and were particularly enraged against the houses of the pastors, where they destroyed the furniture with oaths and maledictions. At the same time the division that was to form the main army marched upon Zug, thence to move upon Zurich.

[1] Dise ire Rustung mochte woll eine französische prattik sein. (Bull. ii. p. 86.)

[2] Die ewige Bünd abgefordert. (J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 577.) According to Bullinger, this did not take place until Monday.

[1] Ire paner in den Brunnen gesteckt. (Bull. ii. p. 86.)

[2] Ein gepöch und prögerey und unt darauff setzend. (Ibid.)

[3] Als wir vertruwen Gott und der Welt antwurt zu geben. (Bull. ii. p. 101.)

Cappel, at three leagues from Zurich, and about a league from Zug, was the first place they would reach in the Zurich territory, after crossing the frontier of the Five Cantons. Near the Albis, between two hills of similar height, the Granges on the north, and the Ifelsberg on the south, in the midst of delightful pastures, stood the ancient and wealthy convent of the Cistertians, in whose church were the tombs of many ancient and noble families of these districts. The Abbot Wolfgang Joner, a just and pious man, a great friend of the arts and letters, and a distinguished preacher, had reformed his convent in 1527. Full of compassion, rich in good works, particularly towards the poor of the canton of Zug and the free bailiwicks, he was held in great honour throughout the whole country.[1] He predicted what would be the termination of the war; yet as soon as danger approached, he spared no labour to serve his country.

It was on Sunday night that the abbot received positive intelligence of the preparations at Zug. He paced up and down his cell with hasty steps; sleep fled from his eyes; he drew near his lamp, and addressing his intimate friend, Peter Simmler, who succeeded him, and who was then residing at Kylchberg, a village on the borders of the lake, and about a league from the town, he hastily wrote these words: "The great anxiety and trouble which agitate me prevent me from busying myself with the management of the house, and induce me to write to you all that is preparing. The time is come..... the scourge of God appears.[2] ..... After many journeys and inquiries, we have learnt that the Five Cantons will march to-day (Monday) to seize upon Hitzkylch, while the main army assembles its banners at Baar, between Zug and Cappel. Those from the valley of the Adige and the Italians will arrive to-day or to-morrow." This letter, through some unforeseen circumstance, did not reach Zurich till the evening.

Meanwhile the messenger whom Lavater had sent—the nephew of J. Winckler—creeping on his belly, gliding unperceived past the sentinels, and clinging to the shrubs that overhung the precipices, had succeeded in making his way where no road had been cleared. On arriving near Zug, he had discovered with alarm the banner and the militia hastening from all sides at beat of drum: then traversing again these unknown passes, he had returned to Zurich with this information.[3]

It was high time that the bandage should fall from the eyes of the Zurichers; but the delusion was to endure to the last. The council which was called together met in small number. "The Five Cantons," said they, "are making a little noise to frighten us, and to make us raise the blockade."[1] The Council, however, decided on sending Colonel Rodolph Dumysen and Ulric Funk to Cappel, to see what was going on; and each one, tranquillized by this unmeaning step, retired to rest.

They did not slumber long. Every hour brought fresh messengers of alarm to Zurich. "The banners of the four cantons are assembled at Zug," said they. "They are only waiting for Uri. The people of the free bailiwicks are flocking to Cappel, and demanding arms..... Help! help!"

Before the break of day the council was again assembled, and it ordered the convocation of the Two Hundred. An old man, whose hair had grown gray in the battle-field and in the council of the state—the banneret John Schweizer—raising his head enfeebled by age, and darting the last beam as it were, from his eyes, exclaimed, "Now—at this very moment, in God's name, send an advanced guard to Cappel, and let the army, promptly collecting round the banner, follow it immediately." He said no more; but the charm was not yet broken. "The peasants of the free baliwicks," said some, "we know to be hasty, and easily carried away. They make the matter greater than it really is. The wisest plan is to wait for the report of the councillors." In Zurich there was no longer either arm to defend or head to advise.

It was seven in the morning, and the assembly was still sitting, when Rodolph Gwerb, pastor of Rifferschwyl, near Cappel, arrived in haste. "The people of the lordship of Knonau," said he, "are crowding round the convent, and loudly calling for chiefs and for aid. The enemy is approaching. Will our lords of Zurich (say they) abandon themselves, and us with them? Do they wish to give us up to slaughter?" The pastor, who had witnessed these mournful scenes, spoke with animation. The councillors, whose infatuation was to be prolonged to the end, were offended at his message "They want to make us act imprudently," replied they, turning in their arm-chairs.

They had scarcely ceased speaking before a new messenger appears, wearing on his features the marks of the greatest terror: it was Schwyzer, landlord of the "Beech Tree" on Mount Albis. "My lords Dumysen and Funck," said he, "have sent me to you with all speed to announce to the council that the Five Cantons have seized upon Hytzkilch, and that they are now collecting all their troops at Baar. My lords remain in the bailiwicks to aid the frightened inhabitants."

This time the most confident turned pale. Terror, so long restrained, passed like a flash of lightning through every heart.[2] Hytzkilch was in the power of the enemy, and the war was begun.

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[1] That armen lüten vil guts.....und by aller Erbarkeit in grossern ansähen. (Bull. iii. p. 151.)
Die Zyt ist hie, das dic rüt Gottes sich wil erzeigen. (Bull. p. 87.)

[3] Naben den Wachten, durch umwag und gestrupp. (Bull. iii. p. 87.)

[1] Sy machtend alein ein geprög. (Bull. p. 103.

[2] Dieser Bottschaft erschrack menklich übel. (Bull. iii. p. 104.)

It was resolved to expedite to Cappel a flying camp of six hundred men, with six guns; but the command was intrusted to George Goldli, whose brother was in the army of the Five Cantons, and he was enjoined to keep on the defensive. Goldli and his troops had just left the city, when the captain-general Lavater, summoning into the hall of the Smaller Council the old banneret Schweizer, William Toning, captain of the arquebusiers, J. Dennikon, captain of the artillery, Zwingle, and some others, said to them, "Let us deliberate promptly on the means of saving the canton and the city. Let the tocsin immediately call out all the citizens." The captain-general feared that the councils would shrink at this proceeding, and he wished to raise the Landsturm by the simple advice of the army and of Zwingle. "We cannot take it upon ourselves," said they; "the two councils are still sitting; let us lay this proposition before them." They hasten towards the place of meeting; but, fatal mischance! there were only a few members of the Smaller Council on the benches. "The consent of the Two Hundred is necessary," said they. Again a new delay, and the enemy is on the march. Two hours after noon the Great Council met again, but only to make long and useless speeches.[1] At length the resolution was taken, and at seven in the evening the tocsin began to sound in all the country districts. Treason united with this dilatoriness, and persons who pretended to be envoys from Zurich stopped the Landsturm in many places, as being contrary to the opinion of the council. A great number of citizens went to sleep again.

It was a fearful night. The thick darkness—a violent storm—the alarm-bell ringing from every steeple—the people running to arms—the noise of swords and guns—the sound of trumpets and of drums, combined with the roaring of the tempest, the distrust, discontent, and even treason, which spread affliction in every quarter—the sobs of women and of children—the cries which accompanied many a heart-rending adieu—an earthquake which occurred about nine o'clock at night, as if nature herself had shuddered at the blood that was about to be spilt, and which violently shook the mountains and valleys:[2] all increased the terrors of this fatal night,—a night to be followed by a still more fatal day.

While these events were transpiring, the Zurichers, encamped on the heights of Cappel to the number of about one thousand men, fixed their eyes on Zug and upon the lake, attentively watching every movement. On a sudden, a little before night, they perceived a few barks filled with soldiers coming from the side of Arth, and rowing across the lake towards Zug. Their number increases—one boat follows another—soon they distinctly hear the bellowing of the bull (the horn) of Uri,[1] and they discern the banner. The barks draw near Zug; they are moored to the shore, which is lined with an immense crowd. The warriors of Uri and the arquebusiers of the Adige spring up and leap on shore, where they are received with acclamations, and take up their quarters for the night: behold the enemies assembled! The council are informed with all speed.

The agitation was still greater at Zurich than at Cappel: the confusion was increased by uncertainty. The enemy attacking them on different sides at once, they knew not where to carry assistance. Two hours after midnight five hundred men with four guns quitted the city for Bremgarten, and three or four hundred men with five guns for Wadenshwyl. They turned to the right and to the left, while the enemy was in front.

Alarmed at its own weakness, the council resolved to apply without delay to the cities of the Christian co-burghery. "As this revolt," wrote they, "has no other origin than the Word of God, we entreat you once—twice—thrice, as loudly, as seriously, as firmly, and as earnestly, as our ancient alliances and our Christian co-burghery permit and command us to do—to set forth without delay with all your forces. Haste! haste! haste! Act as promptly as possible[2]—the danger is yours as well as ours." Thus spake Zurich; but it was already too late.

At break of day the banner was raised before the town-house; instead of flaunting proudly in the wind, it hung dropping down the staff—a sad omen that filled many minds with fear. Lavater took up his station under the standard; but a long period elapsed before a few hundred soldiers could be got together.[3] In the square and in all the city disorder and confusion prevailed. The troops, fatigued by a hasty march or by long waiting, were faint and discouraged.

At ten o'clock, only 700 men were under arms. The selfish, the lukewarm, the friends of Rome and of the foreign pensioners, had remained at home. A few old men who had more courage than strength—several members of the two councils who were devoted to the holy cause of God's Word—many ministers of the Church who desired to live and die with the Reform—the boldest of the townspeople and a certain number of peasants, especially those from the neighbourhood of the city—such were the defenders, who, wanting that moral force so necessary for victory, incompletely armed, without uniform, crowded in disorder around the banner of Zurich.

The army should have numbered at least 4000 men; they waited still; the usual oath had not been administered; and yet courier

[1] Ward so vil und lang darim gerad schlagt. (Bull. iii. p. 104.)

[2] Ein starrer Erdbidem, der das Land, auch Berg und Thal gwaltiglich ershütt. (Tschudi, Helvetia, ii. p. 186.)

[1] Vil schiffen uff Zag faren, und hort man luyen pen Uri Stier. (Bull. iii. p. 109.)

[2] Ylentz, ylentz, ylentz, uffs aller schnellist. (Bull. iii. p. 110.)

[3] Sammlet sich doch das volck gmachsam. (Ibid. p. 112.)

after courier arrived, breathless and in disorder, announcing the terrible danger that threatened Zurich. All this disorderly crowd is agitated—they no longer wait for the commands of their chiefs, and many without taking the oath rush through the gates.—About 200 men thus set out in confusion. All those who remained prepared to depart.

Then was Zwingle seen to issue from a house before which a caparisoned horse was stamping impatiently; it was his own. His look was firm, but dimmed by sorrow. He parted from his wife, his children, and his numerous friends, without deceiving himself, and with a bruised heart.[1] He observed the thick waterspout, which, driven by a terrible wind, advanced whirling towards him. Alas! he had himself called up this hurricane by quitting the atmosphere of the Gospel of peace, and throwing himself into the midst of political passions. He was convinced that he would be the first victim. Fifteen days before the attack of the Waldestettes, he had said from the pulpit: "I know what is the meaning of all this:—it is all about me. All this comes to pass—in order that I may die."[2] The council, according to the ancient custom, had called upon him to accompany the army as its chaplain. Zwingle did not hesitate. He prepared himself without surprise and without anger,—with the calmness of a Christian who placed himself confidently in the hands of his God. If the cause of Reform was doomed to perish, he was ready to perish with it. Surrounded by his weeping wife and friends—by his children who clung to his garments to detain him, he quitted that house where he had tasted so much happiness. At the moment that his hand was upon his horse, just as he was about to mount, the animal violently started back several paces, and when he was at last in the saddle, it refused for a time to move, rearing and prancing backwards, like that horse which the greatest captain of modern times had mounted as he was about to cross the Niemen. Many in Zurich at that time thought with the soldier of the Grand Army when he saw Napoleon on the ground: "It is a bad omen! a Roman would go back!"[3] Zwingle having at last mastered his horse, gave the reins, applied the spur, started forward, and disappeared.

At eleven o'clock the flag was struck, and all who remained in the square—about 500 men—began their march along with it. The greater part were torn with difficulty from the arms of their families, and walked sad and silent, as if they were going to the scaffold instead of battle. There was no order—no plan; the men were isolated and scattered, some running before, some after the colours, their extreme confusion presenting a fearful appearance;[1] so much so, that those who remained behind—the women, the children, and the old men, filled with gloomy forebodings, beat their breasts as they saw them pass, and many years after, the remembrance of this day of tumult and mourning drew this groan from Oswald Myconius: "Whenever I recall it to mind, it is as if a sword pierced my heart." Zwingle, armed according to the usage of the chaplains of the Confederation, rode mournfully behind this distracted multitude. Myconius, when he saw him, was nigh fainting.[2] Zwingle disappeared, and Oswald remained behind to weep.

He did not shed tears alone; in all quarters were heard lamentations, and every house was changed into a house of prayer.[3] In the midst of this universal sorrow, one woman remained silent; her only cry was a bitter heart, her only language the mild and suppliant eye of faith:—this was Anna, Zwingle's wife. She had seen her husband depart—her son, her brother, a great number of intimate friends and near relations, whose approaching death she foreboded. But her soul, strong as that of her husband, offered to God the sacrifice of her holiest affections. Gradually the defenders of Zurich precipitate their march, and the tumult dies away in the distance.

VII. This night, which was so stormy in Zurich, had not been calmer at Cappel. They had received the most alarming reports one after another. It was necessary to take up a position that would allow the troops assembled round the convent to resist the enemy's attack until the arrival of the reinforcements that were expected from the city. They cast their eyes on a small hill, which lying to the north towards Zurich, and traversed by the highroad, presented an uneven but sufficiently extensive surface. A deep ditch that surrounded it on three sides defended the approaches; but a small bridge, that was the only issue on the side of Zurich, rendered a precipitate retreat very dangerous. On the south-west was a wood of beech-trees; on the south, in the direction of Zug, was the highroad and a marshy valley. "Lead us to the Granges," cried all the soldiers. They were conducted thither. The artillery was stationed near some ruins. The line of battle was drawn up on the side of the monastery and of Zug, and sentinels were placed at the foot of the slope.

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[1] Anna Rheinhard par G. Meyr of Knonau. (Bull. iii. p. 33.)

[2] Ut ego tollar fiunt omnia. (De vita et obitu Zwinglii, Myconius.)

[3] Ségur: Hist. de Napoléon et de la Grande Armée, i. p. 142.)

[1] Nullus ordo, nulla consilia, nullæ mentes, tanta animorum dissonantia, tam horrenda facies ante et post signa sparsim currentium hominum. (De vita et ob. Zwinglii.)

[2] Quem ut vidi repentino dolore cordis vix consistebam. (Ibid.)

[3] Manebamus non certe sine jugibus suspiriis non sine precibus, ad Deum. (Ibid.)

Meantime, the signal is given at Zug and Baar: the drums beat: the soldiers of the Five Cantons took up their arms. A universal feeling of joy animates them. The churches are opened, the bells ring, and the serried ranks of the cantons enter the cathedral of St. Oswald; Mass is celebrated; the Host is offered up for the sins of the people, and all the army begin their march at nine o'clock, with banners flying. The avoyer John Golder commands the contingent of Lucerne; the landamman Jacques Troguer, that of Uri; the landamman Rychmut, a mortal enemy of the Reformation, that of Schwytz; the landamman Zellger, that of Unterwalden; and Oswald Dooss that of Zug. Eight thousand men march in order of battle; all the picked men of the Five Cantons are there. Fresh and active after a quiet night, and having only one short league to cross before reaching the enemy, these haughty Waldestettes advance with a firm and regular step under the command of their chiefs.

On reaching the common meadow of Zug, they halt to take the oath: every hand is upraised to heaven, and all swear to avenge themselves. They were about to resume their march, when some aged men made signs to them to stop. "Comrades," they said, "we have long offended God. Our blasphemies, our oaths, our wars, our revenge, our pride, our drunkenness, our adulteries, the gold of the stranger to whom our hands have been extended, and all the disorders in which we have indulged, have so provoked his anger, that if he should punish us to-day, we should only receive the desert of our crimes." The emotion of the chiefs had passed into the ranks. All the army bent the knee in the midst of the plain; deep silence prevails, and every soldier, with bended head, crosses himself devoutly, and repeats in a low voice five paters, as many aves, and the credo. One might have said that they were for a time in the midst of a vast and stilly desert. Suddenly the noise of an immense crowd is again heard. The army rises up. "Soldiers," said the captains, "you know the cause of this war. Bear your wives and your children continually before your eyes."

Then the chief usher (*grand sautier*) of Lucerne, wearing the colours of the canton, approaches the chiefs of the army: they place in his hands the declaration of war, dated on that very day, and sealed with the arms of Zug. He then sets off on horseback, preceded by a trumpeter, to carry this paper to the commander of the Zurichers.

It was eleven in the morning. The Zurichers soon discovered the enemy's army, and cast a sorrowful glance on the small force they were able to oppose. Every minute the danger increased. All bent their knees, their eyes were raised to heaven, and every Zuricher uttered a cry from the bottom of his heart, praying for deliverence from God. As soon as the prayer was ended, they got ready for battle. There were at that time about twelve hundred men under arms.

At noon the trumpet of the Five Cantons sounded not far from the advanced posts. Goldli, having collected the members of the two councils who happened to be with the army, as well as the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and having ranged them in a circle, ordered the secretary Rheinard to read the declaration of which the Sautier of Lucerne was the bearer. After the reading, Goldli opened a council of war. "We are few in number, and the forces of our adversaries are great," said Landolt bailiff of Marpac, "but I will here await the enemy in the name of God." "Wait!" cried the captain of the halberdiers, Rodolph Zigler; "impossible! let us rather take advantage of the ditch that cuts the road to effect our retreat, and let us everywhere raise a levée *en masse*." This was in truth the only means of safety. But Rudi Gallmann, considering every step backwards as an act of cowardice, cried out stamping his feet forcibly on the earth, and casting a fiery glance around him, "Here—here shall be my grave!"[1]—"It is now too late to retire with honour," said other officers. "This day is in the hands of God. Let us suffer whatever he lays upon us." It was put to the vote.

The members of the council had scarcely raised their hands in token of assent, when a great noise was heard around them. "The captain! the captain!" cried a soldier from the outposts who arrived in haste. "Silence, silence!" replied the ushers, driving him back; "they are holding a council!"—"It is no longer time to hold a council," replied the soldier. "Conduct me immediately to the captain." . . . "Our sentinels are falling back," cried he with an agitated voice, as he arrived before Goldli. "The enemy is there—they are advancing through the forest with all their forces and with great tumult." He had not ceased speaking, before the sentinels, who were in truth retiring on all sides, ran up, and the army of the Five Cantons was soon seen climbing the slope of Ifelsberg in face of the Granges, and pointing their guns. The leaders of the Waldstettes were examining the position, and seeking to discover by what means their army could reach that of Zurich. The Zurichers were asking themselves the same question. The nature of the ground prevented the Waldstettes from passing below the convent, but they could arrive by another quarter. Ulric Brüder, under bailiff of Hesen in the canton of Zurich, fixed his anxious look on the beech-wood. "It is thence that the enemy will fall upon us!" "Axes—axes!" immediately cried several

[1] Da, da mus min Rilchhof sin. (Bull. ii. p. 118.)

voices; "let us cut down the trees!"[1]— Goldli, the abbot, and several others, were opposed to this: "If we stop up the wood, by throwing down the trees, we shall ourselves be unable to work our guns in that direction," said they.—"Well! at least let us place some arquebusiers in that quarter."—"We are already so small a number," replied the captain, "that it will be imprudent to divide the forces." Neither wisdom nor courage were to save Zurich. They once more invoked the help of God, and waited in expectation.

At one o'clock the Five Cantons fired the first gun: the ball passing over the convent, fell below the Granges; a second passed over the line of battle; a third struck a hedge close to the ruins. The Zurichers, seeing the battle was begun, replied with courage; but the slowness and awkwardness with which the artillery was served in those days prevented any great loss being inflicted on either side. When the enemy perceived this, they ordered their advanced guard to descend from Ifelsberg and to reach the Granges through the meadow; and soon the whole army of the Cantons advanced in this direction, but with difficulty and over bad roads. Some arquebusiers of Zurich came and announced the disorder of the Cantons. "Brave Zurichers," cried Rudi Gallmann, "if we attack them now, it is all over with them." At these words some of the soldiers prepared to enter the wood on the left, to fall upon the disheartened Wadstettes. But Goldli perceiving this movement, cried out: "Where are you going?—do you not know that we have agreed not to separate?" He then ordered the skirmishers to be recalled, so that the wood remained entirely open to the enemy. They were satisfied with discharging a few random shots from time to time to prevent the Cantons from establishing themselves there. The firing of the artillery continued until three o'clock, and announced far and wide, even to Bremgarten and Zurich, that the battle had begun.

In the meanwhile the great banner of Zurich and all those who surrounded it, among whom was Zwingle, came advancing in disorder towards the Albis. For a year past the gaiety of the reformer had entirely disappeared: he was grave, melancholy, easily moved, having a weight on his heart that seemed to crush it. Often would he throw himself weeping at the feet of his Master, and seek in prayer the strength of which he stood in need. No one had ever observed in him any irritation; on the contrary, he had received with mildness the counsels that had been offered, and had remained tenderly attached to men whose convictions were not the same as his own. He was now advancing mournfully along the road to Cappel; and John Maaler of Winterthour, who was riding a few paces behind him, heard his groans and sighs, intermingled with fervent prayers. If any one spoke to him, he was found firm and strong in the peace that proceeds from faith but he did not conceal his conviction that he should never see his family or church again. Thus advanced the forces of Zurich. A woful march! resembling rather a funeral procession than an army going to battle.

As they approached they saw express after express galloping along the road from Cappel, begging the Zurichers to hasten to the defence of their brothers.[1]

At Adliswil, having passed the bridge under which flow the impetuous waters of the Sihl, and traversed the village through the midst of women, children, and old men, who, standing before their cottages, looked with sadness on this disorderly troop, they began to ascend the Albis. They were about half way from Cappel when the first cannon-shot was heard. They stop, they listen: a second, a third succeeds. . . . There is no longer any doubt. The glory, the very existence of the republic are endangered, and they are not present to defend it! The blood curdles in their veins. On a sudden they arouse, and each one begins to run to the support of his brothers. But the road over the Albis was much steeper than it is in our days. The badly harnessed artillery could not ascend it; the old men, the citizens, little habituated to marching, and covered with weighty armour, advanced with difficulty: and yet they formed the greater portion of the troops. They were seen stopping one after another, panting and exhausted, along the sides of the road near the thickets and ravines of the Albis, leaning against a beech or an ash tree, and looking with dispirited eyes to the summit of the mountain covered with thick pines.

They resume their march, however; the horsemen and the most intrepid of the foot-soldiers hasten onwards, and having reached the "Beech Tree," on the top of the mountain, halt to take council.

What a prospect then extended before their eyes! Zurich, the lake and its smiling shores—those orchards, those fertile fields, those vine-clad hills, almost the whole of the canton. Alas! soon, perhaps, to be devastated by the Forest-bands.

Scarcely had these noble-minded men begun to deliberate, when fresh messengers from Cappel appear before them and exclaim, "Hasten forwards!" At these words many of the Zurichers prepared to gallop towards the enemy.[2] Toning, the captain of the arquebusiers, stopt them. "My good friends," cried he to them, "against such great forces what can we do alone? Let

[1] Ettliche schrüwend nach Achsen das man das Wäldi verhalf e. (Bull. iii. p. 118.)

[1] Dan ein Manung uff die ander, von Cappel kamm. (Bull. iii. p. 113.)

[2] Uff rossen häftig ylttend zum augriff. (Bull. iii. p. 113.)

us wait here until our people are assembled, and then let us fall upon the enemy with the whole army.—"Yes, if we had an army," bitterly replied the captain-general, who, in despair of saving the republic, thought only of dying with glory; "but we have only a banner and no soldiers."—"How can we stay calmly upon these heights," said Zwingle, "while we hear the shots that are fired at our fellow-citizens? In the name of God I will march towards our warriors, prepared to die in order to save them."[1]—"And I too," added the aged banneret Schweizer. "As for you," continued he, turning with a contemptuous look towards Toning, "wait till you are a little recovered."—"I am quite as much refreshed as you," replied Toning, the colour mantling on his face, "and you shall soon see whether I cannot fight." All hastened their steps towards the field of battle.

The descent is rapid; they plunge into the woods, pass through the village of Husen, and at length arrive near the Granges. It was three o'clock when the banner crossed the narrow bridge that led thither; and there were so few soldiers round it that every one trembled as he beheld this venerated standard thus exposed to the attacks of so formidable an enemy. The army of the Cantons was at that moment deploying before the eyes of the new-comers. Zwingle gazed upon this terrible spectacle. Behold, then, these phalanxes of soldiers!—a few minutes more, and the labours of eleven years will be destroyed perhaps for ever!....

A citizen of Zurich, one Leonard Bourkhard, who was ill-disposed towards the reformer, said to him in a harsh tone, "Well, Master Ulric, what do you say about this business? Are the radishes salt enough?... who will eat them now?"[2] "I," replied Zwingle, "and many a brave man who is here in the hands of God; for we are his in life and in death."—"And I too—I will help eat them," resumed Bourkhard immediately, ashamed of his brutality,—"I will risk my life for them." And he did so, and many others with him, adds the chronicle.

It was four o'clock; the sun was sinking rapidly; the Waldstettes did not advance, and the Zurichers began to think that the attack would be put off till the morrow. In fact, the chiefs of the Five Cantons seeing the great banner of Zurich arrive, the night near at hand, and the impossibility of crossing under the fire of the Zurichers the marsh and the ditch that separated the combatants, were looking for a place in which their troops might pass the night. "If, at this moment, any mediators had appeared," says Bullinger, "their proposals would have been accepted."

The soldiers, observing the hesitation of their chiefs, began to murmur loudly.—"The big ones abandon us," said one. "The captains fear to bite the fox's tail," said another. "Not to attack them," cried they all, "is to ruin our cause." During this time a daring man was preparing the skilful manœuvre that was to decide the fate of the day. A warrior of Uri, John Jauch, formerly bailiff of Sargans, a good marksman and experienced soldier, having taken a few men with him, moved towards the right of the army of the Five Cantons, crept into the midst of the clump of beech-trees that, by forming a semicircle to the east, unite the hill of Ifelsberg to that of the Granges,[1] found the wood empty, arrived to within a few paces of the Zurichers, and there, hidden behind the trees, remarked unperceived the smallness of their numbers, and their want of caution. Then, stealthily retiring, he went to the chiefs at the very moment the discontent was on the point of bursting out. "Now is the time to attack the enemy," cried he. "Dear gossip," replied Troquer, captain-in-chief of Uri, "you do not mean to say that we should set to work at so late an hour; besides, the men are preparing their quarters, and everybody knows what it cost our fathers at Naples and Marignan for having commenced the attack a little before night. And then it is Innocents' day, and our ancestors have never given battle on a feast-day."[2]—"Don" think about the Innocents of the calendar," replied Jauch, "but let us rather remember the innocents that we have left in our cottages." Gaspard Goldli of Zurich, brother of the commander of the Granges, added his entreaties to those of the warrior of Uri. "We must either beat the Zurichers tonight," said he, "or be beaten by them tomorrow. Take your choice."

All was unavailing; the chiefs were inflexible, and the army prepared to take up its quarters. Then the warrior of Uri, understanding like his fellow-countryman, Tell, that great evils require great remedies, drew his sword and cried: "Let all true confederates follow me."[3] Then hastily leaping to his saddle, he spurred his horse into the forest;[4] and immediately arquebusiers, soldiers from the Adige, and many other warriors of the Five Cantons, especially from Unterwalden—in all about 300 men, rushed into the wood after him. At this sight

[1] Ich will Kächt, in den namen Gotts, zu den biderben luten und willig mitt und under inen sterben. (Bull. iii. p. 123.)

[2] Sind die Rüben gesaltzen wer will sie ausessen. (J. J. Hott. iii. p. 383.

[1] This wood no longer connects the two hills. The present pastor of Cappel told me that when first he went into that district the wood was much more extensive than it is at present.

[2] An einem solchen Tag Blut ze vergiessen. (Tschudi, Helv. ii. p. 189.)

[3] Welche redlicher Eidgnossen wärt sind, die louffind uns nach. (Bull. iii. p. 125.)

[4] Sass ylends wiederum uff sin Ross. (Tschudi, Helv. ii. p. 191.)

Jauch no longer doubts of the victory of the Waldstettes. He dismounts and falls upon his knees, "for," says Tschudi, "he was a man who feared God." All his followers do the same, and together invoke the aid of God, of his holy mother, and of all the heavenly host. They then advance; but soon the warrior of Uri, wishing to expose no one but himself, halts his troops, and glides from tree to tree to the verge of the wood. Observing that the enemy was as incautious as ever, he rejoins his arquebusiers, leads them stealthily forward, and posts them silently behind the trees of the forest,[1] enjoining them to take their aim so as not to miss their men. During this time the chiefs of the Five Cantons, foreseeing that this rash man was about to bring on the action, decided against their will, and collected their soldiers around the banners.

VIII. The Zurichers, fearing that the enemy would seize upon the road that led to their capital, were then directing part of their troops and their guns to a low hill by which it was commanded. At the very moment that the invisible arquebusiers stationed among the beech trees were taking their aim, this detachment passed near the little wood. The deepest silence prevails in this solitude: each one posted there picks out the man he desires to bring down, and Jauch exclaims: "In the name of the Holy Trinity—of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—fire!" At the word the deadly balls issue from the wood, and a murderous carnage in the ranks of Zurich follows this terrible discharge.—The battle, which had begun four hours ago, and which had never appeared to be a serious attack, now underwent an unforeseen charge. The sword was not again to be returned to the scabbard until it had been bathed in torrents of blood. Those of the Zurichers who had not fallen at this first discharge, lie flat on the ground, so that the balls pass over their heads; but they soon spring up, saying: "Shall we allow ourselves to be butchered? No! let us rather attack the enemy!" Lavater seizes a lance, and rushing into the foremost rank exclaims: "Soldiers, uphold the honour of God and of our lords, and behave like brave men!" Zwingle, silent and collected, like nature before the bursting of the tempest, was there also, halberd in hand. "Master Ulric," said Bernard Sprungli, "speak to the people and encourage them." "Warriors!" said Zwingle, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God!"

The Zurichers quickly turn the artillery they were dragging to another quarter, and point it against the wood; but their bullets, instead of striking the enemy, only reach the top of the trees, and tear off a few branches that fall upon the skirmishers.

Rychmuth, the landamman of Schwytz, came up at a gallop to recall the volunteers; but seeing the battle begun, he ordered the whole army to advance. Immediately the five banners moved forward.

But already Jauch's skirmishers, rushing from among the trees, had fallen impetuously upon the Zurichers, charging with their long and pointed halberds. "Heretics! sacrilegists!" cried they, "we have you at last!"—"Man-sellers, idolaters, impious Papists!" replied the Zurichers, "is it really you?" At first a shower of stones fell from both parties and wounded several; immediately they come to close quarters.—The resistance of the Zurichers was terrible.[2] Each struck with the sword or with the halberd: at last the soldiers of the Five Cantons were driven back in disorder. The Zurichers advanced, but in so doing lost the advantages of their position, and got entangled in the marsh. Some Roman Catholic historians pretend that this flight of their troops was a stratagem to draw the Zurichers into the snare.[3]

In the mean time the army of the Five Cantons hasten through the wood. Burning with courage and with anger, they eagerly quicken their steps; from the midst of the beech-trees there resounded a confused and savage noise—a frightful murmur; the ground shook; one might have said that the forest was uttering a horrible roar, or that witches were holding their nocturnal revels.[4] In vain do the bravest of the Zurichers offer an intrepid resistance: the Waldstettes have the advantage in every quarter. "They are surrounding us," cried some. "Our men are fleeing," said others. A man from the canton of Zug, mingling with the Zurichers, and pretending to be of their party, exclaims: "Fly, fly, brave Zurichers, you are betrayed!" Thus everything is against Zurich. Even the hand of Him who is the disposer of battles, turns against this people. Thus was it also in times of old that God frequently chastised his own people of Israel by the Assyrian sword. A panic terror seizes upon the bravest, and the disorder spreads everywhere with frightful rapidity.

In the meanwhile the aged Schweizer had raised the great banner with a firm

[1] Zertheilt die Hagken hinter die Bäum im Wald in grosser Stille. (Tschudi, Helv. ii. p. 191.)

[1] Denn das die Aest auf sie fielent. (Tschudi, p. 182.)

[2] Der angriff war hart und währt der Wiederstand ein gute Wyl. (Ibid. p. 192.)

[3] Catholici autem, positis insidiis, retrocesserunt, fugam simulantes. (Cochlœus, Acta Luth. p. 214.

[4] Der Boden erzittert; und nit anders war, denn als ob der Wald lut bruelete. (Tschudi, p. 123.)

hand, and all the picked men of Zurich were drawn up around it; but soon their ranks were thinned. John Kammli, charged with the defence of the standard, having observed the small number of combatants that remained upon the field of battle, said to the banneret: "Let us lower the banner, my lord, and save it, for our people are flying shamefully:"—"Warriors, remain firm," replied the aged banneret, whom no danger had ever shaken. The disorder augmented—the number of fugitives increased every minute; the old man stood fast, amazed and immovable as an aged oak beaten by a frightful hurricane. He received unflinchingly the blows that fell upon him, and alone resisted the terrible storm. Kammli seized him by the arm: "My lord," said he again, "lower the banner, or else we shall lose it: there is no more glory to be reaped here!" The banneret, who was already mortally wounded, exclaimed: "Alas! must the city of Zurich be so punished!" Then dragged off by Kammli, who held him by the arm, he retreated as far as the ditch. The weight of years, and the wounds with which he was covered, did not permit him to cross it. He fell in the mire at the bottom, still holding the glorious standard, whose folds dropped on the other bank.

The enemy ran up with loud shouts, being attracted by the colours of Zurich, as the bull by the gladiator's flag. Kammli seeing this, unhesitatingly leaps to the bottom of the ditch, and lays hold of the stiff and dying hands of his chief, in order to preserve the precious ensign, which they tightly grasped. But it is in vain; the hands of the aged Schweizer will not loose the standard. "My lord banneret!" cried this faithful servant, "it is no longer in your power to defend it." The hands of the banneret, already stiffened in death, still refuse; upon which Kammli violently tears away the sacred standard, leaps upon the other bank, and rushes with his treasure far from the steps of the enemy. The last Zurichers at this moment reach the ditch—they fall one after another upon the expiring banneret, and thus hasten his death.

Kammli, nowever, having received a wound from a gun-shot, his march was retarded, and soon the Waldstettes surround him with their swords. The Zuricher, holding the banner in one hand, and his sword in the other, defends himself bravely. One of the Waldstettes catches hold of the staff—another seizes the flag itself and tears it. Kammli with one blow of his sword cuts down the former, and striking around him, calls out: "To the rescue, brave Zurichers! save the honour and the banner of our lords." The assailants increase in number, and the warrior is about to fall, when Adam Næff of Wollenwyd rushes up sword in hand, and the head of the Waldstette who had torn the colours rolls upon the plain, and his blood gushes out upon the flag of Zurich. Dumysen, member of the Smaller Council, supports Næff with his halberd, and both deal such lusty blows, that they succeed in disengaging the standard-bearer. He, although dangerously wounded, springs forward, holding the blood-stained folds of the banner in one hand, which he carries off hastily, dragging the staff behind him.—With fierce look and fiery eye, he thus passes sword in hand through the midst of friends and enemies: he crosses plains, woods, and marshes, everywhere leaving traces of his blood, which flows from numerous wounds. Two of his enemies, one from Schwytz, the other from Zug—were particularly eager in his pursuit. "Heretic! villain!" cried they, "surrender and give us the banner."—"You shall have my life first," replied the Zuricher. Then the two hostile soldiers, who were embarrassed by their cuirasses, stopped a moment to take them off. Kammli took advantage of this to get in advance: he ran; Huber, Dumysen, and Dantzler of Naenikon were at his side. They all four thus arrived near Husen, half-way up the Albis. They had still to climb the steepest part of the mountain. Huber falls covered with wounds. Dumysen, the colonel-general, who had fought as a private soldier, almost reaches the church of Husen, and there he falls lifeless: and two of his sons, in the flower of youth, soon lie stretched on the battle-field that has drunk their father's blood. Kammli takes a few steps further; but halts ere long, exhausted and panting, near a hedge that he would have to clear, and discovers his two enemies, and other Waldstettes running from all sides, like birds of prey, towards the wavering standard of Zurich. The strength of Kammli sinks rapidly, his eyes grow dim, thick darkness surrounds him: a hand of lead fastens him to the ground. Then, mustering all his expiring strength, he flings the standard on the other side of the hedge, exclaiming: "Is there any brave Zuricher near me? Let him preserve the banner and the honour of our lords! As for me, I can do no more!" Then casting a last look to heaven, he adds: "May God be my helper!" He fell exhausted by this last effort. Dantzler, who came up, flung away his sword, sprung over the hedge, seized the banner, and cried, "With the aid of God, I will carry it off." He then rapidly climbed the Albis, and at last placed the ancient standard of Zurich in safety. God, on whom these warriors fixed all their hopes, had heard their prayers, but the noblest blood of the republic had been spilt.

The enemy were victorious at all points. The soldiers of the Five Cantons, and particularly those of Unterwalden, long hardened in the wars of the Milanese, showed themselves more merciless towards their confederates than they had ever been to-

wards foreigners. At the beginning of the battle, Goldli had taken flight, and soon after he quitted Zurich for ever. Lavater, the captain-general, after having fought valiantly, had fallen into the ditch. He was dragged out by a soldier, and had escaped.

The most distinguished men of Zurich fell one after another under the blows of the Waldstettes.[1] Budi Gallmann found the glorious tomb he had wished for, and his two brothers stretched beside him left their father's house desolate. Toning, captain of the arquebusiers, died for his country as he had foretold. All the pride of the population of Zurich, seven members of the Smaller Council, nineteen members of the Two Hundred, sixty-five citizens of the town, four hundred and seventeen from the rural districts: the father in the midst of his children,—the brother surrounded by his brothers,—lay on the field.

Gerold Meyer of Knonau, son of Anna Zwingle, at that time twenty-two years of age, and already a member of the council of Two Hundred,—a husband and a father,—had rushed into the foremost ranks with all the impetuosity of youth. "Surrender, and your life shall be spared," cried some of the warriors of the Five Cantons, who desired to save him. "It is better for me to die with honour than to yield with disgrace," replied the son of Anna, and immediately struck by a mortal blow, he fell and expired not far from the castle of his ancestors.

The ministers were those who paid proportionally the greatest tribute on this bloody day. The sword that was at work on the heights of Cappel thirsted for their blood: twenty-five of them fell beneath its stroke. The Waldstettes trembled with rage when they discovered one of these heretical preachers, and sacrificed him with enthusiasm, as a chosen victim to the Virgin and the saints. There has, perhaps, never been any battle in which so many men of the Word of God have bitten the dust. Almost everywhere the pastors had marched at the head of their flocks. One might have said that Cappel was an assembly of Christian churches rather than an army of Swiss companies. The Abbot Joner, receiving a mortal wound near the ditch, expired in sight of his own monastery. The people of Zug, in pursuit of the enemy, uttered a cry of anguish as they passed his body, remembering all the good he had done them.[2] Schmidt of Kuprach, stationed on the field of battle in the midst of his parishioners, fell surrounded by forty of their bodies.[3] Geroldseck, John Haller, and many other pastors, at the head of their flocks, suddenly met in a terrible and unforeseen manner the Lord whom they had preached.

But the death of one individual far surpassed all others. Zwingle was at the post of danger, the helmet on his head, the sword hanging at his side, the battle-axe in his hand.[1] Scarcely had the action begun, when, stooping to console a dying man, says J. J. Hottinger, a stone hurled by the vigorous arm of a Waldstette struck him on the head and closed his lips. Yet Zwingle arose, when two other blows which struck him successively on the leg,[2] threw him down again. Twice more he stands up; but a fourth time he receives a thrust from a lance, he staggars, and sinking beneath so many wounds, falls on his knees. Does not the darkness that is spreading around him announce a still thicker darkness that is about to cover the Church? Zwingle turns away from such sad thoughts; once more he uplifts that head which had been so bold, and gazing with calm eye upon the trickling blood, exclaims: "What evil is this? They can indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul!"[3] These were his last words.

He had scarcely uttered them ere he fell backwards. There under a tree (Zwingle's Pear-tree) in a meadow, he remained lying on his back, with clasped hands and eyes upturned to heaven.[4]

While the bravest were pursuing the scattered soldiers of Zurich, the stragglers of the Five Cantons had pounced like hungry ravens on the field of battle. Torch in hand, these wretches prowled among the dead, casting looks of irritation around them, and lighting up the features of their expiring victims by the dull glimmering of these funereal torches. They turned over the bodies of the wounded and the dead; they tortured and they stripped them.[5] If they found any who were still sensible, they cried out, "Call upon the saints and confess to your priests!" If the Zurichers, faithful to their creed, rejected these cruel invitations, these men, who were as cowardly as they were fanatical, pierced them with their lances, or dashed out their brains with the butt-ends of their arquebuses. The Roman Catholic historian, Salat of Lucerne, makes

[1] Optimi et docti viri, quos necessitas traxerat in commune periculum patriæ et ecclesiæ veritatisque defensandæ, quam et suo sanguine redemerunt. (Pell. Vit. MS. p. 6.)

[2] Es klagtend inn insonders die Züger. (Bull. iii. p. 151.)

[3] Uff der Walstett warder funden, under und by einen Kussnachern. (Ibid. p. 147.)

[1] The chaplains of the Swiss troops still wear a sword. Zwingle did not make use of his arms.

[2] Hatt auch in den Schenklen yween Stiche. (Tschudi, Helv. ii. p. 194.)

[3] In genua prolapsum dixisse: "Ecquid hoc infortunii? Age! corpus quidem occidere possunt, animam non possunt." (Osw. Myconius, Vit. Zw.)

[4] Was er nach lebend, lag an dem Ruggen und hat seine beide händ zamen gethan, wie die betenden, sach mit synem augen obsich in hymel. (B. iii. p. 136.)

[5] Ein gross plünderen, ein ersuchen und usgiessen der todten und der wunden. (Bull. iii. p. 135.)

DEATH OF ZWINGLE.

a boast of this. "They were left to die like infide. dogs, or were slain with the sword, or the spear, that they might go so much the quicker to the devil, with whose help they had fought so desperately."[1] If any of the soldiers of the Five Cantons had recognised a Zuricher against whom they had any grudge, with dry eyes, disdainful mouth, and features changed by anger, they drew near the unhappy creature, writhing in the agonies of death, and said: "Well! has your heretical faith preserved you? Ah ha! it was pretty clearly seen to-day who had the true faith. . . . . To-day we have dragged your Gospel in the mud, and you too, even you are covered with your own blood. God, the Virgin, and the saints have punished you." Scarcely had they uttered these words before they plunged their swords into their enemy's bosom. "Mass or death!" was their watchword.

Thus triumphed the Waldestettes; but the pious Zurichers who expired on the field of battle called to mind that they had for God one who has said: "*If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?*"—*Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*" It is in the furnace of trial that the God of the Gospel conceals the pure gold of his most precious blessings. This punishment was necessary to turn aside the Church of Zurich from the "broad ways" of the world, and lead it back to the "narrow ways" of the Spirit and the life. In a political history, a defeat like that of Cappel would be styled a great misfortune; but in a history of the Church of Jesus Christ, such a blow, inflicted by the hand of the Father himself, ought rather to be called a great blessing.

Meanwhile Zwingle lay extended under the tree, near the road by which the mass of the people was passing. The shouts of the victors, the groans of the dying, those flickering torches borne from corpse to corpse, Zurich humbled, the cause of Reform lost,—all cried aloud to him that God punishes his servants when they have recourse to the arm of man. If the German Reformer had been able to approach Zwingle at this solemn moment, and pronounce these oft-repeated words: "Christians fight not with sword and arquebus, but with sufferings and the cross,"[2] Zwingle would have stretched out his dying hand, and said, "Amen!"

Two of the soldiers who were prowling over the field of battle, having come near the Reformer without recognising him, "Do you wish for a priest to confess yourself?" asked they. Zwingle, without speaking, (for he had not strength,) made signs in the negative. "If you cannot speak," replied the soldiers, "at least think in thy heart of the Mother of God, and call upon the saints!" Zwingle again shook his head, and kept his eyes still fixed on heaven.[1] Upon this the irritated soldiers began to curse him. "No doubt," said they, "you are one of the heretics of this city!" One of them, being curious to know who it was, stooped down and turned Zwingle's head in the direction of a fire that had been lighted near the spot.[2] The soldier immediately let him fall to the ground. "I think," said he, surprised and amazed, "I think it is Zwingle! At this moment Captain Fockinger of Unterwalden, a veteran and a pensioner, drew near: he had heard the last words of the soldier. "Zwingle!" exclaimed he; "that vile heretic Zwingle! that rascal, that traitor!" Then raising his sword, so long sold to the stranger, he struck the dying Christian on the throat, exclaiming in a violent passion, "Die, obstinate heretic!" Yielding under this last blow, the Reformer gave up the ghost: he was doomed to perish by the sword of a mercenary. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." The soldiers ran to other victims. All did not show the same barbarity. The night was cold; a thick hoar-frost covered the fields and the bodies of the dying. The Protestant historian, Bullinger, informs us that some Waldstettes gently raised the wounded in their arms, bound up their wounds, and carried them to the fires lighted on the field of battle. "Ah!" cried they, "why have the Swiss thus slaughtered one another!"

The main body of the army had remained on the field of battle near the standards. The soldiers conversed around the fires, interrupted from time to time by the cries of the dying. During this time the chiefs assembled in the convent sent messengers to carry the news of their signal victory to the confederate cantons, and to the Roman Catholic powers of Germany.

At length the day appeared. The Waldstettes spread over the field of battle, running here and there, stopping, contemplating, struck with surprise at the sight of their most formidable enemies stretched lifeless on the plain; but sometimes also shedding tears as they gazed on corpses which reminded them of old and sacred ties of friendship. At length they reached the pear-tree under which Zwingle lay dead, and an immense crowd collected around it. His countenance still beamed with expression and with life. "He has the look," said Bartholomew Stocker of Zug, who had loved him, "he has the look

[1] Damit sie desto eher zum Teufel, damit sie mit allen vieren fechtend, geführt würdend. (Salat.)

[2] Christen sind nicht die für sich selbst mit dem Schwerdt oder Büchsen streiten, sondern mit dem Kreuz und Leyden. (Luth. Opp.)

[1] Und sach uber sich in Hymel. (Bull. iii. p. 136.)

[2] Veyn Fuwr besach. (Tschudi, Helv. ii. p. 194.)

of a living rather than of a dead man.[1] Such he was when he kindled the people by the fire of his eloquence." All eyes were fixed upon the corpse. John Schönbrunner, formerly canon of Zurich, who had retired to Zug at the epoch of the Reformation, could not restrain his tears; "Whatever may have been thy creed," said he, "I know, Zwingle, that thou hast been a loyal confederate! May thy soul rest with God!"

But the pensioners of the foreigner, on whom Zwingle had never ceased to make war, required that the body of the heretic should be dismembered, and a portion sent to each of the Five Cantons. "Peace be to the dead! and God alone be their Judge!" exclaimed the avoyer Golder and the landamman Thoss of Zug. Cries of fury answered their appeal, and compelled them to retire. Immediately the drums beat to muster; the dead body was tried, and it was decreed that it should be quartered for treason against the Confederation, and then burnt for heresy. The executioner of Lucerne carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his: and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven.[2]

Zwingle was dead. A great light had been extinguished in the Church of God. Mighty by the Word as were the other reformers, he had been more so than they in action; but this very power had been his weakness, and he had fallen under the weight of his own strength. Zwingle was not forty-eight years old when he died. If the might of God always accompanied the might of man, what would he not have done for the Reformation in Switzerland, and even in the Empire! But he had wielded an arm that God had forbidden; the helmet had covered his head, and he had grasped the halberd. His more devoted friends were themselves astonished, and exclaimed: we know not what to say! . . . a bishop in arms!"[3] The bolt had furrowed the cloud, the blow had reached the reformer, and his body was no more than a handful of dust in the palm of a soldier.

IX. Frightful darkness hung over Zurich during the night that followed the afflicting day of Cappel. It was seven in the evening when the first news of the disaster arrived. . . . . Vague but alarming reports spread at first with the rapidity of lightning It was known that a terrible blow had been inflicted, but not of what kind; but soon a few wounded men, who arrived from the field of battle, cleared up the frightful mystery. "Then," said Bullinger, whom we shall allow to speak, "there arose suddenly a loud and horrible cry of lamentation and tears, bewailing and groaning." The consternation was so much the greater that no one had expected this disaster. "There is not enough for a breakfast," had said some haughty worldly men; "With one blow we shall be masters of the *Five Chalets*," had said another; and an old soldier added with disdainful sneer, "We shall soon have scattered these five dunghills." The Christian portion, convinced that Zurich was fighting in a good cause, had not doubted that victory would be on the side of truth. . . . Thus their first stupefaction was succeeded by a violent out-burst of rage. With blind fury the mob accused all their chiefs, and loaded with insults even those who had defended their country at the price of their blood. An immense crowd—agitated, pale, and bewildered, filled all the streets of the city. They meet, they question and reply; they question again, and the answer cannot be heard, for the shouts of the people interrupted or drowned the voice of the speakers. The councillors who had remained in Zurich, repaired in haste to the town-hall. The people, who had already assembled there in crowds, looked on with threatening eyes. Accusations of treason burst from every mouth, and the patricians were pointed out to the general indignation. They must have victims. "Before going to fight against the enemy on the frontiers," said the mob, "we should defend ourselves against those who are within our walls."—Sorrow and fear excited the minds of all. That savage instinct of the populace, which in great calamities leads them, like a wild beast, to thirst for blood, was violently aroused. A hand from the midst of the crowd points out the council-hall, and a harsh and piercing voice exclaims: "Let us chop off the heads of some of the men who sit in these halls, and let their blood ascend to heaven, to beg for mercy in behalf of those whom they have slain."

But this fury is nothing in comparison with that which breaks out against the ministers, against Zwingle, and all those Christians who were the cause (say they) of the ruin of the country. Fortunately the sword of the Waldstettes had withdrawn them from the rage of their fellow-citizens; nevertheless, there still remained some who could pay for the others. Leo Juda, whom Zwingle's death was about to raise to the head of religious affairs, had scarcely recovered from a serious illness; it is on him they rush. They threaten, they pursue him; a few worthy citizens carry him off and hide him in their houses. The rage of

[1] Nicht einem Todten sondern einem Lebenden gleich. (Zwingli for dass Volk von J. J. Hottinger.)

[2] Tschudi Helvet. ii. p. 195. "Cadaver Zwinglii. . . . . in quatuor partes secatur, in ignem conjicitur, in cinerem resolvitur." (Myc. de Vit. Zw.)

[3] Ego nihil certe apud me possum statuere, maxime de Episcopo in armis. (Zuickius Ecolampadio, 8th November, 1531, Zurich MS.)

these madmen is not appeased: they continue shouting that atonement must be made for the slaughter at Cappel, by a still more frightful slaughter within the very walls of the city. But God placed a curb in the mouths of these infuriated beasts of prey, and subdued them.

On a sudden, grief succeeded to rage, and sobs choked the utterance of the most furious. All those whose relatives had marched to Cappel, imagine that they are among the number of the victims. Old men, women, and children, go forth in the darkness by the glimmering light of torches, with haggard eyes and hurried steps; and as soon as some wounded man arrives, they question him with trembling voice about those whom they are seeking. To some they reply: "I saw him fall close by my side.—He was surrounded by so many enemies," they say to others, "that there was no chance of safety for him."[1] At these words the distracted family drop their torches, and fill the air with shrieks and groans.

Anna Zwingle had heard from her house the repeated discharges of artillery. As wife and mother, she had passed in expectation many long hours of anguish, offering fervent prayers to heaven. At length the most terrible accounts, one after another, burst upon her.

In the midst of those whose cries of despair re-echoed along the road to Cappel, was Oswald Myconius, who inquired with anxiety what had become of his friend. Soon he hears one of the unfortunates who had escaped from the massacre, relating to those around him that Zwingle had fallen![2] ... Zwingle is no more! Zwingle is dead! The cry is repeated: it runs through Zurich with the rapidity of lightning, and at length reaches the unhappy widow. Anna falls on her knees. But the loss of her husband is not enough: God has inflicted other blows. Messengers following each other at short intervals announce to her the death of her son Gerold of Knonau, of her brother the bailiff of Reinhardt, of her son-in-law Antony Wirz, of John Lustchi the husband of her dear sister, as well as of all her most intimate friends. This woman remains alone—alone with her God; alone with her young children, who, as they see her tears, weep also, and throw themselves disconsolate into their mother's arms.

On a sudden the alarm-bell rings. The council, distracted by the most contrary opinions, has at last resolved to summon all the citizens towards the Albis. But the sound of the tocsin re-echoing through the darkness, the lamentable stories of the wounded, and the distressful groans of bereaved families, still further increased the tumult. A numerous and disorderly troop of citizens rushed along the road to Cappel. Among them is the Valaisan, Thomas Plater. Here he meets with a man that has but one hand,[1] —there with others who supported their wounded and bleeding heads with both hands;—further still is a soldier whose bowels protrude from his body. In front of these unhappy creatures peasants are walking with lighted torches, for the night is very dark. Plater wishes to return; but he cannot, for sentinels placed on the bridge over the Sihl allow persons to quit Zurich, but permit no one to re-enter.

On the morrow the news of the disgraceful treatment of Zwingle's corpse aroused all the anger of Zurich; and his friends, uplifting their tear-bedimmed eyes, exclaimed, "These men may fall upon his body; they may kindle their piles, and brand his innocent life ..... but he lives—this invincible hero lives in eternity, and leaves behind him an immortal monument of glory that no flames can destroy.[2] God, for whose honour he has laboured, even at the price of his blood, will make his memory eternal." "And I," adds Leo Juda, "I, upon whom he has heaped so many blessings, will endeavour, after so many others, to defend his renown and to extol his virtues." Thus Zurich consecrated to Zwingle a funeral oration of tears and sighs, of gratitude and cries of anguish. Never was there a funeral speech more eloquent!

Zurich rallied her forces. John Steiner had collected on the Albis some scattered fragments of the army for the defence of the pass: they bivouacked around their fires on the summit of the mountain, and all were in disorder. Plater, benumbed with cold, (it is himself who gives us the account,) had drawn off his boots to warm his feet at the watch-fire. On a sudden an alarm is given, the troop is hastily drawn up, and, while Plater is getting ready, a trumpeter, who had escaped from the battle, seizes his halberd. Plater takes it back, and stations himself in the ranks; before him stands the trumpeter, without hat or shoes, and armed with a long pole. Such is the army of Zurich.

The chief captain Lavater rejoined the army at daybreak. Gradually the allies came up; 1200 Grisons, under the orders of the captain-general Frey of Zurick, 1500 Thurgovians, 600 Tockenburgers, and other auxiliaries besides, soon formed an army of 12,000 men. All, even children, ran to arms. The council gave orders that these

[1] Dermassen umbgäben mit Tygenden, dass kein Hoffnung der rettung uberig. (Bull. iv. p. 163.)

[2] Ut igitur mane videram exeuntem, ita sub noctem audio nuntium. pugnatum quidem acriter, tamen infeliciter, et Zwinglium nobis periisse. (Myc. Vit. Zw.)

[1] Ertlich kamen, hatten nur eine hand. (Libensbeschreibung Plateri. p. 297.)

[2] Vivit adhunc, et æternum vivit fortissimus heros. (Leonis Judæ exhort. ad Chr. Sect. Enchiridio Psalm. Zwinglii præmissa.)

young folks,[1] should be sent back to share in the domestic duties with the women.

Another reverse ere long augmented the desolation of the Reformed party. While the troops of Berne, Zurich, Basle, and Bienne, amounting to 24,000 men, were assembling at Bremgarten, the Five Cantons intrenched themselves at Baar, near Zug. But Zwingle was wanting to the Reformed army, and he would have been the only man capable of inspiring them with courage. A gust of wind having thrown down a few fir-trees in the forest where the Zurichers were encamped, and caused the death of some of their soldiers, they failed not to see in this the signal for fresh reverses.

Nevertheless, Frey called loudly for battle; but the Bernese commandant Diesbach refused. Upon this the Zurich captain set off in the night of the 23d October at the head of 4000 men of Zurich, Schaffhausen, Basle, and St. Gall; and, while the Bernese were sleeping quietly, he turned the Waldstettes, drove their outposts beyond the Sihl, and took his station on the heights that overlook the Goubel. His imprudent soldiers, believing victory to be certain, proudly waved their banners, and then sunk into a heavy sleep. The Waldstettes had observed all. On the 24th October, at two in the morning, by a bright moonlight, they quitted their camp in profound silence, leaving their fires burning, and wearing their white shirts over their dresses that they might recognise one another in the obscurity. Their watchword was "Mary, the mother of God." They glided stealthily into a pine forest, near which the Reformed troops were encamped. The men stationed at the advanced guard of the Zurichers having perceived the enemy, ran up to the fires to arouse their friends, but they had scarcely reached the third fire before the Waldstettes appeared, uttering a frightful shout.[2] "Har. . .Har. . .Har. . .Har!. . . .Where are these impious heretics?. . . . . .Har. . .Har. . .Har . .Har?" The army of the cities at first made a vigorous resistance, and many of the white-shirts fell covered with blood; but this did not continue long. The bravest, with the valiant Frey at their head, having bitten the dust, the rout became general, and 800 men were left on the field of battle.

In the midst of these afflictions the Bernese remained stubborn and motionless.—Francis Kolb, who, notwithstanding his advanced age, had accompanied the Bernese contingent as chaplain, reproached in a sermon the negligence and cowardice of his party. "Your ancestors," said he, "would have swam across the Rhine, and you—this little stream stops you! They went to battle for a word, and you even the Gospel cannot move. For us it only remains to commit our cause to God." Many voices were raised against the imprudent old man, but others took up his defence; and the captain, Jacques May, being as indignant as the aged chaplain at the delays of his fellow-citizens, drew his sword, and thrusting it into the folds of the Bernese banner, pricked the bear that was represented on it, and cried out in the presence of the whole army, "You knave, will you not show your claws?"[1]—But the bear remained motionless.

The whole of the Reformation was compromised. Scarcely had Ferdinand received intelligence of the death of the arch-heretic Zwingle, and of the defeat at Cappel, than with an exclamation of joy, he forwarded these good news to his brother the Emperor Charles the Fifth. "This is the first of the victories destined to restore the faith," he had written. After the defeat at the Goubel, he wrote again, saying that if the Emperor were not so near at hand, he would not hesitate, however weak he might be, to rush forward in person, sword in hand, to terminate so righteous an enterprise. "Remember," said he, "that you are the first prince in Christendom, and that you will never have a better opportunity of covering yourself with glory. Assist the cantons with your troops; the German sects will perish, when they are no longer supported by heretical Switzerland."[2] "The more I reflect," replied Charles, "the more I am pleased with your advice. The imperial dignity with which I am invested, the protection that I owe to Christendom and to public order, in a word, the safety of the house of Austria,—everything appeals to me!"

Already about two thousand Italian soldiers, sent by the Pope and commanded by the Genoese De l'Isola, had unfolded their seven standards, and united near Zug with the army of the Five Cantons. Auxiliary troops, diplomatic negotiations, and even missionaries to convert the heretics, were not spared. The Bishop of Veroli arrived in Switzerland in order to bring back the Lutherans to the Roman faith by means of his friends and of his money.[3] The Roman politicians hailed the victory at Cappel as the signal of the restoration of the Papal authority, not only in Switzerland, but throughout the whole of Christendom.[4]—At last this presumptuous Reformation was about to be repressed. Instead of the great deliverance of which Zwingle had dreamt, the imperial eagle let loose by the Papacy was about to pounce on all Europe, and

[1] Jungen fasels—young brood. (Bull. Chr. iii. p. 176.)

[2] Mit einem grossen grusamen geschrey.—Bull. iii. p. 201.)

[1] Bëtz. Bëtz. willt dan nicht kretzen! (Bull. iii. p. 215.)

[2] Que se perdo deslar i camino para remediar las quiebras de nuestra fe y ser Va. Md. Senor de Allemana. (Ferdinand to Charles V. 11th November, 1531.)

[3] Con proposita di rimôver Lutheriani dalla loro mala opinione, con mezzo di alcuni suoi amici e con denari. (Report of Basadonna, Archbishop of Venice.)

[4] Ranke, Deutshe Geschichte, iii. p. 867.

strangle it in its talons. The cause of liberty had perished on the Albis.

But the hopes of the Papists were vain: the cause of the Gospel, although humbled at this moment, was destined finally to gain a glorious victory. A cloud may hide the sun for a time: but the cloud passes and the sun re-appears. Jesus Christ is always the same, and the gates of hell, which triumphed on the field of Cappel, cannot prevail against his Church.

Nevertheless everything seemed advancing towards a grand catastrophe. The Tockenburgers made peace and retired. The Thurgovians followed them; and next the people of Gaster. The evangelical army was thus gradually disbanded. The severity of the season was joined to these dissensions. Continual storms of wind and rain drove the soldiers to their homes.

Upon this the Five Cantons with the undisciplined bands of the Italian general Isola threw themselves on the left bank of the lake of Zurich. The alarm-bell was rung on every side; the peasants retired in crowds into the city, with their weeping wives, their frightened children, and their cattle that filled the air with sullen lowings. A report too was circulated that the enemy intended laying siege to Zurich. The country-people in alarm declared that if the city refused to treat, they would treat on their own account.

The peace party prevailed in the council; deputies were elected to negotiate. "Above all things, preserve the Gospel, and then our honour, as far as may be possible!" Such were their instructions. On the 16th November, the deputies from Zurich arrived in a meadow situated near the frontier, on the banks of the Sihl, in which the representatives of the Five Cantons awaited them. They proceeded to the deliberations. "In the name of the most honourable, holy, and divine Trinity," began the treaty, "Firstly, we the people of Zurich bind ourselves and agree to leave our trusty and well-beloved confederates of the Five Cantons, their well-beloved co-burghers of the Valais, and all their adherents lay and ecclesiastic, in their true[1] and indubitable Christian faith, renouncing all evil intention, tricks, and stratagems. And, on our side, we of the Five Cantons, agree to leave our confederates of Zurich and their allies in possession of their faith."[2] At the same time, Rapperswyl, Gaster, Wesen, Bremgarten, Mellingen, and the common bailiwicks, were abandoned to the Five Cantons.

Zurich had preserved its faith; and that was all. The treaty having been read and approved of, the plenipotentiaries got off their horses, fell upon their knees, and called upon the name of God.[3] Then the new captain-general of the Zurichers, Escher, a hasty and eloquent old man, rising up, said as he turned towards the Waldstettes: "God be praised that I can again call you my well-beloved confederates!" and approaching them, he shook hands successively with Golder, Hug, Troger, Rychmut, Marquart, Zelliger, and Toss, the terrible victors at Cappel. All eyes were filled with tears.[1] Each took with trembling hand the bottle suspended at his side, and offered a draught to one of the chiefs of the opposite party. Shortly after a similar treaty was concluded with Berne.

X. The restoration of Popery immediately commenced in Switzerland, and Rome showed herself everywhere proud, exacting, and ambitious.

After the battle of Cappel, the Romish minority at Glaris had resumed the upper-hand. It marched with Schwytz against Wesen and the district of the Gaster. On the eve of the invasion, at midnight, twelve deputies came and threw themselves at the feet of the Schwytzer chiefs, who were satisfied with confiscating the national banners of these two districts, with suppressing their tribunals, annulling their ancient liberties, and condemning some to banishment, and others to pay a heavy fine. Next the mass, the altars, and images were everywhere re-established, and exist until the present day.[2] Such was the pardon of Schwytz!

It was especially on Bremgarten, Mellingen, and the free bailiwicks that the Cantons proposed to inflict a terrible vengeance. Berne having recalled its army, Mutschli, the avoyer of Bremgarten, followed Diesbach as far as Arau. In vain did the former remind the Bernese that it was only according to the orders of Berne and Zurich that Bremgarten had blockaded the Five Cantons. "Bend to circumstances," replied the general. On this the wretched Mutschli, turning away from the pitiless Bernese, exclaimed, "The prophet Jeremiah has well said,—*Cursed be he that trusteth in man!*" The Swiss and Italian bands entered furiously into these flourishing districts, brandishing their weapons, inflicting heavy fines on all the inhabitants, compelling the Gospel ministers to flee, and restoring everywhere at the point of the sword, mass, idols, and altars.

On the other side of the lake the misfortune was still greater. On the 18th November, while the Reformed of Rapperschwyl were sleeping peacefully in reliance on the treaties, an army from Schwytz silently passed the wooden bridge nearly 2000 feet long which crosses the lake, and was admitted into the city by the Romish party.

[1] By ihren wahren ungez wyfflten Christenlichen glauben. (Tschudi. p. 247.)
[2] By ihren Glauben. (Ibid.)
[3] Knuwet menchlich wider und bättet. (Bull. iii. p. 253.)

[1] Und luffend ihnen allen die Augen über. (Tschudi, p. 245.)
[2] Es würdent mäss, altär und götren vinder ♈ gericht. (Bull. iii. p. 277.)

On a sudden the Reformed awoke at the loud pealing of the bells, and the tumultuous voices of the Catholics: the greater part quitted the city. One of them, however, by name Michael Wohlgemuth, barricaded his house, placed arquebusses at every window, and repelled the attack. The exasperated enemy brought up some heavy pieces of artillery, besieged this extemporaneous citadel in regular form, and Wohlgemuth was soon taken and put to death in the midst of horrible tortures.

Nowhere had the struggle been more violent than at Soleure: the two parties were drawn up in battle-array on each side of the Aar, and the Romanists had already discharged one ball against the opposite bank, another was about to follow, when the avoyer Wenge, throwing himself on the mouth of the cannon, cried out earnestly: "Fellow-citizens, let there be no bloodshed, or else let me be your first victim!" The astonished multitude dropped their arms; but seventy Evangelical families were obliged to emigrate, and Soleure returned under the Papal yoke.

The deserted cells of St. Gall, Muri, Ensideln, Wettingen, Rheinau, St. Catherine, Hermetshwyll and Gnadenthall witnessed the triumphant return of Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicians, and all the Romish militia; priests and monks, intoxicated with their victory, overran country and town, and prepared for new conquests.

The wind of adversity was blowing with fury: the Evangelical Churches fell one after another, like the pines in the forest whose fall before the battle of the Goubel had raised such gloomy presentiments. The Five Cantons, full of gratitude to the Virgin, made a solemn pilgrimage to her temple at Ensideln. The chaplains celebrated anew their mysteries in this desolated sanctuary; the abbot, who had no monks, sent a number of youths into Swabia to be trained up in the rules of the order, and this famous chappel, which Zwingle's voice had converted into a sanctuary for the Word, became for Switzerland, what it has remained until this day, the centre of the power and of the intrigues of the Papacy.

But this was not enough. At the very time that these flourishing churches were falling to the ground, the reform witnessed the extinction of its brightest lights. A blow from a stone had slain the energetic Zwingle on the field of battle, and the rebound reached the pacific Œcolampadius at Basle, in the midst of a life that was wholly evangelical. The death of his friend, the severe judgments with which they pursued his memory, the terror that had suddenly taken the place of the hopes he had entertained of the future—all these sorrows rent the heart of Œcolampadius, and soon his head and his life inclined sadly to the tomb. "Alas!" cried he, "that Zwingle, whom I have so long regarded as my right arm, has fallen under the blows of cruel enemies!"[1] He recovered, however, sufficient energy to defend the memory of his brother. "It was not," said he, "on the heads of the most guilty that the wrath of Pilate and the tower of Siloam fell. The judgment began in the house of God; our presumption has been punished; let our trust be placed now on the Lord alone, and this will be an inestimable gain." Œcolampadius declined the call of Zurich to take the place of Zwingle. "My post is here," said he, as he looked at Basle.

He was not destined to hold it long.—Illness fell upon him in addition to so many afflictions; the plague was in the city; a violent inflammation attacked him,[2] and ere long a tranquil scene succeeded the tumult of Cappel. A peaceful death calmed the agitated hearts of the faithful, and replaced by sweet, tranquil, and heavenly emotions, the terror and distress with which a terrible disaster had filled them.

On hearing of the danger of Œcolampadius, all the city was plunged into mourning; a crowd of men of every age and of every rank rushed to his house. "Rejoice," said the reformer with a meek look, "I am going to a place of everlasting joy." He then commemorated the death of our Lord with his wife, his relations, and domestics, who shed floods of tears. "This supper," said the dying man, "is a sign of my real faith in Jesus Christ my Redeemer."

On the morrow he sent for his colleagues: "My brethren," said he, "the Lord is there; he calls me away. Oh! my brethren, what a black cloud is appearing on the horizon—what a tempest is approaching! Be steadfast: the Lord will preserve his own." He then held out his hand, and all these faithful ministers clasped it with veneration.

On the 23d November, he called his children around him, the eldest of whom was barely three years old. "Eusebius Irene, Alethea," said he to them, as he took their little hands, "love God who is your Father." Their mother having promised for them, the children retired with the blessing of the dying servant of God. The night that followed this scene was his last. All the pastors were around his bed:—"What is the news?" asked Œcolampadius of a friend who came in. "Nothing," was the reply. "Well," said the faithful disciple of Jesus, "I will tell you something new." His friends awaited in astonishment. "In a short time I shall be with the Lord Jesus." One of his friends now asking him if he was incommoded by the light, he

[1] Zwinglium nostrum, quem pro manu altera nunc multo tempore habui. (Zurich MS.)

[2] Ater carbunculus quovis carbunculo in domo Dei splendidiorem perdidit. (J. J. Hottinger, iii. p. 634.)

replied, putting his hand on his heart: "There is light enough here." The day began to break; he repeated in a feeble voice the 51st Psalm: *Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy loving kindness.* Then remaining silent, as if he wished to recover strength, he said, "Lord Jesus, help me!" The ten pastors fell on their knees around his bed with uplifted hands; at this moment the sun rose, and darted his earliest rays on a scene of sorrow so great and so afflicting with which the Church of God was again stricken.[1]

The death of this servant of the Lord was like his life, full of light and peace. Œcolampadius was in an especial degree the Christian spiritualist and biblical divine.—The importance he attached to the study of the books of the Old Testament imprinted one of its most essential characters on the reformed theology.[2] Considered as a man of action, his moderation and meekness placed him in the second rank. Had he been able to exert more of this peaceful spirit over Zwingle, great misfortunes might perhaps have been avoided. But like all men of meek disposition, his peaceful character yielded too much to the energetic will of the minister of Zurich; and he thus renounced, in part at least, the legitimate influence that he might have exercised over the reformer of Switzerland and of the Church.

Zwingle and Œcolampadius had fallen. There was a great void and great sorrow in the Church of Christ. Dissensions disappeared before these two tombs, and nothing could be seen but tears. Luther himself was moved. On receiving the news of these two deaths, he called to mind the days he had passed with Zwingle and Œcolampadius at Marburg; and the blow inflicted on him by their sudden decease was such, that many years after he said to Bullinger: "Their death filled me with such intense sorrow, that I was near dying myself."[3]

The youthful Henry Bullinger, threatened with the scaffold, had been compelled to flee from Bremgarten, his native town, with his aged father, his colleagues, and sixty of the principal inhabitants, who abandoned their houses to the pillage of the Waldstettes.[4] Three days after this, he was preaching in the cathedral of Zurich: "No! Zwingle is not dead!" exclaimed Myconius; "or, like the phœnix, he has risen again from his ashes." Bullinger was unanimously chosen to succeed the great reformer. He adopted Zwingle's orphan children, Wilhelm, Regula, and Ulric, and endeavoured to supply the place of their father. This young man, scarcely twenty-eight years of age, and who presided forty years with wisdom and blessing over this church, was everywhere greeted as the apostle of Switzerland.[1]

Yet as the sea roars long after the violent tempest has subsided, so the people of Zurich were still in commotion. Many were agitated from on high. They came to themselves; they acknowledged their error; the weapons of their warfare had been carnal; they were now of a contrite and humble spirit; they arose and went to their Father and confessed their sin. In those days there was a great mourning in Zurich. Some, however, stood up with pride, protested by the mouth of their ministers against the work of the diplomatists, and boldly stigmatized the shameful compact. "If the shepherds sleep, the dogs must bark," exclaimed Leo Juda in the cathedral of Zurich. "My duty is to give warning of the evil they are about to do my Master's house."[2]

Nothing could equal the sorrow of this city, except the exultation of the Waldstettes. The noise of drums and fifes, the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, had long resounded on the banks of their lakes, and even to their highest valleys. Now the noise was less, but the effect greater. The Five Cantons, in close alliance with Friburg and Soleure, formed a perpetual league for the defence of the ancient Christian faith with the Bishop of Sion and the tithings of the Valais; and henceforward carried their measures in the federal affairs with boldness. But a deep conviction was formed at that period in the hearts of the Swiss Reformed. "Faith comes from God," said they; "its fortune does not depend on the life or death of a man. Let our adversaries boast of our ruin, we will boast only in the Cross."[3] "God reigns," wrote Berne to Zurich, "and he will not permit the bark to founder." This conviction was of more avail than the victory of Cappel.

Thus the Reformation, that had deviated from the right path, was driven back by the very violence of the blow into its primitive course, having no other power than the Word of God. An inconceivable infatuation had taken possession of the friends of the Bible. They had forgotten that our warfare is not carnal; and they had appealed to arms and to battle. But God reigns: he punishes

[1] De Joannis Œcolampadis obitu, per Simonem Gryneum. (Epp. Œcol. et Zwinglii, libri iv.)

[2] See his Commentaries on Isaiah (1525), 1st chapter; on Ezekiel (1527); Haggai, Zachariah, Malachi (1527); Daniel (1530); and the commentaries published after his death, with interpretations on Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, and the 1st and 2d chapters of Micah.

[3] De cujus morte dolorem concepi . . . . . ita ut eorum casus me pene exanimaverit. (L. Epp. v p. 112.)

[4] Ne a quinque pagis aut obtruncarer aut combuerem. (Bull. ad Myc. November 1531.)

[1] Haller ad Bulling. 1536.

[2] Ich mus bellen. (Bull. iii. p. 321.)

[3] Gloriantibus adversariis ruinam, nos in cruce gloriemur. (Ad. Œcolamp. 29th November, 1531 Zurich MS.)

he churches and the people who turn aside from his ways. We have thus taken a few stones, and piled them as a monument on the battle-field of Cappel, in order to remind the Church of the great lesson which this terrible catastrophe teaches. As we bid farewell to this sad scene, we inscribe on these monumental stones, on the one side, these words from God's Book: "*Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen and stand upright.*" And on the other, this declaration of the Head of the Church: "*My kingdom is not of this world.*" If, from the ashes of the martyrs at Cappel, a voice could be heard, it would be these very words of the Bible that these noble confessors would address, after three centuries, to the Christians of our days. That the Church has no other king than Jesus Christ; that she ought not to meddle with the policy of the world, derive from it her inspiration, and call for its swords, its prisons, its treasures; that she will conquer by the spiritual powers which God has deposited in her bosom, and, above all, by the reign of her adorable Head; that she must not expect upon earth thrones and mortal triumphs; but that her march is like that of her King, from the manger to the cross, and from the cross to the crown:—such is the lesson to be read on the blood-stained page that has crept into our simple and evangelical narrative.[1]

But if God teaches his people great lessons, he also gives them great deliverances. The bolt had fallen from heaven. The Reformation seemed to be no more than a lifeless body cumbering the ground, and whose dissevered limbs were about to be reduced to ashes. But God raises up the dead. New and more glorious destinies were awaiting the Gospel of Jesus Christ at the foot of the Alps. At the south-western extremity of Switzerland, in a great valley which the white giant of the mountains points out from afar; on the banks of the Leman lake, at the spot where the Rhone, clear and blue as the sky above it, rolls its majestic waters; on a small hill that the foot of Cæsar had once trod, and on which the steps of another conqueror, of a Gaul, of a Picardine[2] were destined ere long to leave their ineffaceable and glorious traces, stood an ancient city, as yet covered with the dense shadows of Popery; but which God was about to raise to be a beacon to the Church, and a bulwark to Christendom.

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[1] Zwingle's *Pear Tree* having perished, a large rock has been placed over the spot where this illustrious reformer died; and on it are engraved suitable inscriptions; different, however, from those in the text.

[2] John Calvin of Noyon.

BOOK XVII.

ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Introduction—Work of the Sixteenth Century—Unity and diversity—Necessity of considering the entire Religious History of England—Establishment of Christianity in Great Britain—Formation of Ecclesiastical Catholicism in the Roman Empire—Spiritual Christianity received by Britain—Slavery and conversion of Succatt—His Mission to Ireland—Anglo-Saxons re-establish Paganism in England—Columba at Iona—Evangelical Teaching—Presbytery and Episcopacy in Great Britain—Continental Missions of the Britons—An Omission—Pope Gregory the Great—Desires to reduce Britain—Policy of Gregory and Augustine—Arrival of the Mission—Appreciation—Britain superior to Rome—Dionoth at Bangor—First and second Romish Aggressions—Anguish of the Britons—Pride of Rome—Rome has recourse to the Sword—Massacre—Saint Peter scourges an Archbishop—Oswald—His Victory—Corman—Mission of Oswald and Aidan—Death of Oswald—Character of Oswy—Death of Aidan—Wilfrid at Rome—At Oswald's Court—Finan and Colman—Independence of the Church attacked—Oswy's Conquests and Troubles—*Synodus Pharensis*—Cedda—Degeneration—The Disputation—Peter, the Gatekeeper—Triumph of Rome—Grief of the Britons—Popedom organized in England—Papal Exultation—Archbishop Theodore—Cedda re-ordained—Discord in the Church—Disgrace and Treachery of Wilfrid—His End—Scotland attacked—Adamnan—Iona resists—A King converted by Architects—The Monk Egbert at Iona—His History—Monkish Visions—Fall of Iona—Clement—Struggle between a Scotchman and an Englishman—Word of God only—Clement's Success—His Condemnation—Virgil and the Antipodes—John Scotus and Philosophical Religion—Alfred and the Bible—Darkness and Popery—William the Conqueror—Wulston at Edward's Tomb—Struggle between William and Hildebrand—The Pope yields—Cæsaropapia—Anselm's Firmness—Becket's Austerity—The King scourged—John becomes the Pope's Vassal—Collision between Popery and Liberty—The Vassal King ravages his Kingdom—Religion of the Senses and Superstition—Reaction—Grostête—Principles of Reform—Contest with the Pope—Sewal—Progress of the Nation—Opposition to the Papacy—Conversion of Bradwardine—Grace is Supreme—Edward III.—Statutes of *Provisors* and *Præmunire*—The Mendicant Friars—Their Disorders and Popular Indignation—Wickliffe—His Success—Speeches of the Peers against the Papal Tribute—Agreement of Bruges—Courtenay and Lancaster—Wickliffe before the Convocation—Altercation between Lancaster and Courtenay—Riot—Three Briefs against Wickliffe—Wickliffe at Lambeth—Mission of the *Poor Priests*—Their Preachings and Persecutions—Wickliffe and the Four Regents—The Bible—Wickliffe's Translation—Effects of its Publication—Opposition of the Clergy—Wickliffe's Fourth Phasis—Transubstantiation—Excommunication—Wickliffe's Firmness—Wat Tyler—The Synod—The Condemned Propositions—Wickliffe's Petition—Wickliffe before the Primate at Oxford—Wickliffe summoned to Rome—His Answer—The Trialogue—His Death—And Character—His Teaching—His Ecclesiastical Views—A Prophecy—The Wickliffites—Call for Reform—Richard II.—The First Martyr—Lord Cobham—Appears before Henry V.—Before the Archbishop—His Confession and Death—The Lollards—Learning at Florence—The Tudors—Erasmus visits England—Sir Thomas More—Dean Colet—Erasmus and young Henry—Prince Arthur and Catherine—Marriage and Death—Catherine betrothed to Henry—Accession of Henry VIII.—Enthusiasm of the Learned—Erasmus recalled to England—Cromwell before the Pope—Catherine proposed to Henry—Their Marriage and Court—Tournaments—Henry's Danger—The Pope excites to War—Colet's Sermon at St. Paul's—The Flemish Campaign—Marriage of Louis XII. and Princess Mary—Letter from Anne Boleyn—Marriage of Brandon and Mary—Oxford—Sir Thomas More at Court—Attack upon the Monasteries—Colet's Household—He preaches Reform—The Greeks and Trojans—Wolsey—His first Commission—His Complaisance and Dioceses—Cardinal, Chancellor, and Legate—Ostentation and Necromancy—His Spies and Enmity—Pretensions of the Clergy—The Wolves—Richard Hun—A Murder—Verdict of the Jury—Hun Condemned, and his Character Vindicated—The Gravesend Passage-boat—A Festival Disturbed—Brown Tortured—Visit from his Wife—A Martyr—Character of Erasmus—1516 and 1517—Erasmus goes to Basle.

Those heavenly powers which had lain dormant in the church since the first ages of Christianity, awoke from their slumber in the sixteenth century, and this awakening called the modern times into existence. The church was created anew, and from that regeneration have flowed the great developments of literature and science, of morality, liberty, and industry, which at present characterize the nations of Christendom. None of these things would have existed without the Reformation. Whenever society enters upon a new era, it requires the baptism of faith. In the sixteenth century, God gave to man this consecration from on high by leading him back from mere outward profession and the mechanism of works to an inward and lively faith.

This transformation was not effected without struggles—struggles which presented at first a remarkable unity. On the day of battle one and the same feeling animated every bosom: after the victory they became divided. Unity of faith indeed remained, but the difference of nationalities brought into the church a diversity of forms. Of this we are about to witness a striking example. The Reformation, which had begun its triumphal march in Germany, Switzerland, France, and several other parts of the continent, was destined

to receive new strength by the conversion of a celebrated country, long known as the *Isle of Saints*. This island was to add its banner to the trophy of Protestantism, but that banner preserved its distinctive colours. When England became reformed, a puissant individualism joined its might to the great unity.

If we search for the characteristics of the British Reformation, we shall find that, beyond any other, they were social, national, and truly human. There is no people among whom the Reformation has produced to the same degree that morality and order, that liberty, public spirit, and activity, which are the very essence of a nation's greatness. Just as the papacy has degraded the Spanish peninsula, has the gospel exalted the British islands. Hence the study upon which we are entering possesses an interest peculiar to itself.

In order that this study may be useful, it should have a character of universality. To confine the history of a people within the space of a few years, or even of a century, would deprive that history of both truth and life. We might indeed have traditions, chronicles, and legends, but there would be no history. History is a wonderful organization, no part of which can be retrenched. To understand the present, we must know the past. Society, like man himself, has its infancy, youth, maturity, and old age. Ancient or Pagan society, which had spent its infancy in the East in the midst of the antihellenic races, had its youth in the animated epoch of the Greeks, its manhood in the stern period of Roman greatness, and its old age under the decline of the empire. Modern society has passed through analogous stages: at the time of the Reformation it attained that of the full-grown man. We shall now proceed to trace the destinies of the church in England, from the earliest times of Christianity. These long and distant preparations are one of the distinctive characteristics of its reformation.

Before the sixteenth century this church had passed through two great phases.

The first was that of its formation—the second that of its corruption.

In its formation it was oriento-apostolical.

In its corruption it was successively national-papistical and royal-papistical.

After these two degrees of decline came the last and great phasis of the Reformation.

In the second century of the Christian era vessels were frequently sailing to the savage shores of Britain from the ports of Asia Minor, Greece, Alexandria, or the Greek colonies in Gaul. Among the merchants busied in calculating the profits they could make upon the produce of the East with which their ships were laden, would occasionally be found a few pious men from the banks of the Meander or the Hermus, conversing peacefully with one another about the birth, life, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, and rejoicing at the prospect of saving by these glad tidings the pagans towards whom they were steering. It would appear that some British prisoners of war, having learnt to know Christ during their captivity, bore also to their fellow-countrymen the knowledge of this Saviour. It may be, too, that some Christian soldiers, the Corneliuses of those imperial armies whose advanced posts reached the southern parts of Scotland, desirous of more lasting conquest, may have read to the people whom they had subdued, the writings of Matthew, John, and Paul. It is of little consequence to know whether one of these first converts was, according to tradition, a prince named Lucius. It is certain that the tidings of the Son of man, crucified and raised again, under Tiberius, spread through these islands more rapidly than the dominion of the emperors, and that before the end of the second century many churches worshipped Christ beyond the walls of Adrian; in those mountains, forests, and western isles, which for centuries past the Druids had filled with their mysteries and their sacrifices, and on which even the Roman eagles had never stooped. These churches were formed after the eastern type: the Britons would have refused to receive the type of that Roman whose yoke they detested.

The first thing which the British Christians received from the capital of the empire was persecution. But Diocletian, by striking the disciples of Jesus Christ in Britain, only increased their number.[2] Many Christians from the southern part of the island took refuge in Scotland, where they raised their humble roofs, and under the name of *Culdees* prayed for the salvation of their protectors. When the surrounding pagans saw the holiness of these men of God, they abandoned in great numbers their sacred oaks, their mysterious caverns, and their blood-stained altars, and obeyed the gentle voice of the Gospel. After the death of these pious refugees, their cells were transformed into houses of prayer.[3] In 305 Constantius Chlorus succeeded to the throne of the Cæsars, and put an end to the persecution.

The Christianity which was brought to these people by merchants, soldiers, or missionaries, although not the ecclesiastical

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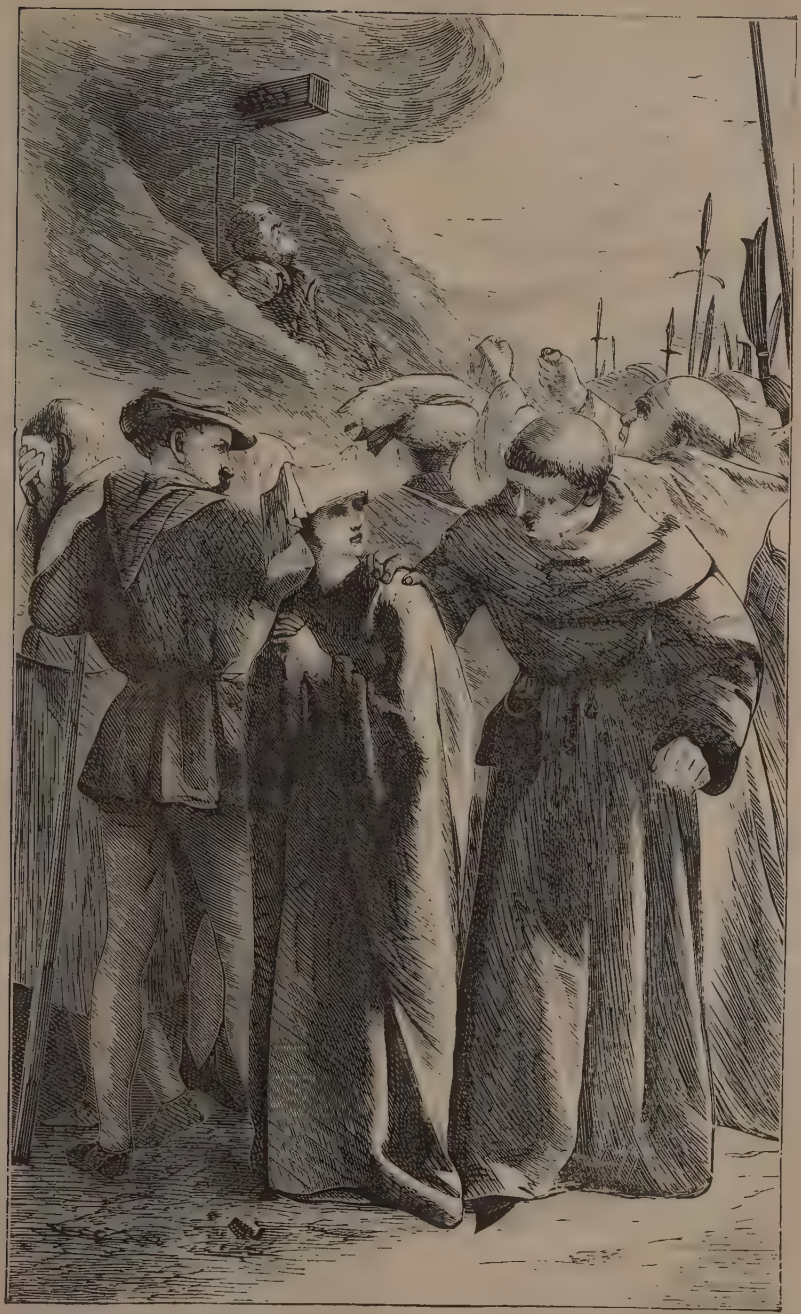
[1] Britannorum inaccessa Romanis loca Christo vero subdita. (Tertullian contra Judæos, lib. vii.) This work, from its bearing no traces of Montanism, seems to belong to the first part of Tertullian's life. See also Origen in Lucam, cap. i. homil. 6.

[2] Lactantius, de mortibus persecutorum, cap. xii.

[3] Multi ex Brittonibus Christiani sævitiam Diocletiani timentes ad eos confugerant.....ut vita functorum cellæ in templa commutarentur. Buchanan, iv. c. xxxv.



BURNING OF LORD COBHAM.

catholicism already creeping into life in the Roman Empire, was not the primitive evangelism of the apostles. The East and the South could only give to the North of what they possessed. The mere human period had succeeded to the creative and miraculous period of the church. After the extraordinary manifestations of the Holy Ghost, which had produced the apostolic age, the church had been left to the inward power of the word and of the Comforter. But Christians did not generally comprehend the spiritual life to which they were called. God had been pleased to give them a divine religion; and this they gradually assimilated more and more to the religions of human origin. Instead of saying, in the spirit of the Gospel, the word of God first, and through it the doctrine and the life—the doctrine and the life, and through them the forms; they said, forms first, and salvation by these forms. They ascribed to bishops a power which belongs only to Holy Scripture. Instead of ministers of the word, they desired to have priests; instead of an inward sacrifice, a sacrifice offered on the altar; and costly temples instead of a living church. They began to seek in men, in ceremonies, and in holy places, what they could find only in the Word and in the lively faith of the children of God. In this manner evangelical religion gave place to catholicism, and by gradual degeneration in after-years catholicism gave birth to popery.

This grievous transformation took place more particularly in the East, in Africa, and in Italy. Britain was at first comparatively exempt. At the very time that the savage Picts and Scots, rushing from their heathen homes, were devastating the country, spreading terror on all sides, and reducing the people to slavery, we discover here and there some humble Christian receiving salvation not by a clerical sacramentalism, but by the work of the Holy Ghost in the heart. At the end of the fourth century we meet with an illustrious example of such conversions.

On the picturesque banks of the Clyde, not far from Glasgow, in the Christian village of Bonavern, now Kilpatrick, a little boy, of tender heart, lively temperament, and indefatigable activity, passed the earlier days of his life. He was born about the year 372 A. D., of a British family, and was named Succat.[1] His father, Calpurnius, deacon of the church of Bonavern, a simple-hearted pious man, and his mother, Conchessa, sister to the celebrated Martin, archbishop of Tours,[2] and a woman superior to the majority of her sex, had endeavoured to instil into his heart the doctrines of Christianity; but Succat did not understand them. He was fond of pleasure, and delighted to be the leader of his youthful companions. In the midst of his frivolities, he committed a serious fault.

Some few years later, his parents having quitted Scotland and settled in Armorica (Bretagne), a terrible calamity befell them. One day as Succat was playing near the seashore with two of his sisters, some Irish pirates, commanded by O'Neal, carried them all three off to their boats, and sold them in Ireland to the petty chieftain of some pagan clan. Succat was sent into the fields to keep swine.[1] It was while alone in these solitary pastures, without priest and without temple, that the young slave called to mind the Divine lessons which his pious mother had so often read to him. The fault which he had committed pressed heavily night and day upon his soul: he groaned in heart, and wept. He turned repenting towards that meek Saviour of whom Conchessa had so often spoken; he fell at His knees in that heathen land, and imagined he felt the arms of a father uplifting the prodigal son. Succat was then born from on high, but by an agent so spiritual, so internal, that he knew not "whence it cometh or wither it goeth." The gospel was written with the finger of God on the tablets of his heart. "I was sixteen years old," said he, "and knew not the true God; but in that strange land the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes, and, although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low estate, had pity on my youth and ignorance, and consoled me as a father consoles his children."[2]

Such words as these from the lips of a swineherd in the green pastures of Ireland set clearly before us the Christianity which in the fourth and fifth centuries converted many souls in the British isles. In after-years, Rome established the dominion of the priest and salvation by forms, independently of the dispositions of the heart; but the primitive religion of these celebrated islands was that living Christianity whose substance is the grace of Jesus Christ, and whose power is the grace of the Holy Ghost. The herdsman from the banks of the Clyde was then undergoing those experiences which so many evangelical Christians in those countries have subsequently undergone. "The love of God increased more and more in me," said he, "with faith and the fear of His name. The Spirit urged me to such a degree that I

[1] In baptismo haud Patricium sed Succat a parentibus fuisse dictum. Usser. Brit. Eccl. Antiq. p. 428.

[2] Martini Turonum archiepiscopi consanguineam. Ibid.

[1] Cujus porcorum pastor erat. Usser. Brit. Eccl. Antiq. p. 431.

[2] Et ibi Dominus aperuit sensum incredulitatis meæ, ut vel sero remo rarem delicta mea, et ut converterer toto corde ad Dominum Deum meum. Patr. Confess. Usser. 431.

poured forth as many as a hundred prayers in one day. And even during the night, in the forests and on the mountains where I kept my flock, the rain, and snow, and frost, and sufferings which I endured, excited me to seek after God. At that time, I felt not the indifference which now I feel: the Spirit fermented in my heart."[1] Evangelical faith even then existed in the British islands in the person of this slave, and of some few Christians born again, like him, from on high.

Twice a captive and twice rescued, Succat, after returning to his family, felt an irresistible appeal in his heart. It was his duty to carry the gospel to those Irish pagans among whom he had found Jesus Christ. His parents and his friends endeavoured in vain to detain him; the same ardent desire pursued him in his dreams. During the silent watches of the night he fancied he heard voices calling to him from the dark forests of Erin: "Come, holy child, and walk once more among us." He awoke in tears, his breast filled with the keenest emotion.[2] He tore himself from the arms of his parents, and rushed forth—not as heretofore with his play-fellows, when he would climb the summit of some lofty hill—but with a heart full of charity in Christ. He departed: "It was not done of my own strength," said he; "it was God who overcame all."

Succat, afterwards known as Saint Patrick, and to which name, as to that of Saint Peter and other servants of God, many superstitions have been attached, returned to Ireland, but without visiting Rome, as an historian of the twelfth century has asserted.[3] Ever active, prompt, and ingenious, he collected the pagan tribes in the fields by beat of drum, and then narrated to them in their own tongue the history of the Son of God. Erelong his simple recitals exercised a divine power over their rude hearts, and many souls were converted, not by external sacraments or by the worship of images, but by the preaching of the word of God. The son of a chieftain, whom Patrick calls Benignus, learnt from him to proclaim the Gospel, and was destined to succeed him. The court bard, Dubrach Mac Valubair, no longer sang druidical hymns, but canticles addressed to Jesus Christ. Patrick was not entirely free from the errors of the time; perhaps he believed in pious miracles; but generally speaking we meet with nothing but the gospel in the earlier days of the British church. The time no doubt will come when Ireland will again feel the power of the Holy Ghost, which had once converted it by the ministrations of a Scotchman.

Shortly before the evangelization of Patrick in Ireland, a Briton named Pelagius, having visited Italy, Africa, and Palestine, began to teach a strange doctrine. Desirous of making head against the moral indifference into which most of the Christians in those countries had fallen, and which would appear to have been in strong contrast with the British austerity, he denied the doctrine of original sin, extolled free-will, and maintained that, if a man made use of all the powers of his nature, he would attain perfection. We do not find that he taught these opinions in his own country; but from the continent, where he disseminated them, they soon reached Britain. The British churches refused to receive this "perverse doctrine," their historian tells us, "and to blaspheme the grace of Jesus Christ."[1] They do not appear to have held the strict doctrine of Saint Augustine: they believed indeed that man has need of an inward change, and that this the divine power alone can effect; but like the churches of Asia, from which they had sprung, they seem to have conceded something to our natural strength in the work of conversion; and Pelagius, with a good intention it would appear, went still further. However that may be, these churches, strangers to the controversy, were unacquainted with all its subtleties. Two Gaulish bishops, Germanus and Lupus, came to their aid, and those who had been perverted returned into the way of truth.[2]

Shortly after this, events of great importance took place in Great Britain, and the light of faith disappeared in profound night. In 449, Hengist and Horsa, with their Saxon followers, being invited by the wretched inhabitants to aid them against the cruel ravages of the Picts and Scots, soon turned their swords against the people they had come to assist. Christianity was driven back with the Britons into the mountains of Wales and the wild moors of Northumberland and Cornwall. Many British families remained in the midst of the conquerors, but without exercising any religious influence over them. While the conquering races, settled at Paris, Ravenna, or Toledo, gradually laid aside their paganism and savage manners, the barbarous customs of the Saxons prevailed unmoderated throughout the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and in every quarter temples to Thor rose above the churches in which Jesus Christ had been worshipped. Gaul and the south of Europe, which still ex-

[1] Ut etiam in sylvis et monte manebam, et ante lucem excitabar ad orationem per nivem, per gelu, per pluviam.....quia tunc Spiritus in me fervebat. Patr. Confess. Usser. 432.

[2] Valde compunctus sum corde et sic expergefactus. Patr. Confess. Usser. 433.

[3] Jocelinus, Vita in Acta Sanctorum.

[1] Verum Britanni cum neque suscipere dogma perversum, gratiam Christi blasphemando nullatenus vellent. Beda, Hist. Angl., lib. i. cap. xvii. et xxi.

[2] Depravati viam correctionis agnoscerent. Beda, Hist. Angl. lib. i. cap. xvii. et xxi.

hibited to the eyes of the barbarians the last vestiges of Roman grandeur, alone had the power of inspiring some degree of respect in the formidable Germans, and of transforming their faith. From this period the Greeks and Latins, and even the converted Goths, looked at this island with unutterable dread. The soil, said they, is covered with serpents; the air is thick with deadly exhalations; the souls of the departed are transported thither at midnight from the shores of Gaul. Ferrymen, and sons of Erebus and Night, admit these invisible shades into their boats, and listen, with a shudder, to their mysterious whisperings. England, whence light was one day to be shed over the habitable globe, was then the trysting-place of the dead. And yet the Christianity of the British isles was not to be annihilated by these barbarian invasions; it possessed a strength which rendered it capable of energetic resistance.

In one of the churches formed by Succat's preaching, there arose about two centuries after him a pious man named Columba, son of Feidlimyd, the son of Fergus. Valuing the cross of Christ more highly than the royal blood that flowed in his veins, he resolved to devote himself to the King of heaven. Shall he not repay to the country of Succat what Succat had imparted to his? "I will go," said he, "and preach the word of God in Scotland;"[1] for the word of God and not an ecclesiastical hierarchism was then the converting agency. The grandson of Fergus communicated the zeal which animated him to the hearts of several fellow-christians. They repaired to the seashore, and cutting down the pliant branches of the osier, constructed a frail bark, which they covered with the skins of beasts. In this rude boat they embarked in the year 565, and after being driven to and fro on the ocean, the little missionary band reached the waters of the Hebrides. Columba landed near the barren rocks of Mull to the south of the basaltic caverns of Staffa, and fixed his abode in a small island, afterwards known as Iona or Icolmkill, "the island of Columba's cell." Some Christian Culdees, driven out by the dissensions of the Picts and Scots, had already found a refuge in the same retired spot. Here the missionaries erected a chapel, whose walls, it is said, still exist among the stately ruins of a later age.[2] Some authors have placed Columba in the first rank after the apostles.[3] True, we do not find in him the faith of a Paul or a John; but he lived as in the sight of God; he mortified the flesh, and slept on the ground with a stone for his pillow. Amid this solemn scenery, and among customs so rude, the form of the missionary, illumined by a light from heaven, shone with love, and manifested the joy and serenity of his heart.[4] Although subject to the same passions as ourselves, he wrestled against his weakness, and would not have one moment lost for the glory of God. He prayed and read, he wrote and taught, he preached and redeemed the time. With indefatigable activity he went from house to house, and from kingdom to kingdom. The king of the Picts was converted, as were also many of his people; precious manuscripts were conveyed to Iona; a school of theology was founded there, in which the word was studied; and many received through faith the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. Erelong a missionary spirit breathed over this ocean rock, so justly named "the light of the western world."

The Judaical sacerdotalism which was beginning to extend in the Christian church found no support in Iona. They had forms, but not to them did they look for life. It was the Holy Ghost, Columba maintained, that made a servant of God. When the youth of Caledonia assembled round the elders on these savage shores, or in their humble chapel, these ministers of the Lord would say to them: "The Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith.[2] Throw aside all merit of works, and look for salvation to the grace of God alone.[3] Beware of a religion which consists of outward observances: it is better to keep your heart pure before God than to abstain from meats.[4] One alone is your head, Jesus Christ. Bishops and presbyters are equal;[5] they should be the husbands of one wife, and have their children in subjection."[6]

The sages of Iona knew nothing of transubstantiation or of the withdrawal of the cup in the Lord's Supper, or of auricular confession, or of prayers to the dead, or tapers, or incense; they celebrated Easter on a different day from Rome;[7] synodal assemblies regulated the affairs of the church, and the papal supremacy was un-

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Prædicaturus verbum Dei. Usser. Antiq. p. 359.

I visited Iona in 1845 with Dr. Patrick M'Farlan, and saw these ruins. One portion of the building seems to be of primitive architecture.

[2] Nulli post apostolos secundus. Notker.

[1] Qui de prosapia regali claruit,
Sed morum gratia magis emicuit.
Usser. Antiq. p. 360.

[2] Prolatis Sanctæ Scripturæ testimoniis. Adomn. l. i. c. 22.

[3] Bishop Munter, Altbritische Kirche. Stud. und Krit. vi. 745.

[4] Meliores sunt ergo qui non magno opere jejunant, cor intrinsecus nitidum coram Deo sollicite servantes. Gildas in ejusd. Synod. Append.

[5] In Hibernia episcopi et presbyteri unum sunt. Ekkehardi liber. Arx. Geschichte von S. Gal. i. 267.

[6] Patrem habui Calpornium diaconum filium quondam Potiti Presbyteri. Patricii Confessio. Even as late as the twelfth century we meet with married Irish Bishops. Bernard, Vita Malachiæ, cap. x.

[7] In die quidem dominica alia tamen quam dicebat hebdomade celebrant. Beda, lib iii. cap. iv

known.[1] The sun of the gospel shone upon these wild and distant shores. In after-years, it was the privilege of Great Britain to recover with a purer lustre the same sun and the same gospel.

Iona, governed by a simple elder,[2] had become a missionary college. It has been sometimes called a monastery, but the dwelling of the grandson of Fergus in no-wise resembled the popish convents. When its youthful inmates desired to spread the knowledge of Jesus Christ, they thought not of going elsewhere in quest of episcopal ordination. Kneeling in the chapel of Icolmkill, they were set apart by the laying on of the hands of the elders: they were called *bishops*, but remained obedient to the *elder* or presbyter of Iona. They even consecrated other bishops: thus Finan laid hands upon Diuma, bishop of Middlesex. These British Christians attached great importance to the ministry; but not to one form in preference to another. Presbytery and episcopacy were with them, as with the primitive church, almost identical.[3] Somewhat later we find that neither the venerable Bede, nor Lanfranc, nor Anselm —the two last were bishops of Canterbury —made any objection to the ordination of British bishops by plain presbyters.[4] The religious and moral element that belongs to Christianity still predominated; the sacerdotal element, which characterizes human religions, whether among the Brahmins or elsewhere, was beginning to show itself, but in Great Britain at least it held a very subordinate station. Christianity was still a religion and not a caste. They did not require of the servant of God, as a warrant of his capacity, a long list of names succeeding one another like the beads of a rosary; they entertained serious, noble, and holy ideas of the ministry; its authority proceeded wholly from Jesus Christ its head.

The missionary fire, which the grandson of Fergus had kindled in a solitary island, soon spread over Great Britain. Not in Iona alone, but at Bangor and other places, the spirit of evangelization burst out. A fondness for travelling had already become a second nature in this people.[1] Men of God, burning with zeal, resolved to carry the evangelical torch to the continent—to the vast wildernesses sprinkled here and there with barbarous and heathen tribes. They did not set forth as antagonists of Rome, for at that epoch there was no place for such antagonism; but Iona and Bangor, less illustrious than Rome in the history of nations, possessed a more lively faith than the city of the Cæsars; and that faith,—unerring sign of the presence of Jesus Christ,—gave those whom it inspired a right to evangelize the world, which Rome could not gainsay.

The missionary bishops[2] of Britain accordingly set forth and traversed the Low Countries, Gaul, Switzerland, Germany, and even Italy.[3] The free church of the Scots and Britons did more for the conversion of central Europe than the half-enslaved church of the Romans. These missionaries were not haughty and insolent like the priests of Italy; but supported themselves by the work of their hands. Columbanus (whom we must not confound with Columba),[4] "feeling in his heart the burning of the fire which the Lord had kindled upon earth,"[5] quitted Bangor in 590 with twelve other missionaries, and carried the gospel to the Burgundians, Franks, and Swiss. He continued to preach it amidst frequent persecutions, left his disciple Gall in Helvetia, and retired to Bobbio, where he died, honouring Christian Rome, but placing the church of Jerusalem above it,[6]—exhorting it to beware of corruption, and declaring that the power would remain with it so long only as it retained the true doctrine (*recta ratio*). Thus was Britain faithful in planting the standard of Christ in the heart of Europe. We might almost imagine this unknown people to be a new Israel, and Icolmkill and Bangor to have inherited the virtues of Zion.

Yet they should have done more: they should have preached—not only to the continental heathens, to those in the north of Scotland and the distant Ireland, but

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[1] Augustinus *novam* religionem docet.....dum ad unius episcopi romani dominatum omnia revocat. Buchan. lib. v. cap. xxxvi.

[2] Habere autem solet ipsa insula rectorem semper abbatem *presbyterum* cujus juri et omnis provincia et *ipsi etiam episcopi*, ordine inusitato, debeant essi subjecti, juxta exemplum primi doctoris ilius qui non episcopus sed *presbyter* exstitit et monachus. Beda, Hist. Eccl., iii. cap. iv.

[3] Idem est ergo presbyter qui episcopus, et antequam diaboli instinctu studia in religione fierent .....communi presbyterorum concilio Ecclesiæ gubernabantur. Indifferenter de episcopo quasi de presbytero est loquuntus (Paulus)....sciant episcopi se, magis consuetudine quam dispositionis dominicæ veritate, presbyteris esse majores. Hieronymus ad Titum, i. 5.

[4] Bishop Munter makes this remark in his dissertation *On the Ancient British Church*, about the primitive identity of bishops and priests, and episcopal consecration. *Stud. und Krit.* an. 1833.

[1] Natio Scotorum quibus consuetudo peregrinandi jam pæne in naturam conversa est. Vita S. Galli, § 47.

[2] They were called *episcopi regionarii* because they had no settled diocese.

[3] Antiquo tempore doctissimi solebant magistri de Hibernia Britanniam, Galliam, Italiam venire, et multos per ecclesias fecisse profectus. Alcuin, Epp. ccxxi.

[4] Thierry, in his *Hist. de la Conquete de l'Angleterre*, makes Columba and Columbanus one personage. Columba preached the Gospel in Scotland about 560, and died 597; Columbanus preached among the Burgundians in 600, and died in 615.

[5] Ignitum igne Domini desiderium. Mabillon, Acta, p. 9.

[6] Salva loci dominicæ resurrectionis *singulari prærogativa*. Colum. Vita, § 10.

also to the still pagan Saxons of England. It is true that they made several attempts; but while the Britons considered their conquerors as the enemies of God and man, and shuddered while they pronounced their name,[1] the Saxons refused to be converted by the voice of their slaves. By neglecting this field, the Britons left room for other workmen, and thus it was that England yielded to a foreign power, beneath whose heavy yoke it long groaned in vain.

It is matter of fact that the spiritual life had waned in Italian catholicism; and in proportion as the heavenly spirit had become weak, the lust of dominion had grown strong. The Roman metropolitans and their delegates soon became impatient to mould all Christendom to their peculiar forms.

About the end of the sixth century an eminent man filled the see of Rome. Gregory was born of senatorial family, and already on the high road to honour, when he suddenly renounced the world, and transformed the palace of his fathers into a convent. But his ambition had only changed its object. In his views, the whole church should submit to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome. True, he rejected the title of *universal bishop* assumed by the patriarch of Constantinople; but if he desired not the name, he was not the less eager for the substance.[2] On the borders of the West, in the island of Great Britain, was a Christian church independent of Rome: this must be conquered, and a favourable opportunity soon occurred.

Before his elevation to the primacy, and while he was as yet only the monk Gregory, he chanced one day to cross a market in Rome where certain foreign dealers were exposing their wares for sale. Among them he perceived some fair-haired youthful slaves, whose noble bearing attracted his attention. On drawing near them, he learned that the Anglo-Saxon nation to which they belonged had refused to receive the gospel from the Britons. When he afterwards became bishop of Rome, this crafty and energetic pontiff, "the last of the good and the first of the bad," as he has been called, determined to convert these proud conquerors, and make use of them in subduing the British church to the papacy, as he had already made use of the Frank monarchs to reduce the Gauls. Rome has often shown herself more eager to bring Christians rather than idolators to the pope.[3] Was it thus with Gregory? We must leave the question unanswered.

Ethelbert, king of Kent, having married a Christian princess of Frank descent, the Roman bishop thought the conjuncture favourable for his design, and despatched a mission under the direction of one of his friends named Augustine, A. D. 596. At first the missionaries recoiled from the task appointed them; but Gregory was firm. Desirous of gaining the assistance of the Frank kings, Theodoric and Theodebert, he affected to consider them as the lords paramount of England, and commended to them the conversion of *their subjects*.[1] Nor was this all. He claimed also the support of the powerful Brunehilda, grandmother to these two kings, and equally notorious for her treachery, her irregularities, and her crimes; and did not scruple to extol the *good works* and *godly fear* of this modern Jezebel.[2] Under such auspices the Romish mission arrived in England. The pope had made a skilful choice of his delegate. Augustine possessed even to a greater extent than Gregory himself a mixture of ambition and devotedness, of superstition and piety, of cunning and zeal. He thought that faith and holiness were less essential to the church than authority and power; and that its prerogative was not so much to save souls as to collect all the human race under the sceptre of Rome.[3] Gregory himself was distressed at Augustine's spiritual pride, and often exhorted him to humility.

Success of that kind which popery desires soon crowned the labours of its servants. The forty-one missionaries having landed in the isle of Thanet, in the year 597, the king of Kent consented to receive them, but in the open air, for fear of magic. They drew up in such a manner as to produce an effect on the rude islanders. The procession was opened by a monk bearing a huge cross on which the figure of Christ was represented: his colleagues followed, chanting their Latin hymns, and thus they approached the oak appointed for the place of conference. They inspired sufficient confidence in Ethelbert to gain permission to celebrate their worship in an old ruinous chapel at Durovern (Canterbury), where British Christians had in former times adored the Saviour Christ. The king and thousands of his subjects received not long after, with certain forms, and certain Christian doctrines, the errors of the Roman pontiffs—as purgatory, for instance, which Gregory was advocating with the aid of the most absurd fables.[4] Augustine baptized ten thousand pagans in one day. As yet Rome had only set her

[1] Nefandi nominis Saxoni Deo hominibusque invisi. Gildas, De excidio Britanniæ.

[2] He says (Epp. lib. ix. ep. xii.): De Constantinopolitana ecclesia quis eam dubitet apostolicæ sedi esse subjectam?

[3] We know the history of Tahiti and of other modern missions of the Romish church.

[1] Subjectos vestros. Opp. Gregorii, tom. iv. p. 334.

[2] Prona in bonis operibus.....in omnipotentis Dei timore. Ibid. tom. ii. p. 835.

[3] We find the same idea in Wiseman, Lect. ix., On the principal doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church. Lond. 1836.

[4] Hoepfner, De origine dogmatis de purgatorio Halle, 1792.

foot in Great Britain; she did not fail ere long to establish her kingdom there.

We should be unwilling to undervalue the religious element now placed before the Anglo-Saxons, and we can readily believe that many of the missionaries sent from Italy desired to work a Christian work. We think, too, that the Middle Ages ought to be appreciated with more equitable sentiments than have always been found in the persons who have written on that period. Man's conscience lived, spoke, and groaned during the long dominion of popery; and like a plant growing among thorns, it often succeeded in forcing a passage through the obstacles of traditionalism and hierarchy, to blossom in the quickening sun of God's grace. The Christian element is even strongly marked in some of the most eminent men of the theocracy—in Anselm for instance.

Yet as it is our task to relate the history of the struggles which took place between primitive Christianity and Roman-catholicism, we cannot forbear pointing out the superiority of the former in a religious light, while we acknowledge the superiority of the latter in a political point of view. We believe (and we shall presently have a proof of it)[1] that a visit to Iona would have taught the Anglo-Saxons much more than their frequent pilgrimages to the banks of the Tiber. Doubtless, as has been remarked, these pilgrims contemplated at Rome "the noble monuments of antiquity," but there existed at that time in the British islands —and it has been too often overlooked—a Christianity which, if not perfectly pure, was at least better than that of popery. The British church, which at the beginning of the seventh century carried faith and civilisation into Burgundy, the Vosges mountains, and Switzerland, might well have spread them both over Britain. The influence of the arts, whose civilizing influence we are far from depreciating, would have come later.

But so far was the Christianity of the Britons from converting the Saxon heptarchy, that it was, alas! the Romanism of the heptarchy which was destined to conquer Britain. These struggles between the Roman and British churches, which fill all the seventh century, are of the highest importance to the English church, for they establish clearly its primitive liberty. They possess also great interest for the other churches of the West, as showing in the most striking characters the usurping acts by which the papacy eventually reduced them beneath its yoke.

Augustine, appointed archbishop not only of the Saxons, but of the free Britons, was settled by papal ordinance, first at London and afterwards at Canterbury. Being at the head of a hierarchy composed of twelve bishops, he soon attempted to bring all the Christians of Britain under the Roman jurisdiction. At that time there existed at Bangor,[1] in North Wales, a large Christian society, amounting to nearly three thousand individuals, collected together to work with their own hands,[2] to study, and to pray, and from whose bosom numerous missionaries (Columbanus was among the number) had from time to time gone forth. The president of this church was Dionoth, a faithful teacher, ready to serve all men in charity, yet firmly convinced that no one should have supremacy in the Lord's vineyard. Although one of the most influential men in the British church, he was somewhat timid and hesitating; he would yield to a certain point for the love of peace; but would never flinch from his duty. He was another apostle John, full of mildness, and yet condemning the Diotrephes, *who love to have pre-eminence among the brethren.* Augustine thus addressed him: "Acknowledge the authority of the Bishop of Rome." These are the first words of the papacy to the ancient Christians of Britain. "We desire to love all men," meekly replied the venerable Briton: "and what we do for you, we will do for him also whom you call the pope. But he is not entitled to call himself the *father of fathers*, and the only submission we can render him is that which we owe to every Christian."[3] This was not what Augustine asked.

He was not discouraged by this first check. Proud of the pallium which Rome had sent him, and relying on the swords of the Anglo-Saxons, he convoked in 601 a general assembly of British and Saxon bishops. The meeting took place in the open air, beneath a venerable oak, near Wigornia (Worcester or Hereford), and here occurred the second Romish aggression. Dionoth resisted with firmness the extravagant pretensions of Augustine, who again summoned him to recognise the authority of Rome.[4] Another Briton protested against the presumption of the Romans, who ascribed to their consecration a virtue which they refused to that of Iona or of the Asiatic churches.[5] "The Britons," exclaimed a third, "cannot submit either to the haughtiness of the Romans or the tyranny of the Saxons."[6] To no purpose did the archbishop lavish his arguments

[1] In the history of Oswald, king of Northumberland.

[1] Bann-cor, the choir on the steep hill. Carlisle, Top. Dict. Wales.

[2] Ars unicuique dabatur, ut ex opere manuum quotidiano se posset in victu necessario continere. Preuves de l'hist. de Bretagne, ii. 25.

[3] Istam obedientiam nos sumus parati dare et solvere ei et *cuique Christiano* continuo. Wilkins, Conc. M. Brit. i. 26.

[4] Dionothus de non approbenda apud eos Romanorum auctoritate disputabat. Ibid. 24.

[5] Ordinationesque more asiatico eisdem contulisse. Wilkins, Conc. M. Brit. 24.

[6] In communionem admittere vel Romanorum fastum vel Saxonum tyrannidem. Ibid. 26

prayers, censures, and miracles even; the Britons were firm. Some of them who had eaten with the Saxons while they were as yet heathens, refused to do so now that they had submitted to the pope.[1] The Scotch were particularly inflexible; for one of their number, by name Dagam, would not only take no food at the same table with the Romans, but not even under the same roof.[2] Thus did Augustine fail a second time, and the independence of Britain appeared secure.

And yet the formidable power of the popes, aided by the sword of the conquerors, alarmed the Britons. They imagined they saw a mysterious decree once more yoking the nations of the earth to the triumphal car of Rome, and many left Wigornia uneasy and sad at heart. How is it possible to save a cause, when even its defenders begin to despair? It was not long before they were summoned to a new council. "What is to be done?" they exclaimed with sorrowful forebodings. Popery was not yet thoroughly known: it was hardly formed. The half-enlightened consciences of these believers were a prey to the most violent agitation. They asked themselves whether, in rejecting this new power, they might not be rejecting God himself. A pious Christian, who led a solitary life, had acquired a great reputation in the surrounding district. Some of the Britons visited him, and inquired whether they should resist Augustine or follow him.[3] "If he is a man of God follow him," replied the hermit. "And how shall we know that?" "If he is meek and humble of heart, he bears Christ's yoke; but if he is violent and proud, he is not of God."—"What sign shall we have of his humility?" "If he rises from his seat when you enter the room." Thus spoke the oracle of Britain: it would have been better to have consulted the Holy Scriptures.

But humility is not a virtue that flourishes among Romish pontiffs and legates: they love to remain seated while others court and worship them. The British bishops entered the council-hall, and the archbishop, desirous of indicating his superiority, proudly kept his seat.[4] Astonished at this sight, the Britons would hear no more of the authority of Rome. For the third time they said No—they knew *no other master but Christ.* Augustine, who expected to see these bishops prostrate their churches at his feet, was surprised and indignant. He had reckoned on the immediate submission of Britain, and the pope had now to learn that his missionary had deceived him.....Animated by that insolent spirit which is found too often in the ministers of the Romish church, Agustine exclaimed: "If you will not receive brethren who bring you peace, you shall receive enemies who will bring you war. If you will not unite with us in showing the Saxons the way of life, you shall receive from them the stroke of death."[1] Having thus spoken, the haughty archbishop withdrew, and occupied his last days in preparing the accomplishment of his ill-omened prophecy.[2] Argument had failed: now for the sword!

Shortly after the death of Augustine, Edelfrid, one of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and who was still a heathen, collected a numerous army, and advanced towards Bangor, the centre of British Christianity. Alarm spread through those feeble churches. They wept and prayed. The sword of Edelfrid drew nearer. To whom can they apply, or where shall they find help? The magnitude of the danger seemed to recall the Britons to their pristine piety: not to men, but to the Lord himself will they turn their thoughts. Twelve hundred and fifty servants of the living God, calling to mind what are the arms of Christian warfare, after preparing themselves by fasting, met together in a retired spot to send up their prayers to God.[3] A British chief, named Brocmail, moved by tender compassion, stationed himself near them with a few soldiers; but the cruel Edelfrid, observing from a distance this band of kneeling Christians, demanded: "Who are these people, and what are they doing?" On being informed, he added: "They are fighting then against us, although unarmed;" and immediately he ordered his soldiers to fall upon the prostrate crowd. Twelve hundred of them were slain.[4] They prayed and they died. The Saxons forthwith proceeded to Bangor, the chief seat of Christian learning, and razed it to the ground. Romanism was triumphant in England. The news of these massacres filled the country *with weeping and great mourning;* but the priests of Romish consecration (and the venerable Bede shared their sentiments) beheld in this cruel slaughter the accom-

[1] According to the apostolic precept, 1 Cor. v. 9–11.

[2] Dagamus ad nos veniens, non solum cibum nobiscum, sed nec in eodem hospitio quo vesebamur, sumere noluit. Beda, lib. ii. cap. iv.

[3] Ad quendam virum sanctum et prudentem qui apud eos anachoreticam ducere vitam solebat, consulentes an ad prædicationem Augustini suas deserere traditiones deberunt. Beda, Hist. Eccl. lib. ii. cap. ii.

[4] Factumque est ut venientibus illis sederet Augustinus in sella. Beda, Hist. Eccl. lib. ii. cap. ii.

[1] Si pacem cum fructibus acciperi nollent, bellum ab hostibus forent accepturi.....Ibid.

[2] Ipsum Augustinum hujus belli non modo conscium sed et *impulsorem* exstitisse. Wilkins adds, that the expression found in Bede, concerning the death of Augustine, is a parenthesis foisted in by Romanist writers, and not found in the Saxon manuscripts. Conc. Brit. p. 26.

[3] Ad memoratam aciem, peracto jejunio triduano, cum aliis orandi causa convenerant. Beda, lib. ii. cap. ii.

[4] Extinctos in ea pugna ferunt de his quid ad orandum venerunt viros circiter mille ducentos. Ibid.

plishment of the prophecy of the *holy pontiff* Augustine;[1] and a national tradition among the Welsh for many ages pointed to him as the instigator of this cowardly butchery. Thus did Rome loose the savage pagan against the primitive church of Britain, and fastened it all dripping with blood to her triumphal car. A great mystery of iniquity was accomplishing.

But while the Saxon sword appeared to have swept every thing from before the papacy, the ground trembled under its feet, and seemed about to swallow it up. The hierarchical rather than Christian conversions effected by the priests of Rome were so unreal that a vast number of neophytes suddenly returned to the worship of their idols. Eadbald, king of Kent, was himself among the number of apostates. Such reversions to paganism are not unfrequent in the history of the Romish missions. The Bishops fled into Gaul: Mellitus and Justus had already reached the continent in safety, and Lawrence, Augustine's successor, was about to follow them. While lying in the church, where he had desired to pass the night before leaving England, he groaned in spirit as he saw the work founded by Augustine perishing in his hands. He saved it by a miracle. The next morning he presented himself before the king with his clothes all disordered and his body covered with wounds. "Saint Peter," he said, "appeared to me during the night and scourged me severely because I was about to forsake his flock."[2] The *scourge* was a means of moral persuasion which Peter had forgotten in his epistles. Did Lawrence cause these blows to be inflicted by others—or did he inflict them himself—or is the whole account an idle dream? We should prefer adopting the latter hypothesis. The superstitious prince, excited at the news of this supernatural intervention, eagerly acknowledged the authority of the pope, the vicar of an apostle who so mercilessly scourged those who had the misfortune to displease him. If the dominion of Rome had then disappeared from England, it is probable that the Britons, regaining their courage, and favoured in other respects by the wants which would have been felt by the Saxons, would have recovered from their defeat, and would have imparted their free Christianity to their conquerors. But now the Roman bishop seemed to remain Master of England, and the faith of the Britons to be crushed for ever. But it was not so. A young man, sprung from the energetic race of the conquerors, was about to become the champion of truth and liberty, and almost the whole island to be freed from the Roman yoke. Oswald, an Anglo-Saxon prince, son of the heathen and cruel Edelfrid, had been compelled by family reverses to take refuge in Scotland, when very young, accompanied by his brother Oswy and several other youthful chiefs. He had acquired the language of the country, been instructed in the truth of Holy Writ, converted by the grace of God, and baptized into the Scottish church.[1] He loved to sit at the feet of the elders of Iona and listen to their words. They showed him Jesus Christ going from place to place doing good, and he desired to do so likewise; they told him that Christ was the only head of the church, and he promised never to acknowledge any other. Being a single-hearted generous man, he was especially animated with tender compassion towards the poor, and would take off his own cloak to cover the nakedness of one of his brethren. Often, while mingling in the quiet assemblies of the Scottish Christians, he had desired to go as a missionary to the Anglo-Saxons. It was not long before he conceived the bold design of leading the people of Northumberland to the Saviour; but being a prince as well as a Christian, he determined to begin by reconquering the throne of his father. There was in this young Englishman the love of a disciple and the courage of a hero. At the head of an army, small indeed, but strong by faith in Christ,[2] he entered Northumberland, knelt with his troops in prayer on the field of battle, and gained a signal victory over a powerful enemy, 634, A. D.

To recover the kingdom of his ancestors was only a part of his task. Oswald desired to give his people the benefits of the true faith.[3] The Christianity taught in 625 to King Edwin and the Northumbrians by Pendin of York had disappeared amid the ravages of the pagan armies. Oswald requested a missionary from the Scots who had given him an asylum, and they accordingly sent one of the brethren named Corman, a pious but uncultivated and austere man. He soon returned dispirited to Iona: "The people to whom you sent me," he told the elders of the island, "are so obstinate that we must renounce all idea of changing their manners." As Aidan, one of their number, listened to this report, he said to himself: "If thy love had been offered to this people, oh, my Saviour, many hearts would have been touched!..... I will go and make Thee known—Thee who breaketh not the bruised reed!" Then, turning to the missionary with a look of mild reproach, he added: "Brother, you

[1] Sic completum est presagium sancti pontificis Augustini. Ibid.

[2] Apparuit ei beatissimus apostolorum princeps, et multo illum tempore secretæ noctis flagellis asperioribus afficiens. Beda, lib. ii. cap. vi.

[1] Cum magna nobilium juventute apud Scotos sive Pictos exulabant, ibique ad doctrinam Scottorum cathechisati et baptismatis gratia sunt recreati. Beda, lib. iii. cap. i.

[2] Superveniente cum parvo exercitu, sed fide Christi munito. Ibid.

[3] Desiderans totam cui præesse cœpit gentem fidei Christianæ gratia imbui. Ibid. cap. iii.

have been too severe towards hearers so dull of heart. You should have given them spiritual milk to drink until they were able to receive more solid food." All eyes were fixed on the man who spoke so wisely. "Aidan is worthy of the episcopate," exclaimed the brethren of Iona; and, like Timothy, he was consecrated by the laying on of the hands of the company of elders.[1]

Oswald received Aidan as an angel from heaven, and as the missionary was ignorant of the Saxon language, the king accompanied him everywhere, standing by his side, and interpreting his gentle discourses.[2] The people crowded joyfully around Oswald, Aidan, and other missionaries from Scotland and Ireland, listening eagerly to the *Word of God*.[3] The king preached by his works still more than by his words. One day during Easter, as he was about to take his seat at table, he was informed that a crowd of his subjects, driven by hunger, had collected before his palace gates. Instantly he ordered the food prepared for himself to be carried out and distributed among them, and taking the silver vessels which stood before him, he broke them in pieces and commanded his servants to divide them among the poor. He also introduced the knowledge of the Saviour to the people of Wessex, whither he had gone to marry the king's daughter; and after a reign of nine years, he died at the head of his army while repelling an invasion of the idolatrous Mercians, headed by the cruel Penda (5th August 642 A.D.) As he fell he exclaimed: "Lord, have mercy on the souls of my people!" This youthful prince has left a name dear to the churches of Great Britain.

His death did not interrupt the labours of the missionaries. Their meekness and the recollection of Oswald endeared them to all. As soon as the villagers caught sight of one on the high-road, they would throng round him, begging him to teach them the *Word of life*.[4] The faith which the terrible Edelfrid thought he had washed away in the blood of the worshippers of God, was re-appearing in every direction; and Rome, which once already in the days of Honorius had been forced to leave Britain, might be perhaps a second time compelled to flee to its ships from before the face of a people who asserted their liberty.

Then uprose the papacy. If victory remained with the Britons, their church, becoming entirely free, might even in these early times head a strong opposition against the papal monarchy. If, on the contrary, the last champions of liberty are defeated, centuries of slavery awaited the Christian church. We shall have to witness the struggle that took place ere long in the very palace of the Northumbrian kings.

Oswald was succeeded by his brother Oswy, a prince instructed in the free doctrine of the Britons, but whose religion was all external. His heart overflowed with ambition, and he shrank from no crime that might increase his power. The throne of Deira was filled by his relative Oswin, an amiable king, much beloved by his people. Oswy, conceiving a deadly jealousy towards him, marched against him at the head of an army, and Oswin, desirous of avoiding bloodshed, took shelter with a chief whom he had loaded with favours. But the latter offered to lead Oswy's soldiers to his hiding place; and at dead of night the fugitive king was basely assassinated, one only of his servants fighting in his defence. The gentle Aidan died of sorrow at his cruel fate.[1] Such was the first exploit of that monarch who surrendered England to the papacy. Various circumstances tended to draw Oswy nearer to Rome. He looked upon the Christian religion as a means of combining the Christian princes against the heathen Penda, and such a religion, in which expediency predominated, was not very unlike popery. And further, Oswy's wife, the proud Eanfeld, was of the Romish communion. The private chaplain of this bigotted princess was a priest named Romanus, a man worthy of the name. He zealously maintained the rites of the Latin church, and accordingly the festival of Easter was celebrated at court twice in the year; for while the king, following the eastern rule, was joyfully commemorating the resurrection of our Lord, the queen, who adopted the Roman ritual, was keeping Palm Sunday with fasting and humiliation.[2] Eanfeld and Romanus would often converse together on the means of winning over Northumberland to the papacy. But the first step was to increase the number of its partisans, and the opportunity soon occurred.

A young Northumbrian, named Wilfrid, was one day admitted to an audience of the queen. He was a comely man, of extensive knowledge, keen wit, and enterprising character, of indefatigable activity, and insatiable ambition.[3] In this inter-

[1] Aydanus accepto gradu *episcopatus*, quo tempore eodem monasterio Segenius abbas et *presbyter* præbuit. Beda, lib. iii. cap. v. When Bede tells us that a plain priest was president, he excludes the idea that there were bishops in the assembly. See 1 Timothy iv. 14.

[2] Evangelisante antistite, ipse Rex suis ducibus ac ministris interpres verbi existeret cœlestis. Beda, lib. iii. cap. iii.

[3] Confluebant *ad audiendum verbum Dei* populi gaudentes. Ibid.

[4] Mox congregati in unum vicani, *verbum vitæ* ab illo expetere curabant. Beda, lib. iii. cap xxvi.

[1] Aydanus duodecimo post occisionem regis quem amabat die, de seculo ablatus. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xiv.

[2] Cum rex pascha dominicum solutis jejuniis faceret, tunc regina cum suis persistens adhuc in jejunio diem Palmarum celebraret. Ibid. cap. xxv.

[3] Acris erat ingenii.....gratia venusti vultus, alacritate actionis. Beda, lib. v. p. 135.

view he remarked to Eanfeld: "The way which the Scotch teach us is not perfect; I will go to Rome and learn in the very temples of the apostles." She approved of his project, and with her assistance and directions he set out for Italy. Alas! he was destined at no very distant day to chain the whole British church to the Roman see. After a short stay at Lyons, where the bishop, delighted at his talents, would have desired to keep him, he arrived at Rome, and immediately became on the most friendly footing with Archdeacon Boniface, the pope's favourite councillor. He soon discovered that the priests of France and Italy possessed more power both in ecclesiastical and secular matters than the humble missionaries of Iona; and his thirst for honours was inflamed at the court of the pontiffs. If he should succeed in making England submit to the papacy, there was no dignity to which he might not aspire. Henceforward this was his only thought, and he had hardly returned to Northumberland before Eanfeld eagerly summoned him to court. A fanatical queen, from whom he might hope every thing—a king with no religious convictions, and enslaved by political interests—a pious and zealous prince, Alfred, the king's son, who was desirous of imitating his noble uncle Oswald, and converting the pagans, but who had neither the discernment nor the piety of the illustrious disciple of Iona: such were the materials Wilfrid had to work upon. He saw clearly that if Rome had gained her first victory by the sword of Edelfrid, she could only expect to gain a second by craft and management. He came to an understanding on the subject with the queen and Romanus, and having been placed about the person of the young prince, by adroit flattery he soon gained over Alfred's mind. Then finding himself secure of two members of the royal family, he turned all his attention to Oswy.

The elders of Iona could not shut their eyes to the dangers which threatened Northumberland. They had sent Finan to supply Aidan's place, and this bishop, consecrated by the presbyters of Iona, had witnessed the progress of popery at the court; at first humble and inoffensive, and then increasing year by year in ambition and audacity. He had openly opposed the pontiff's agents, and his frequent contests had confirmed him in the truth.[1] He was dead, and the presbyters of the Western Isles, seeing more clearly than ever the wants of Northumbria, had sent thither Bishop Colman, a simple-minded but stout-hearted man,—one determined to oppose a front of adamant to the wiles of the seducers.

Yet Eanfeld, Wilfrid, and Romanus were skillfully digging the mine that was to destroy the apostolic church of Britain. At first Wilfrid prepared his attack by adroit insinuations; and next declared himself openly in the king's presence. If Oswy withdrew into his domestic circle, he there found the bigoted Eanfeld, who zealously continued in the work of the Roman missionary. No opportunities were neglected: in the midst of the diversions of the court, at table, and even during the chase, discussions were perpetually raised on the controverted doctrines. Men's minds became excited; the Romanists already assumed the air of conquerors; and the Britons often withdrew full of anxiety and fear. The king, placed between his wife and his faith, and wearied by these disputes, inclined first to one side, and then to the other, as if he would soon fall altogether.

The papacy had more powerful motives than ever for coveting Northumberland. Oswy had not only usurped the throne of Deira, but after the death of the cruel Penda, who fell in battle in 654, he had conquered his states with the exception of a portion governed by his son-in-law Peada, the son of Penda. But Peada himself having fallen in a conspiracy said to have been got up by his wife, the daughter of Oswy, the latter completed the conquest of Mercia, and thus united the greatest part of England under his sceptre. Kent alone at that time acknowledged the jurisdiction of Rome; in every other province, free ministers, protected by the kings of Northumberland, preached the gospel. This wonderfully simplified the question. If Rome gained over Oswy, she would gain England: if she failed, she must sooner or later leave that island altogether.

This was not all. The blood of Oswyn, the premature death of Aidan, and other things besides, troubled the king's breast. He desired to appease the Deity he had offended, and not knowing that *Christ is the door*, as Holy Scripture tells us, he sought among men for a *doorkeeper* who would open to him the kingdom of heaven. He was far from being the last of those kings whom the necessity of expiating their crimes impelled towards Romish practices. The crafty Wilfrid, keeping alive both the hopes and fears of the prince, often spoke to him of Rome, and of the grace to be found there. He thought that the fruit was ripe, and that now he had only to shake the tree. "We must have a public disputation, in which the question may be settled once for all," said the queen and her advisers; "but Rome must take her part in it with as much pomp as her adversaries. Let us oppose bishop to bishop." A Saxon bishop named Agilbert, a friend of Wilfrid's, who had won the affection of the young prince Alfred, was invited by Eanfeld to the conference, and he arrived in Northumberland attended by a priest named Agathon. Alas! poor British church

[1] Apertum veritatis adversarium reddidit, says the Romanist Bede, lib. v. p. 135.

the earthen vessel is about to be dashed against the vase of iron. Britain must yield before the invading march of Rome.

On the coast of Yorkshire, at the farther extremity of a quiet bay, was situated the monastery of Strenæshalh, or Whitby, of which Hilda, the pious daughter of King Edwin, was abbess. She, too was desirous of seeing a termination of the violent disputes which had agitated the church since Wilfrid's return. On the shores of the North Sea[1] the struggle was to be decided between Britain and Rome, between the East and the West, or, as they said then, between Saint John and Saint Peter. It was not a mere question about Easter, or certain rules of discipline, but of the great doctrine of the freedom of the church under Jesus Christ, or its enslavement under the papacy. Rome, ever domineering, desired for the second time to hold England in its grasp, not by means of the sword, but by her dogmas. With her usual cunning she concealed her enormous pretensions under secondary questions, and many superficial thinkers were deceived by this manœuvre.

The meeting took place in the convent of Whitby. The king and his son entered first; then, on the one side, Colman, with the bishops and elders of the Britons; and on the other, Bishop Agilbert, Agathon, Wilfrid, Romanus, a deacon named James, and several other priests of the Latin confession. Last of all came Hilda with her attendants, among whom was an English Bishop named Cedda, one of the most active missionaries of the age.[2] He had at first preached the Gospel in the midland districts, whence he turned his footsteps towards the Anglo-Saxons of the East, and after converting a great number of these pagans, he had returned to Finan, and although an Englishman, had received Episcopal consecration from a bishop who had been himself ordained by the elders of Iona. Then proceeding westwards, the indefatigable evangelist founded churches, and appointed elders and deacons wherever he went.[3] By birth an Englishman, by ordination a Scotchman, everywhere treated with respect and consideration, he appeared to be set apart as mediator in this solemn conference. His intervention could not, however, retard the victory of Rome. Alas! the primitive evangelism had gradually given way to an ecclesiasticism, coarse and rude in one place, subtle and insinuating in another. Whenever the priests were called upon to justify certain doctrines or ceremonies, instead of referring solely to the word of God, that fountain of all light, they maintained that thus St. James did at Jerusalem, St. Mark at Alexandria, St. John at Ephesus, or St. Peter at Rome. They gave the name of *apostolical canons* to rules which the apostles had never known. They even went further than this: at Rome and in the East, ecclesiasticism represented itself to be a law of God, and from a state of weakness it thus became a state of sin. Some marks of this error were already beginning to appear in the Christianity of the Britons.

King Oswy was the first to speak: "As servants of one and the same God, we hope all to enjoy the same inheritance in heaven; why then should we not have the same rule of life here below? Let us inquire which is the true one, and follow it." ....." Those who sent me hither as bishop," said Colman, "and who gave me the rule which I observe, are the beloved of God. Let us beware how we despise their teaching, for it is the teaching of Columba, of the blessed evangelist John,[1] and of the churches over which that apostle presided."

"As for us," boldly rejoined Wilfrid, for to him as to the most skillful had bishop Agilbert intrusted the defence of their cause, "our custom is that of Rome, where the holy apostles Peter and Paul taught; we found it in Italy and Gaul, nay, it is spread over every nation. Shall the Picts and Britons, cast on these two islands, on the very confines of the ocean, dare to contend against the whole world?[2] However holy your Columba may have been, will you prefer him to the prince of the apostles to whom Christ said, *Thou art Peter, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven?*"

Wilfrid spoke with animation, and his words being skillfully adapted to his audience, began to make them waver. He had artfully substituted Columba for the apostle John, from whom the British church claimed descent, and opposed to St. Peter a plain elder of Iona. Oswy, whose idol was power, could not hesitate between paltry bishops and that pope of Rome who commanded the whole world. Already imagining he saw Peter at the gates of paradise, with the keys in his hand, he exclaimed with emotion: "Is it true, Colman, that these words were addressed by our Lord to St. Peter?" "It is true." "Can you prove that similar powers were given to your Columba?" The bishop replied, "We cannot;" but he might have told the king: "John, whose doctrine we follow, and indeed every

[1] This conference is generally known as the *Synodus Pharensis* (from *Strenæshalh*, sinus Pharí). "Hodie Whitbie dicitur (White bay), et est villa in Eboracensi littore satis nota." Wilkins, Concil. p. 37, note.

[2] Presbyteri Cedda et Adda et Berti et Duina, quorum ultimus natione Scotus, cæteri fuere Angli. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxi.

[3] Qui accepto gradu episcopatus et majore auctoritate cæptum opus explens, fecit per loca ecclesiæ, presbyteros, et diaconos ordinavit. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxii.

[1] Ipsum est quod beatus evangelista Johannes, discipulus specialiter Domino dilectus. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxv.

[2] Pictos dico ac Brittones, cum quibus de duabus ultimis oceani insulis, contra totum orbem stulto labore pugnant. Ibid.

disciple, has received in the same sense as St. Peter the power to remit sins to bind and to loose on earth and in heaven."[1] But the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was fading away in Iona, and the unsuspecting Colman had not observed Wilfrid's stratagem in substituting Columba for Saint John. Upon this Oswy, delighted to yield to the continual solicitations of the queen, and above all, to find some one who would admit him into the kingdom of heaven, exclaimed, "Peter is the doorkeeper, I will obey him, lest when I appear at the gate there should be no one to open it to me."[2] The spectators, carried away by this royal confession, hastened to give in their submission to the vicar of St. Peter.

Thus did Rome triumph at the Whitby conference. Oswy forgot that the Lord had said: *I am he that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth, and no man openeth.*[3] It was by ascribing to Peter the servant, what belongs to Jesus Christ the master, that the papacy reduced Britain. Oswy stretched out his hands, Rome riveted the chains, and the liberty which Oswald had given his church seemed at the last gasp.

Colman saw with grief and consternation Oswy and his subjects bending their knees before the foreign priests. He did not, however, despair of the ultimate triumph of the truth. The apostolic faith could still find shelter in the old sanctuaries of the British church in Scotland and Ireland. Immovable in the doctrine he had received, and resolute to uphold Christian liberty, Colman withdrew with those who would not bend beneath the yoke of Rome, and returned to Scotland. Thirty Anglo-Saxons and a great number of Britons, shook off the dust of their feet against the tents of the Romish priests. The hatred of popery became more intense day by day among the remainder of the Britons. Determined to repel its erroneous dogmas and its illegitimate dominion, they maintained their communion with the Eastern Church, which was more ancient than that of Rome. They shuddered as they saw the red dragon of the Celts gradually retiring towards the western sea from before the white dragon of the Saxons. They ascribed their misfortunes to a horrible conspiracy planned by the iniquitous ambition of the foreign monks, and the bards in their chants cursed the negligent ministers who defended not the flock of the Lord against the wolves of Rome.[4] But vain were their lamentations!

The Romish priests, aided by the queen, lost no time. Wilfrid, whom Oswy desired to reward for his triumph, was named bishop of Northumberland, and he immediately visited Paris to receive episcopal consecration in due form. He soon returned, and proceeded with singular activity to establish the Romish doctrine in all the churches.[1] Bishop of a diocese extending from Edinburgh to Northampton, enriched with the goods which had belonged to divers monasteries, surrounded by a numerous train, served upon gold and silver plate, Wilfrid congratulated himself on having espoused the cause of the papacy; he offended every one who approached him by his insolence, and taught England how wide was the difference between the humble ministers of Iona and a Romish priest. At the same time Oswy, coming to an understanding with the king of Kent, sent another priest named Wighard to Rome to learn the pope's intentions respecting the church in England, and to receive consecration as archbishop of Canterbury. There was no episcopal ordination in England worthy of a priest! In the meanwhile Oswy, with all the zeal of a new convert, ceased not to repeat that "the Roman Church was the catholic and apostolic church," and thought night and day on the means of converting his subjects, hoping thus (says a pope) to redeem his own soul.[2]

The arrival of this news at Rome created a great sensation. Vitalian, who then filled the episcopal chair, and was as insolent to his bishops as he was fawning and servile to the emperor, exclaimed with transport: "Who would not be overjoyed![3] a king converted to the true apostolic faith, a people that believes at last in Christ the Almighty God!" For many long years this people had believed in Christ, but they were now beginning to believe in the pope, and the pope will soon make them forget Jesus the Saviour. Vitalian wrote to Oswy, and sent him—not copies of the Holy Scriptures (which were already becoming scarce at Rome), but—relics of the saints Peter, John, Lawrence, Gregory, and Pancratius; and being in an especial manner desirous of rewarding Queen Eanfeld, to whom with Wilfred belonged the glory of this work, he offered her a cross, made, as he assured her, out of the chains of St. Peter and St. Paul.[4] "Delay not," said the pope in conclusion, "to reduce all your island under Jesus Christ"—or in other words, under the bishop of Rome.

The essential thing, however, was to send an archbishop from Rome to Britain; but Wighard was dead, and no one seemed willing to undertake so long a journey.[5]

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[1] John xx. 23; Matth. xviii. 18.

[2] Ne forte me adveniente ad fores regni cœlorum, non sit qui reserat. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxv.

[3] John x. 9; Rev. iii. 7.

[4] Horæ Britannicæ, b. ii. p. 277.

[1] Ipse perplura catholicæ observationis moderamina ecclesiis Anglorum sua doctrina contulit. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxviii.

[2] Omnes subjectos suos meditatur die ac nocte ad fidem catholicam atque apostolicam pro suæ animæ redemptione converti. Ibid. cap. xxix.

[3] Quis enim audiens hæc suavia non lætetur? Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxix.

[4] Conjugi, nostræ spirituali filiæ, crucem..... Ibid.

[5] Minime voluimus nunc reperire pro longinquitate itineris. Ibid.

There was not much zeal in the city of the pontiffs: and the pope was compelled to look out for a stranger. There happened at that time to be in Rome a man of great reputation for learning, who had come from the east, and adopted the rites and doctrines of the Latins in exchange for the knowledge he had brought them. He was pointed out to Vitalian as well qualified to be the metropolitan of England. Theodore, for such was his name, belonging by birth to the churches of Asia Minor, would be listened to by the Britons in preference to any other, when he solicited them to abandon their oriental customs. The Roman pontiff, however, fearful perhaps that he might yet entertain some leaven of his former Greek doctrines, gave him as companion, or rather as overseer, a zealous African monk named Adrian.[1]

Theodore began the great crusade against British Christianity; and, endeavouring to show the sincerity of his conversion by his zeal, he traversed all England in company with Adrian,[2] everywhere imposing on the people that ecclesiastical supremacy to which Rome is indebted for her political supremacy. The superiority of character which distinguished Saint Peter, Theodore transformed into a superiority of office. For the jurisdiction of Christ and his word, he substituted that of the bishop of Rome and of his decrees. He insisted on the necessity of ordination by bishops who, in an unbroken chain, could trace back their authority to the apostles themselves. The British still maintained the validity of their consecration; but the number was small of those who understood that pretended successors of the apostles, who sometimes carry Satan in their hearts, are not true ministers of Christ; that the one thing needful for the church is, that the apostles themselves (and not their successors only) should dwell in its bosom by their word, by their teaching, and by the Divine Comforter who shall be with it for ever and ever.

The grand defection now began: the best were sometimes the first to yield. When Theodore met Cedda, who had been consecrated by a bishop who had himself received ordination from the elders of Iona, he said to him: "You have not been regularly ordained." Cedda, instead of standing up boldly for the truth, gave way to a carnal modesty, and replied: "I never thought myself worthy of the episcopate, and am ready to lay it down." "No," said Theodore, "you shall remain a bishop, but I will consecrate you anew according to the catholic ritual."[3] The British minister submitted. Rome, triumphant, felt herself strong enough to deny the imposition of hands of the elders of Iona, which she had hitherto recognised. The most steadfast believers took refuge in Scotland.

In this manner a church in some respects deficient, but still a church in which the religious element held the foremost place, was succeeded by another in which the clerical element predominated. This was soon apparent: questions of authority and precedence, hitherto unknown among the British Christians, were now of daily occurrence. Wilfrid, who had fixed his residence at York, thought that no one deserved better than he to be primate of all England; and Theodore on his part was irritated at the haughty tone assumed by this bishop. During the life of Oswy peace was maintained, for Wilfrid was his favourite; but erelong that prince fell ill; and, terrified by the near approach of death, he vowed that if he recovered he would make a pilgrimage to Rome and there end his days.[1] "If you will be my guide to the city of the apostles," he said to Wilfrid, "I will give you a large sum of money." But his vow was of no avail; Oswy died in the spring of the year 670, A. D.

The *Witan* set aside prince Alfred, and raised his youngest brother Egfrid to the throne. The new monarch, who had often been offended by Wilfrid's insolence, denounced this haughty prelate to the archbishop. Nothing could be more agreeable to Theodore. He assembled a council at Hertford, before which the chief of his converts were first summoned, and presenting to them, not the holy scripture but the *canons of the Romish church*,[2] he received their solemn oaths: such was the religion then taught in England. But this was not all. "The diocese of our brother Wilfrid is so extensive," said the primate, "that there is room in it for four bishops." They were appointed accordingly. Wilfrid indignantly appealed from the primate and the king to the pope. "Who converted England, who, if not I?.....and it is thus I am rewarded!".....Not allowing himself to be checked by the difficulties of the journey, he set out for Rome attended by a few monks, and Pope Agathon assembling a council (679), the Englishman presented his complaint, and the pontiff declared the destitution to be illegal. Wilfrid immediately returned to England, and haughtily presented the pope's decree to the king. But Egfrid, who was not of a disposition to tolerate these transalpine manners, far from restoring the see, cast

[1] Ut diligenter attenderet, ne quid ille contrarium veritati, fidei. Græcorum more, in ecclesiam cui præsset introduceret. Ibid. lib. iv. cap. i.

[2] Peragrata insula tota, rectum vivendi ordinem inseminabat. Beda, lib. iv. cap. ii.

[3] Cum Ceadda Episcopum argueret non fuisse rite consecratum, ipse (Theodorus) ordinationem ejus denuo catholica ratione consummavit. Ibid.

[1] Ut si ab infirmitate salvaretur, etium Romæ venire, ibique ad loca sancta vitam finire. Beda, lib. iv. cap. ii.

[2] Quibus statim protuli eundem *librum canonum*, Ibid. cap. v.

the prelate into prison, and did not release him until the end of the year, and then only on condition that he would immediately quit Northumbria.

Wilfrid—for we must follow even to the end of his life that remarkable man, who exercised so great an influence over the destinies of the English Church—Wilfrid was determined to be a bishop at any cost. The kingdom of Sussex was still pagan; and the deposed prelate, whose indefatigable activity we cannot but acknowledge, formed the resolution of winning a bishopric, as other men plan the conquest of a kingdom. He arrived in Sussex during a period of famine, and having brought with him a number of nets, he taught the people the art of fishing, and thus gained their affections. Their king Edilwalch had been baptized; his subjects now followed his example, and Wilfrid was placed at the head of the church. But he soon manifested the disposition by which he was animated: he furnished supplies of men and money to Ceadwalla, king of Wessex, and this cruel chieftain made a fierce inroad into Sussex, laying it waste, and putting to death Edilwalch, the prelate's benefactor. The career of the turbulent bishop was not ended. King Egfrid died, and was succeded by his brother Alfred, whom Wilfrid brought up, a prince fond of learning and religion, and emulous of the glory of his uncle Oswald. The ambitious Wilfrid hastened to claim his see of York, by acquiescing in the partition; it was restored to him, and he forthwith began to plunder others to enrich himself. A council begged him to submit to the decrees of the church of England; he refused, and having lost the esteem of the king, his former pupil, he undertook, notwithstanding his advanced years, a third journey to Rome. Knowing how popes are won, he threw himself at the pontiff's feet, exclaiming that "the suppliant bishop Wilfrid, the humble slave of the servant of God, implored the favour of our most blessed lord, the pope universal." The bishop could not restore his creature to his see, and the short remainder of Wilfrid's life was spent in the midst of the riches his cupidity had so unworthily accumulated.

Yet he had accomplished the task of his life: all England was subservient to the papacy. The names of *Oswy* and *Wilfrid* should be inscribed in letters of mourning in the annals of great Britain. Posterity has erred in permitting them to sink into oblivion; for they were two of the most influential and energetic men that ever flourished in England. Still this very forgetfulness is not wanting in generosity. The grave in which the liberty of the church lay buried for nine centuries is the only monument—a mournful one indeed—that should perpetuate their memory.

But Scotland was still free, and to secure the definitive triumph of Rome it was necessary to invade that virgin soil, over which the standard of the faith had floated for so many years.

Adamnan was then at the head of the church of Iona, the first elder of that religious house. He was virtuous and learned, but weak and somewhat vain, and his religion had little spirituality. To gain him was in the eyes of Rome to gain Scotland. A singular circumstance favoured the plans of those who desired to draw him into the papal communion. One day during a violent tempest, a ship coming from the Holy Land, and on board of which was a Gaulish bishop named Arculf, was wrecked in the neighbourhood of Iona.[1] Arculf eagerly sought an asylum among the pious inhabitants of that island. Adamnan never grew tired of hearing the stranger's description of Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Golgotha, of the sun-burnt plains over which our Lord had wandered, and the cleft stone which still lay before the door of the sepulchre.[2] The elder of Iona, who prided himself on his learning, noted down Arculf's conversation, and from it composed a description of the Holy Land. As soon as his book was completed, the desire of making these wondrous things more widely known, combined with a little vanity, and perhaps other motives, urged him to visit the court of Northumberland, where he presented his work to the pious King Alfred,[3] who, being fond of learning and of the Christian traditions, caused a number of copies of it to be made.

Nor was this all: the Romish clergy perceived the advantage they might derive from this imprudent journey. They crowded round the elder; they showed him all the pomp of their worship, and said to him: "Will you and your friends, who live at the very extremity of the world, set yourselves in opposition to the observances of the universal church?"[4] The nobles of the court flattered the author's self-love, and invited him to their festivities, while the king loaded him with presents. The presbyter of Britain became a priest of Rome, and Adamnan returned to Iona to betray his church to his new masters. But it was all to no purpose: Iona would not give way.[5] He then went to hide his shame in Ireland, where, having brought a few individuals to the Romish uniformity, he took courage and revisited Scotland.

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[1] Vi tempestatis in occidentalia Britanniæ littora delatus est. Beda, lib. v. cap. xvi.

[2] Lapis qui ad ostium monumenti positus erat, fissus est. Ibid. cap. xvii.

[3] Porrexit autem librum tunc Adamnanus Alfrido regi. Beda, lib. v. cap. xvi.

[4] Ne contra universalem ecclesiæ morem, cum suis paucissimis et in extremo mundi angulo positis, vivere præsumeret. Ibid.

[5] Curavit suos ad cum veritatis calcem producere, nec voluit. Ibid.

But that country, still inflexible, repelled him with indignation.[1]

When Rome found herself unable to conquer by the Priest, she had recourse to the prince, and her eyes were turned to Naitam, king of the Picts. "How much more glorious it would be for you," urged the Latin priests, "to belong to the powerful church of the universal pontiff of Rome, than to a congregation superintended by miserable elders! The Romish church is a monarchy, and ought to be the church of every monarch. The Roman ceremonial accords with the pomp of royalty, and its temples are palaces." The prince was convinced by the last argument. He despatched messengers to Ceolfrid, the abbot of an English convent, begging him to send him *architects* capable of building a church *after the Roman pattern*[2]—of stone and not of wood. Architects, majestic porches, lofty columns, vaulted roofs, gilded altars, have often proved the most influential of Rome's missionaries. The builder's art, though in its earliest and simplest days, was more powerful than the Bible. Naitam, who, by submitting to the pope, thought himself the equal of Clovis and Clotaire, assembled the nobles of his court and the pastors of his church, and thus addressed them: "I recommend all the clergy of my kingdom to receive the tonsure of Saint Peter."[3] Then without delay (as Bede informs us) this important revolution was accomplished by royal authority.[4] He sent agents and letters into every province, and caused all the ministers and monks to receive the circular tonsure according to the Roman fashion.[5] It was the mark that popery stamped, not on the forehead, but on the crown. A royal proclamation and a few clips of the scissors placed the Scotch, like a flock of sheep, beneath the crook of the shepherd of the Tiber.

Iona still held out. The orders of the Pictish king, the example of his subjects, the sight of that Italian power which was devouring the earth, had shaken some few minds; but the church still resisted the innovation. Iona was the last citadel of liberty in the western world, and popery was filled with anger at that miserable band which in its remote corner refused to bend before it. Human means appeared insufficient to conquer this rock: something more was needed, visions and miracles for example; and these Rome always finds when she wants them. One day towards the end of the seventh century, an English monk, named Egbert, arriving from Ireland, appeared before the elders of Iona, who received him with their accustomed hospitality. He was a man in whom enthusiastic devotion was combined with great gentleness of heart, and soon won upon the minds of these simple believers. He spoke to them of an external unity, urging that a universality manifested under different forms was unsuited to the church of Christ. He advocated the special form of Rome, and the truly catholic element which the Christians of Iona had thus far possessed, substituted a sectarian element. He attacked the traditions of the British church,[1] and lavishly distributing the rich presents confided to him by the lords of Ireland and of England,[2] he soon had reason to acknowledge the truth of the saying of the wise man: *A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it: whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth.*

Some pious souls, however, still held out in Iona. The enthusiastic Egbert—for such he appears to have been rather than an impostor—had recourse to other means. He represented himself to be a messenger from heaven: the saints themselves, said he, have commissioned me to convert Iona; and then he told the following history to the elders who stood around him. "About thirty years ago, I entered the monastery of Rathmelfig in Ireland, when a terrible pestilence fell upon it, and of all the brethren the monk Edelhun and myself were left alone. Attacked by the plague, and fearing my last hour was come, I rose from my bed and crept into the chapel.[3] There my whole body trembled at the recollection of my sins, and my face was bathed with tears. 'O God,' I exclaimed, 'suffer me not to die until I have redeemed my debt to thee by an abundance of good works.'"[4] I returned staggering to the infirmary, got into bed, and fell asleep. When I awoke, I saw Edelhun with his eyes fixed on mine. 'Brother Egbert,' said he, 'it has been revealed to me in a vision that thou shalt receive what thou hast asked.' On the following night Edelhun died and I recovered.

"Many years passed away: my repentance and my vigils did not satisfy me, and wishing to pay my debt, I resolved to go with a company of monks and preach the

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[1] Nec tamen perficere quod conabatur posset. Ibid. The conversions of which Abbot Ceolfrid speaks in chap. xxii. are probably those effected in Ireland, the word Scotia being at this period frequently applied to that country.

[2] Architectos sibi mitti petiit qui juxta morem Romanorum ecclesiam facerent. Beda, lib. v. cap. xxii.

[3] Et hanc accipere tonsuram, omnes qui in meo regno sunt clericos decerno. Ibid.

[4] Nec mora, quæ dixerat regia auctoritate perfecit. Ibid.

[5] Per universas Pictorum provincias.....tondebantur omnes in coronam ministri altaris ac monachi. Ibid.

[1] Sedulis exhortationibus inveteratam illam traditionem parentum eorum. Beda, lib. v. cap xxiii.

[2] Pietate largiendi de his quæ a divitibus acceperat, multum profuit. Ibid. cap. xxvii.

[3] Cum se existimaret esse moriturum, egressus est tempore matutino de cubiculo, et residens solus..... Ibid. lib. iii. cap. xxvii.

[4] Precabatur ne adhuc mori deberet priusquam vel præteritas negligentias aperfectim ex tempore castigaret, vel in bonis se operibus abundantius exerceret. Ibid.

gospel to the heathens of Germany. But during the night a blessed saint from heaven appeared to one of the brethren and said: 'Tell Egbert he must go to the monasteries of Columba, for their ploughs do not plough straight, and he must put them into the right furrow.'[1] I forbade this brother to speak of his vision, and went on board a ship bound for Germany. We were waiting for a favorable wind, when, of a sudden, in the middle of the night, a frightful tempest burst upon the vessel, and drove us on the shoals. 'For my sake this tempest is upon us,' I exclaimed in terror; 'God speaks to me as he did to Jonah;' and I ran to take refuge in my cell. At last I determined to obey the command which the holy man had brought me. I left Ireland, and came among you, in order to pay my debt by converting you. And now," continued Egbert, "make answer to the voice of heaven, and submit to Rome."

A ship thrown on shore by a storm was a frequent occurrence on those coasts, and the dream of a monk, absorbed in the plans of his brother, was nothing very unnatural. But in those times of darkness, every thing appeared miraculous; phantoms and apparitions had more weight than the word of God. Instead of detecting the emptiness of these visions by the falseness of the religion they were brought to support, the elders of Iona listened seriously to Egbert's narrative. The primitive faith planted on the rock of Icolmkill was now like a pine-tree tossed by the winds: but one gust, and it would be uprooted and blown into the sea. Egbert, perceiving the elders to be shaken, redoubled his prayers, and even had recourse to threats. "All the west," said he, "bends the knee to Rome: alone against all, what can you do?" The Scotch still resisted: obscure and unknown, the last British Christians contended in behalf of expiring liberty. At length bewildered—they stumbled and fell. The scissors were brought; they received the Latin tonsure[2] they were the pope's.

Thus fell Scotland. Yet there still remained some sparks of grace, and the mountains of Caledonia long concealed the hidden fire which after many ages burst forth with such power and might. Here and there a few independent spirits were to be found who testified against the tyranny of Rome. In the time of Bede they might be seen "halting in their paths," (to use the words of the Romish historian,) refusing to join in the holidays of the pontifical adherents, and pushing away the hands that were eager to shave their crowns.[3] But the leaders of the state and of the church had laid down their arms. The contest was over, after lasting more than a century. British Christianity had in some degree prepared its own fall, by substituting too often the form for the faith. The foreign superstition took advantage of this weakness, and triumphed in these islands by means of royal decrees, church ornaments, monkish phantoms, and conventual apparitions. At the beginning of the eighth century the British Church became the serf of Rome; but an internal struggle was commencing, which did not cease until the period of the Reformation.

The independent Christians of Scotland, who subordinated the authority of man to that of God, were filled with sorrow as they beheld these backslidings; and it was this no doubt which induced many to leave their homes and fight in the very heart of Europe in behalf of that Christian liberty which has just expired among themselves.

At the commencement of the eighth century a great idea took possession of a pious doctor of the Scottish church named Clement.[1] The *work of God* is the very essence of Christianity, thought he, and this work must be defended against all the encroachments of man. To human traditionalism he opposed the sole authority of the word of God; to clerical materialism, a church which is the assembly of the saints; and to Pelagianism, the sovereignty of grace. He was a man of decided character and firm faith, but without fanaticism; his heart was open to the holiest emotions of our nature; he was a husband and a father. He quitted Scotland and travelled among the Franks, every where scattering the seeds of the faith. It happened unfortunately that a man of kindred energy, Winifrid or Boniface of Wessex, was planting the pontifical Christianity in the same regions. This great missionary, who possessed in an essential degree the faculty of organization, aimed at external unity above all things, and when he had taken the oath of fidelity to Gregory II., he had received from that pope a collection of the Roman laws. Boniface, henceforth a docile disciple or rather a fanatical champion of Rome, supported on the one hand by the pontiff, and on the other by Charles Martel, had preached to the people of Germany, among some undoubted Christian truths,—the doctrine of tithes and of papal supremacy. The Englishman and the Scotchman, representatives of two great systems, were about to engage in deadly combat in the heart of Europe—in a combat whose consequences might be incalculable.

Alarmed at the progress made by Clement's evangelical doctrines, Boniface, archbishop of the German churches, un-

[1] Quia aratra eorum non recte incedunt; oportet autem eum ad rectum hæc tramitem revocare. Beda, lib. iii. cap. xxvii.

[2] Ad ritum tonsuræ canonicum sub figura coronæ perpetuæ. Beda, lib. v. cap. xxiii.

[3] Sicut e contra Brittones, inveterati et claudicantes a semitis suis, et capita ferre sine corona prætendunt. Ibid.

[1] Alter qui dicitur Clemens, genere *Scotus* est. Bonifacii epistola ad Papam, Labbei concil. ad ann. 745.

dertook to oppose them. At first he confronted the Scotchman with the laws of the Roman church; but the latter denied the authority of these ecclesiastical canons, and refuted their contents.[1] Boniface then put forward the decisions of various councils; but Clement replied that if the decisions of the councils are contrary to holy Scripture, they have no authority over Christians.[2] The archbishop, astonished at such audacity, next had recourse to the writings of the most illustrious fathers of the Latin church, quoting Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory; but the Scotchman told him, that instead of submitting to the word of men, he would obey the word of God alone.[3] Boniface with indignation now introduced the Catholic church, which, by its priests and bishops all united to the pope, forms an invincible unity; but to his great surprise his opponent maintained that there only, where the Holy Spirit dwells, can be found the spouse of Jesus Christ.[4] Vainly did the archbishop express his horror; Clement was not to be turned aside from his great idea, either by the clamours of the followers of Rome, or by the imprudent attacks made on the papacy by other Christian ministers.

Rome had, indeed, other adversaries. A Gallic bishop named Adalbert, with whom Boniface affected to associate Clement, one day saw the archbishop complacently exhibiting to the people some relics of St. Peter which he had brought from Rome; and being desirous of showing the ridiculous character of these Romish practices, he distributed among the bystanders his own hair and nails, praying them to pay these the same honours as Boniface claimed for the relics of the papacy. Clement smiled, like many others, at Adalbert's singular argument; but it was not with such arms that he was wont to fight. Gifted with profound discernment, he had remarked that the authority of man substituted for the authority of God was the source of all the errors of Romanism. At the same time he maintained on predestination what the archbishop called "horrible doctrines, contrary to the Catholic faith."[5] Clement's character inclines us to believe that he was favourable to the doctrine of predestination. A century later the pious Gottschalk was persecuted by one of Boniface's successors for holding this very doctrine of Augustine's. Thus then did a Scotchman, the representative of the ancient faith of his country, withstand almost unaided in the centre of Europe the invasion of the Romans. But he was not long alone: the great, especially, more enlightened than the common people, thronged around him. If Clement had succeeded, a Christian church would have been founded on the continent independent of the papacy.

Boniface was confounded. He wished to do in central Europe what his fellow-countryman Wilfrid had done in England; and at the very moment he fancied he was advancing from triumph to triumph, victory escaped from his hands, he turned against this new enemy, and applying to Charles Martel's sons, Pepin and Carloman, he obtained their consent to the assembling of a council before which he summoned Clement to appear.

The bishops, counts, and other notabilities having met at Soissons on the 2d March 744, Boniface accused the Scotchman of despising the laws of Rome, the councils, and the fathers; attacked his marriage, which he called an adulterous union, and called in question some secondary points of doctrine. Clement was accordingly excommunicated by Boniface, at once his adversary, accuser, and judge, and thrown into prison, with the approbation of the pope and the king of the Franks.[1]

The Scotchman's cause was everywhere taken up; accusations were brought against the German primate, his persecuting spirit was severely condemned, and his exertions for the triumph of the papacy were resisted.[2] Carloman yielded to the unanimous movement. The prison doors were opened, and Clement had hardly crossed the threshold before he began to protest boldly against human authority in matters of faith: the word of God is the only rule. Upon this Boniface applied to Rome for the heretic's condemnation, and accompanied his request by a silver cup and a garment of delicate texture.[3] The pope decided in synod that if Clement did not retract his errors, he should be delivered up to everlasting damnation, and then requested Boniface to send him to Rome under a sure guard. We here lose all traces of the Scotchman, but it is easy to conjecture what must have been his fate.

Clement was not the only Briton who became distinguished in this contest. Two fellow-countrymen, Sampson and Virgil, who preached in central Europe, were in like manner persecuted by the Church of Rome. Virgil, anticipating Galileo, dared maintain that there were other men and

[1] Canones ecclesiarum Christi abnegat et refutat. Bonifacii epistola ad Papam, Labbei concilia ad ann. 745.

[2] Synodalia jura spernens. Ibid.

[3] Tractatus et sermones sanctorum patrum, Hieronymi, Augustini, Gregorii recusat. Ibid.

[4] Clemens contra catholicam contendit ecclesiam. Ibid.

[5] Multa alia horribilia de prædestinatione Dei, contraria fidei catholicæ affirmat. Bonifacii epistola ad Papam, Labbei concilia ad ann. 745.

[1] Sacerdotio privans, reduci facit in custodiam. Concilium Romanum. Ibid.

[2] Propta istas enim, persecutiones et inimicitias et maledictiones multorum populorum patior. Ibid.

[3] Poculum argenteum et sindonem unam. Gemuli Ep. Bonifacii epistola ad Papam, Labbei concilia ad ann. 745.

another world beneath our feet.[1] He was denounced by Boniface for this *heresy*, and condemned by the pope, as were other Britons for the apostolical simplicity of their lives. In 813, certain Scotchmen who called themselves bishops, says a canon, having appeared before a council of the Roman church at Châlons, were rejected by the French prelates, because, like St. Paul, *they worked with their own hands*. Those enlightened and faithful men were superior to their time: Boniface and his ecclesiastical materialism were better fitted for an age in which clerical forms were regarded as the substance of religion.

Even Great Britain, although its light was not so pure, was not altogether plunged in darkness. The Anglo-Saxons imprinted on their church certain characteristics which distinguished it from that of Rome; several books of the Bible were translated into their tongue, and daring spirits on the one hand, with some pious souls on the other, laboured in a direction hostile to popery.

At first we see the dawning of that philosophic rationalism, which gives out a certain degree of brightness, but which can neither conquer error nor still less establish truth. In the ninth century there was a learned scholar in Ireland, who afterwards settled at the court of Charles the Bald. He was a strange mysterious man, of profound thought, and as much raised above the doctors of his age by the boldness of his ideas, as Charlemagne above the princes of his day by the force of his will. John Scot Erigena—that is, a native of Ireland and not of Ayr, as some have supposed—was a meteor in the theological heavens. With a great philosophic genius he combined a cheerful jesting disposition. One day, while seated at table opposite to Charles the Bald, the latter archly inquired of him: "What is the distance between a *Scot* and a *sot?*" "The width of the table," was his ready answer, which drew a smile from the king. While the doctrine of Bede, Boniface, and even Alcuin was traditional, servile, and in one word, Romanist, that of Scot was mystical, philosophic, free, and daring. He sought for the truth not in the word or in the Church, but in himself:—"The knowledge of ourselves is the true source of religious wisdom. Every creature is a theophany—a manifestation of God; since revelation presupposes the existence of truth, it is this truth, which is above revelation, with which man must set himself in immediate relation, leaving him at liberty to show afterwards its harmony with scripture, and the other theophanies. We must first employ reason, and then authority. Authority proceeds from reason, and not reason from authority."[1] Yet this bold thinker, when on his knees, could give way to aspirations full of piety: "O Lord Jesus," exclaimed he, "I ask no other happiness of Thee, but to understand, unmixed with deceitful theories, the word that Thou hast inspired by thy Holy Spirit! Show thyself to those who ask for Thee alone!" But while Scot rejected on the one hand certain traditional errors, and in particular the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was creeping into the church, he was near falling as regards God and the world into other errors savouring of pantheism.[2] The philosophic rationalism of the contemporary of Charles the Bald—the strange product of one of the obscurest periods of history (850)—was destined after the lapse of many centuries to be taught once more in Great Britain as a modern invention of the most enlightened age.

While Scot was thus plumbing the depths of philosophy, others were examining their Bibles; and if thick darkness had not spread over the first glimpses of the dawn, perhaps the Church of Great Britain might even then have begun to labor for the regeneration of Christendom. A youthful prince, thirsting for intellectual enjoyments, for domestic happiness, and for the word of God, and who sought, by frequent prayer, for deliverance from the bondage of sin, had ascended the throne of Wessex, in the year 871. Alfred being convinced that Christianity alone could rightly mould a nation, assembled round him the most learned men from all parts of Europe, and was anxious that the English, like the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latins, should possess the holy Scripture in their own language. He is the real patron of the biblical work,—a title far more glorious than that of founder of the university of Oxford. After having fought more than fifty battles by land and sea, he died while translating the Psalms of David for his subjects.[3]

After this gleam of light thick darkness once more settled upon Great Britain. Nine Anglo-Saxon kings ended their days in monasteries; there was a seminary in Rome from which every year fresh scholars bore to England the new forms of popery; the celibacy of priests, that cement of the Romish hierarchy, was established by a bull about the close of the tenth century; convents were multiplied, considerable possessions were bestowed on the Church, and the tax of *Peter's pence*, laid at the pontiff's feet, proclaimed the triumph of the papal system. But a reaction soon took

[1] Perversa doctrina.....quod alius mundus et alii homines sub terra sint. Zachariæ papæ Ep. ad Bonif. Labbei concilia, vi. p. 152.

[1] Prius ratione utendum ac deinde auctoritate. Auctoritas ex vera ratione processit, ratio vero nequaquam ex auctoritate. De div. prædestin.

[2] Deum in omnibus esse. De divisione naturæ, b. 74.

[3] A portion of the law of God translated by Alfred may be found in Wilkins, Concilia, i. p. 186, et seq.

place: England collected her forces for a war against the papacy—a war at one time secular and at another spiritual. William of Normandy, Edward III., Wickliffe, and the Reformation, are the four ascending steps of Protestantism in England.

A proud, enterprising, and far-sighted prince, the illegitimate son of a peasant girl of Falaise and Robert the Devil, duke of Normandy, began a contest with the papacy which lasted until the Reformation. William the Conqueror, having defeated the Saxons at Hastings in 1066, A. D., took possession of England, under the benediction of the Roman pontiff. But the conquered country was destined to conquer its master. William, who had invaded England in the pope's name, had no sooner touched the soil of his new kingdom, than he learned to resist Rome, as if the ancient liberty of the British Church had revived in him. Being firmly resolved to allow no foreign prince or prelate to possess in his dominions a jurisdiction independent of his own, he made preparations for a conquest far more difficult than that of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. The Papacy itself furnished him with weapons. The Roman legates prevailed on the king to dispossess the English episcopacy in a mass, and this was exactly what he wished. To resist the papacy, William desired to be sure of the submission of the priests of England. Stigand, archbishop of Canterbury, was removed, and Lanfranc of Pavia, who had been summoned from Bec in Normandy to fill his place, was commissioned by the Conqueror to bend the clergy to obedience. This prelate, who was regular in his life, abundant in almsgiving, a learned disputant, a prudent politician, and a skilful mediator, finding that he had to choose between his master King William and his friend the pontiff Hildebrand, gave the prince the preference. He refused to go to Rome, notwithstanding the threats of the pope, and applied himself resolutely to the work the king had intrusted to him. The Saxons sometimes resisted the Normans, as the Britons had resisted the Saxons; but the second struggle was less glorious than the first. A synod at which the king was present having met in the abbey of Westminster, William commanded Wulston, bishop of Worcester, to give up his crosier to him. The old man rose, animated with holy fervour: "O king," he said, "from a better man than you I received it, and to him only will I return it."[1] Unhappily this "better man" was not Jesus Christ. Then approaching the tomb of Edward the Confessor, he continued: "O my master, it was you who compelled me to assume this office; but now behold a new king and a new primate who promulgate new laws. Not unto them, O master, but unto you, do I resign my crosier and the care of my flock." With these words Wulston laid his pastoral staff on Edward's tomb. On the sepulchre of the confessor perished the liberty of the Anglo-Saxon hierarchy. The deprived Saxon bishops were consigned to fortresses or shut up in convents.

The Conqueror being thus assured of the obedience of the bishops, put forward the supremacy of the sword in opposition to that of the pope. He nominated directly to all vacant ecclesiastical offices, filled his treasury with the riches of the churches, required that all priests should make oath to him, forbade them to excommunicate his officers without his consent, not even for incest, and declared that all synodal decisions must be countersigned by him. "I claim," said he to the archbishop one day, raising his arms towards heaven, "I claim to hold in this hand all the pastoral staffs in my kingdom."[1] Lanfranc was astonished at this daring speech, but prudently kept silent,[2] for a time at least. Episcopacy connived at the royal pretensions.

Will Hildebrand, the most inflexible of popes bend before William? The king was earnest in his desire to enslave the Church to the State; the pope to enslave the State to the church: the collision of these two mighty champions threatened to be terrible. But the haughtiest of pontiffs was seen to yield as soon as he felt the mail-clad hand of the conqueror, and to shrink unresistingly before it. The pope filled all Christendom with confusion, that he might deprive princes of the right of investiture to ecclesiastical dignities: William would not permit him to interfere with that question in England, and Hildebrand submitted. The king went even farther: the pope, wishing to enslave the clergy, deprived the priests of their lawful wives; William got a decree past by the council of Winchester in 1076 to the effect that the married priests living in castles and towns should not be compelled to put away their wives.[3] This was too much: Hildebrand summoned Lanfranc to Rome, but William forbade him to go. "Never did king, not even a pagan," exclaimed Gregory, "attempt against the holy see what this man does not fear to carry out!"[4].....To console himself, he demanded payment of the *Peter's pence*, and an oath of fidelity. William sent the money, but refused the homage; and when Hildebrand saw the tribute which the king had paid, he said bitterly. "What

[1] Divino animi ardore repente inflammatus, regi inquit: Melior te his me ornavit cui et reddam. Wilkins, Concilia, i. 367.

[1] Respondit rex et dixit se velle omnes baculos pastorales Angliæ in manu sua tenere. Script. Anglic. Lond. 1652, fol. p. 1327.

[2] Lanfranc ad hæc miratus est, sed propter majores ecclesiæ Christi utilitates, quas sine rege perficere non potuit, ad tempus *siluit*. Ibid.

[3] Sacerdotes vero in castellis vel in vicis habitantes habentes uxores, non cogantur ut dimitant Wilkins, Concilia, i. p. 367.

[4] Nemo enim omnium regum, etiam paganorum .....Greg. lib. vii. Ep. i. ad Hubert.

value can I set on money which is contributed with so little honour!"[1] William forbade his clergy to recognise the pope, or to publish a bull without the royal approbation, which did not prevent Hildebrand from styling him "the pearl of princes."[2] "It is true," said he to his legate, "that the English king does not behave in certain matters so religiously as we could desire.... Yet beware of exasperating him.....We shall win him over to God and St. Peter more surely by mildness and reason than by strictness or severity."[3] In this manner the pope acted like the archbishop—*siluit*: he was silent. It is for feeble governments that Rome reserves her energies.

The Norman kings, desirous of strengthening their work, constructed Gothic cathedrals in the room of wooden churches, in which they installed their soldier-bishops, as if they were strong fortresses. Instead of the moral power and the humble crook of the shepherd, they gave them secular power and a staff. The religious episcopate was succeeded by a political one. William Rufus went even to greater lengths than his father. Taking advantage of the schism which divided the papacy, he did without a pope for ten years, leaving abbeys, bishoprics, and even Canterbury vacant, and scandalously squandering their revenues. Cæsaropapia (which transforms a king into a pope) having thus attained its greatest excess, a sacerdotal reaction could not fail to take place.

The papacy is about to rise up again in England, and royalty to decline—two movements which are always found combined in Great Britain.

We are now entering upon a new phase of history. Romanism is on the point of triumphing by the exertions of learned men, energetic prelates, and princes in whom extreme imprudence was joined with extreme servility. This is the era of the dominion of popery, and we shall see it unscrupulously employing the despotism by which it is characterized.

A malady having occasioned some degree of remorse in the king, he consented to fill up the vacancy in the arch-episcopal see. And now Anselm first appears in England. He was born in an Alpine valley, at the town of Aosta in Piedmont. Imbibing the instructions of his pious mother Ermenberga, and believing that God's throne was placed on the summit of the gigantic mountains he saw rising round him, the child Anselm climbed them in his dreams, and received the bread of heaven from the hands of the Lord. Unhappily in after-years he recognised another throne in the church of Christ, and bowed his head before the chair of St. Peter. This was the man whom William II. summoned in 1093 to fill the primacy of Canterbury. Anselm, who was then sixty years old, and engaged in teaching at Bec, refused at first: the character of Rufus terrified him. "The church of England," said he, "is a plough that ought to be drawn by two oxen of equal strength. How can you yoke together an old and timid sheep like me and that wild bull?" At length he accepted, and concealing a mind of great power under an appearance of humility, he had hardly arrived in England before he recognised Pope Urban II., demanded the estates of his see which the treasury had seized upon, refused to pay the king the sums he demanded, contested the right of investiture against Henry I., forbade all ecclesiastics to take the feudal oath, and determined that the priests should forthwith put away their wives. Scholasticism, of which Anselm was the first representative, freed the church from the yoke of royalty, but only to chain it to the papal chair. The fetters were about to be riveted by a still more energetic hand; and what this great theologian had begun, a great worldling was to carry on.

At the hunting parties of Henry II., a man attracted the attention of his sovereign by his air of frankness, agreeable manners, witty conversation, and exuberant vivacity. This was Thomas Becket, the son of an Anglo-Saxon and a Syrian woman. Being both priest and soldier, he was appointed at the same time by the king prebend of Hastings and governor of the Tower. When nominated chancellor of England, he showed himself no less expert than Wilfrid in misappropriating the wealth of the minors in his charge, and of the abbeys and bishoprics, and indulged in the most extravagant luxury. Henry, the first of the Plantagenets, a man of undecided character, having noticed Becket's zeal in upholding the prerogatives of the crown, appointed him archbishop of Canterbury. "Now, sire," remarked the primate with a smile, "when I shall have to choose between God's favour and yours, remember it is yours that I shall sacrifice."

Becket, who, as keeper of the seals, had been the most magnificent of courtiers, affected as archbishop to be the most venerable of saints. He sent back the seals to the king, assumed the robe of a monk, wore sackcloth filled with vermin, lived on the plainest food, every day knelt down to wash the feet of the poor, paced the cloisters of his cathedral with tearful eyes, and spent hours in prayer before the altar. As champion of the priests, even in their crimes, he took under his protection one who to the crime of seduction had added the murder of his victim's father.

The judges having represented to Henry, that during the first eight years of his reign a hundred murders had been com-

[1] Pecunias sine honore tributas, quanti pretii, habeam. Ibid.

[2] Gemma principum esse meruisti. Ibid. Ep. xxiii. ad Gulielm.

[3] Facilius lenitatis dulcedine ac rationis ostensione, quam austeritate vel rigore justitiæ. Ibid. Ep. v. ad Hugonem.

mitted by ecclesiastics, the king in 1164 summoned a council at Clarendon, in which certain regulations or *constitutions* were drawn up, with the object of preventing the encroachments of the hierarchy. Becket at first refused to sign them, but at length consented, and then withdrew into solitary retirement to mourn over his fault. Pope Alexander III. released him from his oath; and then began a fierce and long struggle between the king and the primate. Four knights of the court, catching up a hasty expression of their master's, barbarously murdered the archbishop at the foot of the altar in his own cathedral church (A. D. 1170). The people looked upon Becket as a saint: immense crowds came to pray at his tomb, at which many *miracles* were worked.[1] "Even from his grave," said Becket's partisans, "he renders his testimony in behalf of the papacy."

Henry now passed from the one extreme to the other. He entered Canterbury barefooted, and prostrated himself before the martyr's tomb: the bishops, priests, and monks, to the number of eighty, passed before him, each bearing a scourge, and struck three or five blows according to their rank, on the naked shoulders of the king. In former ages, so the priestly fable ran, Saint Peter had scourged an archbishop of Canterbury: now Rome in sober reality, scourges the back of royalty, and nothing can henceforward check her victorious career. A Plantagenet surrendered England to the pope, and the pope gave him authority to subdue Ireland.[2]

Rome, who had set her foot on the neck of a king, was destined under one of the sons of Henry II. to set it on the neck of England. John being unwilling to acknowledge an archbishop of Canterbury illegally nominated by Pope Innocent III., the latter, more daring than Hildebrand, laid the kingdom under an interdict. Upon this John ordered all the prelates and abbots to leave England, and sent a monk to Spain as ambassador to Mahomet-el-Nasir, offering to turn Mahometan and to become his vassal. But as Philip Augustus was preparing to dethrone him, John made up his mind to become a vassal of Innocent, and not of Mahomet—which was about the same thing to him. On the 15th May, 1213, he laid his crown at the legate's feet, declared that he surrendered his kingdom of England to the pope, and made oath to him as to his lord paramount.[3]

A national protest then boldly claimed the ancient liberties of the people. Forty-five barons, armed in complete mail, and mounted on their noble war-horses, surrounded by their knights and servants and about two thousand soldiers, met at Brackley during the festival of Easter in 1215, and sent a deputation to Oxford, where the court then resided. "Here," said they to the king, "is the charter which consecrates the liberties confirmed by Henry II., and which you also have solemnly sworn to observe."....."Why do they not demand my crown also?" said the king in a furious passion, and then with an oath,[1] he added: "I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave." This is the usual language of weak and absolute kings. Neither would the nation submit to be enslaved. The barons occupied London, and on the 15th June 1215, the king signed the famous *Magna Charta* at Runnymede. The political protestantism of the thirteenth century would have done but little, however, for the greatness of the nation, without the religious protestantism of the sixteenth.

This was the first time that the papacy came into collision with modern liberty. It shuddered in alarm, and the shock was violent. Innocent swore (as was his custom), and then declared the great charter null and void, forbade the king under pain of anathema to respect the liberties which he had confirmed,[2] ascribed the conduct of the barons to the instigation of Satan, and ordered them to make apology to the king, and to send a deputation to Rome to learn from the mouth of the pope himself what should be the government of England. This was the way in which the papacy welcomed the first manifestations of liberty among the nations, and made known the model system under which it claimed to govern the whole world.

The priests of England supported the anathemas pronounced by their chief. They indulged in a thousand jeers and sarcasms against John about the charter he had accepted:—"This is the twenty-fifth king of England—not a king, not even a kingling—but the disgrace of kings—a king without a kingdom—the fifth wheel of a waggon—the last of kings, and the disgrace of his people!—I would not give a straw for him.... *Fuisti rex nunc fex*, (once a king but now a clown.)" John, unable to support his disgrace, groaned and gnashed his teeth and rolled his eyes, tore sticks from the hedges and gnawed them like a maniac, or dashed them into fragments on the ground.[3]

The barons, unmoved alike by the inso-

[1] In loco passionis et ubi sepultus est, paralytici curantur, cæci vident surdi audiunt. Johan. Salisb. Epp. 286.

[2] Significasti si quidem nobis, fili carrissime, te Hiberniæ insulum ad subdendum illum populum velle intrare, nos itaque gratem et acceptum habemus ut pro dilantandis ecclesiæ terminis insulam ingrediaris. Adrian IV., Bulla 1154 in Rymer, Acta Publica.

[3] Resignavit coronam suam in manus domini papæ. Matth. Paris, 198 et 207.

[1] Cum juramento furibunds. Ibid. 213.

[2] Sub intimatione anathematis prohibentes ne dictus rex eam observare præsumat. Matth. Paris, 224.

[3] Arreptos baculos et stipites more furiosi nunc corrodere, nunc corrosos, confringere. Ibid. 222.

lence of the pope and the despair of the king, replied that they would maintain the charter. Innocent excommunicated them. "Is it the pope's business to regulate temporal matters?" asked they. "By what right do vile usurers and foul simoniacs domineer over our country and excommunicate the whole world?"

The pope soon triumphed throughout England. His vassal John, having hired some bands of adventurers from the continent, traversed at their head the whole country from the Channel to the Forth. These mercenaries carried desolation in their track: they extorted money, made prisoners, burnt the barons' castles, laid waste their parks, and dishonoured their wives and daughters.[1] The king would sleep in a house, and the next morning set fire to it. Blood-stained assassins scoured the country during the night, the sword in one hand and the torch in the other, marking their progress by murder and conflagration.[2] Such was the enthronization of popery in England. At this sight the barons, overcome by emotion, denounced both the king and the pope: "Alas! poor country!" they exclaimed. "Wretched England!....And thou, O pope, a curse light upon thee!"[3]

The curse was not long delayed. As the king was returning from some more than usually successful foray, and as the royal waggons were crossing the sands of the Wash, the tide rose and all sank in the abyss.[4] This accident filled John with terror: it seemed to him that the earth was about to open and swallow him up: he fled to a convent, where he drank copiously of cider, and died of drunkenness and fright.[5]

Such was the end of the pope's vassal—of his armed missionary in Great Britain. Never had so vile a prince been the involuntary occasion to his people of such great benefits. From his reign England may date her enthusiasm for liberty and her dread of popery.

During this time a great transformation had been accomplished. Magnificent churches and the marvels of religious art, with ceremonies and a multitude of prayers and chantings dazzled the eyes, charmed the ears, and captivated the senses; but testified also to the absence of every strong moral and Christian disposition, and the predominance of worldliness in the church. At the same time the adoration of images and relics, saints, angels, and Mary the mother of God, the worships of *latria*, *doulia*, and *hyperdoulia*,[1] the real Mediator transported from the throne of mercy to the seat of vengeance, at once indicated and kept up among the people that ignorance of truth and absence of grace which characterize popery. All these errors tended to bring about a reaction: and in fact the march of the Reformation may now be said to begin.

England had been brought low by the papacy: it rose up again by resisting Rome. Grostête, Bradwardine, and Edward III. prepared the way for Wickliffe, and Wickliffe for the Reformation.

In the reign of Henry III., son of John, while the king was conniving at the usurpations of Rome, and the pope ridiculing the complaints of the barons, a pious and energetic man, of comprehensive understanding, was occupied in the study of the Holy Scriptures in their original languages, and bowing to their sovereign authority. Robert Grostête (Greathead or *Capito*) was born of poor parents in the county of Lincolnshire, and being raised to the see of Lincoln in 1235, when he was sixty years of age, he boldly undertook to reform his diocese, one of the largest in England. Nor was this all. At the very time when the Roman pontiff, who had hitherto been content to be called the vicar of Saint Peter, proclaimed himself the vicar of God,[2] and was ordering the English bishops to find benefices for *three hundred Romans*,[3] Grostête was declaring, that "to follow a pope who rebels against the will of Christ, is to separate from Christ and his body; and if ever the time should come when all men follow an erring pontiff, then will be the great apostasy. Then will true Christians refuse to obey, and Rome will be the cause of an unprecedented schism."[4] Thus did he predict the Reformation. Disgusted at the avarice of the monks and priests, he visited Rome to demand a reform. "Brother," said Innocent IV. to him with some irritation, "*Is thine eye evil because I am good?*" The English bishop exclaimed with a sigh: "O money, money! how great is thy power—especially in this court of Rome!"

A year had scarcely elapsed before Innocent commanded the bishop to give a canonry in Lincoln cathedral to his infant nephew. Grostête replied: "After the sin of Lucifer there is none more opposed to the gospel than that which ruins souls by giving them a faithless minister. Bad pas-

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[1] Uxores et filias suas ludibrio expositas. Matth. Paris. 231.

[2] Discurrebant sicarii cæde humana cruentati, noctivagi, incendiarii, strictis ensibus. Ibid.

[3] Sic barones lacrymantes et lamentantes regem et papam maledixerunt. Ibid. 234.

[4] Aperta est in mediis fluctibus terra et voraginis abyssus, quæ absorbuerunt universa cum hominibus et equis. Ibid. 242.

[5] Novi ciceris potatione nimis repletus. Ibid. 1216.

[1] The Romish church distinguishes three kinds of worship: *latria*, that paid to God; *doulia*, to saints; and *hyperdoulia*, to the Virgin Mary.

[2] Non puri hominis sed veri Dei vicem gerit in terris. Innocent III. Epp. lib. vi. i. 335.

[3] Ut trecentis Romanis in primis beneficiis vacantibus providerent. Matth. Paris, ann. 1240.

[4] Absit et quod.....hæc sedes et in ea præsidentes causa sint schismatis apparentis. Urtinnus Gratius, ed. Brown, fol. 251.

tors are the cause of unbelief, heresy, and disorder. Those who introduce them into the church are little better than antichrists, and their culpability is in proportion to their dignity. Although the chief of the angels should order me to commit such a sin, I would refuse. My obedience forbids me to obey; and therefore I rebel."[1]

Thus spoke a bishop to his pontiff: his obedience to the word of God forbade him to obey the pope. This was the principle of the Reformation. "Who is this old driveller that in his dotage dares to judge of my conduct?" exclaimed Innocent, whose wrath was appeased by the intervention of certain cardinals. Grostête on his dying bed professed still more clearly the principles of the reformers; he declared that a heresy was "an opinion conceived by carnal motives, *contrary to Scripture*, openly taught and obstinately defended," thus asserting the authority of Scripture instead of the authority of the church. He died in peace, and the public voice proclaimed him "a searcher of the Scriptures, an adversary of the pope, and a despiser of the Romans."[2] Innocent, desiring to take vengeance on his bones, meditated the exhumation of his body, when one night (says Matthew of Paris) the bishop appeared before him. Drawing near the pontiff's bed, he struck him with his crosier, and thus addressed him with terrible voice and threatening look:[3] "Wretch! the Lord doth not permit thee to have any power over me. Woe be to thee!" The vision disappeared, and the pope, uttering a cry as if he had been struck by some sharp weapon, lay senseless on his couch. Never after did he pass a quiet night, and pursued by the phantoms of his troubled imagination, he expired while the palace re-echoed with his lamentable groans.

Grostête was not single in his opposition to the pope. Sewal, archbishop of York, did the same, and "the more the pope cursed him, the more the people blessed him."[4]—"Moderate your tyranny," said the archbishop to the pontiff, "for the Lord said to Peter *Feed* my sheep, and not *shear them*, *flay them*, or *devour them*."[5] The pope smiled and let the bishop speak, because the king allowed the pope to act. The power of England, which was constantly increasing, was soon able to give more force to these protests.

[1] Obedienter non obedio sed contradico et rebello. Matth. Paris, ad. ann. 1252.

[2] Scripturarum sedulus perscrutator diversarum, Romanorum malleus et contemptor. Matth. Paris, vol. ii. p. 876, fol. Lond. 1640. Sixteen of his writings (Sermones et epistolæ) will be found in *Brown, app. add Fasciculum.*

[3] Nocte apparuit ei episcopus vultu severo, intuitu austero, ac voce terribili. Ibid. 883.

[4] Quanto magis a papa maledicebatur, tanto plus a populo benedicebatur. Ibid. ad ann. 1257.

[5] *Pasce* oves meas, non *tonde*, non *exoria*, non *eviscera*, vel devorando *consume*. Ibid. ad ann. 1258.

The nation was indeed growing in greatness. The madness of John, which had caused the English people to lose their continental possessions, had given them more unity and power. The Norman kings, being compelled to renounce entirely the country which had been their cradle, had at length made up their minds to look upon England as their home. Two races, so long hostile, melted one into the other. Free institutions were formed; the laws were studied; and colleges were founded. The languages began to assume a regular form, and the ships of England were already formidable at sea. For more than a century the most brilliant victories attended the British armies. A king of France was brought captive to London: an English king was crowned at Paris. Even Spain and Italy felt the valour of these proud islanders. The English people took their station in the foremost rank. Now the character of a nation is never raised by halves. When the mighty ones of the earth were seen to fall before her, England could no longer crawl at the feet of an Italian priest.

At no period did her laws attack the papacy with so much energy. At the beginning of the fourteenth century an Englishman having brought to London one of the pope's bulls—a bull of an entirely spiritual character, it was an excommunication—was prosecuted as a traitor to the crown, and would have been hanged, had not the sentence, at the chancellor's intercession, been changed to perpetual banishment.[1] The *common law* was the weapon the government then opposed to the papal bulls. Shortly afterwards, in 1307, King Edward ordered the sheriffs to resist the arrogant pretensions of the Romish agents. But it is to two great men in the fourteenth century, equally illustrious, the one in the state, and the other in the church, that England is indebted for the development of the protestant element in England.

In 1346, an English army, 34,000 strong, met face to face at Crecy a French army of 100,000 fighting men. Two individuals of very different characters were in the English host. One of them was King Edward III., a brave and ambitious prince, who, being resolved to recover for the royal authority all its powers, and for England all her glory, had undertaken the conquest of France. The other was his chaplain Bradwardine, a man of so humble a character that his meekness was often taken for stupidity. And thus it was that on his receiving the pallium at Avignon from the hands of the pope on his elevation to the see of Canterbury, a jester mounted on an ass rode into the hall and petitioned the pontiff to make him *primate* instead of that imbecile priest.

[1] Fuller's Church History, cent. xiv. p. 90, fol. Lond. 1655.

Bradwardine was one of the most pious men of the age, and to his prayers his sovereign's victories were ascribed. He was also one of the greatest geniuses of his time, and occupied the first rank among astronomers, philosophers, and mathematicians.[1] The pride of science had at first alienated him from the doctrine of the cross. But one day while in the house of God and listening to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, these words struck his ear: *It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.* His ungrateful heart, he tells us, at first rejected this humiliating doctrine with aversion. Yet the word of God had laid its powerful hold upon him; he was converted to the truths he had despised, and immediately began to set forth the doctrines of eternal grace at Merton College, Oxford. He had drunk so deep at the fountain of Scripture that the traditions of men concerned him but little, and he was so absorbed in adoration in spirit and in truth, that he remarked not outward superstitions. His lectures were eagerly listened to and circulated through all Europe. The grace of God was their very essence, as it was of the Reformation. With sorrow Bradwardine beheld Pelagianism every where substituting a mere religion of externals for inward Christianity, and on his knees he struggled for the salvation of the church. "As in the times of old four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal strove against a single prophet of God; so now, O Lord" he exclaimed, "the number of those who strive with Pelagius against thy free grace cannot be counted.[2] They pretend not to receive grace freely, but to buy it.[3] The will of men (they say) should precede, and thine should follow: theirs is the mistress, and thine the servant.[4].....Alas! nearly the whole world is walking in error in the steps of Pelagius.[5] Arise, O Lord, and judge thy cause." And the Lord did arise, but not until after the death of this pious archbishop—in the days of Wickliffe, who, when a youth, listened to the lectures at Merton College—and especially in the days of Luther and of Calvin. His contemporaries gave him the name of the *profound doctor*.

If Bradwardine walked truthfully in the path of faith, his illustrious patron Edward advanced triumphantly in the field of policy. Pope Clement IV. having decreed that the first two vacancies in the Anglican church should be conferred on two of his cardinals: "France is becoming *English*," said the courtiers to the king; "and by way of compensation, England is becoming *Italian*." Edward, desirous of guaranteeing the religious liberties of England, passed with the consent of parliament in 1350 the statute of *Provisors*, which made void every ecclesiastical appointment contrary to the rights of the king, the chapters, or the patrons. Thus the privileges of the chapters and the liberty of the English Catholics, as well as the independence of the crown, were protected against the invasion of foreigners; and imprisonment or banishment for life was denounced upon all offenders against the law.

This bold step alarmed the pontiff. Accordingly, three years after, the king having nominated one of his secretaries to the see of Durham—a man without any of the qualities becoming a bishop—the pope readily confirmed the appointment. When some one expressed his astonishment at this, the pope made answer: "If the king of England had nominated *an ass*, I would have accepted him." This may remind us of the *ass* of Avignon; and it would seem that this humble animal at that time played a significant part in the elections to the papacy. But be that as it may, the pope withdrew his pretensions. "Empires have their term," observes an historian at this place; "when once they have reached it, they halt, they retrograde, they fall."[1]

The term seemed to be drawing nearer every day. In the reign of Edward III., between 1343 and 1353, again in 1364, and finally under Richard II. in 1393, those stringent laws were passed which interdicted all appeal to the court of Rome, all bulls from the Roman bishop, all excommunications, &c., in a word, every act infringing on the rights of the crown; and declared that whoever should bring such documents into England, or receive, publish, or execute them, should be put out of the king's protection, deprived of their property, attached in their persons, and brought before the king in council to undergo their trial according to the terms of the act. Such was the statute of *Præmunire*.[2]

Great was the indignation of the Romans at the news of this law: "If the statute of *mortmain* put the pope into a sweat," says Fuller, "this of *præmunire* gave him a fit of fever." One pope called it an "execra-

[1] His Arithmetic and Geometry have been published; but I am not aware if that is the case with his Astronomical Tables.

[2] Quot, Domine, hodie cum Pelagio pro libero arbitrio contra gratuitam gratiam tuam pugnant? De causa Dei adversus Pelagium, libri tres, Lond. 1618.

[3] Nequaquam gratuita sed vendita. De causa Dei adversus Pelagium, libri tres, Lond. 1618.

[4] Suam voluntatem præire ut dominam, tuam subsequi ut ancillam. Ibid.

[5] Totus pæne mundus post Pelagium abiit in errorem. Ibid.

[1] Habent imperia suos terminos; huc cum venerint, sistunt, retrocedunt, ruunt. Fuller's Hist. cent. xiv. p. 116.

[2] The most natural meaning of the word *præmunire* (given more particularly to the act of 1393) seems to be that suggested by Fuller, cent. xiv. (p. 148): to fence and fortify the regal power from foreign assault. See the whole bill, *ibid.*, p. 145–147.

ble statute,"—"a horrible crime."[1] Such are the terms applied by the pontiffs to all that thwarts their ambition.

Of the two wars carried on by Edward—the one against the king of France, and the other against popery—the latter was the most righteous and important. The benefits which this prince had hoped to derive from his brilliant victories at Crecy and Poitiers dwindled away almost entirely before his death; while his struggles with the papacy, founded as they were on truth, have exerted even to our own days an indisputable influence on the destinies of Great Britain. Yet the prayers and the conquests of Bradwardine, who proclaimed in that fallen age the doctrine of grace, produced effects still greater, not only for the salvation of many souls, but for the liberty, moral force, and greatness of England.

Thus in the first half of the fourteenth century, nearly two hundred years before the Reformation, England appeared weary of the yoke of Rome. Bradwardine was no more; but a man who had been his disciple was about to succeed him, and without attaining to the highest functions, to exhibit in his person the past and future tendencies of the church of Christ in Great Britain. The English Reformation did not begin with Henry VIII.: the revival of the sixteenth century is but a link in the chain commencing with the apostles and reaching to us.

The resistance of Edward III. to the papacy *without* had not suppressed the papacy *within*. The mendicant friars, and particularly the Franciscans, those fanatical soldiers of the pope, were endeavouring by pious frauds to monopolize the wealth of the country. "Every year," said they, "Saint Francis descends from heaven to purgatory, and delivers the souls of all those who were buried in the dress of his order." These friars used to kidnap children from their parents and shut them up in monasteries. They affected to be poor, and with a wallet on their back, begged with a piteous air from both high and low; but at the same time they dwelt in palaces, heaped up treasures, dressed in costly garments, and wasted their time in luxurious entertainments.[2] The least of them looked upon themselves as *lords*, and those who wore the doctor's cap considered themselves *kings*. While they diverted themselves, eating and drinking at their well-spread tables, they used to send ignorant, uneducated persons in their place to preach fables and legends to amuse and plunder the people.[1] If any rich man talked of giving alms to the poor and not to the monks, they exclaimed loudly against such impiety, and declared with threatening voice: "If you do so we will leave the country, and return accompanied by a legion of glittering helmets."[2] Public indignation was at its height. "The monks and priests of Rome," was the cry, "are eating us away like a cancer. God must deliver us or the people will perish.....Woe be to them! the cup of wrath will run over. Men of holy church shall be despised as carrion, as dogs shall they be cast out in open places."[3]

The arrogance of Rome made the cup run over. Pope Urban V., heedless of the laurels won by the conqueror at Crecy and Poitiers, summoned Edward III. to recognise him as legitimate sovereign of England, and to pay as feudal tribute the annual rent of one thousand marcs. In case of refusal the king was to appear before him at Rome. For thirty-three years the popes had never mentioned the tribute accorded by John to Innocent III., and which had always been paid very irregularly. The conqueror of the Valois was irritated by this insolence on the part of an Italian bishop, and called on God to avenge England. From Oxford came forth the avenger.

John Wickliffe, born in 1324, in a little village in Yorkshire, was one of the students who attended the lectures of the pious Bradwardine at Merton College. He was in the flower of his age, and produced a great sensation in the university. In 1348, a terrible pestilence, which is said to have carried off half the human race, appeared in England after successively devastating Asia and the continent of Europe. This visitation of the Almighty sounded like the trumpet of the judgment-day in the heart of Wickliffe. Alarmed at the thoughts of eternity, the young man—for he was then only twenty-four years of old—passed days and nights in his cell groaning and sighing, and calling upon God to show him the path he ought to follow.[4] He found it in the Holy Scriptures, and resolved to make it known to others. He commenced with prudence; but being elected in 1361 warden of Balliol, and in 1365 warden of Canterbury College also, he began to set forth the doctrine of faith in a more energetic manner. His biblical and philosophical studies, his knowledge of theology, his penetrating mind, the purity of his manners, and his unbending courage, rendered him the object of general admiration. A profound teacher, like his master, and an eloquent preacher, he demonstrated to the learned during the

[1] Execrabile statutum.....fœdum et turpe facinus. Martin V. to the Duke of Bedford, Fuller, cent. xiv. p. 148.

[2] When they have overmuch riches, both in great waste houses and précious clothes, in great feasts and many jewels and treasures. Wickliffe's Tracts and Treatises, edited by the Wickliffe Society, p. 224.

[1] Ibid. 240.

[2] Come again with bright heads. Ibid.

[3] Wickliffe, The Last age of the Church.

[4] Long debating and deliberating with himself, with many secret sighs. Foxe, Acts and Monuments, i. p. 485, fol. Lond. 1684.

course of the week what he intended to preach, and on Sunday he preached to the people what he had previously demonstrated. His disputations gave strength to his sermons, and his sermons shed light upon his disputations. He accused the clergy of having banished the Holy Scriptures, and required that the authority of the word of God should be re-established in the church. Loud acclamations crowned these discussions, and the crowd of vulgar minds trembled with indignation when they heard these shouts of applause.

Wickliffe was forty years old when the papal arrogance stirred England to its depths. Being at once an able politician and a fervent Christian, he vigorously defended the rights of the crown against the Romish aggression, and by his arguments not only enlightened his fellow-countrymen generally, but stirred up the zeal of several members of both houses of parliament.

The parliament assembled, and never perhaps had it been summoned on a question which excited to so high a degree the emotions of England, and indeed of Christendom. The debates in the House of Lords were especially remarkable; all the arguments of Wickliffe were reproduced. "Feudal *tribute* is due," said one, "only to him who can grant feudal *protection* in return. Now how can the pope wage war to protect his fiefs?"—"Is it as vassal of the crown or as feudal superior," asked another, "that the pope demands part of our property? Urban V. will not accept the first of these titles....Well and good! but the English people will not acknowledge the second."—"Why," said a third, "was this tribute originally granted? To pay the pope for absolving John....His demand, then, is mere simony, a kind of clerical swindling, which the lords spiritual and temporal should indignantly oppose."—"No," said another speaker, "England belongs not to the pope. The pope is but a man, subject to sin; but Christ is the Lord of lords, and this kingdom is held directly and solely of Christ alone."[1] Thus spoke the lords inspired by Wickliffe. Parliament decided unanimously that no prince had the right to alienate the sovereignty of the kingdom without the consent of the other two estates, and that if the pontiff should attempt to proceed against the king of England as his vassal, the nation should rise in a body to maintain the independence of the crown.

To no purpose did this generous resolution excite the wrath of the partisans of Rome; to no purpose did they assert that, by the canon law, the king ought to be deprived of his fief, and that England now belonged to the pope: "No," replied Wickliffe, "the canon law has no force when it is opposed to the word of God." Edward III. made Wickliffe one of his chaplains, and the papacy has ceased from that hour to lay claim—in explicit terms at least—to the sovereignty of England.

When the pope gave up his temporal he was desirous, at least, of keeping up his ecclesiastical pretensions, and to procure the repeal of the statutes of *Præmunire* and *Provisors*. It was accordingly resolved to hold a conference at Bruges to treat of this question, and Wickliffe, who had been created doctor of theology two years before, proceeded thither with the other commissioners in April, 1374. They came to an arrangement in 1375 that the king should bind himself to repeal the penalties denounced against the pontifical agents, and that the pope should confirm the king's ecclesiastical presentations.[1] But the nation was not pleased with this compromise. "The clerks sent from Rome," said the Commons, "are more dangerous for the kingdom than Jews or Saracens; every papal agent resident in England, and every Englishman living at the court of Rome, should be punished with death." Such was the language of the *Good Parliament*. In the fourteenth century the English nation called a parliament *good* which did not yield to the papacy.

Wickliffe, after his return to England, was presented to the rectory of Lutterworth, and from that time a practical activity was added to his academic influence. At Oxford he spoke as a master to the young theologians; in his parish he addressed the people as a preacher and as a pastor. "The Gospel," said he, "is the only source of religion. The Roman pontiff is a mere cut-purse,[2] and, far from having the right to reprimand the whole world, he may be lawfully reproved by his inferiors, and even by laymen."

The papacy grew alarmed. Courtenay, son of the Earl of Devonshire, an imperious but grave priest, and full of zeal for what he believed to be the truth, had recently been appointed to the see of London. In parliament he had resisted Wickliffe's patron, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, third son of Edward III., and head of the house of that name. The bishop, observing that the doctrines of the reformer were spreading among the people, both high and low, charged him with heresy, and summoned him to appear before the convocation assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral.

On the 19th February, 1377, an immense crowd, heated with fanaticism, thronged the approaches to the church and filled its

[1] These opinions are reported by Wickliffe, in a treatise preserved in the *Selden MSS.* and printed by Mr. J. Lewis, in his History of Wickliffe, App. No. 30, p. 349. He was present during the debate; *quam audivi in quodam concilio a dominis secularibus.*

[1] Rymer, vii. p. 33, 83–88.

[2] The proud worldly priest of Rome, and the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers. Lewis, History of Wickliffe, p. 37. Oxford, 1820.

aisles, while the citizens favourable to the Reform remained concealed in their houses. Wickliffe moved forward, preceded by Lord Percy, marshal of England, and supported by the Duke of Lancaster, who defended him from purely political motives. He was followed by four bachelors of divinity, his counsel, and passed through the hostile multitude, who looked upon Lancaster as the enemy of their liberties, and upon himself as the enemy of the church. "Let not the sight of these bishops make you shrink a hair's breadth in your profession of faith," said the prince to the doctor. "They are unlearned; and as for this concourse of people, fear nothing, we are here to defend you."[1] When the reformer had crossed the threshold of the cathedral, the crowd within appeared like a solid wall; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the earl-marshal, Wickliffe and Lancaster could not advance. The people swayed to and fro, hands were raised in violence, and loud hootings re-echoed through the building. At length Percy made an opening in the dense multitude, and Wickliffe passed on.

The haughty Courtenay, who had been commissioned by the archbishop to preside over the assembly, watched these strange movements with anxiety, and beheld with displeasure the learned doctor accompanied by the two most powerful men in England. He said nothing to the Duke of Lancaster, who at that time administered the kingdom, but turning towards Percy observed sharply: "If I had known, my lord, that you claimed to be master in this church, I would have taken measures to prevent your entrance." Lancaster coldly rejoined: "He shall keep such mastery here, though you say nay." Percy now turned to Wickliffe, who had remained standing, and said: "Sit down and rest yourself." At this Courtenay gave way to his anger, and exclaimed in a loud tone: "He must not sit down; criminals stand before their judges." Lancaster, indignant that a learned doctor of England should be refused a favour to which his age alone entitled him (for he was between fifty and sixty) made answer to the bishop: "My lord, you are very arrogant; take care....or I may bring down your pride, and not yours only, but that of all the prelacy in England."[2]—"Do me all the harm you can," was Courtenay's haughty reply. The prince rejoined with some emotion: "You are insolent, my lord. You think, no doubt, you can trust on your family....but your relations will have trouble enough to protect themselves." To this the bishop nobly replied: "My confidence is not in my parents nor in any man; but only in God, in whom I trust, and by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth." Lancaster, who saw hypocrisy only in these words, turned to one of his attendants, and whispered in his ear, but so loud as to be heard by the bystanders: "I would rather pluck the bishop by the hair of his head out of his chair, than take this at his hands." Every impartial reader must confess that the prelate spoke with greater dignity than the prince. Lancaster had hardly uttered these imprudent words before the bishop's partisans fell upon him and Percy, and even upon Wickliffe, who alone had remained calm.[1] The two noblemen resisted, their friends and servants defended them, the uproar became extreme, and there was no hope of restoring tranquillity. The two lords escaped with difficulty, and the assembly broke up in great confusion.

On the following day the earl-marshal having called upon parliament to apprehend the disturbers of the public peace, the clerical party, uniting with the enemies of Lancaster, filled the streets with their clamour; and while the duke and the earl escaped by the Thames, the mob collected before Percy's house broke down the doors, searched every chamber, and thrust their swords into every dark corner. When they found that he had escaped, the rioters, imagining that he was concealed in Lancaster's palace, rushed to the Savoy, at that time the most magnificent building in the kingdom. They killed a priest who endeavoured to stay them, tore down the ducal arms, and hung them on a gallows, like those of a traitor. They would have gone still farther if the bishop had not very opportunely reminded them that they were *in Lent*. As for Wickliffe, he was dismissed with an injunction against preaching his doctrines.

But this decision of the priests was not ratified by the people of England. Public opinion declared in favour of Wickliffe. "If he is guilty," said they, "why is he not punished? If he is innocent, why is he ordered to be silent? If he is the weakest in power, he is the strongest in truth!" And so indeed he was, and never had he spoken with such energy. He openly attacked the pretended apostolical chair, and declared that the *two* antipopes who sat at Rome and Avignon together made *one* antichrist. Being now in opposition to the pope, Wickliffe was soon to confess that Christ alone was king of the church; and that it is not possible for a man to be excommunicated unless first and principally he be excommunicated by himself.[2]

Rome could not close her ears. Wickliffe's enemies sent thither nineteen propositions which they ascribed to him, and in the month of June 1377, just as Richard II., son of the Black Prince, a child eleven years old, was ascending the throne, three letters from Gregory XI., addressed to the

[1] Foxe, Acts, i. p. 487, fol. Lond. 1684.
[2] Fuller, Church Hist. cent. xiv. p. 135.

[1] Fell furiously on the lords. Ibid. 136.
[2] Vaughan's Wickliffe, Appendix, vol. i. p. 434

king, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the university of Oxford, denounced Wickliffe as a heretic, and called upon them to proceed against him as against a common thief. The archbishop issued the citation: the crown and the university were silent.

On the appointed day, Wickliffe, unaccompanied by either Lancaster or Percy, proceeded to the archiepiscopal chapel at Lambeth. "Men expected he should be devoured," says an historian; "being brought into the lion's den."[1] But the burgesses had taken the prince's place. The assault of Rome had aroused the friends of liberty and truth in England. "The pope's briefs," said they, "ought to have no effect in the realm without the king's consent. Every man is master in his own house."

The archbishop had scarcely opened the sitting, when Sir Louis Clifford entered the chapel, and forbade the court, on the part of the queen-mother, to proceed against the reformer. The bishops were struck with a panic-fear; "they bent their heads," says a Roman-catholic historian, "like a reed before the wind."[2] Wickliffe retired after handing in a protest. "In the first place," said he, "I resolve with my whole heart, and by the grace of God, to be a sincere Christian; and while my life shall last, to profess and defend the law of Christ so far as I have power."[3] Wickliffe's enemies attacked this protest, and one of them eagerly maintained that whatever the pope ordered should be looked upon as right. "What!" answered the reformer; "the pope may then exclude from the canon of the Scriptures any book that displeases him, and alter the Bible at pleasure?" Wickliffe thought that Rome, unsettling the grounds of infallibility, had transferred it from the Scriptures to the pope, and was desirous of restoring it to its true place, and re-establishing authority in the church on a truly divine foundation.

A great change was now taking place in the reformer. Busying himself less about the kingdom of England, he occupied himself more about the kingdom of Christ. In him the political phasis was followed by the religious. To carry the glad tidings of the gospel into the remotest hamlets, was now the great idea which possessed Wickliffe. If begging friars (said he) stroll over the country, preaching the legends of saints and the history of the Trojan war, we must do for God's glory what they do to fill their wallets, and form a vast itinerant evangelization to convert souls to Jesus Christ. Turning to the most pious of his disciples, he said to them: "Go and preach, it is the sublimest work; but imitate not the priests whom we see after the sermon sitting in the alehouses, or at the gaming-table, or wasting their time in hunting. After your sermon is ended, do you visit the sick, the aged, the poor, the blind, and the lame, and succour them according to your ability." Such was the new practical theology which Wickliffe inaugurated—it was that of Christ himself.

The "poor priests," as they were called, set off barefoot, a staff in their hands, clothed in a coarse robe, living on alms, and satisfied with the plainest food. They stopped in the fields near some village, in the churchyards, in the market-places of the towns, and sometimes in the churches even.[1] The people, among whom they were favourites, thronged around them, as the men of Northumbria had done at Aidan's preaching. They spoke with a popular eloquence that entirely won over those who listened to them. Of these missionaries none was more beloved than John Ashton. He might be seen wandering over the country in every direction, or seated at some cottage hearth, or alone in some retired crossway, preaching to an attentive crowd. Missions of this kind have constantly revived in England at the great epochs of the church.

The "poor priests" were not content with mere polemics: they preached the great mystery of godliness. "An angel could have made no propitiation for man," one day exclaimed their master Wickliffe; "for the nature which has sinned is not that of the angels. The mediator must needs be a man; but every man being indebted to God for everything that he is able to do, this man must needs have infinite merit, and be at the same time God."[2]

The clergy became alarmed, and a law was passed commanding every king's officer to commit the preachers and their followers to prison.[3] In consequence of this as soon as the humble missionary began to preach, the monks set themselves in motion. They watched him from the windows of their cells, at the street-corners, or from behind a hedge, and then hastened off to procure assistance. But when the constables approached, a body of stout bold men stood forth, with arms in their hands, who surrounded the preacher, and zealously protected him against the attacks of the clergy. Carnal weapons were thus mingled with the preachings of the word of peace. The poor priests returned to their master: Wickliffe comforted them, advised with them, and then they departed once more. Every day this evangelization reached some new spot, and the light was thus penetrating into every quarter of

[1] Fuller's Church Hist. cent. xiv. p. 137.
[2] Walsingham, Hist. Angliæ Major, p. 203.
[3] Propono et volo esse ex integro Christianus, et quamdiu manserit in me halitus, profitens verbo et opere legem Christi. Vaughan's Wickliffe, i. p. 426.

[1] A private statute made by the clergy. Foxe, Acts, i. p. 503.
[2] Exposition of the Decalogue.
[3] Foxe, Acts, i. p. 503.

England, when the reformer was suddenly stopped in his work.

Wickliffe was at Oxford in the year 1379, busied in the discharge of his duties as professor of divinity, when he fell dangerously ill. His was not a strong constitution: and work, age, and above all, persecution had weakened him. Great was the joy in the monasteries; but for that joy to be complete, the *heretic* must recant. Every effort was made to bring this about in his last moments.

The four regents, who represented the four religious orders, accompanied by four aldermen, hastened to the bedside of the dying man, hoping to frighten him by threatening him with the vengeance of Heaven. They found him calm and serene. "You have death on your lips," said they; "be touched by your faults, and retract in our presence all that you have said to our injury." Wickliffe remained silent, and the monks flattered themselves with an easy victory. But the nearer the reformer approached eternity, the greater was his horror of monkery. The consolation he had found in Jesus Christ had given him fresh energy. He begged his servant to raise him on his couch. Then, feeble and pale, and scarcely able to support himself, he turned towards the friars, who were waiting for his recantation, and opening his livid lips, and fixing on them a piercing look, he said with emphasis: "I shall not die, but live; and again declare the evil deeds of the friars." We might almost picture to ourselves the spirit of Elijah threatening the priests of Baal. The regents and their companions looked at each other with astonishment. They left the room in confusion, and the reformer recovered to put the finishing touch to the most important of his works against the monks and against the pope.[1]

Wickliffe's ministry had followed a progressive course. At first he had attacked the papacy; next he preached the gospel to the poor; he could take one more step and put the people in permanent possession of the word of God. This was the third phase of his activity.

Scholasticism had banished the Scriptures into a mysterious obscurity. It is true that Bede had translated the gospel of St. John; that the learned men at Alfred's court had translated the four evangelists; that Elfric in the reign of Ethelred had translated some books of the Old Testament; that an Anglo-Norman priest had paraphrased the Gospels and the Acts; that Richard Rolle, "the hermit of Hampole," and some pious clerks in the fourteenth century, had produced a version of the Psalms, the Gospels, and Epistles: but these rare volumes were hidden, like theological curiosities, in the libraries of a few convents. It was then a maxim that the reading of the Bible was injurious to the laity; and accordingly the priests forbade it, just as the Brahmins forbid the Shasters to the Hindoos. Oral tradition alone preserved among the people the histories of the Holy Scriptures, mingled with legends of the saints. The time appeared ripe for the publication of a Bible. The increase of population, the attention the English were beginning to devote to their own language, the development which the system of representative government had received, the awakening of the human mind—all these circumstances favoured the reformer's design.

Wickliffe was ignorant indeed of Greek and Hebrew; but was it nothing to shake off the dust which for ages had covered the Latin Bible, and to translate it into English? He was a good Latin scholar, of sound understanding, and great penetration; but above all he loved the Bible, he understood it, and desired to communicate this treasure to others. Let us imagine him in his quiet study: on his table is the Vulgate text, corrected after the best manuscripts; and lying open around him are the commentaries of the doctors of the church, especially those of St. Jerome and Nicholas Lyrensis. Between ten and fifteen years he steadily prosecuted his task; learned men aided him with their advice, and one of them, Nicholas Hereford, appears to have translated a few chapters for him. At last in 1380, it was completed. This was a great event in the religious history of England, who, outstripping the nations on the continent, took her station in the foremost rank in the great work of disseminating the Scriptures.

As soon as the translation was finished, the labour of the copyists began, and the Bible was erelong widely circulated either wholly or in portions. The reception of the work surpassed Wickliffe's expectations. The Holy Scriptures exercised a reviving influence over men's hearts; minds were enlightened; souls were converted; the voices of the "poor priests" had done little in comparison with this voice; something new had entered into the world. Citizens, soldiers, and the lower classes welcomed this new era with acclamations; the high-born curiously examined the unknown book; and even Anne of Luxemburg, wife of Richard II., having learnt English, began to read the Gospel diligently. She did more than this: she made them known to Arundel, archbishop of York and chancellor, and afterwards a persecutor, but who now, struck at the sight of a foreign lady—of a queen, humbly devoting her leisure to the study of *such virtuous books*,[1] commenced reading them himself, and rebuked the prelates who neglected this holy pursuit. "You could not meet two persons on the highway," says a cotemporary writer, "but one of them was Wickliffe's disciple."

[1] Petrie's Church History, i. p. 504.

[1] Foxe, Acts, i. p. 578.

Yet all in England did not equally rejoice: the lower clergy opposed this enthusiasm with complaints and maledictions. "Master John Wickliffe, by translating the gospel into English," said the monks, "has rendered it more acceptable and more intelligible to laymen and even to women, than it had hitherto been to learned and intelligent clerks!.....The gospel pearl is every where cast out and trodden under foot of swine."[1] New contests arose for the reformer. Wherever he bent his steps he was violently attacked. "It is heresy," cried the monks, "to speak of Holy Scripture in English."[2] "Since the church has approved of the four Gospels, she would have been just as able to reject them and admit others! The church sanctions and condemns what she pleases.....Learn to believe in the church rather than in the gospel." These clamours did not alarm Wickliffe. "Many nations have had the Bible in their own language. The Bible is the faith of the church. Though the pope and all his clerks should disappear from the face of the earth," said he, "our faith would not fail, for it is founded on Jesus alone, our Master and our God." But Wickliffe did not stand alone: in the palace as in the cottage, and even in parliament the rights of Holy Scripture found defenders. A motion having been made in the Upper House (1319) to seize all the copies of the Bible, the Duke of Lancaster exclaimed: "Are we then the very dregs of humanity, that we cannot possess the laws of our religion in our own tongue?"[3]

Having given his fellow-countrymen the Bible, Wickliffe began to reflect on its contents. This was a new step in his onward path. There comes a moment when the Christian, saved by a lively faith, feels the need of giving an account to himself of this faith, and this originates the science of theology. This is a natural movement; if the child, who at first possesses sensations and affections only, feels the want, as he grows up, of reflection and knowledge, why should it not be the same with the Christian? Politics—home missions—Holy Scripture—had engaged Wickliffe in succession; theology had its turn, and this was the fourth phase of his life. Yet he did not penetrate to the same degree as the men of the sixteenth century into the depths of the Christian doctrine; and he attached himself in a more especial manner to those ecclesiastical dogmas which were more closely connected with the presumptuous hierarchy and the simoniacal gains of Rome,—such as transubstantiation. The Anglo-Saxon church had not professed this doctrine. "The host is the body of Christ, not bodily, but spiritually," said Elfric in the tenth century, in a letter addressed to the Archbishop of York; but Lanfranc, the opponent of Berengarius, had taught England that at the word of a priest God quitted heaven and descended on the altar. Wickliffe undertook to overthrow the pedestal on which the pride of the priesthood was founded. "The eucharist is naturally bread and wine," he taught at Oxford in 1381; "but by virtue of the sacramental words it contains in every part of the real body and blood of Christ." He did not stop here. "The consecrated wafer which we see on the altar," said he "is not Christ, nor any part of him, but his efficient sign."[1] He oscillated between those two shades of doctrine; but to the first he more habitually attached himself. He denied the sacrifice of the mass offered by the priest, because it was substituted for the sacrifice of the cross offered up by Jesus Christ; and rejected transubstantiation, because it nullified the spiritual and living presence of the Lord.

When Wickliffe's enemies heard these propositions, they appeared horror-stricken, and yet in secret they were delighted at the prospect of destroying him. They met together, examined twelve theses he had published, and pronounced against him suspension from all teaching, imprisonment, and the greater excommunication. At the same time his friends became alarmed, their zeal cooled, and many of them forsook him. The Duke of Lancaster, in particular, could not follow him into this new sphere. That prince had no objection to an ecclesiastical opposition which might aid the political power, and for that purpose he had tried to enlist the reformer's talents and courage; but he feared a dogmatic opposition that might compromise him. The sky was heavy with clouds; Wickliffe was alone.

The storm soon burst upon him. One day, while seated in his doctoral chair in the Augustine school, and calmly explaining the nature of the eucharist, an officer entered the hall, and read the sentence of condemnation. It was the design of his enemies to humble the professor in the eyes of his disciples. Lancaster immediately became alarmed, and hastening to his old friend begged him—ordered him even—to trouble himself no more about this matter. Attacked on every side, Wickliffe for a time remained silent. Shall he sacrifice the truth to save his reputation—his repose—perhaps his life? Shall expediency get the better of faith,—Lancaster prevail over Wickliffe? No: his courage was invincible. "Since the year of our Lord 1000," said he, "all the doctors have been in error about the sacrament of the altar—except,

[1] Evangelica margarita spargitur et a porcis conculcatur. Knyghton, De eventibus Angliæ, p. 264.

[2] It is heresy to speak of the Holy Scripture in English. Wickliffe's Wicket, p. 4. Oxford, 1612, quarto.

[3] Weber, Akatholische Kirchen, i. p. 81.

[1] Effieax ejus signum. Conclusio I ma. Vaughan, ii. p. 436, App.

perhaps, it may be Berengarius. How canst thou, O priest, who art but a man, make thy Maker? What! the thing that groweth in the fields—that ear which thou pluckest to-day, shall be God to-morrow! .....As you cannot make the works which He made, how shall ye make Him who made the works?[1] Woe to the adulterous generation that believeth the testimony of Innocent rather than of the Gospel."[2] Wickliffe called upon his adversaries to refute the opinions they had condemned, and finding that they threatened him with a civil penalty (imprisonment), he appealed to the king.

The time was not favourable for such an appeal. A fatal circumstance increased Wickliffe's danger. Wat Tyler and a dissolute priest named Ball, taking advantage of the illwill excited by the rapacity and brutality of the royal tax-gatherers, had occupied London with 100,000 men. John Ball kept up the spirits of the insurgents, not by expositions of the gospel, like Wickliffe's *poor priests*, but by fiery comments on the distich they had chosen for their device:—

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

There were many who felt no scruple in ascribing these disorders to the reformer, who was quite innocent of them; and Courtenay, bishop of London, having been translated to the see of Canterbury, lost no time in convoking a synod to pronounce on this matter of Wickliffe's. They met in the middle of May, about two o'clock in the afternoon, and were proceeding to pronounce sentence when an earthquake, which shook the city of London and all Britain, so alarmed the members of the council that they unanimously demanded the adjournment of a decision which appeared so manifestly rebuked by God. But the archbishop skilfully turned this strange phenomenon to his own purposes: "Know you not," said he, "that the noxious vapours which catch fire in the bosom of the earth, and give rise to these phenomena which alarm you, lose all their force when they burst forth? Well, in like manner, by rejecting the wicked from our community, we shall put an end to the convulsions of the church." The bishops regained their courage; and one of the primate's officers read ten propositions, said to be Wickliffe's, but ascribing to him certain errors of which he was quite innocent. The following most excited the anger of the priests: "God must obey the devil.[3] After Urban VI. we must receive no one as pope, but live according to the manner of the *Greeks*." The ten propositions were condemned as heretical, and the archbishop enjoined all persons to shun, as they would a venomous serpent, all who should preach the aforesaid errors. "If we permit this heretic to appeal continually to the passions of the people," said the primate to the king, "our destruction is inevitable. We must silence these *lollards*—these psalm-singers."[1] The king gave authority "to confine in the prisons of the state any who should maintain the condemned propositions."

Day by day the circle contracted around Wickliffe. The prudent Repington, the learned Hereford, and even the eloquent Ashton, the firmest of the three, departed from him. The veteran champion of the truth which had once gathered a whole nation round it, had reached the days when "strong men shall bow themselves," and now, when harassed by persecution, he found himself alone. But boldly he uplifted his hoary head and exclaimed: "The doctrine of the gospel shall never perish, and if the earth once quaked, it was because they condemned Jesus Christ."

He did not stop here. In proportion as his physical strength decreased, his moral strength increased. Instead of parrying the blows aimed at him, he resolved on dealing more terrible ones still. He knew that if the king and the nobility were for the priests, the lower house and the citizens were for liberty and truth. He therefore presented a bold petition to the Commons in the month of November 1382. "Since Jesus Christ shed his blood to free his church, I demand its freedom. I demand that every one may leave those gloomy walls [the convents], within which a tyrannical law prevails, and embrace a simple and peaceful life under the open vault of heaven. I demand that the poor inhabitants of our towns and villages be not constrained to furnish a worldly priest, often a vicious man and a heretic, with the means of satisfying his ostentation, his gluttony, and his licentiousness—of buying a showy horse, costly saddles, bridles with tinkling bells, rich garments, and soft furs, while they see their wives, children, and neighbours, dying of hunger."[2] The House of Commons, recollecting that they had not given their consent to the persecuting statute drawn up by the clergy and approved by the king and the lords, demanded its repeal. Was the Reformation about to begin by the will of the people?

Courtenay, indignant at this intervention of the Commons, and ever stimulated by a zeal for his church, which would have been better directed towards the word of God, visited Oxford in November 1382, and having gathered round him a number of

[1] Wycleff's Wyckett, Tracts, pp. 276, 279.

[2] Væ generationi adulteræ quæ plus credit testimonio Innocentii quam sensui Evangelii. Confessio, Vaughan, ii. 453, App.

[3] Quod Deus debet obedire diabolo. Mansi, xxvi. p. 695. Wickliffe denied having written or spoken the sentiment here ascribed to him.

[1] From *lollen* to sing; as *beggards* (beggars) from *beggen*.

[2] A complaint of John Wycleff. Tracts and Treatises edited by the Wickliffe Society, p. 268.

bishops, doctors, priests, students, and laymen, summoned Wickliffe before him. Forty years ago the reformer had come up to the university: Oxford had become his home....and now it was turning against him! Weakened by labours, by trials, by that ardent soul which preyed upon his feeble body, he might have refused to appear. But Wickliffe, who never feared the face of man, came before them with a good conscience. We may conjecture that there were among the crowd some disciples who felt their hearts burn at the sight of their master; but no outward sign indicated their emotion. The solemn silence of a court of justice had succeeded the shouts of enthusiastic youths. Yet Wickliffe did not despair: he raised his venerable head, and turned to Courtenay with that confident look which had made the regents of Oxford shrink away. Growing wroth against the *priests of Baal*, he reproached them with disseminating error in order to sell their masses. Then he stopped, and uttered these simple and energetic words: "The truth shall prevail!"[1] Having thus spoken he prepared to leave the court: his enemies dared not say a word; and, like his divine master at Nazareth, he passed through the midst of them, and no man ventured to stop him. He then withdrew to his cure at Lutterworth.

He had not yet reached the harbour. He was living peacefully among his books and his parishioners, and the priests seemed inclined to leave him alone, when another blow was aimed at him. A papal brief summoned him to Rome, to appear before that tribunal which had so often shed the blood of its adversaries. His bodily infirmities convinced him that he could not obey this summons. But if Wickliffe refused to hear Urban, Urban could not choose but hear Wickliffe. The church was at that time divided between two chiefs: France, Scotland, Savoy, Lorraine, Castile, and Aragon acknowledged Clement VII.; while Italy, England, Germany, Sweden, Poland, and Hungary acknowledged Urban VI. Wickliffe shall tell us who is the true head of the church universal. And while the two popes were excommunicating and abusing each other, and selling heaven and earth for their own gain, the reformer was confessing that incorruptible Word which establishes real unity in the church. "I believe," said he, "that the gospel of Christ in the whole body of God's law. I believe that Christ, who gave it to us, is very God and very man, and that this gospel revelation is, accordingly, superior to all other parts of Holy Scripture.[2] I believe that the bishop of Rome is bound more than all other men to submit to it, for the greatness among Christ's disciples did not consist in worldly dignity or honours, but in the exact following of Christ in his life and manners. No faithful man ought to follow the pope, but in such points as he hath followed Jesus Christ. The pope ought to leave unto the secular power all temporal dominion and rule: and thereunto effectually more and more exhort his whole clergy....If I could labour according to my desire in mine own person, I would surely present myself before the bishop of Rome, but the Lord hath otherwise visited me to the contrary, and hath taught me rather to obey God than men."

Urban, who at that moment chanced to be very busied in his contest with Clement, did not think it prudent to begin another with Wickliffe, and so let the matter rest there. From this time the doctor passed the remainder of his days in peace in the company of three personages, two of whom were his particular friends, and the third his constant adversary: these were *Aletheia*, *Phronesis*, and *Pseudes*. *Aletheia* (truth) proposed questions; *Pseudes* (falsehood) urged objections; and *Phronesis* (understanding) laid down the sound doctrine. These three characters carried on a conversation (*trialogue*) in which great truths were boldly professed. The opposition between the pope and Christ—between the canons of Romanism and the Bible—was painted in striking colours. This is one of the primary truths which the church must never forget. "The church has fallen," said one of the interlocutors in the work in question, "because she has abandoned the gospel, and preferred the laws of the pope. Although there should be a hundred popes in the world at once, and all the friars living should be transformed into cardinals, we must withhold our confidence unless so far as they are founded in Holy Scripture."[2]

These words were the last flicker of the torch. Wickliffe looked upon his end as near, and entertained no idea that it would come in peace. A dungeon on one of the seven hills, or a burning pile in London, was all he expected. "Why do you talk of seeking the crown of martyrdom afar?" asked he. "Preach the gospel of Christ to haughty prelates, and martyrdom will not fail you. What! I should live and be silent?....never! Let the blow fall, I await its coming."[3]

The stroke was spared him. The war between two wicked priests, Urban and

[1] Finaliter veritas vincet eos. Vaughan, Appendix, ii. p. 453.

[2] This is the reading of the Bodleian manuscript —"and be [by] this it passes all other laws." In Foxe, Wickliffe appears to ascribe to Christ himself this superiority over all Scripture—a distinction hardly in the mind of the reformer or of his age.

[1] An Epistle of J. Wickliffe to Pope Urban VI. Foxe, Acts, i. p. 507, fol. Lond. 1684; also Lewis (Wickliffe), p. 333, Append.

[2] Ideo si essent centum papæ, et omnes fratres essent versi in cardinales, non deberet concedi sententiæ suæ in materia fidei, nisi de quanto se fundaveriat in Scriptura. Trialogus, lib. iv. cap. vii.

[3] Vaughan's Life of Wickliffe, ii p. 215, 257.

Clement, left the disciples of our Lord in peace. And besides, was it worth while cutting short a life that was drawing to a close? Wickliffe, therefore, continued tranquilly to preach Jesus Christ; and on the 29th December 1384, as he was in his church at Lutterworth, in the midst of his flock, at the very moment that he stood before the altar, and was elevating the host with trembling hands, he fell upon the pavement struck with paralysis. He was carried to his house by the affectionate friends around him, and after lingering forty-eight hours, resigned his soul to God on the last day of the year.

Thus was removed from the church one of the boldest witnesses to the truth. The seriousness of his language, the holiness of his life, and the energy of his faith, had intimidated the popedom. Travellers relate that if a lion is met in the desert, it is sufficient to look steadily at him, and the beast turns away roaring from the eye of man. Wickliffe had fixed the eye of a Christian on the papacy, and the affrighted papacy had left him in peace. Hunted down unceasingly while living, he died in quiet, at the very moment when by faith he was eating the flesh and drinking the blood which gave eternal life. A glorious end to a glorious life.

The Reformation of England had begun. Wickliffe is the greatest English reformer: he was in truth the first reformer of Christendom, and to him, under God, Britain is indebted for the honour of being the foremost in the attack upon the theocratic system of Gregory VII. The work of the Waldenses, excellent as it was, cannot be compared to his. If Luther and Calvin are the fathers of the Reformation, Wickliffe is its grandfather.

Wickliffe, like most great men, possessed qualities which are not generally found together. While his understanding was eminently speculative—his treatise on the *Reality of Universal Ideas*[1] made a sensation in philosophy—he possessed that practical and active mind which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race. As a divine, he was at once scriptural and spiritual, soundly orthodox, and possessed of an inward and lively faith. With a boldness that impelled him to rush into the midst of danger, he combined a logical and consistent mind, which constantly led him forward in knowledge, and caused him to maintain with perseverance the truths he had once proclaimed. First of all, as a Christian, he had devoted his strength to the cause of the church; but he was at the same time a citizen, and the realm, his nation, and his king, had also a great share in his unwearied activity. He was a man complete.

If the man is admirable, his teaching is no less so. Scripture, which is the rule of truth, should be (according to his views) the rule of reformation, and we must reject every doctrine and every precept which does not rest on that foundation.[1] To believe in the power of man in the work of regeneration is the great heresy of Rome, and from that error has come the ruin of the church. Conversion proceeds from the grace of God alone, and the system which ascribes it partly to man and partly to God is worse than Pelagianism.[2] Christ is everything in Christianity; whosoever abandons that fountain which is ever ready to impart life, and turns to muddy and stagnant waters, is a madman.[3] Faith is a gift of God; it puts aside all merit, and should banish all fear from the mind.[4] The one thing needful in the Christian life and in the Lord's Supper is not a vain formalism and superstitious rites, but communion with Christ according to the power of the spiritual life.[5] Let Christians submit not to the word of a priest but to the word of God. In the primitive church there were but two orders, the deacon and the priest: the presbyter and the bishop were one.[6] The sublimest calling which man can attain on earth is that of preaching the word of God. The true church is the assembly of the righteous for whom Christ shed his blood. So long as Christ is in heaven, in Him the church possesses the best pope. It is possible for a pope to be condemned at the last day because of his sins. Would men compel us to recognise as our head "a devil of hell?"[7] Such were the essential points of Wickliffe's doctrine. It was the echo of the doctrine of the apostles—the prelude to that of the reformers.

In many respects Wickliffe is the Luther of England; but the times of revival had not yet come, and the English reformer could not gain such striking victories over Rome as the German reformer. While Luther was surrounded by an ever-increasing number of scholars and princes, who confessed the same faith as himself, Wickliffe shone almost alone in the firmament of the church. The boldness with which he substituted a living spirituality for a superstitious formalism, caused those to shrink back in affright who had gone with him against friars, priests, and popes. Erelong the Roman pontiff ordered him to be thrown into prison, and the monks threatened his

[1] De universalibus realibus.

[1] Auctoritas Scripturæ sacræ, quæ est lex Christi, infinitum excedit quam libet scripturam aliam. Dialog. [Trialogus] lib. iii. cap. xxx.; see in particular cap. xxxi.

[2] Ibid. de prædestinatione, de peccato, de gratia, &c.

[3] Ibid. lib. iii. cap. xxx.

[4] Fidem a Deo infusam sine aliqua trepidatione fidei contraria. Ibid. lib. iii. cap. ii.

[5] Secundum rationem spiritualis et virtualis existentiæ. Ibid. lib. iv. cap. viii.

[6] Fuit idem presbyter atque episcopus. Ibid. lib. iv. cap. xv.

[7] Vaughan's Life of Wickliffe, ii. p. 307. The Christian public is much indebted to Dr. Vaughan for his biography of this reformer.

life;[1] but God protected him, and he remained calm amidst the machinations of his adversaries. "Antichrist," said he, "can only kill the body." Having one foot in the grave already, he foretold that, from the very bosom of monkery, would some day proceed the regeneration of the church. "If the friars, whom God condescends to teach, shall be converted to the primitive religion of Christ," said he, "we shall see them abandoning their unbelief, returning freely, with or without the permission of Antichrist, to the primitive religion of the Lord, and building up the church, as did St. Paul."[2]

Thus did Wickliffe's piercing glance discover, at the distance of nearly a century and a half, the young monk Luther in the Augustine convent at Erfurth, converted by the epistle to the Romans, and returning to the spirit of St. Paul and the religion of Jesus Christ. Time was hastening on to the fulfilment of this prophecy. "The rising sun of the Reformation," for so has Wickliffe been called, had appeared above the horizon, and its beams were no more to be extinguished. In vain will thick clouds veil it at times; the distant hill-tops of Eastern Europe will soon reflect its rays;[3] and its piercing light, increasing in brightness, will pour over all the world, at the hour of the church's renovation, floods of knowledge and of life.

Wickliffe's death manifested the power of his teaching. The master being removed, his disciples set their hands to the plough, and England was almost won over to the reformer's doctrines. The Wickliffites recognised a ministry independent of Rome, and deriving authority from the word of God alone. "Every minister," said they, "can administer the sacraments and confer the cure of souls as well as the pope." To the licentious wealth of the clergy they opposed a Christian poverty, and to the degenerate asceticism of the mendicant orders, a spiritual and free life. The townsfolk crowded around these humble preachers; the soldiers listened to them, armed with sword and buckler to defend them;[4] the nobility took down the images from their baronial chapels;[5] and even the royal family was partly won over to the Reformation. England was like a tree cut down to the ground, from whose roots fresh buds are shooting out on every side, erelong to cover all the earth beneath their shade.[6]

This augmented the courage of Wickliffe's disciples, and in many places the people took the initiative in the reform. The walls of St. Paul's and other cathedrals were hung with placards aimed at the priests and friars, and the abuses of which they were the defenders; and in 1395 the friends of the Gospel petitioned parliament for a general reform. "The essence of the worship which comes from Rome," said they, "consists in signs and ceremonies, and not in the efficacy of the Holy Ghost; and therefore it is not that which Christ has ordained. Temporal things are distinct from spiritual things: a king and a bishop ought not to be one and the same person."[1] And then from not clearly understanding the principle of the separation of the functions which they proclaimed, they called upon parliament to "abolish celibacy, transubstantiation, prayers for the dead, offerings to images, auricular confession, war, the arts unnecessary to life, the practice of blessing oil, salt, wax, incense, stones, mitres, and pilgrims' staffs. All these pertain to necromancy and not to theology." Emboldened by the absence of the king in Ireland, they fixed their *Twelve Conclusions* on the gates of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. This became the signal for persecution.

As soon as Arundel, archbishop of York, and Braybrooke, bishop of London, had read these propositions, they hastily crossed St. George's Channel, and conjured the king to return to England. The prince hesitated not to comply, for his wife, the pious Anne of Luxemburg, was dead. Richard, during childhood and youth, had been committed in succession to the charge of several guardians, and like children (says an historian,) whose nurses have been often changed he thrived none the better for it. He did good or evil, according to the influence of those around him, and had no decided inclinations except for ostentation and licentiousness. The clergy were not mistaken in calculating on such a prince. On his return to London he forbade the parliament to take the Wickliffite petition into consideration; and having summoned before him the most distinguished of its supporters, such as Story, Clifford, Latimer, and Montacute, he threatened them with death if they continued to defend their abominable opinions. Thus was the work of the reformer about to be destroyed.

But Richard had hardly withdrawn his hand from the gospel, when God (says the annalist) withdrew his hand from him.[2] His cousin, Henry of Hereford, son of the famous duke of Lancaster, and who had

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[1] Multitudo fratrum mortem tuam multipliciter machinantur. Dialog., lib. iv. cap. iv.

[2] Aliqui fratres quos Deus docere dignatur..... relicta sua perfidia.....redibunt libere ad religionem Christi primævam, et tunc ædificabunt ecclesiam, sicut Paulus. Ibid., lib. iv. cap. xxx.

[3] John Huss in Bohemia.

[4] Assistere solent gladio et pelta stipati ad eorum defensionem. Knyghton, lib. v. p. 2660.

[5] Milites cum ducibus et comitibus erant præcipue eis adhærentes. Ibid.

[6] Quasi germinantes multiplicati sunt nimis et impleverunt ubique orbem regni. Ibid. These "*Conclusiones*" are reprinted by Lewis (Wickliffe) p. 337.

[1] Rex et episcopus in una persona, &c. Knyghton, lib. v. p. 2660.

[2] Foxe, Acts, i. p. 584, fol. Lond. 1684.

been banished from England, suddenly sailed from the continent, landed in Yorkshire, gathered all the malcontents around him, and was acknowledged king. The unhappy Richard, after being formally deposed, was confined in Pontefract castle, where he soon terminated his earthly career.

The son of Wickliffe's old defender was now king: a reform of the church seemed imminent; but the primate Arundel had foreseen the danger. This cunning priest and skilful polician had observed which way the wind blew, and deserted Richard in good time. Taking Lancaster by the hand, he put the crown on his head, saying to him: "To consolidate your throne, conciliate the clergy, and sacrifice the Lollards."—"I will be the protector of the church," replied Henry IV., and that hour the power of the priests was greater than the power of the nobility. Rome has ever been adroit in profiting by revolutions.

Lancaster, in his eagerness to show his gratitude to the priests, ordered that every incorrigible heretic should be burned alive, to terrify his companions.[1] Practice followed close upon the theory. A pious priest named William Sawtre had presumed to say: "Instead of adoring the cross on which Christ suffered, I adore Christ who suffered on it."[2] He was dragged to St. Paul's; his hair was shaved off; a layman's cap was placed on his head; and the primate handed him over to the *mercy* of the earl-marshal of England. This *mercy* was shown him—he was burnt alive at Smithfield in the beginning of March, 1401. Sawtre was the first martyr to protestantism.

Encouraged by this act of faith—this *auto da fé*—the clergy drew up the articles known as the "Constitutions of Arundel," which forbade the reading of the Bible, and styled the pope, "not a mere man, but a true God."[3] The Lollards' tower, in the archiepiscopal palace of Lambeth, was soon filled with pretended heretics, many of whom carved on the walls of their dungeons the expression of their sorrow and their hopes: *Jesus amor meus*, wrote one of them.[4]

To crush the lowly was not enough: the Gospel must be driven from the more exalted stations. The priests, who were sincere in their belief, regarded those noblemen as misleaders who set the word of God above the laws of Rome, and accordingly they girded themselves for the work. A few miles from Rochester stood Cowling Castle, in the midst of the fertile pastures watered by the Medway,

> The fair Medwaya that with wanton pride
> Forms silver mazes with her crooked tide.[1]

In the beginning of the fifteenth century it was inhabited by Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a man in high favour with the king. The "poor priests" thronged to Cowling in quest of Wickliffe's writings, of which Cobham had caused numerous copies to be made, and whence they were circulated through the dioceses of Canterbury, Rochester, London, and Hertford. Cobham attended their preaching, and if any enemies ventured to interrupt them, he threatened them with his sword.[2] "I would sooner risk my life," said he, "than submit to such unjust decrees as dishonour the everlasting Testament." The king would not permit the clergy to lay hands on his favourite.

But Henry V. having succeeded his father in 1413, and passed from the houses of ill-fame he had hitherto frequented, to the foot of the altars and the head of the armies, the archbishop immediately denounced Cobham to him, and he was summoned to appear before the king. Sir John had understood Wickliffe's doctrine, and experienced in his own person the might of the divine Word. "As touching the pope and his spirituality," he said to the king "I owe them neither suit nor service, forasmuch as I know him by the Scriptures to be the great antichrist."[3] Henry thrust aside Cobham's hands as he presented his confession of faith: "I will not receive this paper, lay it before your judges." When he saw his profession refused, Cobham had recourse to the only arm which he knew of out of the gospel. The differences which we now settle by pamphlets were then very commonly settled by the sword: "I offer in defence of my faith to fight for life or death with any man living, Christian or pagan, always excepting your majesty."[4] Cobham was led to the Tower.

On the 23d September, 1413, he was taken before the ecclesiastical tribunal then sitting at St. Paul's. "We must believe," said the primate to him, "what the holy church of Rome teaches, without demanding Christ's authority."—"Believe!" shouted the priests, "believe!"—"I am willing to believe all that God desires," said Sir John: "but that the pope should have authority to teach what is contrary to Scripture—that I can never believe." He was led back to the Tower. The word of God was to have its martyr.

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[1] Ibid. p. 586. This is the statute known as 2 Henry IV. c. 15, the first actual law in England against heresy.

[2] Ibid. p. 589.

[3] Not of pure man but of true God, here in earth. Ibid. p. 596.

[4] "Jesus is my love." These words are still to be read in the tower.

[1] Blackmore.

[2] Eorum prædicationibus nefariis interfuit, et contradictores, si quos reperierat, minis et terroribus et gladii secularis potentia compescuit. Rymer, Fœdera, tom. iv. pars 2, p. 50.

[3] Foxe, Acts, vol. i. p. 636, fol.

[4] Ibid. p. 637

On Monday, 25th September, a crowd of priests, canons, friars, clerks, and indulgence-sellers, thronged the large hall of the Dominican convent, and attacked Lord Cobham with abusive language. These insults, the importance of the moment for the Reformation of England, the catastrophe that must needs close the scene: all agitated his soul to its very depths. When the archbishop called upon him to confess his offence, he fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, exclaimed: "I confess to Thee, O God! and acknowledge that in my frail youth I seriously offended Thee by my pride, anger, intemperance, and impurity: for these offences I implore thy mercy!" Then standing up, his face still wet with tears, he said: "I ask not your absolution: it is God's only that I need."[1] The clergy did not despair, however, of reducing this high-spirited gentleman: they knew that spiritual strength is not always conjoined with bodily vigour, and they hoped to vanquish by priestly sophisms the man who dared challenge the papal champions to single combat. "Sir John," said the primate at last, "you have said some very strange things: we have spent much time in endeavours to convince you, but all to no effect. The day passeth away: you must either submit yourself to the ordinance of the most holy church....."—"I will none otherwise believe than what I have told you. Do with me what you will."—"Well then, we must needs do the law," the archbishop made answer.

Arundel stood up; all the priests and people rose with him and uncovered their heads. Then holding the sentence of death in his hand, he read it with a loud clear voice. "It is well," said Sir John; "though you condemn my body, you can do no harm to my soul, by the grace of my eternal God." He was again led back to the Tower, whence he escaped one night, and took refuge in Wales. He was retaken in December, 1417, carried to London, dragged on a hurdle to Saint Giles's fields, and there suspended by chains over a slow fire, and cruelly burned to death. Thus died a Christian, illustrious after the fashion of his age—a champion of the word of God. The London prisons were filled with Wickliffites, and it was decreed that they should be hung on the king's account, and burned for God's.[2]

The intimidated Lollards were compelled to hide themselves in the humblest ranks of the people, and to hold their meetings in secret. The work of redemption was proceeding noiselessly among the elect of God. Of these Lollards, there were many who had been redeemed by Jesus Christ; but in general they knew not, to the same extent as the evangelical Christians of the sixteenth century, the quickening and justifying power of faith. They were plain, meek, and often timid folks, attracted by the word of God, affected at the condemnation it pronounces against the errors of Rome, and desirous of living according to its commandments. God had assigned them a part—and an important part too—in the great transformation of Christianity. Their humble piety, their passive resistance, the shameful treatment which they bore with resignation, the penitent's robes with which they were covered, the tapers they were compelled to hold at the church-door—all these things betrayed the pride of the priests, and filled the most generous minds with doubts and vague desires. By a baptism of suffering, God was then preparing the way to a glorious reformation.

This reformation was to be the result of two distinct forces—the revival of learning and the resurrection of the word of God. The latter was the principal cause, but the former was necessary as a means. Without it the living waters of the gospel would probably have traversed the age, like summer streams which soon dry up, such as those which had burst forth here and there during the middle ages; it would not have become that majestic river, which, by its inundations, fertilized all the earth. It was necessary to discover and examine the original fountains, and for this end the study of Greek and Hebrew was indispensable. Lollardism and humanism (the study of the classics) were the two laboratories of the reform. We have seen the preparations of the one, we must now trace the commencement of the other; and as we have discovered the light in the lowly valleys, we shall discern it also on the lofty mountain tops.

About the end of the fifteenth century, several young Englishmen chanced to be at Florence, attracted thither by the literary glory which environed the city of the Medici. Cosmo had collected together a great number of works of antiquity, and his palace was thronged with learned men. William Selling, a young English ecclesiastic, afterwards distinguished at Canterbury by his zeal in collecting valuable manuscripts; his fellow-countrymen, Grocyn, Lilly, and Latimer, "more bashful than a maiden;"[1] and, above all, Linacre, whom Erasmus ranked before all the scholars of Italy,—used to meet in the delicious villa of the Medici with Politian, Chalcondyles, and other men of learning; and there, in the calm evenings of summer, under that glorious Tuscan sky, they dreamt romantic visions of the Platonic philosophy. When they returned to Eng-

[1] Quod nullam absolutionem in hac parte peteret a nobis, sed a solo Deo. Rymer, Fœdera, p. 51.

[2] Incendio propter Deum, suspendio propter regem. Thom. Waldensis in proemio. Raynald, ann. 1414, No. 16.

[1] Pudorem plus quam virgineum. Erasm. Ep. i p. 525.

land, these learned men laid before the youth of Oxford the marvellous treasures of the Greek language. Some Italians, even, attracted by the desire to enlighten the barbarians, and a little, it may be, by the brilliant offers made them, quitted their beloved country for the distant Britain. Cornelius Vitelli taught at Oxford, and Caius Amberino at Cambridge. Caxton imported the art of printing from Germany, and the nation hailed with enthusiasm the brilliant dawn which was breaking at last in their cloudy sky.

While learning was reviving in England, a new dynasty succeeded to the throne, bringing with it that energy of character which of itself is able to effect great revolutions; the Tudors succeeded the Plantagenets. That inflexible intrepidity by which the reformers of Germany, Switzerland, France, and Scotland were distinguished, did not exist so generally in those of England; but it was found in the character of her kings, who often stretched it even to violence. It may be that to this preponderance of energy in its rulers, the church owes the preponderance of the state in its affairs.

Henry Tudor, the Louis XI. of England, was a clever prince, of decided but suspicious character, avaricious and narrow-minded. Being descended from a Welsh family, he belonged to that ancient race of Celts who had so long contended against the papacy. Henry had extinguished faction at home, and taught foreign nations to respect his power. A good genius seemed to exercise a salutary influence over his court as well as over himself: this was his mother, the countess of Richmond. From her closet, where she consecrated the first five hours of the day to reading, meditation, and prayer, she moved to another part of the palace to dress the wounds of some of the lowest mendicants; thence she passed into the gay saloons, where she would converse with the scholars, whom she encouraged by her munificence. This noble lady's passion for study, of which her son inherited but little, was not without its influence in her family. Arthur and Henry, the king's eldest sons, trembled in their father's presence; but, captivated by the affection of their pious grandmother, they began to find a pleasure in the society of learned men. An important circumstance gave a new impulse to one of them.

Among the countess's friends was Montjoy, who had known Erasmus at Paris, and heard his cutting sarcasms upon the schoolmen and friars. He invited the illustrious Dutchman to England, and Erasmus, who was fearful of catching the plague, gladly accepted the invitation, and set out for what he believed to be the kingdom of darkness. But he had not been long in England before he discovered unexpected light.

Shortly after his arrival, happening to dine with the lord mayor, Erasmus noticed on the other side of the table a young man of nineteen, slender, fresh-coloured, with blue eyes, coarse hands, and the right shoulder somewhat higher than the other. His features indicated affability and gaiety, and pleasant jests were continually dropping from his lips. If he could not find a joke in English, he would in French, and even in Latin or Greek. A literary contest soon ensued between Erasmus and the English youth. The former, astonished at meeting with any one that could hold his own against him, exclaimed: *Aut tu es Morus aut nullus!* (you are either More or nobody); and his companion, who had not learnt the stranger's name, quickly replied: *Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus!* (you are either the devil or Erasmus).[1] More flung himself into the arms of Erasmus, and they became inseparable friends. More was continually joking, even with women, teasing the young maidens, and making fun of the dull, though without any tinge of ill-nature in his jests.[2] But under this sportive exterior he concealed a deep understanding. He was at that time lecturing on Augustine's *City of God* before a numerous audience composed of priests and aged men. The thought of eternity had seized him; and being ignorant of that internal discipline of the Holy Ghost, which is the only true discipline, he had recourse to the scourge on every Friday. Thomas More is the ideal of the catholicism of this period. He had, like the Romish system, two poles—worldliness and asceticism; which, although contrary, often meet together. In fact, asceticism makes a sacrifice of *self*, only to preserve it; just as a traveller attacked by robbers will readily give up a portion of his treasures to save the rest. This was the case with More, if we rightly understand his character. He sacrificed the accessories of his fallen nature to save that same nature. He submitted to fasts and vigils, wore a shirt of hair-cloth, mortified his body by small chains next his skin—in a word, he immolated every thing in order to preserve that *self* which a real regeneration alone can sacrifice.

From London Erasmus went to Oxford, where he met with John Colet, a friend of More's, but older, and of very dissimilar character. Colet, the scion of an ancient family, was a very portly man, of imposing aspect, great fortune, and elegance of manners, to which Erasmus had not been accustomed. Order, cleanliness, and decorum prevailed in his person and in his house. He kept an excellent table, which was open

[1] Life of More, by his Great-grandson, (1828,) p. 93.

[2] Cum mulieribus fere atque etiam cum uxore nonnisi lusus jocosque tractat. Erasm. Ep. i. p. 536.

to all the friends of learning, and at which the Dutchman, no great admirer of the colleges of Paris, with their sour wine and stale eggs, was glad to take a seat.[1] He there met also most of the classical scholars of England, especially Grocyn, Linacre, Thomas Wolsey, bursar of Magdalene College, Halsey, and some others. "I cannot tell you how I am delighted with your England," he wrote to Lord Montjoy from Oxford. "With such men I could willingly live in the farthest coast of Scythia."[2]

But if Erasmus on the banks of the Thames found a Mæcenas in Lord Montjoy, a Labeo and perhaps a Virgil in More, he nowhere found an Augustus. One day as he was expressing his regrets and his fears to More, the latter said: "Come, let us go to Eltham, perhaps we shall find there what you are looking for." They set out, More jesting all the way, inwardly resolving to expiate his gaiety by a severe scourging at night. On their arrival they were heartily welcomed by Lord and Lady Montjoy, the governor and governess of the king's children. As the two friends entered the hall, a pleasing and unexpected sight greeted Erasmus. The whole of the family were assembled, and they found themselves surrounded not only by some of the royal household, but by the domestics of Lord Montjoy also. On the right stood the Princess Margaret, a girl of eleven years, whose great-grandson under the name of Stuart was to continue the Tudor line in England; on the left was Mary, a child four years of age; Edmund was in his nurse's arms; and in the middle of the circle, between his two sisters, stood a boy at that time only nine years old, whose handsome features, royal carriage, intelligent eye, and exquisite courtesy, had an extraordinary charm for Erasmus.[3] That boy was Henry, duke of York, the king's second son, born on the 28th June, 1491. More, advancing toward the young prince, presented to him some piece of his own writing; and from that hour Erasmus kept up a friendly intercourse with Henry, which in all probability exercised a certain influence over the destinies of England. The scholar of Rotterdam was delighted to see the prince excel in all the manly sports of the day. He sat his horse with perfect grace and rare intrepidity, could hurl a javelin farther than any of his companions, and having an excellent taste for music, he was already a performer on several instruments. The king took care that he should receive a learned education, for he destined him to fill the see of Canterbury; and the illustrious Erasmus, noticing his aptitude for every thing he undertook, did his best to cut and polish this English diamond, that it might glitter with greater brilliancy. "He will begin nothing that he will not finish," said the scholar. And it is but too true, that this prince always attained his end, even if it were necessary to tread on the bleeding bodies of those he had loved. Flattered by the attentions of the young Henry, attracted by his winning grace, charmed by his wit, Erasmus on his return to the continent every where proclaimed that England at last had found its Octavius.

As for Henry VII. he thought of every thing but Virgil or Augustus. Avarice and ambition were his predominant tastes, which he gratified by the marriage of his eldest son in 1501. Burgundy, Artois, Provence, and Brittany having been recently united to France, the European powers felt the necessity of combining against that encroaching state. It was in consequence of this that Ferdinand of Aragon had given his daughter Joanna to Philip of Austria, and that Henry VII. asked the hand of his daughter Catharine, then in her sixteenth year, and the richest princess in Europe, for Arthur prince of Wales, a youth about ten months younger. The catholic king made one condition to the marriage of his daughter. Warwick, the last of the Plantagenets and a pretender to the crown, was confined in the Tower. Ferdinand, to secure the certainty that Catharine would really ascend the English throne, required that the unhappy prince should be put to death. Nor did this alone satisfy the king of Spain. Henry VII., who was not a cruel man, might conceal Warwick, and say he was no more. Ferdinand demanded that the chancellor of Castile should be present at the execution. The blood of Warwick was shed; his head rolled duly on the scaffold; the Castilian chancellor verified and registered the murder, and on the 14th November the marriage was solemnized at St. Paul's. At midnight the prince and princess were conducted with great pomp to the bridal-chamber.[1] These were ill-omened nuptials—fated to set the kings and nations of Christendom in battle against each other, and to serve as a pretext for the external and political discussions of the English Reformation. The marriage of Catharine the Catholic was a marriage of blood.

In the early part of 1502, Prince Arthur fell ill, and on the 2d of April he died. The necessary time was taken to be sure that Catharine had no hope of becoming a mother, after which the friend of Erasmus, the youthful Henry, was declared heir to the crown, to the great joy of all the learn-

[1] Quantum ibi devorabatur ovorum putrium, quantum vini putris hauriebatur. Erasm. Colloq. p. 564.

[2] Dici non potest quam mihi dulcescat Anglia tua.....vel in extrema Scythia vivere non recusem. Erasm. Ep. i. p. 311.

[3] Erasm. Ep. ad Botzhem Jortin. Appendix, p. 108.

[1] Principes summa nocte ad thalamum solemni ritu deducti sunt. Sanderus, de schismate Angl p. 2.

ed. This prince did not forsake his studies: he spoke and wrote in French, German, and Spanish with the facility of a native; and England hoped to behold one day the most learned of Christian kings upon the throne of Alfred the Great.

A very different question, however, filled the mind of the covetous Henry VII. Must he restore to Spain the two hundred thousand ducats which formed Catherine's dowry? Shall this rich heiress be permitted to marry some rival of England? To prevent so great a misfortune the king conceived the project of uniting Henry to Arthur's widow. The most serious objections were urged against it. "It is not only inconsistent with propriety," said Warham, the primate, "but the will of God himself is against it. It is declared in His law that *if a man shall take his brother's wife, it is an unclean thing* (Lev. xx. 21); and in the Gospel John Baptist says to Herod: *It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife*" (Mark vi. 18.) Fox, bishop of Winchester, suggested a dispensation might be procured from the pope, and in December 1503, Julius II. granted a bull declaring that for the sake of preserving union between the catholic princes he authorized Catharine's marriage with the brother of her first husband, *accedente forsan copula carnali*. These four words, it is said, were inserted in the bull at the express desire of the princess. All these details will be of importance in the course of our history. The two parties were betrothed, but not married in consideration of the youth of the prince of Wales.

The second marriage projected by Henry VII. was ushered in with auspices still less promising than the first. The king having fallen sick and lost his queen, looked upon these visitations as a divine judgment.[1] The nation murmured, and demanded whether it was in the pope's power to permit what God had forbidden.[2] The young prince, being informed of his father's scruples and of the people's discontent, declared, just before attaining his majority (27th of June 1505), in the presence of the bishop of Winchester and several royal counsellors, that he protested against the engagement entered into during his minority, and that he would never make Catharine his wife.

His father's death, which made him free made him also recall this virtuous decision. In 1509, the hopes of the learned seemed about to be realized. On the 9th of May, a hearse decorated with regal pomp, bearing on a rich pall of cloth of gold the mortal remains of Henry VII., with his sceptre and his crown, entered London, followed by a long procession. The great officers of state, assembled round the coffin, broke their staves and cast them into the vault, and the heralds cried with a loud voice: "God send the noble King Henry VIII. long life."[1] Such a cry perhaps had never on any previous occasion been so joyfully repeated by the people. The young king gratified the wishes of the nation by ordering the arrest of Empson and Dudley, who were charged with extortion; and he conformed to the enlightened counsels of his grandmother, by choosing the most able ministers, and placing the archbishop of Canterbury as lord-chancellor at their head. Warham was a man of great capacity. The day was not too short for him to hear mass, receive ambassadors, consult with the king in the royal closet, entertain as many as two hundred guests at his table, take his seat on the woolsack, and find time for his private devotions. The joy of the learned surpassed that of the people. The old king wanted none of their praises or congratulations, for fear he should have to pay for them; but now they could give free course to their enthusiam. Montjoy pronounced the young king "divine;" the Venitian ambassador likened his port to Apollo's, and his noble chest to the torso of Mars; he was lauded both in Greek and Latin; he was hailed as the founder of a new era. and Henry seemed desirous of meriting these eulogiums. Far from permitting himself to be intoxicated by so much adulation, he said to Montjoy: "Ah! how I should like to be a scholar?" "Sire," replied the courtier, "it is enough that you show your regard for those who possess the learning you desire for yourself." "How can I do otherwise," he replied with earnestness; "without them we hardly exist!" Montjoy immediately communicated this to Erasmus.

Erasmus!—Erasmus!—the walls of Eltham, Oxford, and London resounded with the name. The king could not live without the learned; nor the learned without Erasmus. This scholar, who was an enthusiast for the young king, was not long in answering to the call. When Richard Pace, one of the most accomplished men of that age, met the learned Dutchman at Ferrara, the latter took from his pocket a little box which he always carried with him: "You don't know," he said, "what a treasure you have in England: I will just show you;" and he took from the box a letter of Henry's expressing in Latin of considerable purity the tenderest regard for his correspondent.[2] Immediately after the coronation Montjoy wrote to Erasmus: "Our Henry *Octavus*, or rather *Octavius*, is on the throne. Come and behold the new star.[3] The heavens smile, the earth leaps for joy, and all is flowing with milk, nectar, and honey.[4] Ava-

[1] Herbert, Life of Henry VIII. p. 18.
[2] Morysin's Apomaxis.

[1] Leland's Collectanea, vol. iv. p. 309.
[2] Scripsit ad me suapte manu litteras amantissimus. Erasm. vita ad Ep.
[3] Ut hoc novum sidus aspicias. Ibid. p. 277; an expression of Virgil, speaking of the deified Augustus.
[4] Ridet æther, exultat terra, omnia lactis, omnia mellis, omnia nectaris sunt plena. Ibid.

rice has fled away, liberality has descended, scattering on every side with gracious hand her bounteous largesses. Our king desires not gold or precious stones, but virtue, glory and immortality."

In such glowing terms was the young king described by a man who had seen him closely. Erasmus could resist no longer: he bade the pope farewell, and hastened to London, where he met with a hearty welcome from Henry. Science and power embraced each other: England was about to have its Medici; and the friends of learning no longer doubted the regeneration of Britain.

Julius II., who had permitted Erasmus to exchange the white frock of the monks for the black dress of the seculars,[1] allowed him to depart without much regret. This pontiff had little taste for letters, but was fond of war, hunting, and the pleasures of the table. The English sent him a dish to his taste in exchange for the scholar. Some time after Erasmus had left, as the pope was one day reposing from the fatigues of the chase, he heard voices near him singing a strange song. He asked with surprise what it meant.[2] "It is some Englishmen," was the answer, and three foreigners entered the room, each bearing a closely-covered jar, which the youngest presented on his knees. This was Thomas Cromwell, who appears here for the first time on the historic scene. He was the son of a blacksmith of Putney; but he possessed a mind so penetrating, a judgment so sound, a heart so bold, ability so consummate, such easy elocution, such an accurate memory, such great activity, and so able a pen, that the most brilliant career was foreboded him. At the age of twenty he left England, being desirous to see the world, and began life as a clerk in the English factory at Antwerp. Shortly after this two fellow-countrymen from Boston came to him in their embarrassment. "What do you want?" he asked them. "Our townsmen have sent us to the pope," they told him, "to get the renewal of the *greater* and *lesser pardons*, whose term is nearly run, and which are necessary for the repair of our harbour. But we do not know how to appear before him." Cromwell, prompt to undertake everything, and knowing a little Italian, replied, "I will go with you." Then slapping his forehead he muttered to himself: "What fish can I throw out as a bait to these greedy cormorants?" A friend informed him that the pope was very fond of dainties. Cromwell immediately ordered some exquisite jelly to be prepared, after the English fashion, and set out for Italy with his provisions and his two companions.

This was the man who appeared before Julius after his return from the chase. "Kings and princes alone eat of this preserve in England," said Cromwell to the pope. One cardinal who was a greedier "cormorant" than his master, eagerly tasted the delicacy. "Try it," he exclaimed, and the pope, relishing this new confectionery, immediately signed the pardons, on condition however that the receipt for the jelly should be left with him. "And thus were the *jelly-pardons* obtained," says the annalist. It was Cromwell's first exploit, and the man who began his busy career by presenting jars of confectionary to the pope, was also the man destined to separate England from Rome.

The court of the pontiff was not the only one in Europe devoted to gaiety. Hunting parties were as common in London as at Rome. The young king and his companions were at that time absorbed in balls, banquets, and the other festivities inseparable from a new reign. He recollected however that he must give a queen to his people: Catherine of Aragon was still in England, and the council recommended her for his wife. He admired her piety without caring to imitate it;[1] he was pleased with her love for literature, and even felt some inclination towards her.[2] His advisers represented to him that "Catherine, daughter of the illustrious Isabella of Castile, was the image of her mother. Like her, she possessed that wisdom and greatness of mind which win the respect of nations; and that if she carried to any of his rivals her marriage portion and the Spanish alliance, the long-contested crown of England would soon fall from his head.... We have the pope's dispensation: will you be more scrupulous than he is?"[3] The archbishop of Canterbury opposed in vain: Henry gave way, and on the eleventh of June, about seven weeks after his father's death, the nuptials were privately celebrated. On the twenty-third the king and queen went in state through the city, the bride wearing a white satin dress with her hair hanging down her back nearly to her feet. On the next day they were crowned at Westminster with great magnificence.

Then followed a series of expensive entertainments. The treasures which the nobility had long concealed from fear of the old king, were now brought out; the ladies glittered with gold and diamonds; and the king and queen, whom the people never grew tired of admiring, amused themselves like children with the splendour of their royal robes. Henry VIII. was the

[1] Vestem albam commutavit in nigram. Epp. ad Servat.

[2] The pope suddenly marvelling at the strangeness of the song. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 364, ed. Lond. 1838.

[1] Admirabatur quidem uxoris sanctitatem. Sanders, p. 5.

[2] Ut amor plus apud regem posset. Morysin, Apom. p. 14.

[3] Herbert's Henry VIII., p. 7. Fuller's Church Hist. Book V. p. 165. Erasm. Epp. ad Amerb. p. 19.

forerunner of Louis XIV. Naturally inclined to pomp and pleasure, the idol of his people, a devoted admirer of female beauty, and the husband of almost as many wives as Louis had adulterous mistresses, he made the court of England what the son of Anne of Austria made the court of France—one constant scene of amusements. He thought he could never get to the end of the riches amassed by his prudent father. His youth—for he was only eighteen—the gaiety of his disposition, the grace he displayed in all bodily exercises, the tales of chivalry in which he delighted, and which even the clergy recommended to their high-born hearers, the flattery of his courtiers[1]—all these combined to set his young imagination in a ferment. Wherever he appeared, all were filled with admiration of his handsome countenance and graceful figure: such is the portrait bequeathed to us by his greatest enemy.[2] "His brow was made to wear the crown, and his majestic port the kingly mantle," adds Noryson.[3]

Henry resolved to realize without delay the chivalrous combats and fabulous splendours of the heroes of the Round Table, as if to prepare himself for those more real struggles which he would one day have to maintain against the papacy. At the sound of the trumpet the youthful monarch would enter the lists, clad in costly armour, and wearing a plume that fell gracefully down to the saddle of his vigorous courser; "like an untamed bull," says an historian, "which breaks away from its yoke and rushes into the arena." On one occasion, at the celebration of the queen's churching, Catherine with her ladies was seated in a tent of purple and gold, in the midst of an artificial forest, strewn with rocks and variegated with flowers. On a sudden a monk stepped forward, wearing a long brown robe, and kneeling before her, begged permission to run a course. It was granted, and rising up he threw aside his coarse frock, and appeared gorgeously armed for the tourney. He was Charles Brandon, afterwards duke of Suffolk, one of the handsomest and strongest men in the kingdom, and the first after Henry in military exercises. He was followed by a number of others dressed in black velvet, with wide-brimmed hats on their heads, staffs in their hands, and scarfs across their shoulders ornamented with cockle-shells, like pilgrims from St. James of Compostella. These also threw off their disguise, and stood forth in complete armour. At their head was Sir Thomas Boleyn, whose daughter was fated to surpass in beauty, greatness, and misfortune, all the women of England. The tournament began. Henry, who has been compared to Amadis in boldness, to the lion-hearted Richard in courage, and to Edward III. in courtesy, did not always escape danger in these chivalrous contests. One day the king had forgotten to lower his vizor, and Brandon, his opponent, setting off at full gallop, the spectators noticed the oversight, and cried out in alarm. But nothing could stop their horses: the two cavaliers met. Suffolk's lance was shivered against Henry, and the fragments struck him in the face. Every one thought the king was dead, and some were running to arrest Brandon, when Henry, recovering from the blow which had fallen on his helmet, recommenced the combat, and ran six new courses, amid the admiring cries of his subjects. This intrepid courage changed as he grew older into unsparing cruelty; and it was this young tiger, whose movements were then so graceful, that at no distant day tore with his bloody fangs the mother of his children.

A message from the pope stopped Henry in the midst of these amusements. In Scotland, Spain, France, and Italy, the young king had nothing but friends—a harmony which the papacy was intent on disturbing. One day, immediately after high mass had been celebrated, the archbishop of Canterbury, on behalf of Julius II. laid at his feet a golden rose, which had been blessed by the pope, anointed with holy oil, and perfumed with musk.[1] It was accompanied by a letter saluting him as head of the Italian league. The warlike pontiff having reduced the Venetians, desired to humble France, and to employ Henry as the instrument of his vengeance. Henry, only a short time before, had renewed his alliance with Louis XII.: but the pope was not to be baffled by such a trifle as that, and the young king soon began to dream of rivalling the glories of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. To no purpose did his wisest councillors represent to him that England, in the most favourable times, had never been able to hold her ground in France, and that the sea was the true field open to her conquests. Julius, knowing his vanity, had promised to deprive Louis of the title of Most Christian king, and confer it upon him. "His holiness hopes that your Grace will utterly exterminate the king of France," wrote the king's agent.[2] Henry saw nothing objectionable in this very unapostolic mission, and decided on substituting the terrible game of war for the gentler sports of peace.

In the spring of 1511, after some unsuccessful attempts by his generals, Henry determined to invade France in person. He was in the midst of his preparations when the festival of Easter arrived. Dean Colet had been appointed to preach before Henry

[1] Tyndale, Obedience of a Christian Man (1528).
[2] Eximia corporis forma præditus, in qua etiam regiæ majestatis augusta quædam species elucebat. Sanderus de Schism., p. 4.
[3] Turner, Hist. Engl. i. p. 28.

[1] Odorifico musco aspersam. Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 652.
[2] Letter of Cardinal Bembridge. Cotton MSS. Vitell. B. 2, p. 8.

on Good Friday, and in the course of his sermon he showed more courage than could have been expected in a scholar, for a spark of the Christian spirit was glowing in his bosom. He chose for the subject of his discourse Christ's victory over death and the grave. "Whoever takes up arms from ambition," said he, "fights not under the standard of Christ, but of Satan. If you desire to contend with your enemies, follow Jesus Christ as your prince and captain, rather than Cæsar or Alexander." His hearers looked at each other with astonishment; the friends of polite literature became alarmed; and the priests, who were getting uneasy at the uprising of the human mind, hoped to profit by this opportunity of inflicting a deadly blow on their antagonists, There were among them men whose opinions we must condemn, while we cannot forbear respecting their zeal for what they believed to be the truth; of this number were Bricot, Fitzjames, and above all Standish. Their zeal, however, went a little too far on this occasion; they even talked of *burning* the dean.[1] After the sermon, Colet was informed that the king requested his attendance in the garden of the Franciscan monastery, and immediately the priests and monks crowded round the gate, hoping to see their adversary led forth as a criminal. "Let us be alone," said Henry; "put on your cap, Master Dean, and we will take a walk. Cheer up," he continued, "you have nothing to fear. You have spoken admirably of Christian charity, and have almost reconciled me to the king of France; yet, as the contest is not one of choice, but of necessity, I must beg of you in some future sermon to explain this to my people. Unless you do so, I fear my soldiers may misunderstand your meaning." Colet was not a John Baptist, and affected by the king's condescension, he gave the required explanation. The king was satisfied, and exclaimed; "Let every man have his doctor as he pleases; this man is my doctor, and I will drink his health!" Henry was then young: very different was the fashion with which in after years he treated those who opposed him.

At heart the king cared little more about the victories of Alexander than of Jesus Christ. Having fitted out his army, he embarked at the end of June accompanied by his almoner Wolsey, who was rising into favour, and set out for the war as if for a tournament. Shortly after this, he went, all glittering with jewels, to meet the Emperor Maximilian, who received him in a plain doublet and cloak of black serge. After his victory at the battle of Spurs, Henry, instead of pressing forward to the conquest of France, returned to the siege of Terouenne, wasted his time in jousts and entertainments, conferred on Wolsey the bishopric of Tournay which he had just captured, and then returned to England, delighted at having made so pleasant an excursion.

Louis XII. was a widower in his 53d year, and bowed down by the infirmities of premature old age; but being desirous of preventing, at any cost, the renewal of the war, he sought the hand of Henry's sister, the Princess Mary, then in her 16th year. Her affections were already fixed on Charles Brandon, and for him she would have sacrificed the splendour of a throne. But reasons of state opposed their union. "The princess," remarked Wolsey, "will soon return to England a widow with a royal dowry." This decided the question. The disconsolate Mary, who was an object of universal pity, embarked at Dover with a numerous train, and from Boulogne, where she was received by the duke of Angoulême, she was conducted to the king, elated at the idea of marrying the handsomest princess in Europe.

Among Mary's attendants was the youthful Anne Boleyn. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, had been charged by Henry, conjointly with the bishop of Ely, with the diplomatic negotiations preliminary to this marriage. Anne had passed her childhood at Hever castle, surrounded by all that could heat the imagination. Her maternal grandfather, the earl of Surrey, whose eldest son had married the sister of Henry the Seventh's queen, had filled, as did his sons also, the most important offices of state. At the age probably of fourteen, when summoned by her father to court, she wrote him the following letter in French, which appears to refer to her departure for France:—

"Sir,—I find by your letter that you wish me to appear at court in a manner becoming a respectable female, and likewise that the queen will condescend to enter into conversation with me; at this I rejoice, as I do to think, that conversing with so sensible and elegant a princess will make me even more desirous of continuing to speak and to write good French; the more as it is by your earnest advice, which (I acquaint you by this present writing) I shall follow to the best of my ability.....As to myself, rest assured that I shall not ungratefully look upon this fatherly office as one that might be dispensed with; nor will it tend to diminish my affection, quest [wish], and deliberation to lead as holy a life as you may please to desire of me; indeed my love for you is founded on so firm a basis that it can never be impaired. I put an end to this my lucubration after having very humbly craved your good will and affection.

[1] Dr. Colet was in trouble and should have been burnt. Latimer's Sermons. Parker edition, p. 440.

"Written at Hever, by your very humble and obedient daughter,

"ANNA DE BOULLAN."[1]

Such were the feelings under which this young and interesting lady, so calumniated by papistical writers, appeared at court.

The marriage was celebrated at Abbeville on the 9th of October 1514, and after a sumptuous banquet, the king of France distributed his royal largesses among the English lords, who were charmed by his courtesy. But the morrow was a day of trial to the young queen. Louis XII. had dismissed the numerous train which had accompanied her, and even Lady Guildford, to whom Henry had especially confided her. Three only were left,—of whom the youthful Anne Boleyn was one. At this separation, Mary gave way to the keenest sorrow. To cheer her spirits, Louis proclaimed a grand tournament. Brandon hastened to France at its first announcement, and carried off all the prizes; while the king, languidly reclining on a couch, could with difficulty look upon the brilliant spectacle over which his queen presided, sick at heart yet radiant with youth and beauty. Mary was unable to conceal her emotion, and Louisa of Savoy, who was watching her, divined her secret. But Louis, if he experienced the tortures of jealousy, did not feel them long, for his death took place on the 1st January 1515.

Even before her husband's funeral was over, Mary's heart beat high with hope. Francis I., impatient to see her wedded to some unimportant political personage, encouraged her love for Brandon. The latter, who had been commissioned by Henry to convey to her his letters of condolence, feared his master's anger if he should dare aspire to the hand of the princess. But the widowed queen, who was resolved to brave every thing, told her lover: "Either you marry me in four days or you see me no more." The choice the king had made of his ambassador announced that he would not behave very harshly. The marriage was celebrated in the abbey of Clugny, and Henry pardoned them.

While Mary returned to England, as Wolsey had predicted, Anne Boleyn remained in France. Her father, desiring his daughter to become an accomplished woman, intrusted her to the care of the virtuous Claude of France, *the good queen*, at whose court the daughters of the first families of the kingdom were trained. Margaret, duchess of Alençon, the sister of Francis, and afterwards queen of Navarre, often charmed the queen's circle by her lively conversation. She soon became deeply attached to the young English woman, and on the death of Claude took her into her own family. Anne Boleyn was destined at no very remote period to be at the court of London a reflection of the graceful Margaret, and her relations with that princess were not without influence on the English Reformation.

And indeed the literary movement which had passed from Italy into France appeared at that time as if it would cross from France into Britain. Oxford exercises over England as great an influence as the metropolis; and it is almost always within its walls that a movement commences whether for good or evil. At this period of our history, an enthusiastic youth hailed with joy the first beams of the new sun, and attacked with their sarcasms the idleness of the monks, the immorality of the clergy, and the superstition of the people. Disgusted with the priestcraft of the middle ages, and captivated by the writers of antiquity and the purity of the Gospel, Oxford boldly called for a reform which should burst the bonds of clerical domination and emancipate the human mind. Men of letters thought for a while that they had found the most powerful man in England in Wolsey, the ally that would give them the victory.

He possessed little taste for learning, but seeing the wind of public favour blow in that direction, he readily spread his sails before it. He got the reputation of a profound divine, by quoting a few words of Thomas Aquinas, and the fame of a Mæcenas and Ptolemy, by inviting the learned to his gorgeous entertainments. "O happy cardinal," exclaimed Erasmus, "who can surround his table with such torches!"[1]

At that time the king felt the same ambition as his minister, and having tasted in turn the pleasures of war and diplomacy, he now bent his mind to literature. He desired Wolsey to present Sir Thomas More to him.—"What shall I do at court?" replied the latter. "I shall be as awkward as a man that never rode sitteth in a saddle." Happy in his family circle, where his father, mother, and children, gathering round the same table, formed a pleasing group, which the pencil of Holbein has transmitted to us, More had no desire to leave it. But Henry was not a man to put up with a refusal; he employed force almost to draw More from his retirement, and in a short time he could not live without the society of the man of letters. On calm and starlight nights they would walk together upon the leads at the top of the palace, discoursing on the motions of the heavenly bodies. If More did not appear at court, Henry would go to Chelsea and share the frugal dinner of the family with some of their simple neighbours. "Where,"

[1] The French original is preserved among Archbishop Parker's MSS. at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The translation in the text is (with a slight variation) from Sir H. Ellis's Collection of royal and other letters, vol. ii. second series.

[1] Cujus mensa talibus luminibus cingitur. Erasm. Ep. p. 725.

asked Erasmus, "where is the Athens, the Porch, or the Academe, that can be compared with the court of England?.....It is a seat of the muses rather than a palace..... The golden age is reviving, and I congratulate the world."

But the friends of classical learning were not content with the cardinal's banquets or the king's favours. They wanted victories, and their keenest darts were aimed at the cloisters, those strong fortresses of the hierarchy and of uncleanness.[1] The abbot of Saint Albans, having taken a married woman for his concubine, and placed her at the head of a nunnery, his monks had followed his example, and indulged in the most scandalous debauchery. Public indignation was so far aroused, that Wolsey himself—Wolsey, the father of several illegitimate children, and who was suffering the penalty of his irregularities[2]—was carried away by the spirit of the age, and demanded of the pope a general reform of manners. When they heard of this request, the priests and friars were loud in their outcries. "What are you about?" said they to Wolsey. "You are giving the victory to the enemies of the church, and your only reward will be the hatred of the whole world." As this was not the cardinal's game, he abandoned his project, and conceived one more easily executed. Wishing to deserve the name of "Ptolemy" conferred on him by Erasmus, he undertook to build two large colleges, one at Ipswich, his native town, the other at Oxford; and found it convenient to take the money necessary for their endowment, not from his own purse, but from the purses of the monks. He pointed out to the pope twenty-two monasteries in which (he said) vice and impiety had taken up their abode.[3] The pope granted their secularization, and Wolsey having thus procured a revenue of £2000 sterling, laid the foundations of his college, traced out various courts, and constructed spacious kitchens. He fell into disgrace before he had completed his work, which led Gualter to say with a sneer: "He began a college and built a cook's shop."[4] But a great example had been set: the monasteries had been attacked, and the first breach made in them by a cardinal. Cromwell, Wolsey's secretary, remarked how his master had set about his work, and in after-years profited by the lesson.

It was fortunate for letters that they had sincerer friends in London than Wolsey. Of these were Colet, dean of St. Paul's, whose house was the centre of the literary movement which preceded the Reformation, and his friend and guest Erasmus. The latter was the hardy pioneer who opened the road of antiquity to modern Europe One day he would entertain Colet's guests with the account of a new manuscript; on another, with a discussion on the forms of ancient literature; and at other times he would attack the schoolmen and monks, when Colet would take the same side. The only antagonist who dared measure his strength with him was Sir Thomas More, who, although a layman, stoutly defended the ordinances of the church.

But mere table-talk could not satisfy the dean: a numerous audience attended his sermons at St. Paul's. The spirituality of Christ's words, the authority which characterizes them, their admirable simplicity and mysterious depth, had deeply charmed him: "I admire the writings of the apostles," he would say, "but I forget them almost, when I contemplate the wonderful majesty of Jesus Christ."[1] Setting aside the text prescribed by the church, he explained, like Zwingle, the Gospel of St. Matthew. Nor did he stop here. Taking advantage of the Convocation, he delivered a sermon on *conformation* and *reformation*, which was one of the numerous forerunners of the great reform of the sixteenth century. "We see strange and heretical ideas appear in our days, and no wonder," said he. "But you must know there is no heresy more dangerous to the church than the vicious lives of its priests. A reformation is needed; and that reformation must begin with the bishops and be extended to the priests. The clergy once reformed, we shall proceed to the reformation of the people."[2] Thus spoke Colet, while the citizens of London listened to him with rapture, and called him a new Saint Paul.[3]

Such discourses could not be allowed to pass unpunished. Fitzjames, bishop of London, was a superstitious obstinate old man of eighty, fond of money, excessively irritable, a poor theologian, and a slave to Duns Scotus, the *subtle doctor*. Calling to his aid two other bishops as zealous as himself for the preservation of abuses, namely, Bricot and Standish, he denounced the dean of St. Paul's to Warham. The archbishop having inquired what he had done: "What has he done?" rejoined the bishop of London. "He teaches that we must not worship images: he translates the Lord's Prayer into English; he pretends that the text *Feed my sheep*, does not include the temporal supplies the clergy draw from their flock. And besides all this," he continued with some embarrassment, "he has

[1] Loca sacra etiam ipsa Dei templa monialium stupro et sanguinis et seminis effusione profanare non verentur. Papal bull. Wilkins, Concilia, p. 632.

[2] Morcus venereus. Burnet.

[3] Wherein much vice and wickedness was harboured. Strype, i. 169. The names of the monasteries are given. Ibid. ii. 132.

[4] Instituit collegium et absolvit popinam. Fuller, cent. xvi. p. 169.

[1] Ita suspiciebat admirabilem illam Christi majestatem. Erasm. Epp. 707.

[2] Colet, Sermon to the Convocation.

[3] Pene apostolus Paulus habitus est. Polyd. Virg. p. 618.

spoken against those who carry their manuscripts into the pulpit and read their sermons!" As this was the bishop's practice, the primate could not refrain from smiling; and since Colet refused to justify himself, Warham did so for him.

From that time Colet laboured with fresh zeal to scatter the darkness. He devoted the larger portion of his fortune to found the celebrated school of St. Paul, of which the learned Lilly was the first master. Two parties, the *Greeks* and the *Trojans*, entered the lists, not to contend with sword and spear, as in the ancient epic, but with the tongue, the pen, and sometimes the fist. If the *Trojans* (the obscurants) were defeated in the public disputations, they had their revenge in the secret of the confessional. *Cave a Græcis ne fias hereticus*,[1] was the watchword of the priests—their daily lessons to the youths under their care. They looked on the school founded by Colet as the monstrous horse of the perjured Sinon, and announced that from its bosom would inevitably issue the destruction of the people. Colet and Erasmus replied to the monks by inflicting fresh blows. Linacre, a thorough literary enthusiast,—Grocyn, a man of sarcastic humour but generous heart,—and many others, reinforced the *Grecian* phalanx. Henry himself used to take one of them with him during his journeys, and if any unlucky *Trojan* ventured in his presence to attack the tongue of Plato and of St. Paul, the young king would set his Hellenian on him. Not more numerous were the contests witnessed in times of yore on the classic banks of the Xanthus and Simois.

Just as every thing seemed tending to a reformation, a powerful priest rendered the way more difficult.

One of the most striking personages of the age was then making his appearance on the stage of the world. It was the destiny of that man, in the reign of Henry VIII., to combine extreme ability with extreme immorality; and to be a new and striking example of the wholesome truth that immorality is more effectual to destroy a man than ability to save him. Wolsey was the last high-priest of Rome in England, and when his fall startled the nation, it was the signal of a still more striking fall—the fall of popery.

Thomas Wolsey, the son of a wealthy butcher of Ipswich, according to the common story, which is sanctioned by high authority, had attained under Henry VII. the post of almoner, at the recommendation of Sir Richard Nanfan, treasurer of Calais, and an old patron of his. But Wolsey was not at all desirous of passing his life in saying mass. As soon as he had discharged the regular duties of his office, instead of spending the rest of the day in idleness, as his colleagues did, he strove to win the good graces of the persons round the king.

Fox, bishop of Winchester, keeper of the privy-seal under Henry VII., uneasy at the growing power of the earl of Surrey, looked about for a man to counterbalance him. He thought he had found such a one in Wolsey. It was to oppose the Surreys, the grandfather and uncles of Anne Boleyn, that the son of the Ipswich butcher was drawn from his obscurity. This is not an unimportant circumstance in our narrative. Fox began to praise Wolsey in the king's hearing, and at the same time he encouraged the almoner to give himself to public affairs. The latter was not deaf,[1] and soon found an opportunity of winning his sovereign's favour.

The king having business of importance with the emperor, who was then in Flanders, sent for Wolsey, explained his wishes, and ordered him to prepare to set out. The chaplain determined to show Henry VII. how capable he was of serving him. It was long past noon when he took leave of the king at Richmond—at four o'clock he was in London, at seven at Gravesend. By travelling all night he reached Dover just as the packet-boat was about to sail. After a passage of three hours he reached Calais, whence he travelled post, and the same evening appeared before Maximilian. Having obtained what he desired, he set off again by night, and on the next day but one reached Richmond, three days and some few hours after his departure. The king, catching sight of him just as he was going to mass, sharply inquired, why he had not set out. "Sire, I am just returned," answered Wolsey, placing the emperor's letters in his master's hands. Henry was delighted, and Wolsey saw that his fortune was made.

The courtiers hoped at first that Wolsey, like an inexperienced pilot, would run his vessel on some hidden rock; but never did helmsman manage his ship with more skill. Although twenty years older than Henry VIII. the almoner danced, and sang, and laughed with the prince's companions, and amused his new master with tales of scandal and quotations from Thomas Aquinas. The young king found his house a temple of paganism, a shrine of voluptuousness;[2] and while Henry's councillors were entreating him to leave his pleasures and attend to business, Wolsey, was continually reminding him that he ought to devote his youth to learning and amusement, and leave the toils of government to others. Wolsey was created bishop of Tournay during the campaign in Flanders, and on his return to England, was raised to the sees of Lincoln

[1] Beware of the Greeks, lest you should become a heretic.

[1] Hæc Wolseius non surdis audieret auribus. Polyd. Virg. p. 622.

[2] Domi suæ voluptatum omnium sacrarium fecit. Polyd. Virg. p. 623.

and of York. Three mitres had been placed on his head in one year. He found at last the vein he so ardently sought for.

And yet he was not satisfied. The archbishop of Canterbury had insisted, as primate, that the cross of York should be lowered to his. Wolsey was not of a disposition to concede this, and when he found that Warham was not content with being his equal, he resolved to make him his inferior. He wrote to Paris and to Rome. Francis I., who desired to conciliate England, demanded the purple for Wolsey, and the archbishop of York received the title of Cardinal St. Cecilia beyond the Tiber. In November 1515, his hat was brought by the envoy of the pope: "It would have been better to have given him a Tyburn tippet," said some indignant Englishman; "these Romish hats never brought good into England"[1]—a saying that has become proverbial.

This was not enough for Wolsey: he desired secular greatness above all things. Warham, tired of contending with so arrogant a rival, resigned the seals, and the king immediately transferred them to the cardinal. At length a bull appointed him legate *a latere* of the holy see, and placed under his jurisdiction all the colleges, monasteries, spiritual courts, bishops, and the primate himself (1519.) From that time, as lord-chancellor of England and legate, Wolsey administered everything in church and state. He filled his coffers with money procured both at home and from abroad, and yielded without restraint to his dominant vices, ostentation and pride. Whenever he appeared in public, two priests, the tallest and comeliest that could be found, carried before him two huge silver crosses, one to mark his dignity as archbishop, the other as papal legate. Chamberlains, gentlemen, pages, sergeants, chaplains, choristers, clerks, cupbearers, cooks, and other domestics, to the number of more than 500, among whom were nine or ten lords and the stateliest yeomen of the country, filled his palace. He generally wore a dress of scarlet velvet and silk, with hat and gloves of the same colour. His shoes were embroidered with gold and silver, inlaid with pearls and precious stones. A kind of papacy was thus forming in England; for wherever pride flourishes there popery is developed.

One thing occupied Wolsey more than all the pomp with which he was surrounded: his desire, namely, to captivate the king. For this purpose he cast Henry's nativity, and procured an amulet which he wore constantly, in order to charm his master by its magic properties.[2] Then having recourse to a still more effectual necromancy, he selected from among the most licentious companions of the young monarch those of the keenest discernment and most ambitious character; and after binding them to him by a solemn oath, he placed them at court to be as eyes and ears to him. Accordingly not a word was said in the presence of the monarch, particularly against Wolsey, of which he was not informed an hour afterwards. If the culprit was not in favour, he was expelled without mercy; in the contrary case, the minister sent him on some distant mission. The queen's ladies, the king's chaplains, and even their confessors, were the cardinal's spies. He pretended to omnipresence, as the pope to infallibility.

Wolsey was not devoid of certain showy virtues, for he was liberal to the poor even to affectation, and as chancellor inexorable to every kind of irregularity, and strove particularly to make the rich and high-born bend beneath his power. Men of learning alone obtained from him some little attention, and hence Erasmus calls him "the Achates of a new Æneas." But the nation was not to be carried away by the eulogies of a few scholars. Wolsey—a man of more than suspected morals, double-hearted, faithless to his promises, oppressing the people with heavy taxes, and exceedingly arrogant to everybody—Wolsey soon became hated by the people of England.

The elevation of a prince of the Roman Church could not but be favourable to the Reformation. The priests, encouraged by it, determined to make a stand against the triple attack of the learned, the reformers, and the state; and they soon had an opportunity of trying their strength. Holy orders had become during the middle ages a warrant for every sort of crime. Parliament, desirous of correcting this abuse and checking the encroachments of the church, declared in the year 1513, that any ecclesiastic, accused of theft or murder, should be tried before the secular tribunals. Exceptions, however, were made in favour of bishops, priests, and deacons—that is to say, nearly all the clergy. Notwithstanding this timid precaution, an insolent clerk, the abbot of Winchelcomb, began the battle by exclaiming at St. Paul's: "*Touch not mine anointed*, said the Lord." At the same time Wolsey, accompanied by a long train of priests and prelates, had an audience of the king, at which he said with hands upraised to heaven: "Sire, to try a clerk, is a violation of God's laws." This time, however, Henry did not give way. "By God's will, we are king of England," he replied, "and the kings of England in times past had never any superior but God only. Therefore know you well that we will maintain the right of our crown." He saw distinctly that to put the clergy above the laws was to put them above the throne. The priests were beaten, but not disheart-

[1] Latimer's Sermons (Parker Society), p. 119.

[2] He calked [calculated] the king's nativity..... he made by craft of necromancy graven imagery to bear upon him, wherewith he bewitched the king's mind. Tyndale's Expositions (Parker Soc.), p. 308.

oned: perseverance is a characteristic feature of every hierarchical order. Not walking by faith, they walk all the more by sight; and skilful combinations supply the place of the holy aspirations of the Christian. Humble disciples of the gospel were soon to experience this, for the clergy by a few isolated attacks were about to flesh themselves for the great struggle of the Reformation.

It is occasionally necessary to soften down somewhat exaggerated colours in which contemporary writers describe the Romish clergy; but there are certain appellations which history is bound to accept. The *wolves*, for so the priests were called, by attacking the Lords and Commons had attempted a work beyond their reach. They turned their wrath on others. There were many shepherds endeavouring to gather together the sheep of the Lord beside the peaceful waters: these must be frightened, and the sheep driven into the howling wilderness. "The wolves" determined to fall upon the Lollards.

There lived in London an honest tradesman named Richard Hun, one of those witnesses of the truth who, sincere though unenlightened, have been often found in the bosom of Catholicism. It was his practice to retire to his closet and spend a portion of each day in the study of the Bible. At the death of one of his children, the priest required of him an exorbitant fee, which Hun refused to pay, and for which he was summoned before the legate's court. Animated by that public spirit which characterizes the people of England, he felt indignant that an Englishman should be cited before a foreign tribunal, and laid an information against the priest and his counsel under the act of *præmunire*. Such boldness—most extraordinary at that time—exasperated the clergy beyond all bounds. "If these proud citizens are allowed to have their way," exclaimed the monks, "every layman will dare to resist a priest."

Exertions were accordingly made to snare the pretended rebel in the trap of heresy;[1] he was thrown into the Lollards' tower at St. Paul's and an iron collar was fastened round his neck, attached to which was a chain so heavy that neither man nor beast (says Foxe) would have been able to bear it long. When taken before his judges, they could not convict him of heresy, and it was observed with astonishment "that he had his beads in prison with him."[2] They would have set him at liberty, after inflicting on him perhaps some trifling penance—but then, what a bad example it would be, and who could stop the reformers, if it was so easy to resist the papacy? Unable to triumph by justice, certain fanatics resolved to triumph by crime.

At midnight on the 2d December—the day of his examination—three men stealthily ascended the stairs of the Lollards' tower: the bellringer went first carrying a torch; a servant named Charles Joseph followed, and last came the bishop's chancellor. Having entered the cell, they went up to the bed on which Hun was lying, and finding that he was asleep, the chancellor said: "Lay hands on the thief." Charles Joseph and the bellringer fell upon the prisoner, who, awaking with a start, saw at a glance what this midnight visit meant. He resisted the assassins at first, but was soon overpowered and strangled. Charles Joseph then fixed the dead man's belt round his neck, the bellringer helped to raise his lifeless body, and the chancellor slipped the other end of the belt through a ring fixed in the wall. They then placed his cap on his head, and hastily quitted the cell."[1] Immediately after, the conscience-stricken Charles Joseph got on horseback and rode from the city; the bellringer left the cathedral and hid himself: the crime dispersed the criminals. The chancellor alone kept his ground, and he was at prayers when the news was brought him that the turnkey had found Hun hanging. "He must have killed himself in despair," said the hypocrite. But every one knew poor Hun's Christian feelings. "It is the priests who have murdered him," was the general cry in London, and an inquest was ordered to be held on his body.

On Tuesday the 5th of December, William Barnwell the city coroner, the two sheriffs, and twenty-four jurymen, proceeded to the Lollards' tower. They remarked that the belt was so short that the head could not be got out of it, and that consequently it had never been placed in it voluntarily, and hence the jury concluded that the suspension was an after-thought of some other persons. Moreover they found that the ring was too high for the poor victim to reach it,—that the body bore marks of violence—and that traces of blood were in the cell: "Wherefore all we find by God and all our consciences (runs the verdict), that Richard Hun was murdered. Also, we acquit the said Richard Hun of his own death."[2]

It was but too true, and the criminals themselves confessed it. The miserable Charles Joseph having returned home on the evening of the 6th December, said to his maid servant: "If you will swear to keep my secret, I will tell you all." "Yes master," she replied, "if it is neither felony nor treason." Joseph took a book swore the girl on it, and then said to her: "I have killed Richard Hun!" "O master!

[1] Foxe, Acts and Mon., ii. p. 8. Folio, 1684. Lond.

[2] Ibid.

[1] Ibid. p. 13. "And so all we murdered Hun .....and so Hun was hanged." (Evidence of Charles Joseph.)

[2] For particulars of the Inquest, see Foxe, Acts and Mon. ii. p. 14.

how? he was called a worthy man." "I would leaver [rather] than a hundred pounds it were not done," he made answer; "but what is done cannot be undone." He then rushed out of the house.

The clergy foresaw what a serious blow this unhappy affair would be to them, and to justify themselves they examined Hun's Bible (it was Wickliffe's version), and having read in the preface that "that poor men and idiots [simple folks] have the truth of the Holy Scripture more than a thousand prelates and religious men and clerks of the school," and further, "that the pope ought to be called Antichrist," the bishop of London, assisted by the bishops of Durham and Lincoln, declared Hun guilty of heresy, and on the 20th December his dead body was burnt at Smithfield. "Hun's bones have been burnt, and therefore he was a heretic," said the priests; "he was a heretic, and therefore he committed suicide."

The triumph of the clergy was of short duration; for almost at the same time William Horsey, the bishop's chancellor, Charles Joseph, and John Spalding the bellringer, were convicted of the murder. A bill passed the Commons restoring Hun's property to his family and vindicating his character; the Lords accepted the bill, and the king himself said to the priests: "Restore to these wretched children the property of their father, whom you so cruelly murdered, to our great and just horror."[1] "If the clerical theocracy should gain the mastery of the state," was the general remark in London, "it would not only be a very great lie, but the most frightful tyranny!" England has never gone back since that time, and a theocratic rule has always inspired the sound portion of the nation with a just and insurmountable antipathy. Such were the events taking place in England shortly before the Reformation. This was not all.

The clergy had not been fortunate in Hun's affair, but they were not for that reason unwilling to attempt a new one.

In the spring of 1517—the year in which Luther posted up his *theses*—a priest, whose manners announced a man swollen with pride, happened to be on board the passage boat from London to Gravesend with an intelligent and pious Christian of Ashford, by name John Brown. The passengers, as they floated down the stream, were amusing themselves by watching the banks glide away from them, when the priest turning towards Brown, said to him insolently: "You are too near me, get farther off. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir," answered Brown. "Well, then, you must know that I am a priest." "Indeed, sir; are you a parson, or vicar, or a lady's chaplain?" "No: I am a *soul-priest*," he haughtily replied; "I sing mass to save souls." "Do you, sir," rejoined Brown somewhat ironically, "that is well done, and can you tell me where you find the soul when you begin the mass?" "I cannot," said the priest. "And where you leave it when the mass is ended?" "I do not know." "What!" continued Brown, with marks of astonishment, "you do not know where you find the soul or where you leave it....and yet you say that you save it!" "Go thy ways," said the priest angrily, "thou art a heretic, and I will be even with thee." Thenceforward the priest and his neighbour conversed no more together. At last they reached Gravesend and the boat anchored.

As soon as the priest had landed, he hastened to two of his friends, Walter and William More, and all three mounting their horses set off for Canterbury, and denounced Brown to the archbishop.

In the meantime John Brown had reached home. Three days later, his wife, Elizabeth, who had just left her chamber, went to church, dressed all in white, to return thanks to God for delivering her in the perils of childbirth. Her husband, assisted by her daughter Alice and the maid-servant, were preparing for their friends the feast usual on such occasions, and they had all of them taken their seats at table, joy beaming on every face, when the street door was abruptly opened, and Chilton, the constable, a cruel and savage man, accompanied by several of the archbishop's apparitors, seized upon the worthy townsman. All sprang from their seats in alarm; Elizabeth and Alice uttered the most heart-rending cries; but the primate's officers, without showing any emotion, pulled Brown out of the house, and placed him on horseback, tying his feet under the animal's belly.[1] It is a serious matter to jest with a priest. The cavalcade rode off quickly, and Brown was thrown into prison, and there left forty days.

At the end of this time, the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Rochester called before them the impudent fellow who doubted whether a priest's mass could save souls, and required him to retract this "blasphemy." But Brown, if he did not believe in the mass, believed in the gospel: "Christ was once offered," he said, "to take away the sins of many. It is by this sacrifice we are saved, and not by the repetitions of the priests." At this reply the archbishop made a sign to the executioners, one of whom took off the shoes and stockings of this pious Christian, while the other brought in a pan of burning coals, upon which they set the martyr's feet.[2] The English laws in truth forbade torture to be inflicted on any subject of the crown, but the clergy thought themselves above the

[1] Verdict on the Inquest; Foxe, p. 12.

[1] Foxe, Acts, ii. p. 7. His feet bound under his own horse.

[2] His bare feet were set upon hot burning coals. The Lollards (edit. Tract Soc.), p. 149.

laws. "Confess the efficacity of the mass," cried the two bishops to poor Brown. "If I deny my Lord upon earth," he replied, "He will deny me before his Father in heaven." The flesh was burnt off the soles of the feet even to the bones, and still John Brown remained unshaken. The bishops therefore ordered him to be given over to the secular arm that he might be burnt alive.

On the Saturday preceding the festival of Pentecost, in the year 1517, the martyr was led back to Ashford, where he arrived just as the day was drawing to a close. A number of idle persons were collected in the street, and among them was Brown's maid-servant, who ran off crying to the house, and told her mistress: "I have seen him....He was bound, and they were taking him to prison."[1] Elizabeth hastened to her husband and found him sitting with his feet in the stocks, his features changed by sufferings, and expecting to be burnt alive on the morrow. The poor woman sat down beside him, weeping most bitterly; while he, being hindered by his chains, could not so much as bend towards her. "I cannot set my feet to the ground," said he, "for bishops have burnt them to the bones; but they could not burn my tongue and prevent my confessing the Lord....O Elizabeth!....continue to love him for He is good; and bring up our children in his fear."

On the following morning—it was Whitsunday—the brutal Chilton and his assistants led Brown to the place of execution, and fastened him to the stake. Elizabeth and Alice, with his other children and his friends, desirous of receiving his last sigh, surrounded the pile, uttering cries of anguish. The fagots were set on fire; while Brown, calm and collected, and full of confidence in the blood of the Saviour, clasped his hands, and repeated this hymn, which Foxe has preserved:—[2]

> O Lord, I yield me to thy grace,
> Grant me mercy for my trespass;
> Let never the fiend my soul chase.
> Lord, I will bow, and thou shalt beat,
> Let never my soul come in hell-heat.

The martyr was silent: the flames had consumed their victim. Then redoubled cries of anguish rent the air. His wife and daughter seemed as if they would lose their senses. The bystanders showed them the tenderest compassion, and turned with a movement of indignation towards the executioners. The brutal Chilton perceiving this, cried out:—"Come along; let us toss the heretic's children into the flames, lest they should one day spring from their father's ashes.[1] He rushed towards Alice, and was about to lay hold of her, when the maiden shrank back screaming with horror. To the end of her life, she recollected the fearful moment, and to her we are indebted for the particulars. The fury of the monster was checked. Such were the scenes passing in England shortly before the Reformation.

The priests were not yet satisfied, for the scholars still remained in England: if they could not be burnt, they should at least be banished. They set to work accordingly. Standish, bishop of St. Asaph, a sincere man, as it would seem, but fanatical, was inveterate in his hatred of Erasmus, who had irritated him by an idle sarcasm. When speaking of *St. Asaph's* it was very common to abbreviate it into *St. As's;* and as Standish was a theologian of no great learning, Erasmus, in his jesting way, would sometimes call him *Episcopus a Sancto Asino.* As the bishop could not destroy Colet, the disciple, he flattered himself that he should triumph over the master.

Erasmus knew Standish's intentions. Should he commence in England that struggle with the papacy which Luther was about to begin in Germany? It was no longer possible to steer a middle course: he must either fight or leave. The Dutchman was faithful to his nature—we may even say, to his vocation: he left the country.

Erasmus was, in his time, the head of the great literary community. By means of his connexions and his correspondence, which extended over all Europe, he established between those countries where learning was reviving, an interchange of ideas and manuscripts. The pioneer of antiquity, an eminent critic, a witty satirist, the advocate of correct taste, and a restorer of literature, one only glory was wanting: he had not the creative spirit, the heroic soul of a Luther. He calculated with no little skill, could detect the smile on the lips or the knitting of the brows; but he had not that self-abandonment, that enthusiasm for the truth, that firm confidence in God, without which nothing great can be done in the world, and least of all in the church. "Erasmus *had* much, but *was* little," said one of his biographers.[2]

In the year 1517, a crisis had arrived: the period of the revival was over, that of the Reformation was beginning. The restoration of letters was succeeded by the regeneration of religion: the days of criticism and neutrality by those of courage and action. Erasmus was then only forty-nine years old; but he had finished his career. From being first, he must now be second: the monk of Wittemberg de-

[1] A young maid of his house coming by saw her master, she ran home. The Lollards, p. 50.

[2] Foxe, Acts and Mon. ii. p. 8 (folio, 1684), iv. p. 132 (Lond. 1838). We shall in future refer to the latter edition, as being more accessible.

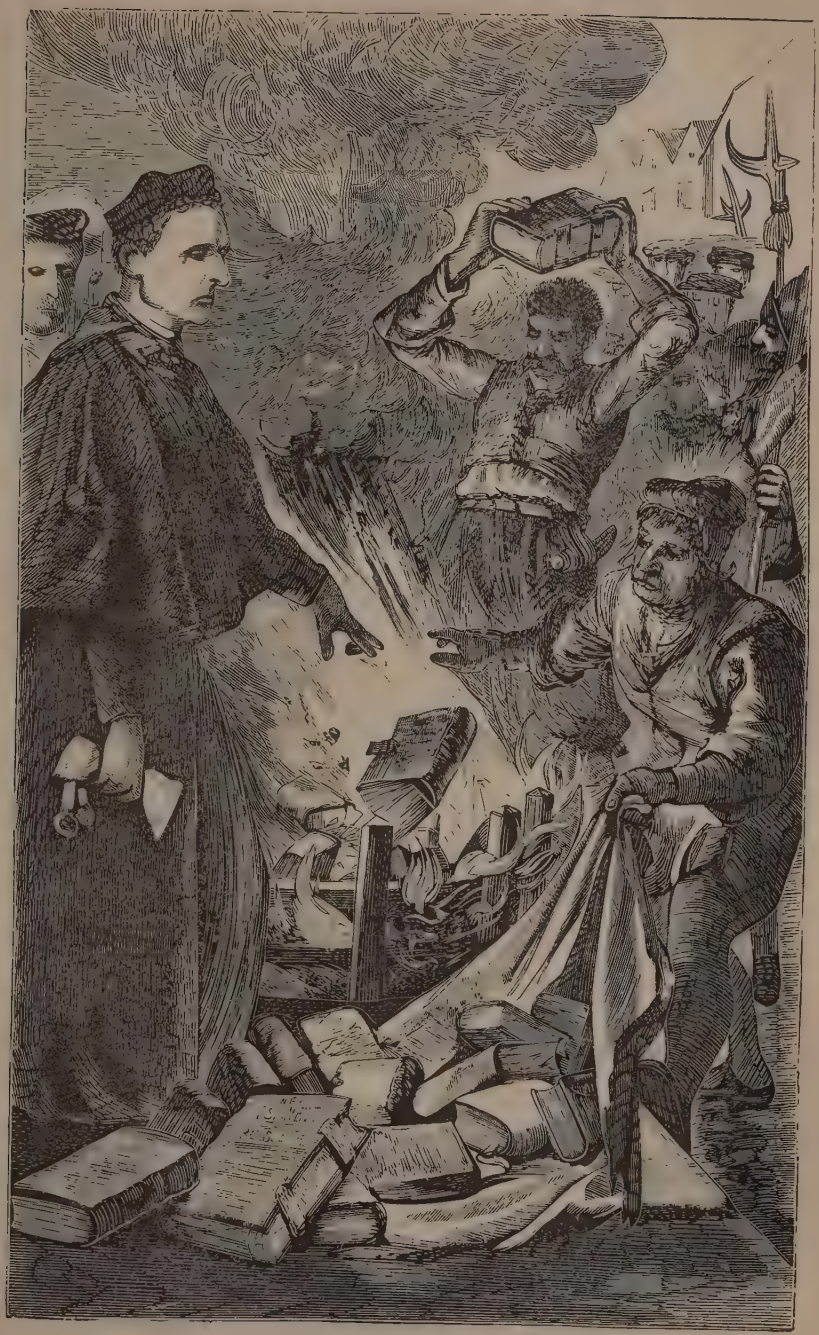
[1] Bade cast in his children also, for they would spring of his ashes. Ibid.

[2] Ad. Muller.

throned him. He looked around himself in vain: placed in a new country, he had lost his road. A hero was needed to inaugurate the great movement of modern times: Erasmus was a mere man of letters.

When attacked by Standish in 1516, the literary king determined to quit the court of England, and take refuge in a printing-office. But before laying down his sceptre at the foot of a Saxon monk, he signalized the end of his reign by the most brilliant of his publications. The epoch of 1516–17, memorable for the theses of Luther, was destined to be equally remarkable by a work which was to imprint on the new times their essential character. What distinguishes the Reformation from all anterior revivals is the union of learning with piety, and a faith more profound, more enlightened, and based on the word of God. The Christian people was then emancipated from the tutelage of the schools and the popes, and its charter of enfranchisement was the Bible. The sixteenth century did more than its predecessors: it went straight to the fountain (the Holy Scriptures), cleared it of weeds and brambles, plumbed its depths, and caused its abundant streams to pour forth on all around. The Reformation age studied the Greek Testament, which the clerical age had almost forgotten,—and this is its greatest glory. Now the first explorer of this divine source was Erasmus. When attacked by the hierarchy, the leader of the schools withdrew from the splendid halls of Henry VIII. It seemed to him that the new era which he had announced to the world was rudely interrupted: he could do nothing more by his conversation for the country of the Tudors. But he carried with him those precious leaves, the fruit of his labours—a book which would do more than he desired. He hastened to Basle, and took up his quarters in Frobenius' printing-office,[1] where he not only laboured himself, but made others labour. England will soon receive the seed of the new life, and the Reformation is about to begin.

[1] Frobenio, ut nullius officinæ plus debeant sacrarum studia literarum Erasm. Ep. p. 330.



TONSTALL BURNING THE BIBLE IN LONDON.

BOOK XVIII.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CHURCH.

Four Reforming Powers—Which Reformed England?—Papal Reform?—Episcopal Reform?—Royal Reform?—What is required in a legitimate Reform?—The Share of the Kingly Power.—Share of the Episcopal Authority—High and Low Church—Political Events—The Greek and Latin New Testament—Thoughts of Erasmus—Enthusiasm and Anger—Desire of Erasmus—Clamours of the Priests—Their Attack at Court—Astonishment of Erasmus—His Labours for this Work—Edward Lee—His Character—Lee's *Tragedy*—Conspiracy—Effects of the New Testament in the Universities—Conversations—A Cambridge Fellow—Bilney buys the New Testament—The First Passage—His Conversion—Protestantism, the Fruit of the Gospel—The Vale of the Severn—William Tyndale—Evangelization at Oxford—Bilney teaches at Cambridge—Fryth—Is Conversion possible?—True Consecration—The Reformation has begun—Alarm of the Clergy—The Two Days—Thomas Man's Preaching—True real Presence—Persecutions at Coventry—Standish preaches at Saint Paul's—His Petition to the King and Queen—His Arguments and Defeat—Wolsey's Ambition—First Overtures—Henry and Francis Candidates for the Empire—Conference between Francis I. and Sir T. Boleyn—The Tiara promised to Wolsey—The Cardinal's Intrigues with Charles and Francis—Tyndale—Sodbury Hall—Sir John and Lady Walsh—Table-Talk—The Holy Scriptures—The Images—The Anchor of Faith—A Roman Camp—Preaching of Faith and Works—Tyndale accused by the Priests—They tear up what he has planted—Tyndale resolves to translate the Bible—His first Triumph—The Priests in the Taverns—Tyndale summoned before the Chancellor of Worcester—Consoled by an aged Doctor—Attacked by a Schoolman—His Secret becomes known—He leaves Sodbury Hall—Luther's Works in England—Consultation of the Bishops—The Bull of Leo X. published in England—Luther's Books burnt—Letter of Henry VIII.—He undertakes to write against Luther—Cry of Alarm—Tradition and Sacramentalism—Prudence of Sir Thomas More—The Book presented to the Pope—*Defender of the Faith*—Exultation of the King—Wolsey's Machinations to obtain the Tiara—He gains Charles V.—Alliance between Henry and Charles—Wolsey offers to command the Troops—Treaty of Bruges—Henry believes himself King of France—Victories of Francis I.—Death of Leo X.—The Just Men of Lincolnshire—Their Assemblies and Teaching—Agnes and Morden—Itinerant Libraries—Polemical Conversations—Sarcasm—Royal Decree and Terror—Depositions and Condemnations—Four Martyrs—A Conclave—Charles consoles Wolsey—Character of Tyndale—He arrives in London—He preaches—The Cloth and the Ell—The Bishop of London gives audience to Tyndale—He is dismissed—A Christian Merchant of London—Spirit of Love in the Reformation—Tyndale in Monmouth's House—Fryth helps him to translate the New Testament—Importunities of the Bishop of Lincoln—Persecution in London—Tyndale's Resolution—He departs—His Indignation against the Prelates—His Hopes—Bilney at Cambridge—Conversions—The University Cross-bearer—A Leicestershire Farmer—A Party of Students—Superstitious Practices—An obstinate Papist—The Sophists—Latimer attacks Stafford—Bilney's Resolution—Latimer hears Bilney's Confession—Confessor converted—New Life of Latimer—Bilney preaches Grace—Nature of the Ministry—Latimer's Character and Teaching—Works of Charity—Three Classes of Adversaries—Clark and Calaber—Wolsey seeks the Tiara—Clement VII. is elected—Wolsey's Dissimulation—Charles offers France to Henry—Pace's Mission on this Subject—Wolsey reforms the Convents—His secret Alliances—Treaty between France and England—Taxation and Insurrection—False Charges against the Reformers—Latimer's Defence—Tenterden Steeple—Tyndale at Hamburgh—First two Gospels—Embarrassment—Tyndale at Wittemberg—At Cologne—The New Testament at Press—Sudden Interruption—Cochlæus at Cologne—Rupert's Manuscripts—Discovery of Cochlæus—His Inquiries—His Alarm—Rincke and the Senate's Prohibition—Consternation and Decision of Tyndale—Cochlæus writes to England—Tyndale ascends the Rhine—Prints two Editions at Worms—Tyndale's Prayer—Worms and Cambridge—St. Paul resuscitated—Latimer's Preaching—Never Man spake like this Man—Joy and Vexation at Cambridge—Sermon by Prior Buckingham—Irony—Latimer's Reply to Buckingham—The Students threatened—Latimer preaches before the Bishop—He is forbidden to preach—The most zealous of Bishops—Barnes the restorer of Letters—Bilney undertakes to convert him—Barnes offers his Pulpit to Latimer—Fryth's Thirst for God—Christmas Eve, 1525—Storm against Barnes—Ferment in the Colleges—Germany at Cambridge—Meetings at Oxford—General Expectation.

It was the province of four powers in the sixteenth century to effect a reformation of the church: these were the papacy, the episcopate, the monarchy, and Holy Scripture.

The Reformation in England was essentially the work of Scripture.

The only true Reformation is that which emanates from the word of God. The Holy Scriptures, by bearing witness to the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Son of God, create in man by the Holy Ghost a faith which justifies him. That faith, which produces in him a new life, unites him to Christ, without his requiring a chain of bishops or a Roman mediator, who would separate him from the Saviour instead of drawing him nearer. This Reformation *by the word* restores that spiritual Christianity which the outward and hierarchical religion had destroyed; and from the regeneration of individuals naturally results the regeneration of the church.

The Reformation of England, perhaps to

a greater extent than that of the continent, was effected by the word of God. This statement may appear paradoxical, but it is not the less true. Those great individualities we meet with in Germany, Switzerland, and France—men like Luther, Zwingle, and Calvin—do not appear in England; but Holy Scripture is widely circulated. What brought light into the British isles subsequently to the year 1517, and on a more extended scale after the year 1526, was the word—the invisible power of the invisible God. The religion of the Anglo-Saxon race—a race called more than any other to circulate the oracles of God throughout the world—is particularly distinguished by its biblical character.

The Reformation of England could not be papal. No reform can be hoped from that which ought to be not only reformed, but abolished; and besides, no monarch dethrones himself. We may even affirm that the popedom has always felt a peculiar affection for its conquests in Britain, and that they would have been the last it would have renounced. A serious voice had declared in the middle of the fifteenth century: "A reform is neither in the will nor in the power of the popes."[1]

The Reformation of England was not episcopal. Roman hierarchism will never be abolished by Roman bishops. An episcopal assembly may perhaps, as at Constance, depose three competing popes, but then it will be to save the papacy. And if the bishops could not abolish the papacy, still less could they reform themselves. The then existing episcopal power, being at enmity with the word of God, and the slave of its own abuses, was incapable of renovating the church. On the contrary, it exerted all its influence, to prevent such a renovation.

The Reformation in England was not royal. Samuel, David, and Josiah were able to do something for the raising up of the church, when God again turned his face towards it; but a king cannot rob his people of their religion, and still less can he give them one. It has often been repeated that "the English Reformation derives its origin from the monarch;" but the assertion is incorrect. The work of God, here as elsewhere, cannot be put in comparison with the work of the king; and if the latter was infinitely surpassed in importance, it was also preceded in time by many years. The monarch was still keeping up a vigorous resistance behind his intrenchments, when God had already decided the victory along the whole line of operations.

Shall we be told that a reform effected by any other principle, than the established authorities, both in *church* and *state*, would have been a revolution? But has God, the lawful sovereign of the church, forbidden all revolution in a sinful world? A *revolution* is not a revolt. The fall of the first man was a great revolution: the restoration of man by Jesus Christ was a counter-revolution. The corruption occasioned by popery was allied to the fall: the reformation accomplished in the sixteenth century was connected therefore with the restoration. There will no doubt be other interventions of the Deity, which will be revolutions in the same direction as the Reformation. When God creates a new heaven and a new earth, will not that be one of the most glorious of revolutions? The Reformation by the word alone gives truth, alone gives unity; but more than that, it alone bears the marks of true *legitimacy;* for the church belongs not unto men, even though they be priests. God alone is its lawful sovereign.

And yet the human elements which we have enumerated were not wholly foreign to the work that was accomplishing in England. Besides the word of God, other principles were in operation, and although less radical and less primitive, they still retain the sympathy of eminent men of that nation.

And in the first place, the intervention of the king's authority was necessary to a certain point. Since the supremacy of Rome had been established in England by several usages which had the force of law, the intervention of the temporal power was necessary to break the bonds which it had previously sanctioned. But it was requisite for the monarchy, while adopting a negative and political action, to leave the positive, doctrinal, and creative action to the word of God.

Besides the reformation *in the name of the Scriptures*, there was then in England another *in the name of the king*. The word of God began, the kingly power followed; and ever since these two forces have sometimes gone together against the authority of the Roman Pontiffs—sometimes in opposition to each other, like those troops which march side by side in the same army, against the same enemy, and which have occasionally been seen, even on the field of battle, to turn their swords against each other.

Finally, the episcopate which had begun by opposing the Reformation, was compelled to accept it in despite of its convictions. The majority of the bishops were opposed to it; but the better portion were found to incline, some to the side of outward reform, of which separation from the papacy was the very essence, and others to the side of internal reform, whose mainspring was union with Jesus Christ. Lastly, the episcopate took up its ground on its own account, and soon two great parties alone existed in England: the scriptural party and the clerical party.

These two parties have survived even to

[1] James of Juterbock, prior of the Carthusians: De septem ecclesiæ statibus opusculum.

our days, and their colours are still distinguishable in the river of the church, like the muddy Arve and the limpid Rhone after their confluence. The royal supremacy, from which many Christians, preferring the paths of independence, have withdrawn since the end of the 16th century, is recognised by both parties in the establishment, with some few exceptions. But whilst the High Church is essentially hierarchical, the Low Church is essentially biblical. In the one, the Church is above and the Word below; in the other, the Church is below and the Word above. These two principles, evangelism and hierarchism, are found in the Christianity of the first centuries, but with a signal difference. Hierarchism then almost entirely effaced evangelism; in the age of protestantism, on the contrary, evangelism continued to exist by the side of hierarchism, and it has remained *de jure*, if not always *de facto*, the only legitimate opinion of the church.

Thus there is in England a complication of influences and contests, which render the work more difficult to describe; but it is on that very account more worthy the attention of the philosopher and the Christian.

Great events had just occurred in Europe. Francis I. had crossed the Alps, gained a signal victory at Marignano, and conquered the north of Italy. The affrighted Maximilian knew of none who could save him but Henry VIII. "I will adopt you; you shall be my successor in the empire," he intimated to him in May 1516. "Your army shall invade France; and then we will march together to Rome, where the sovereign pontiff shall crown you king of the Romans." The king of France, anxious to effect a diversion, had formed a league with Denmark and Scotland, and had made preparations for invading England to place on the throne the "white rose,"—the pretender Pole, heir to the claims of the house of York.[1] Henry now showed his prudence; he declined Maximilian's offer, and turned his whole attention to the security of his kingdom. But while he refused to bear arms in France and Italy, a war of quite another kind broke out in England.

The great work of the 16th century was about to begin. A volume fresh from the presses of Basle had just crossed the channel. Being transmitted to London, Oxford, and Cambridge, this book, the fruit of Erasmus's vigils, soon found its way wherever there were friends of learning. It was the *New Testament* of our Lord Jesus Christ, published for the first time in Greek with a new Latin translation—an event more important for the world than would have been the landing of the pretender in England, or the appearance of the chief of the Tudors in Italy. This book, in which God has deposited for man's salvation the seeds of life, was about to effect alone, without patrons and without interpreters, the most astonishing revolution in Britain.

When Erasmus published this work, at the dawn, so to say, of modern times, he did not see all its scope. Had he foreseen it, he would perhaps have recoiled in alarm. He saw indeed that there was a great work to be done, but he believed that all good men would unite to do it with common accord. "A spiritual temple must be raised in desolated Christendom," said he. "The mighty of this world will contribute towards it their marble, their ivory, and their gold; I who am poor and humble offer the foundation stone," and he laid down before the world his edition of the Greek Testament. Then glancing disdainfully at the traditions of men, he said: "It is not from human reservoirs, fetid with stagnant waters, that we should draw the doctrine of salvation; but from the pure and abundant streams that flow from the heart of God." And when some of his suspicious friends spoke to him of the difficulties of the times, he replied: "if the ship of the church is to be saved from being swallowed up by the tempest, there is only one anchor that can save it: it is the heavenly word, which, issuing from the bosom of the Father, lives, speaks, and works still in the gospel."[1] These noble sentiments served as an introduction to those blessed pages which were to reform England. Erasmus, like Caiaphas, prophesied without being aware of it.

The New Testament in Greek and Latin had hardly appeared when it was received by all men of upright mind with unprecedented enthusiasm. Never had any book produced such a sensation. It was in every hand: men struggled to procure it, read it eagerly, and would even kiss it.[2] The words it contained enlightened every heart. But a reaction soon took place. Traditional catholicism uttered a cry from the depths of its noisome pools (to use Erasmus's figure). Franciscans and Dominicans, priests and bishops, not daring to attack the educated and well-born, went among the ignorant populace, and endeavoured by their tales and clamours to stir up susceptible women and credulous men. "Here are horrible heresies," they exclaimed, "here are frightful antichrists! If this book be tolerated it will be the death of the papacy!"—"We must drive this man from the university," said one. "We must turn him out of the church," added another. "The public places re-echoed with their howlings," said Erasmus.[3] The firebrands tossed by their furious

[1] A private combination, &c. Strype's Memorials, i. part ii. p. 16.

[1] In evangelicis litteris, sermo ille cœlestis, quondam e corde Patris ad nos profectus. Erasm. Leoni, Ep. p. 1843.

[2] Opus avidissime rapitur.....amatur, manibus teritur. Erasm. Ep. p. 557.

[3] Oblatrabant sycophantæ. Ibid. p. 329.

hands were raising fires in every quarter; and the flames kindled in a few obscure convents threatened to spread over the whole country.

This irritation was not without a cause. The book, indeed, contained nothing but Latin and Greek; but this first step seemed to augur another—the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Erasmus loudly called for it.[1] "Perhaps it may be necessary to conceal the secrets of kings," he remarked, "but we must publish the mysteries of Christ. The Holy Scriptures, translated into all languages, should be read not only by the Scotch and Irish, but even by Turks and Saracens. The husbandman should sing them as he holds the handle of his plough, the weaver repeat them as he plies his shuttle, and the wearied traveller, halting on his journey, refresh him under some shady tree by these godly narratives." These words prefigured a golden age after the iron age of popery. A number of Christian families in Britain and on the continent were soon to realize these evangelical forebodings, and England after three centuries was to endeavour to carry them out for the benefit of all the nations on the face of the earth.

The priests saw the danger, and by a skilful manœuvre, instead of finding fault with the Greek Testament, attacked the translation and the translator. "He has corrected the Vulgate," they said, "and puts himself in the place of Saint Jerome. He sets aside a work authorized by the consent of ages, and inspired by the Holy Ghost. What audacity!" and then, turning over the pages, they pointed out the most odious passages: "Look here! this book calls upon men to *repent*, instead of requiring them, as the Vulgate does, *to do penance!*" (Matt. iv. 17.) The priests thundered against him from their pulpits:[2] "This man has committed the unpardonable sin, they asserted; "for he maintains that there is nothing in common between the Holy Ghost and the monks—that they are logs rather than men!" These simple remarks were received with a general laugh, but the priests, in no wise disconcerted, cried out all the louder: "He's a heretic, an heresiarch, a forger! he's a goose[3].....what do I say? he's a very antichrist!"

It was not sufficient for the papal janissaries to make war in the plain, they must carry it to the higher ground. Was not the king a friend of Erasmus? If he should declare himself a patron of the Greek and Latin Testament, what an awful calamity!".....After having agitated the cloisters, towns, and universities, they resolved to protest against it boldly, even in Henry's presence. They thought: "If he is won, all is won." It happened one day that a certain theologian (whose name is not given) having to preach in his turn before the king, he declaimed violently against the *Greek* language and its new interpreters. Pace, the king's secretary was present, and turning his eyes on Henry, observed him smiling good humouredly. On leaving the church, every one began to exclaim against the preacher. "Bring the priest to me," said the king; and then turning to More, he added: "You shall defend the Greek cause against him, and I will listen to the disputation." The literary tribunal was soon formed, but the sovereign's order had taken away all the priest's courage. He came forward trembling, fell on his knees, and with clasped hands exclaimed: "I know not what spirit impelled me." "A spirit of madness," said the king, "and not the spirit of Jesus Christ."[2] He then added: "Have you ever read Erasmus?" "No, Sire." "Away with you then, you are a blockhead." "And yet," said the preacher in confusion, "I remember to have read something about *Moria*," (Erasmus's treatise on *Folly*.) "A subject, your majesty, that ought to be very familiar to him," wickedly interrupted Pace. The *obscurant* could say nothing in his justification. "I am not altogether opposed to the Greek," he added at last, "seeing that it is derived from the Hebrew."[3] This was greeted with a general laugh, and the king impatiently ordered the monk to leave the room, and never appear before him again.

Erasmus was astonished at these discussions. He had imagined the season to be most favourable. "Every thing looks peaceful," he had said to himself; "now is the time to launch my Greek Testament into the learned world."[4] As well might the sun rise upon the earth, and no one see it! At that very hour God was raising up a monk at Wittemberg who would lift the trumpet to his lips, and proclaim the new day. "Wretch that I am!" exclaimed the timid scholar, beating his breast, "who could have foreseen this horrible tempest!"[5]

Nothing was more important at the dawn of the Reformation than the publication of the Testament of Jesus Christ in the original language. Never had Erasmus worked so carefully. "If I told what sweat it cost me, no one would believe me."[6] He had

[1] Paraclesis ad lectorem pium.

[2] Quam stolide debacchati sunt quidam e suggestis ad populum. Erasm. Ep. p. 1193.

[3] Nos clamitans esse grues (*cranes*) et bestias. Erasm. Ep. p. 914.

[1] Pacæus in regem conjecit oculos.....Is mox Pacæo suaviter arrisit. Ibid.

[2] Tum rex: ut qui inquit, spiritus iste non erat Christi sed stultitiæ. Ibid.

[3] Græcis, inquit, literis non perinde sum infensus, quod originem habeant ex lingua hebraica. Ibid. p. 347.

[4] Erant tempora tranquilla. Erasm. Ep. p. 911.

[5] Quis enim suspicaturus erat hanc fatalem tempestatem exoriturum in orbe? Ibid.

[6] Quantis mihi constiterit sudoribus. Ibid. p 329.

collated many Greek MSS. of the New Testament,[1] and was surrounded by all the commentaries and translations, by the writings of Origen, Cyprian, Ambrose, Basil, Chrysostom, Cyril, Jerome, and Augustine. *Hic sum in campo meo!* he exclaimed as he sat in the midst of his books. He had investigated the texts according to the principles of sacred criticism. When a knowledge of Hebrew was necessary, he had consulted Capito, and more particularly Œcolampadius. *Nothing without Theseus*, said he of the latter, making use of a Greek proverb. He had corrected the amphibologies, obscurities, hebraisms, and barbarisms of the Vulgate; and had caused a list to be printed of the errors in that version.

"We must restore the pure text of the word of God," he had said; and when he heard the maledictions of the priests, he had exclaimed: "I call God to witness I thought I was doing a work acceptable to the Lord and necessary to the cause of Christ."[2] Nor in this was he deceived.

At the head of his adversaries was Edward Lee, successively king's almoner, archdeacon of Colchester, and archbishop of York. Lee, at that time but little known, was a man of talent and activity, but also vain and loquacious, and determined to make his way at any cost. Even when a schoolboy, he looked down on all his companions.[3] As child, youth, man, and in mature years, he was always the same, Erasmus tells us;[4] that is to say, vain, envious, jealous, boasting, passionate, and revengeful. We must bear in mind, however, that when Erasmus describes the character of his opponents, he is far from being an impartial judge. In the bosom of Roman-catholicism, there have always existed well-meaning, though ill-informed men, who, not knowing the interior power of the word of God, have thought that if its authority were substituted for that of the Romish church, the only foundation of truth and of Christian society would be shaken. Yet while we judge Lee less severely than Erasmus does, we cannot close our eyes to his faults. His memory was richly furnished, but his heart was a stranger to divine truth: he was a schoolman and not a believer. He wanted the people to obey the church and not trouble themselves about the Scriptures. He was the Doctor Eck of England, but with more of outward appearance and morality than Luther's adversary. Yet he was by no means a rigid moralist. On one occasion, when preaching at the palace, he introduced ballads into his sermon, one of which began thus:—

"Pass time with good company."

And the other:—

"I love unloved."

We are indebted to Secretary Pace for this characteristic trait.[1]

During the sojourn of Erasmus in England, Lee, observing his influence, had sought his friendship, and Erasmus, with his usual courtesy, had solicited his advice upon his work. But Lee, jealous of his great reputation, only waited for an opportunity to injure it, which he seized upon as soon as it occurred. The New Testament had not been long published, when Lee turned round abruptly, and from being Erasmus's friend became his implacable adversary.[2] "If we do not stop this leak," said he when he heard of the New Testament, "it will sink the ship." Nothing terrifies the defenders of human traditions so much as the word of God.

Lee immediately leagued himself with all those in England who abhorred the study of Scripture, says Erasmus. Although exceedingly conceited, he showed himself the most amiable of men, in order to accomplish his designs. He invited Englishmen to his house, welcomed strangers, and gained many recruits by the excellence of his dinners.[3] While seated at table among his guests, he hinted perfidious charges against Erasmus, and his company left him "loaded with lies."[4] "In this New Testament," said he, "there are three hundred dangerous, frightful passages.....three hundred did I say?.....there are more than a thousand!" Not satisfied with using his tongue, Lee wrote scores of letters, and employed several secretaries. Was there any convent in the odour of sanctity, he "forwarded to it instantly wine, choice viands, and other presents." To each one he assigned his part, and over all England they were rehearsing what Erasmus calls *Lee's tragedy*.[5] In this manner they were preparing the catastrophe; a prison for Erasmus, the fire for the Holy Scriptures.

When all was arranged, Lee issued his manifesto. Although a poor Greek scholar,[6] he drew up some *Annotations* on Erasmus's book, which the latter called "mere abuse and blasphemy;" but which the members of the league regarded as *oracles*. They passed them secretly from hand to hand, and these obscure sheets, by many indirect channels, found their way into every part

[1] Collatis multis Græcorum exemplaribus. Ibid.

[2] Deum testor simpliciter existimabam me rem facere Deo gratam ac rei Christianæ necessariam. Ibid. p. 911.

[3] Solus haberi in pretio volebat. Erasm. Ep. p. 593.

[4] Talis erat puer, talis adolescens, talis juvenis, talis nunc etiam vir est. Ibid. 594.

[1] State Papers, Henry VIII. etc. i. p. 10, pub. 1830.

[2] Subito factus est inimicus. Erasm. Ep. p. 746.

[3] Excipiebat advenas, præsertim Anglos, eos convivüis faciebat suos. Ibid. p. 593.

[4] Abeuntes omni mendaciorum genere dimittebat onustos. Ibid.

[5] Donec Leus ordiretur suam *tragœdiam*. Ibid. p. 913.

[6] Simon, Hist. crit. du N. Test. p. 246.

of England, and met with numerous readers.[1] There was to be no publication—such was the watchword; Lee was too much afraid. "Why did you not publish your work?" asked Erasmus, with cutting irony. "Who knows whether the holy father, appointing you the Aristarchus of letters, might not have sent you a birch to keep the whole world in order!"[2]

The *Annotations* having triumphed in the convents, the *conspiracy* took a new flight. In every place of public resort, at fairs and markets, at the dinner-table and in the council-chamber, in shops, and taverns, and houses of ill-fame, in churches and in the universities, in cottages and in palaces, the league blattered against Erasmus and the Greek Testament.[3] Carmelites, Dominicans, and Sophists, invoked heaven and conjured hell. What need was there of Scripture? Had they not the apostolical succession of the clergy? No hostile landing in England could, in their eyes, be more fatal than that of the New Testament. The whole nation must rise to repel this impudent invasion. There is, perhaps, no country in Europe, where the Reformation was received by so unexpected a storm.

While this rude blast was rushing over England, and roaring in the long galleries of its convents, the still small voice of the Word was making its way into the peaceful homes of praying men, and the ancient halls of Oxford and Cambridge. In private chambers, in the lecture-rooms and refectories, students, and even masters of arts, were to be seen reading the Greek and Latin Testament. Animated groups were discussing the principles of the Reformation. When Christ came on earth (said some) He gave the Word, and when He ascended up into heaven He gave the Holy Spirit. These are the two forces which created the church—and these are the forces that must regenerate it. No (replied the partisans of Rome), it was the teaching of the apostles at first, and it is the teaching of the priests now. The apostles (rejoined the friends of the Testament of Erasmus)—yes, it is true—the apostles were during their ministry a living scripture; but their oral teaching would infallibly have been altered by passing from mouth to mouth. God willed, therefore, that these precious lessons should be preserved to us in their writings, and thus become the ever undefiled source of truth and salvation. To set the Scriptures in the foremost place, as your pretended reformers are doing, replied the schoolmen of Oxford and Cambridge, is to propagate heresy! And what are the reformers doing (asked their apologists) except what Christ did before them? The sayings of the prophets existed in the time of Jesus only as *Scripture*, and it was to this written Word that our Lord appealed when he founded his kingdom.[1] And now in like manner the teaching of the apostles exists only as Scripture, and it is to this written word that we appeal in order to re-establish the kingdom of our Lord in its primitive condition. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; all is in motion—in the lofty halls of our colleges, in the mansions of the rich and noble, and in the lowly dwellings of the poor. If we want to scatter the darkness, must we light the shrivelled wick of some old lamp? Ought we not rather to open the doors and shutters, and admit freely into the house the great light which God has placed in the heavens?

There was in Trinity College, Cambridge, a young doctor, much given to the study of the canon law, of serious turn of mind and bashful disposition, and whose tender conscience strove, although ineffectually, to fulfill the commandments of God. Anxious about his salvation, Thomas Bilney applied to the priests, whom he looked upon as physicians of the soul. Kneeling before his confessor, with humble look and pale face, he told him all his sins, and even those of which he doubted.[2] The priest prescribed at one time fasting, at another prolonged vigils, and then masses and indulgences which cost him dearly.[3] The poor doctor went through all these practices with great devotion, but found no consolation in them. Being weak and slender, his body wasted away by degrees,[4] his understanding grew weaker, his imagination faded, and his purse became empty. "Alas!" said he with anguish, "my last state is worse than the first." From time to time an idea crossed his mind; "May not the priests be seeking their own interest, and not the salvation of my soul?"[5] But immediately rejecting the rash doubt, he fell back under the iron hand of the clergy.

One day Bilney heard his friends talking about a new book: it was the Greek Testament printed with a translation which was highly praised for its elegant latinity.[6] Attracted by the beauty of the style rather than by the divinity of the subject,[7] he

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Liber volitat inter manus conjuratorum. Erasm. Ep. p. 746.

[2] Tibi tradita virgula totius orbis censuram fuerit mandaturus. Ibid. p. 742.

[3] Ut nusquam non blaterent in Erasmum, in compotationibus, in foris, in conciliabulis, in pharmacopoliis, in curribus, in tonstrinis, in fornicibus. ....Erasm. Ep. p. 746.

[1] Matth. xxii. 29; xxvi. 24, 54; Mark, xiv. 49; Luke xviii. 31; xxiv. 27, 44, 45; John v. 39, 46; x. 35; xvii. 12, &c.

[2] In ignaros medicos, indoctos confessionum auditores. Th. Bilnæus Tonstallo Episcopo; Foxe, iv. p. 633.

[3] Indicebant enim mihi jejunia, vigilias, indulgentiarum et missarum emptiones. Ibid.

[4] Ut parum mihi virium (alioqui natura imbecilli) reliquum fuerit. Ibid.

[5] Sua potius quærebant quam salutem animæ meæ languentis. Ibid.

[6] Cum ab eo latinius redditum accepi. Ibid.

[7] Latinitate potius quam verbo Dei, allectus Ibid.

stretched out his hand; but just as he was going to take the volume, fear came upon him and he withdrew it hastily. In fact, the confessors strictly prohibited Greek and Hebrew books, "the sources of all heresies;" and Erasmus's Testament was particularly forbidden. Yet Bilney regretted so great a sacrifice; was it not the Testament of Jesus Christ? Might not God have placed therein some word which perhaps might heal the soul? He stepped forward, and then again shrank back....At last he took courage. Urged, said he, by the hand of God, he walked out of the college, slipped into the house where the volume was sold in secret, bought it with fear and trembling, and then hastened back and shut himself up in his room.[1]

He opened it—his eyes caught these words: *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.*[2] He laid down the book, and meditated on the astonishing declaration.—"What! St. Paul the chief of sinners, and yet St. Paul is sure of being saved!" He read the verse again and again. "O assertion of St. Paul, how sweet art thou to my soul!" he exclaimed.[3] This declaration continually haunted him, and in this manner God instructed him in the secret of his heart.[4] He could not tell what had happened to him;[5] it seemed as if a refreshing wind were blowing over his soul, or as if a rich treasure had been placed in his hands.

The Holy Spirit took what was Christ's, and announced it to him. "I also am like Paul," exclaimed he with emotion, "and more than Paul, the greatest of sinners!..... But Christ saves sinners. At last I have heard of Jesus."[6]

His doubts were ended—he was saved. Then took place in him a wonderful transformation. An unknown joy pervaded him;[7] his conscience, until then sore with the wounds of sin, was healed;[8] instead of despair he felt an inward peace passing all understanding.[9] "Jesus Christ," exclaimed he; "yes, Jesus Christ saves!".... Such is the character of the Reformation: it is Jesus Christ who saves, and not the church. "I see it all," said Bilney; "my vigils, my fasts, my pilgrimages, my purchase of masses and indulgences were destroying instead of saving me.[10] All these efforts were, as St. Augustine says, a hasty running out of the right way."[1]

Bilney never grew tired of reading his New Testament. He no longer lent an attentive ear to the teaching of the schoolmen: he heard Jesus at Capernaum, Peter in the temple, Paul on Mars' hill, and felt within himself that Christ possesses the words of eternal life. A witness to Jesus Christ had just been born by the same power which had transformed Paul, Apollos, and Timothy. The Reformation of England was beginning. Bilney was united to the Son of God, not by a remote succession, but by an immediate generation. Leaving to the disciples of the pope the entangled chain of their imaginary succession, whose links it is impossible to disengage, he attached himself closely to Christ. The word of the first century gave birth to the sixteenth. Protestantism does not descend from the gospel in the fiftieth generation like the Romish church of the Council of Trent, or in the sixtieth like some modern doctors: it is the direct legitimate son—the son of the master.

God's action was not limited to one spot. The first rays of the sun from on high gilded with their fires at once the gothic colleges of Oxford and the antique schools of Cambridge.

Along the banks of the Severn extends a picturesque country, bounded by the forest of Dean, and sprinkled with villages, steeples, and ancient castles. In the sixteenth century it was particularly admired by priests and friars, and a familiar oath among them was: "As sure as God's in Glo'ster!" The papal birds of prey had swooped upon it. For fifty years, from 1484 to 1534, four Italian bishops, placed in succession over the diocese, had surrendered it to the pope, to the monks, and to immorality. Thieves in particular were the objects of the tenderest favors of the hierarchy. John de Giglis, collector of the apostolical chamber, had received from the sovereign pontiff authority to pardon murder and theft, on condition that the criminal shared his profits with the pontifical commissioners.[2]

In this valley, at the foot of Stinchcomb hill, to the south-west of Gloucester, there dwelt, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, a family which had taken refuge there during the wars of the Roses, and assumed the name of Hutchins. In the reign of Henry VII. the Lancasterian party having the upper hand, they resumed their name of Tyndale, which had been borne of yore by many noble barons.[3] In 1484, about a year after the birth of Luther, and about the time that Zwingle first saw light in the

[1] Emebam providentiâ (sine dubio) divinâ. Foxe, iv. p. 633.
[2] 1 Tim. i. 15.
[3] O mihi suavissimam Pauli sententiam. Foxe, iv. p. 633.
[4] Hac una sententia, Deo intus in corde meo docente. Ibid.
[5] Quod tunc fieri ignorabam. Ibid.
[6] Tandem de Jesu audiebam. Ibid.
[7] Sic exhilaravit pectus meum. Ibid.
[8] Peccatorum conscientia saucium ac pene desperabundum. Ibid.
[9] Nescio quantam intus tranquillitatum sentire. Ibid.
[10] Didici omnes meos conatus, etc. Foxe, iv. p. 633.

[1] Quod ait Augustinus, celerum cursum extra viam. Ibid.
[2] Annals of the English Bible, i. p. 12.
[3] Bigland's Glo'ster, p. 293. Annals of the English Bible, i. p. 19.

mountains of the Tockenburg, these partisans of the *red rose* were blessed with a son, whom they called William. His youth was passed in the fields surrounding his native village of North Nibley, beneath the shadows of Berkeley Castle, or beside the rapid waters of the Severn, and in the midst of friars and pontifical collectors. He was sent very early to Oxford,[1] where he learnt grammar and philosophy in the school of St. Mary Magdalene, adjoining the college of that name. He made rapid progress, particularly in languages, under the first classical scholars in England—Grocyn, W. Latimer, and Linacre, and took his degrees.[2] A more excellent master than these doctors—the Holy Spirit speaking in Scripture—was soon to teach him a science which it is not in the power of man to impart.

Oxford, where Erasmus had so many friends, was the city in which his New Testament met with the warmest welcome. The young Gloucestershire student, inwardly impelled towards the study of sacred literature, read the celebrated book which was then attracting the attention of Christendom. At first he regarded it only as a work of learning, or at most as a manual of piety, whose beauties were calculated to excite religious feelings; but ere long he found it to be something more. The more he read it, the more was he struck by the truth and energy of the word. This strange book spoke to him of God, of Christ, and of regeneration, with a simplicity and authority which completely subdued him. William had found a master whom he had not sought at Oxford—this was God himself. The pages he held in his hand were the divine revelation so long mislaid. Possessing a noble soul, a bold spirit, and indefatigable activity, he did not keep this treasure to himself. He uttered that cry, more suited to a Christian than to Archimedes: εὕρηκα, *I have found it.* It was not long before several of the younger members of the university, attracted by the purity of his life and the charms of his conversation,[3] gathered round him, and read with him the Greek and Latin gospels of Erasmus.[4] "A certain well-informed young man," wrote Erasmus in a letter wherein he speaks of the publication of his New Testament, "began to lecture with success on Greek literature at Oxford."[5] He was probably speaking of Tyndale.

The monks took the alarm. "*A barbarian,*" continues Erasmus, "entered the pulpit and violently abused the Greek language." "These folk," said Tyndale, "wished to extinguish the light which exposed their trickery, and they have been laying their plans these dozen years."[1] This observation was made in 1531, and refers therefore to the proceeding of 1517. Germany and England were beginning the struggle at nearly the same time, and Oxford perhaps before Wittemberg. Tyndale, bearing in mind the injunction: "When they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another," left Oxford and proceeded to Cambridge. It must needs be that souls whom God has brought to his knowledge should meet and enlighten one another: live coals, when separated, go out; when gathered together, they brighten up, so as even to purify silver and gold. The Romish hierarchy, not knowing what they did, were collecting the scattered brands of the Reformation.

Bilney was not inactive at Cambridge. Not long had the "sublime lesson of Jesus Christ" filled him with joy, before he fell on his knees and exclaimed: "O Thou who art the truth, give me strength that I may teach it: and convert the ungodly by means of one who has been ungodly himself."[2] After this prayer his eyes gleamed with new fire; he had assembled his friends, and opening Erasmus's Testament, had placed his finger on the words that had reached his soul, and these words had touched many. The arrival of Tyndale gave him fresh courage, and the light burnt brighter in Cambridge.

John Fryth, a young man of eighteen, the son of an inn-keeper of Sevenoaks in Kent, was distinguished among the students of King's College by the promptitude of his understanding and the integrity of his life. He was as deeply read in the mathematics as Tyndale in the classics and Bilney in canon law. Although of an exact turn of mind, yet his soul was elevated, and he recognised in Holy Scripture a learning of a new kind. "These things are not demonstrated like a proposition of Euclid," he said; "mere study is sufficient to impress the theories of mathematics on our minds; but this science of God meets with a resistance in man that necessitates the intervention of a divine power. Christianity is a regeneration." The heavenly seed soon grew up in Fryth's heart.[3]

These three young scholars set to work with enthusiasm. They declared that neither priestly absolution nor any other religious rite could give remission of sins; that the assurance of pardon is obtained by faith alone; and that faith purifies the heart. Then they addressed to all men that

[1] From a child. Foxe, Acts and Mon. v. p. 115.
[2] Proceedings in degrees of the schools. Ibid.
[3] His manners and conversation being correspondent to the Scriptures. Foxe, Acts and Mon. v. p. 115.
[4] Read privily to certain students and fellows, instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures. Ibid.
[5] Oxoniæ cum juvenis quidam non vulgariter doctus. Erasm. Ep. p. 346

[1] Which they have been in brewing as I hear this dozen years. Tyndale's Expositions (Park Soc.), p. 225.
[2] Ut impii ad ipsum per me olim impium converterentur. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 633.
[3] Through Tyndale's instructions he first received into his heart the seed of the Gospel. Ibid. v. p. 4.

saying of Christ's at which the monks were so offended: *Repent and be converted!*

Ideas so new produced a great clamour. A famous orator undertook one day at Cambridge to show that it was useless to preach conversion to the sinner. "Thou who, for sixty years past," said he, "hast wallowed in thy lusts, like a sow in her mire,[1] dost thou think that thou canst in one year take as many steps towards heaven, and that in thine age, as thou hast done towards hell?" Bilney left the church with indignation. "Is that preaching repentance in the name of Jesus?" he asked. "Does not this priest tell us: Christ will not save thee.[2] Alas! for so many years that this deadly doctrine has been taught in Christendom, not one man has dared open his mouth against it!" Many of the Cambridge fellows were scandalized at Bilney's language: was not the preacher whose teaching he condemned duly *ordained* by the bishop? He replied: "What would be the use of being a hundred times consecrated, were it even by a thousand papal bulls, if the inward calling is wanting?[3] To no purpose hath the bishop breathed on our heads if we have never felt the breath of the Holy Ghost in our hearts?" Thus, at the very beginning of the Reformation, England, rejecting the Romish superstitions, discerned with extreme nicety what constitutes the essence of consecration to the service of the Lord.

After pronouncing these noble words, Bilney, who longed for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, shut himself up in his room, fell on his knees, and called upon God to come to the assistance of his church. Then rising up, he exclaimed, as if animated by a prophetic spirit: "A new time is beginning. The Christian assembly is about to be renewed.....Some one is coming unto us, I see him, I hear him—it is Jesus Christ.[4] .....He is the king, and it is he who will call the true ministers commissioned to evangelize his people."

Tyndale, full of the same hopes as Bilney, left Cambridge in the course of the year 1519.

Thus the English Reformation began independently of those of Luther and Zwingle —deriving its origin from God alone. In every province of Christendom there was a simultaneous action of the divine word. The principle of the Reformation at Oxford, Cambridge, and London, was the *Greek New Testament*, published by Erasmus. England, in course of time, learnt to be proud of this origin of its Reformation.

This revival caused great alarm throughout the Roman hierarchy. Content with the baptism they administered, they feared the baptism of the Holy Ghost perfected by faith in the word of God. Some of the clergy, who were full of zeal, but of zeal without knowledge, prepared for the struggle, and the cries raised by the prelates were repeated by all the inferior orders.

The first blows did not fall on the members of the universities, but on those humble Christians, the relics of Wickliffe's ministry, to whom the reform movement among the learned had imparted a new life. The awakening of the fourteenth century was about to be succeeded by that of the sixteenth, and the last gleams of the closing day were almost lost in the first rays of that which was commencing. The young doctors of Oxford and Cambridge aroused the attention of the alarmed hierarchy, and attracted their eyes to the humble Lollards, who here and there still recalled the days of Wickliffe.

An artisan named Thomas Man, sometimes called Doctor Man, from his knowledge of Holy Scripture, had been imprisoned for his faith in the priory of Fridéswide at Oxford. (1511 A. D.) Tormented by the remembrance of a recantation which had been extorted from him, he had escaped from this monastery and fled into the eastern parts of England, where he had preached the Word, supplying his daily wants by the labour of his hands.[1] This "champion of God" afterwards drew near the capital, and assisted by his wife, the new Priscilla of this new Aquila, he proclaimed the doctrine of Christ to the crowd collected around him in some "upper chamber" of London, or in some lonely meadow watered by the Thames, or under the aged oaks of Windsor Forest. He thought with Chrysostom of old, that "all priests are not saints, but all saints are priests."[2] "He that receiveth the word of God," said he, "receiveth God himself; that is the true *real presence*. The vendors of masses are not the high-priests of this mystery;[3] but the men whom God hath *anointed with his Spirit* to be kings and priests." From six to seven hundred persons were converted by his preaching.[4]

The monks, who dared not as yet attack the universities, resolved to fall upon those preachers who made their temple on the banks of the Thames, or in some remote corner of the city. Man was seized, condemned, and burnt alive on the 29th March 1519.

And this was not all. There lived at Coventry a little band of serious Christians —four shoemakers, a glover, a hosier, and a widow named Smith—who gave their children a pious education. The Francis-

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Even as a beast in his own dung. Bilnæus Tonstallo Episcopo; Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 640.

[2] He will not be thy Jesus or Saviour. Ibid.

[3] Without this inward calling it helpeth nothing before God to be a hundred times elect and consecrated. Ibid. p. 638.

[4] If it be Christ, him that cometh unto us. Ibid. p. 637.

[1] Work thereby to sustain his poor life. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 209.

[2] Chrysostom, 43 Homily on Matth.

[3] He called them *pilled knaves*. Foxe, iv. p. 209.

[4] Ibid. p. 211.

cans were annoyed that *laymen*, and even a *woman*, should dare meddle with religious instruction. On Ash Wednesday (1519), Simon Morton, the bishop's sumner, apprehended them all, men, women, and children. On the following Friday, the parents were taken to the abbey of Mackstock, about six miles from Coventry, and the children to the Greyfriars' convent. "Let us see what heresies you have been taught?" said Friar Stafford to the intimidated little ones. The poor children confessed they had been taught in English the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, and the ten commandments. On hearing this, Stafford told them angrily: "I forbid you (unless you wish to be burnt as your parents will be) to have anything to do with the *Pater*, the *credo*, or the ten commandments in *English*."

Five weeks after this, the men were condemned to be burnt alive; but the judges had compassion on the widow because of her young family (for she was their only support), and let her go. It was night: Morton offered to see Dame Smith home; she took his arm, and they threaded the dark and narrow streets of Coventry. "Eh! eh!" said the apparitor on a sudden, "what have we here?" He heard in fact the noise of paper rubbing against something. "What have you got there?" he continued, dropping her arm, and putting his hand up her sleeve, from which he drew out a parchment. Approaching a window whence issued the faint rays of a lamp, he examined the mysterious scroll, and found it to contain the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, and the ten commandments *in English*. "Oh, oh! sirrah!" said he; "come along. As good now as another time!"[1] Then seizing the poor widow by the arm, he dragged her before the bishop. Sentence of death was immediately pronounced on her; and on the 4th of April, Dame Smith, Robert Hatchets, Archer, Hawkins, Thomas Bond, Wrigsham, and Landsdale, were burnt alive at Coventry in the Little Park, for the crime of teaching their children the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, and the commandments of God.

But what availed it to silence these obscure lips, so long as the Testament of Erasmus could speak? Lee's conspiracy must be revived. Standish, bishop of St. Asaph, was a narrow-minded man, rather fanatical, but probably sincere, of great courage, and not without some degree of piety. This prelate, being determined to preach a crusade against the New Testament, began at London, in St. Paul's cathedral, before the mayor and corporation. "Away with these new translations," he said, "or else the religion of Jesus Christ is threatened with utter ruin."[2] But Standish was deficient in tact, and instead of confining himself to general statements, like most of his party, he endeavoured to show how far Erasmus had corrupted the gospel, and continued thus in a whining voice: "Must I who for so many years have been a doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and who have always read in my Bible: *In principio erat* VERBUM—must I now be obliged to read: *In principio erat* SERMO?" for thus had Erasmus translated the opening words of St. John's Gospel. *Risum teneatis*, whispered one to another, when they heard this puerile charge: "My lord," proceeded the bishop, turning to the mayor, "magistrates of the city, and citizens all, fly to the succor of religion!" Standish continued his pathetic appeals, but his oratory was all in vain; some stood unmoved, others shrugged their shoulders, and others grew impatient. The citizens of London seemed determined to support liberty and the Bible.

Standish, seeing the failure of his attack in the city, sighed and groaned and prayed and repeated mass against the so much dreaded book. But he also made up his mind to do more. One day, during the rejoicings at court for the betrothal of the Princess Mary, then two years old, with a French prince who was just born, St. Asaph, absorbed and absent in the midst of the gay crowd, meditated a bold step. Suddenly he made his way through the crowd, and threw himself at the feet of the king and queen. All were thunderstruck, and asked one another what the old bishop could mean. "Great king," said he, "your ancestors, who have reigned over this island—and yours, O great queen, who have governed Aragon, were always distinguished by their zeal for the church. Show yourselves worthy of your forefathers. Times full of danger are come upon us,[1] a book has just appeared, and been published too by Erasmus! It is such a book that, if you close not your kingdom against it, it is all over with the religion of Christ among us."

The bishop ceased, and a dead silence ensued. The devout Standish, fearing lest Henry's well-known love of learning should be an obstacle to his prayer, raised his eyes and his hand toward heaven, and, kneeling in the midst of the courtly assembly, exclaimed in a sorrowful tone: "O Christ! O Son of God: save thy spouse!..... for no man cometh to her help."[2]

Having thus spoken, the prelate, whose courage was worthy of a better cause, rose up and waited. Every one strove to guess at the king's thoughts. Sir Thomas More was present, and he could not forsake his friend Erasmus. "What are the heresies this book is likely to engender?" he in-

[1] Foxe, Acts. iv. p. 357.

[2] Imminere christianæ religionis πανολετρειαν, nisi novæ translationes omnes subito de medio tollerentur. Erasm. Ep. p. 596.

[1] Adesse tempora longe periculosissima. Erasm. Ep. p. 597.

[2] Cæpit obsecrare Christum dignaretur ipse suæ sponsæ opitulari. Erasm. Ep. p. 598.

quired. After the sublime came the ridiculous. With the forefinger of his right hand, touching successively the fingers of his left,[1] Standish replied. "First, this book destroys *the resurrection;* secondly, it annuls the *sacrament of marriage;* thirdly, it abolishes *the mass.*" Then, uplifting his thumb and two fingers, he showed them to the assembly with a look of triumph. The bigoted Catherine shuddered as she saw Standish's three fingers,—signs of the three heresies of Erasmus; and Henry himself, an admirer of Aquinas, was embarrassed. It was a critical moment: the Greek Testament was on the point of being banished from England. "The proof, the proof," exclaimed the friends of literature. "I will give it," rejoined the impetuous Standish, and then once more touching his left thumb: "Firstly," he said.....But he brought forward such foolish reasons, that even the women and the unlearned were ashamed of them. The more he endeavoured to justify his assertions, the more confused he became: he affirmed among other things that the Epistles of St. Paul were written in *Hebrew.* "There is not a schoolboy that does not know that Paul's epistles were written in *Greek,*" said a doctor of divinity, kneeling before the king. Henry, blushing for the bishop, turned the conversation, and Standish, ashamed at having made a Greek write to the Greeks in Hebrew, would have withdrawn unobserved. "The beetle must not attack the eagle,"[2] was whispered in his ear. Thus did the book of God remain in England the standard of a faithful band, who found in its pages the motto, which the church of Rome had usurped: *The truth is in me alone.*

A more formidable adversary than Standish aspired to combat the Reformation, not only in England, but in all the West. One of those ambitious designs, which easily germinate in the human heart, developed itself in the soul of the chief minister of Henry VIII.; and if this project succeeded, it promised to secure for ever the empire of the papacy on the banks of the Thames, and perhaps in the whole of Christendom.

Wolsey, as chancellor and legate, governed both in state and in church, and could, without an untruth, utter his famous *Ego et rex meus.* Having reached so great a height, he desired to soar still higher. The favourite of Henry VIII. almost his master, treated as a brother by the emperor, by the king of France, and by other crowned heads, invested with the title of Majesty, the peculiar property of sovereigns,[3] the cardinal, sincere in his faith in the popedom, aspired to fill the throne of the pontiffs, and thus become *Deus in terris.* He thought, that if God permitted a Luther to appear in the world, it was because he had a Wolsey to oppose him.

It would be difficult to fix the precise moment when this immoderate desire entered his mind: it was about the end of 1518 that it began to show itself. The bishop of Ely, ambassador at the court of Francis I., being in conference with that prince on the 18th of December in that year, said to him mysteriously: "The cardinal has an idea in his mind.....or which he can unbosom himself to nobody.....except it be to your majesty." Francis understood him.

An event occurred to facilitate the cardinal's plans. If Wolsey desired to be the first priest, Henry desired to be the first king. The imperial crown, vacant by the death of Maximilian, was sought by two princes:—by Charles of Austria a cold and calculating man, caring little about the pleasures and even the pomp of power, but forming great designs, and knowing how to pursue them with energy: and by Francis I., a man of less penetrating glance and less indefatigable activity, but more daring and impetuous. Henry VIII., inferior to both, passionate, capricious, and selfish, thought himself strong enough to contend with such puissant competitors, and secretly strove to win "the monarchy of all Christendom."[1] Wolsey flattered himself that, hidden under the cloak of his master's ambition, he might satisfy his own. If he procured the crown of the Cæsars for Henry, he might easily obtain the tiara of the popes for himself; if he failed, the least that could be done to compensate England for the loss of the empire, would be to give the sovereignty of the church to her prime minister.

Henry first sounded the king of France. Sir Thomas Boleyn appeared one day before Francis I. just as the latter was returning from mass. The king, desirous to anticipate a confidence that might be embarrassing, took the ambassador aside to the window and whispered to him: "Some of the electors have offered me the empire; I hope your master will be favourable to me." Sir Thomas, in confusion, made some vague reply, and the chivalrous king, following up his idea, took the ambassador firmly by one hand, and laying the other on his breast,[2] exclaimed: "By my faith, if I become emperor, in three years I shall be in Constantinople, or I shall die on the road!" This was not what Henry wanted but dissembling his wishes, he took care to inform Francis that he would support his

[1] Et rem in digitos porrectos dispartiens. Ibid.
[2] Scarabæus ille qui maximo suo malo aquilam quæsivit. Erasm. Ep. p. 555.
[3] Consultissima tua Majestas. Vestra sublimis et longe reverendissima Majestas, etc. Fiddes, Bodleian Pape 3, p. 178.

[1] Cotton MSS. Brit. Mus. Calig. D. 7, p. 88.
[2] He took me hard by the wrist with one hand, and laid the other upon his breast. Ibid. D. 8, p. 93.

candidature. Upon hearing this Francis raised his hat and exclaimed: "I desire to see the king of England; I will see him, I tell you, even if I go to London with only one page and one lackey."

Francis was well aware that if he threatened the king's ambition, he must flatter the minister's, and recollecting the hint given by the bishop of Ely, he said one day to Boleyn: "It seems to me that my brother of England and I could do, indeed ought to do.....something for the cardinal. He was prepared by God for the good of Christendom.....one of the greatest men in the church.....and on the word of a king, if he consents, I will do it." A few minutes after he continued: "Write and tell the cardinal, that if he aspires to be the head of the church, and if any thing should happen to the reigning pope, I will promise him fourteen cardinals on my part.[1] Let us only act in concert, your master and me, and I promise you, Master Ambassador, that neither pope nor emperor shall be created in Europe without our consent."

But Henry did not act in concert with the king of France. At Wolsey's instigation he supported three candidates at once: at Paris he was for Francis I.; at Madrid for Charles V.; and at Frankfort for himself. The kings of France and England failed, and on the 10th August, Pace, Henry's envoy at Frankfort, having returned to England, desired to console the king by mentioning the sums of money which Charles had spent. "By the mass!"[2] exclaimed the king, congratulating himself at not having obtained the crown at so dear a rate. Wolsey proposed to sing a *Te Deum* in St. Paul's, and bonfires were lighted in the city.

The cardinal's rejoicings were not misplaced. Charles had scarcely ascended the imperial throne, in despite of the king of France, when these two princes swore eternal hatred of each other, and each was anxious to win over Henry VIII. At one time Charles, under the pretence of seeing his uncle and aunt, visited England; at another, Francis had an interview with the king in the neighbourhood of Calais. The cardinal shared in the flattering attentions of the two monarchs. "It is easy for the king of Spain, who has become the head of the empire, to raise whomsoever he pleases to the supreme pontificate," said the young emperor to him; and at these words the ambitious cardinal surrendered himself to Maximilian's successor. But erelong Francis I. flattered him in his turn, and Wolsey replied also to his advances. The king of France gave Henry tournaments and banquets of Asiatic luxury; and Wolsey, whose countenance yet bore the marks of the graceful smile with which he had taken leave of Charles, smiled also on Francis, and sang mass in his honour. He engaged the hand of the Princess Mary to the dauphin of France and to Charles V., leaving the care of unravelling the matter to futurity. Then, proud of his skilful practices, he returned to London full of hope. By walking in falsehood he hoped to attain the tiara: and if it was yet too far above him, there were certain *gospellers* in England who might serve as a ladder to reach it. Murder might serve as the complement to fraud.

Whilst this ambitious prelate was thinking of nothing but his own glory and that of the Roman pontificate, a great desire, but of a very different nature, was springing up in the heart of one of the humble "gospellers" of England. If Wolsey had his eyes fixed on the throne of the popedom in order to seat himself there, Tyndale thought of raising up the true throne of the church by re-establishing the legitimate sovereignty of the word of God. The Greek Testament of Erasmus had been one step; and it now became necessary to place before the simple what the king of the schools had given to the learned. This idea, which pursued the young Oxford doctor everywhere, was to be the mighty mainspring of the English Reformation.

On the slope of Sodbury hill there stood a plain but large mansion, commanding an extensive view over the beautiful vale of the Severn, where Tyndale was born. It was inhabited by a family of gentle birth; Sir John Walsh had shone in the tournaments of the court, and by this means conciliated the favour of his prince. He kept open table; and gentlemen, deans, abbots, archdeacons, doctors of divinity, and fat rectors, charmed by Sir John's cordial welcome and by his good dinners, were ever at his house. The former brother-at-arms of Henry VIII. felt an interest in the questions then discussing throughout Christendom. Lady Walsh, herself a sensible and generous woman, lost not a word of the animated conversation of her guests, and discreetly tried to incline the balance to the side of truth.[1]

Tyndale, after leaving Oxford and Cambridge, had returned to the home of his fathers. Sir John had requested him to educate his children, and he had accepted. William was then in the prime of life (he was about thirty-six), well instructed in Scripture, and full of desire to show forth the light which God had given him. Opportunities were not wanting. Seated at table with all the doctors welcomed by Sir John,[2] Tyndale entered into conversation with them. They talked of the learned men of the day—of Erasmus much, and some-

[1] He will assure you full fourteen cardinals for him. Cotton MSS., Calig. D. F. p. 98.

[2] By the messe! State Papers, i. 9.

[1] Lady Walsh, a stout and wise woman. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 115.

[2] Who were together with Master Tyndale sitting at the same table. Ibid.

times of Luther, who was beginning to astonish England.[1] They discussed several questions touching the Holy Scriptures, and sundry points of theology. Tyndale expressed his convictions with admirable clearness, supported them with great learning, and kept his ground against all with unbending courage. These animated conversations in the vale of the Severn are one of the essential features of the picture presented by the Reformation in this country. The historians of antiquity invented the speeches which they have put into the mouths of their heroes. In our times history, without inventing, should make us acquainted with the sentiments of the persons of whom it treats. It is sufficient to read Tyndale's works to form some idea of these conversations. It is from his writings that the following discussion has been drawn.

In the dining-room of the old hall a varied group was assembled round the hospitable table. There were Sir John and Lady Walsh, a few gentlemen of the neighbourhood, with several abbots, deans, monks, and doctors, in their respective costumes. Tyndale occupied the humblest place, and generally kept Erasmus's New Testament within reach in order to prove what he advanced.[2] Numerous domestics were moving about engaged in waiting on the guests; and at length the conversation, after wandering a little, took a more precise direction. The priests grew impatient when they saw the terrible volume appear. "Your Scriptures only serve to make heretics," they exclaimed. "On the contrary," replied Tyndale, "the source of all heresies is *pride;* now the word of God strips man of everything and leaves him as bare as Job."[3]—"*The word of God!* why even *we* don't understand your word, how can the *vulgar* understand it?"—"You do not understand it," rejoined Tyndale, "because you look into it only for foolish questions, as you would into *our Lady's Matins* or *Merlin's Prophecies.*[4] Now the Scriptures are a clue which we must follow, without turning aside, until we arrive at Christ;[5] for Christ is the end."—"And I tell you," shouted out a priest, "that the Scriptures are a Dædalian labyrinth, rather than Ariadne's clue—a conjuring book wherein everybody finds what he wants."—"Alas!" replied Tyndale; "you read them without Jesus Christ; that's why they are an obscure book to you. What do I say? a den of thorns where you only escape from the briars to be caught by the brambles."[1] "No!" exclaimed another clerk, heedless of contradicting his colleague, "nothing is obscure to us; it is we who give the Scriptures, and we who explain them to you."—"You would lose both your time and your trouble," said Tyndale; "do you know who taught the eagles to find their prey?[2] Well, that same God teaches his hungry children to find their Father in his word. Far from having given us the Scriptures, it is you who have hidden them from us; it is you who burn those who teach them, and if you could, you would burn the Scriptures themselves."

Tyndale was not satisfied with merely laying down the great principles of faith: he always sought after what he calls "the sweet marrow within;" but to the divine unction he added no little humour, and unmercifully ridiculed the superstitions of his adversaries. "You set candles before images," he said to them; "and since you give them *light*, why don't you give them *food?* Why don't you make their bellies hollow, and put victuals and drink inside?[3] To serve God by such mummeries is treating him like a spoilt child, whom you pacify with a toy or with a horse made of a stick."[4]

But the learned Christian soon returned to more serious thoughts; and when his adversaries extolled the papacy as the power that would save the church in the tempest, he replied: "Let us only take on board the anchor of faith, after having dipped it in the blood of Christ,[5] and when the storm bursts upon us, let us boldly cast the anchor into the sea; then you may be sure the ship will remain safe on the great waters." And, in fine, if his opponent rejected any doctrine of the truth, Tyndale (says the chronicler) opening his Testament would set his finger on the verse which refuted the Romish error, and exclaim: "Look and read."[6]

The beginnings of the English Reformation are not to be found, as we have seen, in a material ecclesiasticism, which has been decorated with the name of *English Catholicism:* they are essentially spiritual. The Divine Word, the creator of the new life in the individual, is also the founder and reformer of the church. The reformed churches, and particularly the reformed churches of Great Britain, belong to evangelism.

[1] Talk of learned men, as of Luther and Erasmus, &c. Ibid.

[2] When they at any time did vary from Tyndale in opinions and judgment, he would show them in the book. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 115.

[3] Tyndale, Expositions (Park. Soc.) p. 140.

[4] Ibid. p. 141.

[5] So along by the Scripture as by a line until thou come to Christ. Tynd. Works, i. 354 (ed. Russell.)

[1] A grave of briars; if thou loose thyself in one place thou art caught in another. Tyndale, Expositions, p. 5.

[2] Tyndale, Answer to More (Park. Soc.), p. 49.

[3] Make a hollow belly in the image. Ibid. p. 81

[4] Make him a horse of a stick. Tyndale's Works (ed Russell) ii. 475.

[5] Ibid. Expositions (Park. Soc.), p. 15.

[6] And lay plainly before them the open and manifest places of the Scriptures, to confute their errors and confirm his sayings. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 115.

The contemplation of God's works refreshed Tyndale after the discussions he had to maintain at his patron's table. He would often ramble to the top of Sodbury hill, and there repose amidst the ruins of an ancient Roman camp which crowned the summit. It was here that Queen Margaret of Anjou halted; and here too rest Edward IV., who pursued her, before the fatal battle of Tewkesbury, which caused this princess to fall in the hands of the White Rose. Amidst these ruins, monuments of the Roman invasion and of the civil dissensions of England, Tyndale meditated upon other battles, which were to restore liberty and truth to Christendom. Then rousing himself he would descend the hill, and courageously resume his task.

Behind the mansion stood a little church, overshadowed by two large yew trees, and dedicated to St. Adeline. On Sundays, Tyndale used to preach there, Sir John and Lady Walsh, with the eldest of the children, occupying the manorial pew. This humble sanctuary was filled by their household and tenantry, listening attentively to the words of their teacher, which fell from his lips like *the waters of Shiloah that goeth softly*. Tyndale was very lively in conversation; but he explained the Scriptures with so much unction, says the chronicler, "that his hearers thought they heard St. John himself." If he resembled John in the mildness of his language, he resembled Paul in the strength of his doctrine. "According to the pope," he said, "we must first be good after his doctrine, and compel God to be good again for our goodness. Nay, verily, God's goodness is the root of all goodness. Antichrist turneth the tree of salvation topsyturvey:[1] he planteth the branches, and setteth the roots upwards. We must put it straight.....As the husband marrieth the wife, before he can have any lawful children by her; even so faith justifieth us to make us fruitful in good works.[2] But neither the one nor the other should remain barren. Faith is the holy candle wherewith we must bless ourselves at the last hour; without it you will go astray in the valley of the shadow of death, though you had a thousand tapers lighted around your bed."[3]

The priests, irritated at such observations, determined to ruin Tyndale, and some of them invited Sir John and his lady to an entertainment, at which he was not present. During dinner, they so abused the young doctor and his New Testament, that his patrons retired greatly annoyed that their tutor should have made so many enemies. They told him all they had heard, and Tyndale successfully refuted his adversaries' arguments. "What!" exclaimed Lady Walsh, "there are some of these doctors worth one hundred, some two hundred, and some three hundred pounds[1].....and were it reason, think you, Master William, that we should believe you before them?" Tyndale, opening the New Testament, replied: "No! it is not me you should believe. That is what the priests have told you; but look here, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Lord himself say quite the contrary."[2] The word of God was there, positive and supreme: the sword of the Spirit cut the difficulty.

Before long the manor-house and St. Adeline's church became too narrow for Tyndale's zeal. He preached every Sunday, sometimes in a village, sometimes in a town. The inhabitants of Bristol assembled to hear him in a large meadow, called St. Austin's Green.[3] But no sooner had he preached in any place than the priest hastened thither, tore up what he had planted,[4] called him a heretic and threatened to expel from the church every one who dared listen to him. When Tyndale returned he found the field laid waste by the enemy; and looking sadly upon it, as the husbandman who sees his corn beaten down by the hail, and his rich furrows turned into a barren waste, he exclaimed: "What is to be done? While I am sowing in one place, the enemy ravages the field I have just left. I cannot be every where. Oh! if Christians possessed the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue, they could of themselves withstand these sophists. Without the Bible it is impossible to establish the laity in the truth."[5]

Then a great idea sprung up in Tyndale's heart: "It was in the language of Israel," said he, "that the Psalms were sung in the temple of Jehovah; and shall not the gospel speak the language of England among us?.....Ought the church to have less light at noonday than at the dawn?.....Christians must read the New Testament in their mother-tongue." Tyndale believed that this idea proceeded from God. The new sun would lead to the discovery of a new world, and the infallible rule would make all human diversities give way to a divine unity. "One holdeth this doctor and another that," said Tyndale; "one followeth Duns Scotus, another St. Thomas, another Bonaventure, Alexander Hales, Raymond of Penaford, Lyra, Gor-

[1] Antichrist turneth the roots of the trees upward. Tyndale, Doctrinal Treatises (Park. Soc.), p. 295.

[2] Tyndale, Parable of the Wicked Mammon. Doctrinal Treatises (Park. Soc.), p. 126.

[3] Though thou hadst a thousand holy candles about thee. Ibid. p. 49

[1] Well, there was such a doctor who may dispend a hundred pounds. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 115.

[2] Answering by the Scriptures maintained the truth. Ibid.

[3] Ibid. p. 117.

[4] Whatsoever truth is taught them, these enemies of all truth quench it again. Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 394.

[5] Impossible to establish the lay people in any truth, except the Scripture were plainly laid before their eyes in their mother tongue. Ibid.

ram, Hugh de Sancto Victore, and so many others besides.....Now, each of these authors contradicts the other. How then can we distinguish him who says right from him who says wrong?.....How?.....Verily, by God's word."[1] Tyndale hesitated no longer.....While Wolsey sought to win the papal tiara, the humble tutor of Sodbury undertook to place the torch of heaven in the midst of his fellow-countrymen. The translation of the Bible shall be the work of his life.

The first triumph of the word was a revolution in the manor-house. In proportion as Sir John and Lady Walsh acquired a taste for the gospel, they became disgusted with the priests. The clergy were not so often invited to Sodbury, nor did they meet with the same welcome.[2] They soon discontinued their visits, and thought of nothing but how they could drive Tyndale from the mansion and from the diocese.

Unwilling to compromise themselves in this warfare, they sent forward some of those light troops which the church has always at her disposal. Mendicant friars and poor curates, who could hardly understand their missal, and the most learned of whom made *Albertus de secretis mulierum* their habitual study, fell upon Tyndale like a pack of hungry hounds. They trooped to the alehouses,[3] and calling for a jug of beer, took their seats, one at one table, another at another. They invited the peasantry to drink with them, and entering into conversation with them, poured forth a thousand curses upon the daring reformer: "He's a hypocrite," said one; "he's a heretic," said another. The most skillful among them would mount upon a stool, and turning the tavern into a temple, deliver, for the first time in his life, an extemporaneous discourse. They reported words that Tyndale had never uttered, and actions that he had never committed.[4] Rushing upon the poor tutor (he himself informs us) "like unclean swine that follow their carnal lusts,"[5] they tore his good name to very tatters, and shared the spoil among them; while the audience, excited by their calumnies and heated by the beer, departed overflowing with rage and hatred against the heretic of Sodbury.

After the monks came the dignitaries. The deans and abbots, Sir John's former guests, accused Tyndale to the chancellor of the diocese,[6] and the storm which had begun in the tavern burst forth in the episcopal palace.

The titular bishop of Worcester (an appanage of the Italian prelates) was Giulio de' Medici, a learned man, great politician, and crafty priest, who already governed the popedom without being pope.[1] Wolsey, who administered the diocese for his absent colleague, had appointed Thomas Parker chancellor, a man devoted to the Roman church. It was to him the churchmen made their complaint. A judicial inquiry had its difficulties; the king's companions-at-arms was the patron of the pretended heretic, and Sir Anthony Poyntz, Lady Walsh's brother, was sheriff of the county. The chancellor was therefore content to convoke a general conference of the clergy. Tyndale obeyed the summons, but foreseeing what awaited him, he cried heartily to God, as he pursued his way up the banks of the Severn, "to give him strength to stand fast in the truth of his word."[2]

When they were assembled, the abbots and deans, and other ecclesiastics of the diocese, with haughty heads and threatening looks, crowded round the humble but unbending Tyndale. When his turn arrived, he stood forward, and the chancellor administered him a severe reprimand, to which he made a calm reply. This so exasperated the chancellor, that, giving way to his passion, he treated Tyndale as if he had been a dog.[3] "Where are your witnesses?" demanded the latter. "Let them come forward, and I will answer them." Not one of them dared support the charge —they looked another way. The chancellor waited, one witness at least he must have, but he could not get that.[4] Annoyed at this desertion of the priests, the representative of the Medici became more equitable, and let the accusation drop. Tyndale quietly returned to Sodbury, blessing God who had saved him from the cruel hands of his adversaries,[5] and entertaining nothing but the tenderest charity towards them. "Take away my goods," he said to them one day, "take away my good name! yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less."[6] Here indeed is the St. John to whom Tyndale has been compared.

In this violent warfare, however, he could not fail to receive some heavy blows; and where could he find consolation? Fryth and Bilney were from him. Tyndale recollected an *aged doctor* who lived near Sodbury,

[1] Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 149.

[2] Neither had they the cheer and countenance when they came, as before they had. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 116.

[3] Come together to the alehouse, which is their preaching place. Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 394.

[4] They add too of their own heads what I never spake. Ibid. p. 395.

[5] Ibid. Expositions, p. 10.

[6] Ibid. p. 395.

[1] Governava il papato e havia piu zente a la sua audienzia che il papa. (He governed the popedom, and had more people at his audiences than the pope.) Relazione di Marco Foscari, 1526.

[2] Foxe, Acts, v. p. 116.

[3] He threatened me grievously and reviled me, and rated me as though I had been a dog. Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 395.

[4] And laid to my charge whereof there would be none accuser brought forth. Ibid.

[5] Escaping out of their hands. Foxe, Acts, v p. 116.

[6] Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 298.

and who had shown him great affection. He went to see him, and opened his heart to him.[1] The old man looked at him for a while as if he hesitated to disclose some great mystery. "Do you not know," said he, lowering his voice, "that *the pope is very Antichrist*, whom the Scripture speaketh of? .....But beware what you say.....That knowledge may cost you your life."[2] This doctrine of Antichrist, which Luther was at that moment enunciating so boldly, struck Tyndale. Strengthened by it, as was the Saxon reformer, he felt fresh energy in his heart, and the aged doctor was to him what the aged friar had been to Luther.

When the priests saw that their plot had failed, they commissioned a celebrated divine to undertake his conversion. The reformer replied with his Greek Testament to the schoolman's arguments. The theologian was speechless: at last he exclaimed: "Well, then! it were better to be without God's laws than the pope's."[3] Tyndale, who did not expect so plain and blasphemous a confession, made answer: "And I defy the pope and all his laws!" and then, as if unable to keep his secret, he added: "If God spares my life, I will take care that a ploughboy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."[4]

All his thoughts were now directed to the means of carrying out his plans; and desirous of avoiding conversations that might compromise them, he thenceforth passed the greater portion of his time in the library.[5] He prayed, he read, he began his translation of the Bible, and in all probability communicated portions of it to Sir John and Lady Walsh.

All his precautions were useless: the scholastic divine had betrayed him, and the priests had sworn to stop him in his translation of the Bible. One day he fell in with a troop of monks and curates, who abused him in the grossest manner. "It's the favour of the gentry of the county that makes you so proud," said they; "but notwithstanding your patrons, there will be a talk about you before long, and in a pretty fashion too!....You shall not always live in a manor-house!"—"Banish me to the obscurest corner of England," replied Tyndale; "provided you will permit me to teach children and preach the gospel, and give me ten pounds a-year for my support[6] ....I shall be satisfied!" The priests left him, but with the intention of preparing him a different fate.

Tyndale indulged in his pleasant dreams no longer. He saw that he was on the point of being arrested, condemned, and interrupted in his great work. He must seek a retreat where he can discharge in peace the task God has allotted him. "You cannot save me from the hands of the priests," said he to Sir John, "and God knows to what troubles you would expose yourself by keeping me in your family. Permit me to leave you." Having said this, he gathered up his papers, took his Testament, pressed the hands of his benefactors, kissed the children, and then descending the hill, bade farewell to the smiling banks of the Severn, and departed alone—alone with his faith. What shall he do? What will become of him? Where shall he go? He went forth like Abraham, one thing alone engrossing his mind:—the Scriptures shall be translated into the vulgar tongue, and he will deposit the oracles of God in the midst of his countrymen.

Whilst a plain minister was commencing the Reformation in a tranquil valley in the west of England, powerful reinforcements were landing on the shores of Kent. The writings and actions of Luther excited a lively sensation in Great Britain. His appearance before the diet at Worms was a common subject of conversation. Ships from the harbours of the Low Countries brought his books to London,[1] and the German printers had made answer to the nuncio Alcander, who was prohibiting the Lutheran works in the empire; "Very well! we shall send them *to England!*" One might almost say that England was destined to be the asylum of truth. And in fact, the *Theses* of 1517, the *Explanation of the Lord's Prayer*, the books *against Emser*, *against the papacy of Rome*, *against the bull of Antichrist*, the *Epistle to the Galatians*, the *Appeal to the German Nobility*, and above all, the *Babylonish Captivity of the Church*—all crossed the sea, were translated, and circulated throughout the kingdom.[2] The German and English nations, having a common origin and being sufficiently alike at that time in character and civilization, the works intended for one might be read by the other with advantage. The monk in his cell, the country gentleman in his hall, the doctor in his college, the tradesman in his shop, and even the bishop in his palace, studied these extraordinary writings. The laity in particular, who had been prepared by Wickliffe and disgusted by the avarice and disorderly lives of the priests, read with enthusiasm the eloquent pages of the Saxon monk. They strengthened all hearts.

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[1] For to him he durst be bold to disclose his heart. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 117.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scripture than he did. Ibid.

[5] This part of the house was standing in 1839, but has since been pulled down. Anderson, Bible Annals, i. p. 37. We cannot but unite in the wish expressed in that volume, that the remainder of the building, now tenanted by a farmer, may be carefully preserved.

[6] Binding him to no more but to teach children and to preach. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 117.

[1] Burnet, Hist. of the Reformation, (Lond. 1841, 8vo.) i. p. 21.

[2] Libros Lutheranos quorum magnus jam numerus pervenerat in manus Anglorum. Polyd. Virg. Angl. Hist. (Basil, 1570, fol.) p. 664.

The papacy was not inactive in presence of all these efforts. The times of Gregory VII. and of Innocent III., it is true, were past; and weakness and irresolution had succeeded to the former energy and activity of the Roman pontificate. The spiritual power had resigned the dominion of Europe to the secular powers, and it was doubtful whether faith in the papacy could be found in the papacy itself. Yet a German (Dr. Eck) by the most indefatigable exertions had extorted a bull from the profane Leo X.,[1] and this bull had just reached England. The pope himself sent it to Henry, calling upon him to extirpate the Lutheran heresy.[2] The king handed it to Wolsey, and the latter transmitted it to the bishops, who, after reading *the heretic's* books, met together to discuss the matter.[3] There was more Romish faith in London than in the Vatican. "This false friar," exclaimed Wolsey, "attacks submission to the clergy—that fountain of all virtues." The humanist prelates were the most annoyed; the road they had taken ended in an abyss, and they shrank back in alarm. Tonstall, the friend of Erasmus, afterwards bishop of London, and who had just returned from his embassy to Germany where Luther had been painted to him in the darkest colours, was particularly violent: "This monk is a *Proteus*.....I mean an *atheist*.[4] If you allow the heresies to grow up which he is scattering with both hands, they will choke the faith and the church will perish.[5] Had we not enough of the Wickliffites?—here are new legions of the same kind!.....To-day Luther calls for the abolition of the mass; to-morrow he will ask for the abolition of Jesus Christ.[6] He rejects every thing, and puts nothing in its place. What! if barbarians plunder our frontiers, we punish them.....and shall we bear with heretics who plunder our altars? .....No! by the mortal agony that Christ endured, I entreat you.....What am I saying? the whole church conjures you to combat against this devouring *dragon*..... to punish this *hell-dog*, to silence his sinister howlings, and to drive him shamefully back to his den."[7] Thus spoke the eloquent Tonstall; nor was Wolsey far behind him. The only attachment at all respectable in this man was that which he entertained for the church; it may perhaps be called respectable, for it was the only one that did not exclusively regard himself. On the 14th May 1521, this English pope, in imitation of the Italian pope, issued his bull against Luther.

It was read (probably on the first Sunday in June) in all the churches during high mass, when the congregation was most numerous.[1] A priest exclaimed: "For every book of Martin Luther's found in your possession within fifteen days after this injunction, you will incur the greater excommunication." Then a public notary, holding the pope's bull in his hand, with a description of Luther's *perverse opinions*, proceeded towards the principal door of the church, and fastened up the document.[2] The people gathered round it; the most competent person read it aloud, while the rest listened; and the following are some of the sentences which, by the pope's order, resounded in the porches of all the cathedral, conventual, collegiate, and parish churches of every county in England:[3]

"11. Sins are not pardoned to any, unless the priest remitting them, he believe they are remitted to him.

"13. If by reason of some impossibility, the *contrite* be not confessed, or the priest absolve him, not in earnest, but in jest; yet if he believe that he is absolved, he is most truly absolved.

"14. In the sacrament of *penance* and the remission of a fault, the pope or bishop doth not more than the lowest priest; yea, where there is not a priest, then any Christian will do; yea, if it were a woman or a child.

"26. The pope, the successor of Peter, is not Christ's vicar.

"28. It is not at all in the hand of the church or the pope to decree articles of faith, no, nor to decree the laws of manners or of good works."

The cardinal-legate, accompanied by the nuncio, by the ambassador of Charles V., and by several bishops, proceeded in great pomp to St. Paul's, where the bishop of Rochester preached, and Wolsey burnt Luther's books.[4] But they were hardly reduced to ashes before sarcasms and jests were heard in every direction. "*Fire* is not a theological argument," said one. "The papists, who accuse Martin Luther of slaying and murdering Christians," added another, "are like the pickpocket, who began to cry *stop thief* as soon as he saw himself in danger of being caught." "The bishop of Rochester," said a third, "concludes that because Luther has thrown the pope's decretals into the fire, he would throw in the pope himself.....We may hence deduce another syllogism quite as

[1] See above, Book VI. chap. iv.
[2] Ab hoc regno extirpandum et abolendum. Cardinal. Ebor. Commissio. Strype, M. I. v. p. 22.
[3] Habitoque super hac re diligenti tractatu. Ibid.
[4] Cum illo *Protheo*.....imo *Atheo*. Erasm. Ep. p. 1158.
[5] Tota ruet Ecclesia. Ibid. p. 1159.
[6] Nisi de abolendo Christo scribere destinavit. Ibid. p. 1160.
[7] Gladio Spiritus abactum in antrum suum coges. Erasm. Ep. p. 1160.

[1] Cum major convenerit multitudo. Ibid.
[2] In valvis seu locis publicis ecclesiæ vestræ. Ibid. p. 24.
[3] Strype, M. I. p. 57, (Oxf. ed.) or Luther, xvii. p. 306.
[4] See above, Book IX. chap. x.

sound: The popes have burnt the New Testament, therefore, if they could, they would burn Christ himself."[1] These jests were rapidly circulated from mouth to mouth. It was not enough that Luther's writings were in England, they must needs be known, and the priests took upon themselves to advertise them. The Reformation was advancing, and Rome herself pushed behind the car.

The cardinal saw that something more was required than these paper *autos-da-fé*, and the activity he displayed may indicate what he would have done in Europe if ever he had reached the pontifical chair. "The spirit of Satan left him no repose," says the papist Sanders.[2] Some action out of the ordinary course is needful, thought Wolsey. Kings have hitherto been the enemies of the popes: a king shall now undertake their defence. Princes are not very anxious about learning, a prince shall publish a book!.... "Sire," said he to the king, to get Henry in the vein, "you ought to write to the princes of Germany on the subject of this heresy." He did so. Writing to the Archduke Palatine, he said: "This fire, which has been kindled by Luther, and fanned by the arts of the devil, is raging every where. If Luther does not repent, deliver him and his audacious treatises to the flames. I offer you my royal co-operation, and even, if necessary my life."[3] This was the first time Henry showed that cruel thirst which was in after days to be quenched in the blood of his wives and friends.

The king having taken the first step, it was not difficult for Wolsey to induce him to take another. To defend the honor of Thomas Aquinas, to stand forward as the champion of the church, and to obtain from the pope a title equivalent to that of *Christianissimus*, most Christian king, were more than sufficient motives to induce Henry to break a lance with Luther. "I will combat with the pen this Cerberus, spruug from the depths of hell,"[4] said he, "and if he refuses to retract, the fire shall consume the heretic and his heresies together."[5]

The king shut himself up in his library; all the scholastic tastes with which his youth had been imbued were revived; he worked as if he were archbishop of Canterbury, and not king of England; with the pope's permission, he read Luther's writings; he ransacked Thomas Aquinas; forged with infinite labour, the arrows with which he hoped to pierce the heretic; called several learned men to his aid, and at last published his book. His first words were a cry of alarm. "Beware of the track of this serpent," said he to his Christian readers; "walk on tiptoe; fear the thickets and caves in which he lies concealed, and whence he will dart his poison on you. If he licks you, be careful! the cunning viper caresses only that he may bite!"[1] After that Henry sounded a charge: "Be of good cheer! Filled with the same valour that you would display against Turks, Saracens, and other infidels, march now against this *little friar*,—a fellow apparently weak, but more formidable through the spirit that animates him than all infidels, Sarcens, and Turks put together."[2] Thus did Henry VIII., the *Peter the Hermit* of the sixteenth century, preach a crusade against Luther, in order to save the papacy.

He had skilfully chosen the ground on which he gave battle: sacramentalism and tradition are in fact the two essential features of the papal religion; just as a lively faith and Holy Scripture are of the religion of the gospel. Henry did a service to the Reformation, by pointing out the principles it would mainly have to combat; and by furnishing Luther with an opportunity of establishing the authority of the Bible, he made him take a most important step in the path of reform. "If a teaching is opposed to Scripture," said the Reformer, "whatever be its origin—traditions, custom, kings, Thomists, sophists, Satan, or even an angel from heaven,—all from whom it proceeds must be accursed. *Nothing can exist contrary to Scripture*, and everything must exist for it."

Henry's book being terminated by the aid of the bishop of Rochester, the king showed it to Sir Thomas More, who begged him to pronounce less decidedly in favour of the papal supremacy. "I will not change a word," replied the king, full of servile devotion to the popedom. "Besides, I have my reasons," and he whispered them in More's ear.

Doctor Clarke, ambassador from England at the court of Rome, was commissioned to present the pope with a magnificently bound copy of the king's work. "The glory of England," said he, "is to be in the foremost rank among the nations in obedience to the papacy."[3] Happily Britain was erelong to know a glory of a very different kind. The ambassador added, that his master, after having refuted Luther's errors with the *pen*, was ready to combat his adherents with the *sword*.[4] The pope, touched with this offer, gave him his foot, and then his cheek to kiss, and

[1] They would have burnt Christ himself. Tynd. Doctr., Tr., Obedience, &c. (Park. Soc. p. 221.)
[2] Satanæ spiritu actus. De Schism. Angl. p. 6.
[3] Kapps Urkunden, ii. p. 458.
[4] Velut Cerberum ex inferis producit in lucem. Regis ad lectorem. Epist. p. 94.
[5] Ut errores ejus eumque ipsum ignis exurat. Ibid. p. 95.

[1] Qui tantum ideo lambit ut mordeat. Assertio Sept. Sacram.
[2] Sed animo Turcis omnibus Sarracenis omnibus usquam infidelibus nocentiorem fraterculum. Ibid. p. 147.
[3] Fiddes' Life of Wolsey, p. 249.
[4] Totius regni sui viribus et armis. Rymer, Fœdera, vi. p. 199.

said to him: "I will do for your master's book as much as the church has done for the works of St. Jerome and St. Augustine."

The enfeebled papacy had neither the power of intelligence, nor even of fanaticism. It still maintained its pretensions and its pomp, but it resembled the corpses of the mighty ones of the earth that lie in state, clad in their most magnificent robes: splendour above, death and corruption below. The thunderbolts of a Hildebrand ceasing to produce their effect, Rome gratefully accepted the defence of laymen, such as Henry VIII. and Sir Thomas More, without disdaining their judicial sentences and their scaffolds. "We must honour those noble champions," said the pope to his cardinals, "who show themselves prepared to cut off with the sword the rotten members of Jesus Christ.[1] What title shall we give to the virtuous king of England?" —*Protector of the Roman church*, suggested one; *Apostolic king*, said another; and finally, but not without some opposition, Henry VIII. was proclaimed *Defender of the Faith*. At the same time the pope promised ten years' indulgence to all readers of the king's book. This was a lure after the fashion of the middle ages, and which never failed in its effect. The clergy compared its author to the wisest of kings; and the book, of which many thousand copies were printed, filled the Christian world (Cochlæus tells us) with admiration and delight.

Nothing could equal Henry's joy. "His majesty," said the vicar of Croydon, "would not exchange that name for all London and twenty miles round."[2] The king's fool, entering the room just as his master had received the bull, asked him the cause of his transports. "The pope has just named me *Defender of the Faith!*" —"Ho! ho! good Harry," replied the fool, "let you and me defend one another; but .....take my word for it.....*let the faith alone to defend itself.*"[3] An entire modern system was found in those words. In the midst of the general intoxication, the fool was the only sensible person. But Henry could listen to nothing. Seated on an elevated throne, with the cardinal at his right hand, he caused the pope's letter to be read in public. The trumpets sounded: Wolsey said mass; the king and his court took their seats around a sumptuous table, and the heralds at arms proclaimed: *Henricus Dei gratia Rex Angliæ et Franciæ, Defensor Fidei et Dominus Hiberniæ!*

Thus was the king of England more than ever united to the pope: whoever brings the Holy Scriptures into his kingdom shall there encounter that material sword, *ferrum et materialem gladium*, in which the papacy so much delighted.

One thing was wanting to check more surely the progress of the gospel: Wolsey's accession to the pontifical throne. Consumed by the desire of reaching "the summit of sacerdotal unity,"[1] he formed to attain this end, one of the most perfidious schemes ambition ever engendered. He thought with others: "The end justifies the means."

The cardinal could only obtain the popedom through the emperor or the king of France; for then, as now, it was the secular powers that really elected the chief of catholicity. After carefully weighing the influences of these two princes, Wolsey found that the balance inclined to the side of Charles, and his choice was made. A close intimacy of long standing united him to Francis I., but that mattered little; he must betray his friend to gain his friend's rival.

But this was no easy matter. Henry was dissatisfied with Charles the Fifth.[2] Wolsey was therefore obliged to employ every imaginable delicacy in his manœuvres. First he sent Sir Richard Wingfield to the emperor; then he wrote a flattering letter in Henry's name to the princess-regent of the Low Countries. The difficulty was to get the king to sign it. "Have the goodness to put your name," said Wolsey, "even if it should annoy your Highness....You know very well.....that women like to be pleased."[3] This argument prevailed with the king, who still possessed a spirit of gallantry. Lastly, Wolsey being named arbitrator between Charles and Francis, resolved to depart for Calais, apparently to hear the complaints of the two princes; but in reality to betray one of them. Wolsey felt as much pleasure in such practices, as Francis in giving battle.

The king of France rejected his arbitration: he had a sharp eye, and his mother one still sharper. "Your master loves me not," said he to Charles' ambassador, "and I do not love him any more, and am determined to be his enemy."[4] It was impossible to speak more plainly. Far from imitating this frankness, the politic Charles endeavoured to gain Wolsey, and Wolsey, who was eager to sell himself, adroitly hinted at what price he might be bought. "If the king of England sides with me," Charles informed the cardinal, "you shall be elected pope at the death of Leo X."[5] Francis, betrayed by Wolsey, abandoned by the pope, and threatened by the emperor, de-

[1] Putida membra.....ferro et materiali gladio abscindere. Ibid.
[2] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 596.
[3] Fuller, book v. p. 168.

[1] Unitatis sacerdotalis fastigium conscendere. Sanders, De Schism. Ang. 8.
[2] Hys owne affayris doith not succede with th' Emperour. State papers, vol. i. p. 10.
[3] Ibid. p. 12.
[4] He was utterly determined to be his enemy. Cotton MSS. Galba, B. 7, p. 35.
[5] Ut Wolseus mortuo Leone decimo fieret summus pontifex.

termined at last to accept Henry's mediation.

But Charles was now thinking of very different matters. Instead of a mediation, he demanded of the king of England 4000 of his famous bowmen. Henry smiled as he read the despatch, and looking at Pace his secretary, and Marney the captain of his guards, he said: "*Beati qui audiunt et non intelligunt!*" thus forbidding them to understand, and above all to bruit abroad this strange request. It was agreed to raise the number of archers to 6000; and the cardinal, having the tiara continually before his eyes, departed to perform at Calais the odious comedy of a hypocritical arbitration. Being detained at Dover by contrary winds, the mediator took advantage of this delay to draw up a list of the 6000 archers and their captains, not forgetting to insert in it, "certain obstinate deer," as Henry had said, "that must of necessity be hunted down."[1] These were some gentlemen whom the king desired to get rid of.

While the ambassadors of the king of France were received at Calais on the 4th of August with great honours, by the lord high chamberlain of England, the cardinal signed a convention with Charles's ministers that Henry should withdraw his promise of the Princess Mary's hand to the dauphin, and give her to the emperor. At the same time he issued orders to destroy the French navy, and to invade France.[2] And, finally, he procured, by way of compensating England for the pension of 16,000 pounds hitherto received from the court of St Germains, that the emperor should pay henceforward the annual sum of 40,000 marks. Without ready money the bargain would not have been a good one.

This was not all. While Wolsey was waiting to be elected pope, he conceived the idea of becoming a soldier. A commander was wanted for the 6000 archers Henry was sending against the king of France; and why should he not be the cardinal himself? He immediately intrigued to get the noblemen set aside who had been proposed as generals in chief. "Shrewsbury," he said to the king, "is wanted for Scotland—Worcester by his experience is worthy that..... you should keep him near you. As for Dorset.....he will be very dear." Then the priest added: "Sire, if during my sojourn on the other side of the sea, you have good reason to send your archers.....I hasten to inform you that whenever the emperor takes the command of his soldiers, I am ready, although an ecclesiastic,[3] to put myself at the head of yours." What devotedness! Wolsey would cause his cross of cardinal *a latere* to be carried before him (he said); and neither Francis nor Bayard would be able to resist him. To command at the same time the state, the church, and the army, while awaiting the tiara,—to surround his head with laurels: such was this man's ambition. Unfortunately for him, they were not of that opinion at court. The king made the earl of Essex commander-in-chief.

As Wolsey could not be general, he turned to diplomacy. He hastened to Bruges; and as he entered at the emperor's side, a voice was heard above the crowd, exclaiming, *Salve, Rex regis tui atque regni sui!*[1]—a sound most pleasing to his ears. People were very much astonished at Bruges by the intimacy existing between the cardinal and the emperor. "There is some mystery beneath it all," they said.[2] Wolsey desired to place the crown of France on Henry's head, and the tiara on his own. Such was the mystery, which was well worth a few civilities to the mighty Charles V. The alliance was concluded, and the contracting parties agreed "to avenge the insults offered to the throne of Jesus Christ," or in other words, to the popedom.

Wolsey, in order to drag Henry into the intrigues which were to procure him the tiara, had reminded him that he was *king of France*, and the suggestion had been eagerly caught at. At midnight, on the 7th of August, the king dictated to his secretary a letter for Wolsey containing this strange expression: *Si ibitis parare regi locum in regno ejus hereditario, Majestas ejus quum tempus erit opportunum, sequetur.*[3] The theologian who had corrected the famous latin book of the king's against Luther most certainly had not revised this phrase. According to Henry, France was his hereditary kingdom, and Wolsey was going to prepare the throne for him.....The king could not restrain his joy at the mere idea, and already he surpassed in imagination both Edward III. and the Black Prince. "I am about to attain a glory superior to that which my ancestors have gained by so many wars and battles."[4] Wolsey traced out for him the road to his palace on the banks of the Seine: "Mezières is about to fall; afterwards there is only Rheims, which is not a strong city; and thus your grace will very easily reach Paris."[5] Henry followed on the map the route he would have to take: "Affairs are going on well," wrote the cardinal, "the Lord be praised." In

[1] Sayyinge that certayne hartes were so toggide for hym, that he must neadys hunte them. State Papers, i. p. 26.

[2] Ibid. i. p. 23.

[3] Though I be a spiritual man. State Papers, i. p. 31.

[1] Hail, both king of thy king and also of his kingdom. Tynd. Expos. p. 314.

[2] There was a certain secret whereof all men knew not. Ibid. p. 315.

[3] If you go to prepare a place for the king in his hereditary kingdom, his majesty will follow you at a fitting season. State Papers, i. 36.

[4] Majora assequi quam omnes ipsius progenitores tot bellis et præliis. State Papers, i. 45.

[5] Your grace shall have but a leyve wey to Parys. Ibid. 46.

him this Christian language was a mere official formality.

Wolsey was mistaken: things were going on badly. On the 20th of October 1522, Francis I. whom so much perfidy had been unable to deceive,—Francis, ambitious and turbulent, but honest in this matter at least, and confiding in the strength of his arms, had suddenly appeared between Cambray and Valenciennes. The emperor fled to Flanders in alarm, and Wolsey, instead of putting himself at the head of the army, had shielded himself under his arbitrator's cloak. Writing to Henry, who, a fortnight before, had by his advice excited Charles to attack France, he said: "I am confident that your *virtuous mediation* will greatly increase your reputation and honour throughout Christendom."[1] Francis rejected Wolsey's offers, but the object of the latter was attained. The negotiations had gained time for Charles, and bad weather soon stopped the French army. Wolsey returned satisfied to London about the middle of December. It was true that Henry's triumphant entry into Paris became very difficult: but the cardinal was sure of the emperor's favour, and through it (he imagined) of the tiara. Wolsey had done, therefore, what he desired. He had hardly arrived in England when there came news which raised him to the height of happiness: Leo X. was dead. His joy surpassed what Henry had felt at the thought of his *hereditary kingdom*. Protected by the powerful Charles V., to whom he had sacrificed every thing, the English cardinal was at last on the point of receiving that pontifical crown which would permit him to crush heresy, and which was, in his eyes, the just reward of so many infamous transactions.

Wolsey did not stay until he was pope, before persecuting the disciples of the word of God. Desirous of carrying out the stipulations of the convention at Bruges, he had broken out against "the king's subjects who disturbed the apostolic see." Henry had to vindicate the title conferred on him by the pope; the cardinal had to gain the popedom; and both could satisfy their desires by the erection of a few scaffolds.

In the county of Lincoln on the shores of the North Sea, along the fertile banks of the Humber, Trent, and Witham, and on the slopes of the smiling hills, dwelt many peaceful Christians—labourers, artificers, and shepherds—who spent their days in toil, in keeping their flocks, in doing good, and in reading the Bible.[2] The more the gospel-light increased in England, the greater was the increase in the number of these children of peace.[3] These "just men," as they were called, were devoid of human knowledge, but they thirsted for the knowledge of God. Thinking they were alone the true disciples of the Lord, they married only among themselves.[1] They appeared occasionally at church; but instead of repeating their prayers like the rest, they sat, said their enemies, "mum like beasts."[2] On Sundays and holidays, they assembled in each other's houses, and sometimes passed a whole night in reading a portion of Scripture. If there chanced to be few books among them, one of the brethren, who had learnt by heart the epistle of St. James, the beginning of St. Luke's gospel, the sermon on the mount, or an epistle of St. Paul's, would recite a few verses in a loud and calm voice; then all would piously converse about the holy truths of the faith, and exhort one another to put them in practice. But if any person joined their meetings, who did not belong to their body, they would all keep silent.[3] Speaking much among each other, they were speechless before those from without: fear of the priests and of the fagot made them dumb. There was no family rejoicing without the Scriptures. At the marriage of a daughter of the aged Durdant, one of their patriarchs, the wedding party met secretly in a barn, and read the whole of one of St. Paul's epistles. Marriages are rarely celebrated with such pastimes as this!

Although they were dumb before enemies or suspected persons, these poor people did not keep silence in the presence of the humble; a glowing proselytism characterized them all. "Come to my house," said the pious Agnes Ashford to James Morden, "and I will teach you some verses of Scripture." Agnes was an educated woman; she could read; Morden came, and the poor woman's chamber was transformed into a school of theology. Agnes began: "Ye are the salt of the earth," and then recited the following verses.[4] Five times did Morden return to Agnes before he knew that beautiful discourse. "We are spread like salt over the various parts of the kingdom," said this Christian woman to the neophite, "in order that we may check the progress of superstition by our doctrine and our life. But," added she in alarm, "keep this secret in your heart, as a man would keep a thief in prison.[5]

As books were rare, these pious Christians had established a kind of itinerant library, and one John Scrivener was continually engaged in carrying the precious volumes from one to another.[6] But at

[1] Cotton MSS. Calig. D. 8, p. 85.

[2] Being simple labourers and artificers. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 240.

[3] As the light of the gospel began more to appear, and the numbers of professors to grow. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 217.

[1] Did contract matrimony only with themselves. Ibid. p. 223.

[2] Ibid. p. 225.

[3] If any came in among them that were not of their side, then they would keep all silent. Ibid. p. 222.

[4] Matth. v. 13-16.

[5] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 225.

[6] Carrying about books from one to another. Ibid. p. 224.

times, as he was proceeding along the banks of the river, or through the forest glades, he observed that he was followed. He would quicken his pace and run into some barn, where the friendly peasants promptly hid him beneath the straw, or, like the spies of Israel, under the stalks of flax.[1] The bloodhounds arrived, sought and found nothing; and more than once those who so generously harboured these evangelists cruelly expiated the crime of charity.

The disappointed officers had scarcely retired from the neighbourhood when these friends of the word of God came out of their hiding-places, and profited by the moment of liberty to assemble the brethren. The persecutions they suffered irritated them against the priests. They worshipped God, read and sang with a low voice; but when the conversation became general, they gave free course to their indignation. "Would you know the use of the pope's pardons?" said one of them; "they are to blind the eyes and empty the purse."—"True pilgrimages," said the tailor Geoffrey of Uxbridge, "consists in visiting the poor and sick—barefoot, if so it please you—for these are the little ones that are God's true image."—"Money spent in pilgrimages," added a third, "serves only to maintain thieves and harlots."[2] The women were often the most animated in the controversy. "What need is there to go to the *feet*," said Agnes Ward, who disbelieved in saints, "when we may go to the *head?*"[3] "The clergy of the good old times," said the wife of David Lewis, "used to lead the people as a hen leadeth her chickens;[4] but now if our priests lead their flocks anywhere, it is to the devil assuredly."

Erelong there was a general panic throughout this district. The king's confessor John Longland was bishop of Lincoln. This fanatic priest, Wolsey's creature, took advantage of his position to petition Henry for a severe persecution: this was the ordinary use in England, France and elsewhere, of the confessors of princes. It was unfortunate that among these pious disciples of the word, men of a cynical turn were now and then met with, whose biting sarcasms went beyond all bounds. Wolsey and Longland knew how to employ these expressions in arousing the king's anger. "As one of these fellows," they said, "was busy beating out his corn in his barn, a man chanced to pass by. 'Good morrow, neighbour,' (said the latter), 'you are hard at it!'—'Yes,' replied the old heretic, thinking of transubstantiation, 'I am thrashing the corn out of which the priests make God Almighty.'"[1] Henry hesitated no longer.

On the 20th October 1521, nine days after the bull on the *Defender of the Faith* had been signed at Rome, the king, who was at Windsor, summoned his secretary, and dictated an order commanding all his subjects to assist the bishop of Lincoln against the heretics. "You will obey it at the peril of your lives," added he. The order was transmitted to Longland, and the bishop immediately issued his warrants, and his officers spread terror far and wide. When they beheld them, these peaceful but timid Christians were troubled. Isabella Bartlet, hearing them approach her cottage, screamed out to her husband: "You are a lost man! and I am a dead woman!"[2] This cry was re-echoed from all the cottages of Lincolnshire. The bishop, on his judgment-seat, skilfully played upon these poor unhappy beings to make them accuse one another. Alas! according to the ancient prophecy: "the brother delivered up the brother to death." Robert Bartlet deposed against his brother Richard and his own wife; Jane Bernard accused her own father, and Tredway his mother. It was not until after the most cruel anguish that these poor creatures were driven to such frightful extremities; but the bishop and death terrified them: a small number alone remained firm. As regards heroism, Wickliff's Reformation brought but feeble aid to the Reformation of the sixteenth century; still if it did not furnish many heroes, it prepared the English people to love God's word above all things. Of these humble people, some were condemned to do penance in different monasteries; others to carry a fagot on their shoulders thrice round the market-place, and then to stand some time exposed to the jeers of the populace; others were fastened to a post while the executioner branded them on the cheek with a red-hot iron. They also had their martyrs. Wickliffe's revival had never been without them. Four of these brethren were chosen to be put to death, and among them the pious evangelical *colporteur* Scrivener. By burning him to ashes the clergy desired to make sure that he would no longer circulate the word of God; and by a horrible refinement of cruelty his children were compelled to set fire to the pile that was to consume their father.[3] They stretched forth their trembling hands, held in the strong grasp of the executioners.... Poor children!.... But it is easier to burn the limbs of Christians than to quench the Spirit of Heaven. These cruel fires could not destroy among the Lincolnshire peas-

[1] Hiding others in their barns. Ibid. p. 243.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. p. 229.
[4] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 224.

[1] I thresh God Almighty out of the straw. Ibid. p. 222.
[2] Alas! now are you an undone man, and I but a dead woman. Ibid. p. 224.
[3] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 245.

antry that love of the Bible, which in all ages has been England's strength, far more than the wisdom of her senators or the bravery of her generals.

Having by these exploits gained indisputable claims to the tiara, Wolsey turned his efforts towards Rome. Leo X., as we have seen, was just dead (1522). The cardinal sent Pace to Rome, instructing him to "represent to the cardinals that by choosing a partisan of Charles or Francis they will incur the enmity of one or the other of these princes, and that if they elect some feeble Italian priest, the apostolical see must become the prey of the strongest. Luther's revolt and the emperor's ambition endanger the papacy. There is only one means of preventing the threatening dangers....it is to choose me....Now, go and exert yourself."[1] The conclave opened at Rome on the 27th December, and Wolsey was proposed; but the cardinals were not generally favourable to his election. "He is too young," said one; "too firm," said another. "He will fix the seat of the papacy in England and not in Rome," urged many. He did not receive twenty votes. "The cardinals," wrote the English ambassador, "snarled and quarrelled with each other; and their bad faith and hatred increased every day," On the sixth day, only one dish was sent them; and then in despair they chose Adrian, who had been tutor to the emperor, and the cry was raised: *Papam habemus!*

During all this time Wolsey was in London, consumed by ambition, and counting the days and hours. At length a despatch from Ghent, dated the 22d January, reached him with these words: "On the 9th of January, the cardinal of Tortosa was elected!" .....Wolsey was almost distracted. To gain Charles, he had sacrificed the alliance of Francis I.; there was no stratagem that he had not employed, and yet Charles, in spite of his engagements, had procured the election of his tutor!.....The emperor knew what must be the cardinal's anger, and endeavoured to appease it: "The new pope," he wrote, "is old and sickly;[2] he cannot hold his office long.....Beg the cardinal of York for my sake to *take great care of his health.*"

Charles did more than this: he visited London in person, under pretence of his betrothal with Mary of England, and, in the treaty then drawn up, he consented to the insertion of an article by virtue of which Henry VIII. and the mighty emperor bound themselves, if either should infringe the treaty, to appear before Wolsey and to submit to his decisions.[3] The cardinal, gratified by such condescension, grew calm; and at the same time he was soothed with the most flattering hopes. "Charles's imbecile preceptor," they told him, "has arrived at the Vatican, attended only by his female cook; you shall soon make your entrance there surrounded by all your grandeur." To be certain of his game, Wolsey made secret approaches to Francis I., and then waited for the death of the pope.[1]

While the cardinal was intriguing to attain his selfish ends, Tyndale was humbly carrying out the great idea of giving the Scriptures of God to England.

After bidding a sad farewell to the manor-house of Sodbury, the learned tutor had departed for London. This occurred about the end of 1522 or the beginning of 1523. He had left the university—he had forsaken the house of his protector; his wandering career was about to commence, but a thick veil hid from him all its sorrows. Tyndale, a man simple in his habits, sober, daring, and generous, fearing neither fatigue nor danger, inflexible in his duty, anointed with the Spirit of God, overflowing with love for his brethren, emancipated from human traditions, the servant of God alone, and loving nought but Jesus Christ, imaginative, quick at repartee, and of touching eloquence—such a man might have shone in the foremost ranks; but he preferred a retired life in some poor corner, provided he could give his countrymen the Scriptures of God. Where could he find this calm retreat? was the question he put to himself as he was making his solitary way to London. The metropolitan see was then filled by Cuthbert Tonstall, who was more of a statesman and a scholar than of a churchman, "the first of English men in Greek and Latin literature," said Erasmus. This eulogy of the learned Dutchman occurred to Tyndale's memory.[2] It was the Greek Testament of Erasmus that led me to Christ, said he to himself; why should not the house of Erasmus's friend offer me a shelter that I may translate it.....At last he reached London, and, a stranger in that crowded city, he wandered along the streets, a prey by turns to hope and fear.

Being recommended by Sir John Walsh to Sir Harry Guildford, the king's comptroller, and by him to several priests, Tyndale began to preach almost immediately, especially at St. Dunstan's, and bore into the heart of the capital the truth which had been banished from the banks of the Severn. The *word* of God was with him the basis of salvation, and the *grace* of God its essence. His inventive mind presented the truths he proclaimed in a striking manner. He said on one occasion: "It is the blood

[1] The sole way.....was to chuse him. Herbert, p. 110.

[2] The new elect is both old, sickly.....so that he shall not have the office long. Cotton MSS. Galba, B. vii. p. 6.

[3] Both princes appearing before the cardinal of York as judge. Art. xiii. Herbert, p. 118.

[1] Mortem etiam Adriani expectat. Sanders, p. 8.

[2] As I thus thought, the bishop of London came to my remembrance Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 395.

of Christ that opens the gates of heaven, and not thy works. I am wrong....Yes, if thou wilt have it so, by thy good works shalt thou be saved. Yet, understand me well,—not by those which thou hast done, but by those which Christ has done for thee. Christ is in thee and thou in him, knit together inseparably. Thou canst not be damned, except Christ be damned with thee; neither can Christ be saved except thou be saved with him."[1] This lucid view of justification by faith places Tyndale among the reformers. He did not take his seat on a bishop's throne, or wear a silken cope; but he mounted the scaffold, and was clothed with a garment of flames. In the service of a crucified Saviour this latter distinction is higher than the former.

Yet the translation was his chief business; he spoke to his acquaintance about it, and some of them opposed his project. "The teachings of the doctors," said some of the city tradesmen, "can alone make us understand Scripture." "That is to say," replied Tyndale, "I must measure the *yard* by the *cloth*.[2] Look here," continued he, using a practical argument, "here are in your shop twenty pieces of stuff of different lengths....Do you measure the yard by these pieces, or the pieces by the yard?.... The universal standard is Scripture." This comparison was easily fixed in the minds of the petty tradesmen of the capital.

Desirous of carrying out his project, Tyndale aspired to become the bishop's chaplain;[3] his ambition was more modest than Wolsey's. The Hellenist possessed qualities which could not fail to please the most learned of Englishmen in Greek literature: Tonstall and Tyndale both liked and read the same authors. The ex-tutor determined to plead his cause through the elegant and harmonious disciple of Radicus and Gorgias: "Here is one of Isocrates' orations that I have translated into Latin," said he to Sir Harry Guildford; "I should be pleased to become chaplain to his lordship the bishop of London; will you beg him to accept this trifle. Isocrates ought to be an excellent recommendation to a scholar; will you be good enough to add yours." Guildford spoke to the bishop, placed the translation in his hands, and Tonstall replied with that benevolence which he showed to every one. "Your business is in a fair way," said the comptroller to Tyndale; "write a letter to his lordship, and deliver it yourself."[4]

Tyndale's hopes now began to be realized. He wrote his letter in the best style, and then, commending himself to God, proceeded to the episcopal palace. He fortunately knew one of the bishop's officers, William Hebilthwayte, to whom he gave the letter. Hebilthwayte carried it to his lordship, while Tyndale waited. His heart throbbed with anxiety: shall he find at last the long hoped for asylum? The bishop's answer might decide the whole course of his life. If the door is opened—if the translator of the Scriptures should be settled in the episcopal palace, why should not his London patron receive the truth like his patron at Sodbury? and, in that case, what a future for the church and for the kingdom!....The Reformation was a knocking at the door of the hierarchy of England, and the latter was about to utter its yea or its nay. After a few moments' absence Hebilthwayte returned: "I am going to conduct you to his lordship." Tyndale fancied himself that he had attained his wishes.

The bishop was too kind-hearted to refuse an audience to a man who called upon him with the triple recommendation of Isocrates, of the comptroller, and of the king's old companion in arms. He received Tyndale with kindness, a little tempered however with coldness, as if he were a man whose acquaintanceship might compromise him. Tyndale having made known his wishes, the bishop hastened to reply: "Alas! my house is full; I have now more people than I can employ."[1] Tyndale was discomfited by this answer. The bishop of London was a learned man, but wanting in courage and consistency; he gave his right hand to the friends of letters and of the gospel, and his left hand to the friends of the priests; and then endeavoured to walk with both. But when he had to choose between the two parties, clerical interests prevailed. There was no lack of bishops, priests, and laymen about him, who intimidated him by their clamours. After taking a few steps forward, he suddenly recoiled. Still Tyndale ventured to hazard a word; but the prelate was cold as before. The humanists, who laughed at the ignorance of the monks, hesitated to touch an ecclesiastical system which lavished on them such rich sinecures. They accepted the new ideas in theory, but not in practice. They were very willing to discuss them at table, but not to proclaim them from the pulpit; and covering the Greek Testament with applause, they tore it in pieces when rendered into the vulgar tongue. "If you will look well about London," said Tonstall coldly to the poor priest, "you will not fail to meet with some suitable employment." This was all Tyndale could obtain. Hebilthwayte waited on him to the door, and the Hellenist departed sad and desponding.

His expectations were disappointed. Driven from the banks of the Severn, without a home in the capital, what would be-

[1] Ibid. p. 79.
[2] Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 153.
[3] He laboured to be his chaplain. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 617.
[4] He willed me to write an epistle to my lord, and to go to him myself. Ibid.

[1] My lord answered me, his house was full. Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 395.

come of the translation of the Scriptures? "Alas!" he said; "I was deceived.....[1] there is nothing to be looked for from the bishops.....Christ was smitten on the cheek before the bishop, Paul was buffetted before the bishop[2].....and a bishop has just turned me away." His dejection did not last long: there was an elastic principle in his soul. "I hunger for the word of God," said he, "I will translate it, whatever they may say or do. God will not suffer me to perish. He never made a mouth but he made food for it, nor a body but he made raiment also."[3]

This trustfulness was not misplaced. It was the privilege of a layman to give what the bishop refused. Among Tyndale's hearers at St. Dunstan's was a rich merchant named Humphrey Monmouth, who had visited Rome, and to whom (as well as to his companions) the pope had been so kind as to give certain Roman curiosities, such as indulgences, *a culpa et a pœna*. Ships laden with his manufactures every year quitted London for foreign countries. He had formerly attended Colet's preaching at St. Paul's, and from the year 1515 he had known the word of God.[4] He was one of the gentlest and most obliging men in England; he kept open house for the friends of learning and of the gospel, and his library contained the newest publications. In putting on Jesus Christ, Monmouth had particularly striven to put on his character; he helped generously with his purse both priests and men of letters; he gave forty pounds sterling to the chaplain of the bishop of London, the same to the king's, to the provincial of the Augustines, and to others besides. Latimer, who sometimes dined with him, once related in the pulpit an anecdote characteristic of the friends of the Reformation in England. Among the regular guests at Monmouth's table was one of his poorest neighbours, a zealous Romanist, to whom his generous host often used to lend money. One day when the pious merchant was extolling Scripture and blaming popery, his neighbour turned pale, rose from the table, and left the room. "I will never set foot in his house again," he said to his friends, "and I will never borrow another shilling from him."[5] He next went to the bishop and laid an information against his benefactor. Monmouth forgave him, and tried to bring him back; but the neighbour constantly turned out of his way. Once, however, they met in a street so narrow that he could not escape. "I will pass by without looking at him," said the Romanist turning away his head. But Monmouth went straight to him, took him by the hand, and said affectionately: "Neighbour, what wrong have I done you?" and he continued to speak to him with so much love, that the poor man fell on his knees, burst into tears, and begged his forgiveness.[1] Such was the spirit which, at the very outset, animated the work of the Reformation in England: it was acceptable to God, and found favour with the people.

Monmouth being edified by Tyndale's sermons, inquired into his means of living. "I have none,"[2] replied he, "but I hope to enter into the bishop's service." This was before his visit to Tonstall. When Tyndale saw all his hopes frustrated, he went to Monmouth and told him everything. "Come and live with me," said the wealthy merchant, "and there labour." God did to Tyndale according to his faith. Simple, frugal, devoted to work, he studied night and day;[3] and wishing to guard his mind against "being overcharged with surfeiting," he refused the delicacies of his patron's table, and would take nothing but sodden meat and small beer.[4] It would even seem that he carried simplicity in dress almost too far.[5] By his conversation and his works, he shed over the house of his patron the mild light of the Christian virtues, and Monmouth loved him more and more every day.

Tyndale was advancing in his work when John Fryth, the mathematician of King's College, Cambridge, arrived in London. It is probable that Tyndale, feeling the want of an associate, had invited him. United like Luther and Melancthon, the two friends held many precious conversations together. "I will consecrate my life wholly to the church of Jesus Christ," said Fryth.[6] "To be a good man, you must give great part of yourself to your parents, a greater part to your country; but the greatest of all to the church of the Lord." "The people should know the word of God,"[7] they said both. "The interpretation of the gospel, without the intervention of councils or popes is sufficient to create a saving faith in the heart." They shut themselves up in the little room in Monmouth's house, and translated chapter after chapter from the Greek into plain English. The bishop of London knew nothing of the work going on a few yards from him, and everything was succeeding to Tyndale's wishes when it was interrupted by an unforeseen circumstance.

Longland, the persecutor of the Lincoln

[1] I was beguiled. Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 395.
[2] Expositions, p. 59.
[3] Tyndale and Fryth's Works, ii. p. 349.
[4] The rich man began to be a Scripture man. Latimer's Sermons, p. 440. (Park. Soc.)
[5] Latimer's Works, i. p. 441. He would borrow no [more] money of him.

[1] Ibid.
[2] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 617.
[3] Strype, Records, i. p. 664.
[4] Strype, Records, i. p. 664. He would eat sodden meat and drink but small single beer.
[5] He was never seen in that house to wear linen about him. Ibid.
[6] Tyndale and Fryth's Works, iii. p. 73, 74.
[7] That the poor people might also read and see the simple plain word of God. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 118.

shire Christians, did not confine his activity within the limits of his diocese; he besieged the king, the cardinal, and the queen with his cruel importunities, using Wolsey's influence with Henry, and Henry's with Wolsey. "His majesty," he wrote to the cardinal, "shows in this holy dispute as much goodness as zeal....yet, be pleased to urge him to overthrow God's enemies." And then turning to the king, the confessor said, to spur him on: "The cardinal is about to fulminate the greater excommunication against all who possess Luther's works or hold his opinions, and to make the booksellers sign a bond before the magistrates, not to sell *heretical* books." "Wonderful!" replied Henry with a sneer, "they will fear the *magisterial* bond, I think, more than the *clerical* excommunication." And yet the consequences of the "clerical" excommunication were to be very positive; whosoever persevered in his offence was to be pursued by the law *ad ignem*, even to the fire.[1] At last the confessor applied to the queen: "We cannot be sure of restraining the press," he said to her. "These wretched books come to us from Germany, France, and the Low Countries; and are even printed in the very midst of us. Madam, we must train and prepare skilful men, such as are able to discuss the controverted points, so that the laity, struck on the one hand by well-developed arguments, and frightened by the fear of punishment on the other, may be kept in obedience."[2] In the bishop's system, "fire" was to be the complement of Roman learning. The essential idea of Jesuitism is already visible in this conception of Henry the Eighth's confessor. That system is the natural development of Romanism.

Tonstall, urged forward by Longland, and desirous of showing himself as holy a churchman as he had once been a skilful statesman and elegant scholar—Tonstall, the friend of Erasmus, began to persecute. He would have feared to shed blood, like Longland; but there are measures which torture the mind and not the body, and which the most moderate men fear not to make use of. John Higgins, Henry Chambers, Thomas Eaglestone, a priest named Edmund Spilman, and some other Christians in London, used to meet and read portions of the Bible in English, and even asserted publicly that "Luther had more learning in his little finger than all the doctors in England."[3] The bishop ordered these rebels to be arrested: he flattered and alarmed them, threatening them with a cruel death (which he would hardly have inflicted on them), and by these skilful practices reduced them to silence.

Tyndale, who witnessed this persecution, feared lest the stake should interrupt his labour. If those who read a few fragments of Scripture are threatened with death, what will he not have to endure who is translating the whole? His friends entreated him to withdraw from the bishop's pursuit. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "is there then no place where I can translate the Bible?.....It is not the bishop's house alone that is closed against me, but all England."[1]

He then made a great sacrifice. Since there is no place in his own country where he can translate the word of God, he will go and seek one among the nations of the continent. It is true the people are unknown to him; he is without resources; perhaps persecution and even death await him there.....It matters not! some time must elapse before it is known what he is doing, and perhaps he will have been able to translate the Bible. He turned his eyes towards Germany. "God does not destine us to a quiet life here below," he said.[2] "If he calls us to peace on the part of Jesus Christ, he calls us to war on the part of the world."

There lay at that moment in the river Thames a vessel loading for Hamburg. Monmouth gave Tyndale ten pounds sterling for his voyage, and other friends contributed a like amount. He left the half of this sum in the hands of his benefactor to provide for his future wants, and prepared to quit London, where he had spent a year. Rejected by his fellow-countrymen, persecuted by the clergy, and carrying with him only his New Testament and his ten pounds, he went on board the ship, shaking off the dust of his feet, according to his Master's precept, and that dust fell back on the priests of England. He was indignant (says the chronicler) against those coarse monks, covetous priests, and pompous prelates,[3] who were waging an impious war against God. "What a trade is that of the priests!" he said in one of his later writings; "they want money for every thing: money for baptisms, money for churchings, for weddings, for buryings, for images, brotherhoods, penances, soul-masses, bells, organs, chalices, copes, surplices, ewers, censers, and all manner of ornaments. Poor sheep! The parson shears, the vicar shaves, the parish priest polls, the friar scrapes, the indulgence seller pares.....all that you want is a butcher to flay you and take away your skin.[4] He will not leave you long. Why are your prelates dressed in red? Because they are ready to shed the blood of whom-

[1] Anderson's Annals of the Bible, i. p. 42.
[2] Ibid. p. 42, 43. Herbert says (p. 147) "to suspend the laity betwixt fear and controversies."
[3] Foxe, Acts, v. p. 179.

[1] But also that there was no place to do it in all England. Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 396.
[2] We be not called to a soft living. Ibid. p. 249.
[3] Marking especially the demeanor of the preachers, and beholding the pomp of the prelates. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 118.
[4] Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 230. Obedience of a Christian Man.

soever seeketh the word of God.[1] Scourges of states, devastators of kingdoms, the priests take away not only Holy Scripture, but also prosperity and peace; but of their councils is no layman: reigning over all, they obey nobody; and making all concur to their own greatness, they conspire against every kingdom."[2]

No kingdom was to be more familiar than England with the conspiracies of the papacy of which Tyndale spoke; and yet none was to free itself more irrevocably from the power of Rome.

Yet Tyndale was leaving the shores of his native land, and as he turned his eyes towards the new countries, hope revived in his heart. He was going to be free, and he would use his liberty to deliver the word of God, so long held captive. "The priests," said he one day, "when they had slain Christ, set poleaxes to keep him in his sepulchre, that he should not rise again; even so have our priests buried the Testament of God, and all their study is to keep it down, that it rise not again.[3] But the hour of the Lord is come, and nothing can hinder the word of God, as nothing could hinder Jesus Christ of old from issuing from the tomb." Indeed that poor man, then sailing toward Germany, was to send back, even from the banks of the Elbe, the eternal gospel to his countrymen.

This ship did not bear away all the hopes of England. A society of Christians had been formed at Cambridge, of which Bilney was the centre. He now knew no other canon law than Scripture, and had found a new master, "the Holy Spirit of Christ," says an historian. Although he was naturally timid, and often suffered from the exhaustion brought on by his fasts and vigils, there was in his language a life, liberty, and strength, strikingly in contrast with his sickly appearance. He desired to draw to the knowledge of God,[4] all who came nigh him; and by degrees, the rays of the gospel sun, which was then rising in the firmament of Christendom, pierced the ancient windows of the colleges, and illuminated the solitary chambers of certain of the masters and fellows. Master Arthur, Master Thistle of Pembroke Hall, and Master Stafford, were among the first to join Bilney. George Stafford, professor of divinity, was a man of deep learning and holy life, clear and precise in his teaching. He was admired by every one in Cambridge, so that his conversion, like that of his friends, spread alarm among the partisans of the schoolmen. But a conversion still more striking than this was destined to give the English Reformation a champion more illustrious than either Stafford or Bilney.

There was in Cambridge, at that time, a priest notorious for his ardent fanaticism. In the processions, amidst the pomp, prayers, and chanting of the train, none could fail to notice a master-of-arts, about thirty years of age, who, with erect head, carried proudly the university cross. Hugh Latimer, for such was his name, combined a biting humour with an impetuous disposition and indefatigable zeal, and was very quick in ridiculing the faults of his adversaries. There was more wit and raillery in his fanaticism than can often be found in such characters. He followed the friends of the word of God into the colleges and houses where they used to meet, debated with them, and pressed them to abandon their faith. He was a second Saul, and was soon to resemble the apostle of the Gentiles in another respect.

He first saw light in the year 1491, in the county of Leicester. Hugh's father was an honest yeoman; and, accompanied by one of his six sisters, the little boy had often tended in the pastures the five score sheep belonging to the farm, or driven home to his mother the thirty cows it was her business to milk.[1] In 1497, the Cornish rebels, under Lord Audley, having encamped at Blackheath, our farmer had donned his rusty armour, and, mounting his horse, responded to the summons of the crown. Hugh, then only six years old, was present at his departure, and as if he had wished to take his little part in the battle, he had buckled the straps of his father's armour.[2] Fifty-two years afterwards he recalled this circumstance to mind in a sermon preached before King Edward. His father's house was always open to the neighbours; and no poor man ever turned away from the door without having received alms. The old man brought up his family in the love of men and in the fear of God, and having remarked with joy the precocious understanding of his son, he had him educated in the country schools, and then sent to Cambridge at the age of fourteen. This was in 1505, just as Luther was entering the Augustine convent.

The son of the Leicestershire yeoman was lively, fond of pleasure, and of cheerful conversation, and mingled frequently in the amusements of his fellow-students. One day, as they were dining together, one of the party exclaimed: *Nil melius quam lætari et facere bene!*—"There is nothing better than to be merry and to do well."[3]—"A vengeance on that *bene!*" replied a monk of impudent mien; "I wish it were beyond the sea;[4] it mars all the rest." Young Latimer was much surprised

[1] Tyndale Doctr. Tr., p. 251.
[2] Ibid. p. 191. [3] Ibid. p. 251.
[4] So was in his heart an incredible desire to allure many Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 620.

[1] My mother milked thirty kine. Latimer's Sermons, (Parker ed.) p. 101.
[2] I can remember that I buckled his harness. Ibid.
[3] Eccles. iii. 12.
[4] I would that *bene* had been banished beyond the sea. Latimer's Sermons, p. 153.

at the remark: "I understand it now," said he: "that will be a heavy *bene* to these monks when they have to render God an account of their lives."

Latimer having become more serious, threw himself heart and soul into the practices of superstition, and a very bigoted old cousin undertook to instruct him in them. One day, when one of their relations lay dead, she said to him: "Now we must drive out the devil. Take this holy taper, my child, and pass it over the body, first longways and then athwart, so as always to make the sign of the cross."

But the scholar performing this exorcism very awkwardly, his aged cousin snatched the candle from his hand, exclaiming angrily: "It's a great pity your father spends so much money on your studies: he will never make any thing of you."[1]

This prophecy was not fulfilled. He became Fellow of Clare Hall in 1509, and took his master's degree in 1514. His classical studies being ended, he began to study divinity. Duns Scotus, Aquinas, and Hugo de Sancto Victore were his favourite authors. The practical side of things, however, engaged him more than the speculative; and he was more distinguished in Cambridge for his asceticism and enthusiasm than for his learning. He attached importance to the merest trifles. As the missal directs that water should be mingled with the sacramental wine, often while saying mass he would be troubled in his conscience for fear he had not put *sufficient water*.[2] This remorse never left him a moment's tranquillity during the service. In him, as in many others, attachment to puerile ordinances occupied in his heart the place of faith in the great truths. With him, the cause of the church was the cause of God, and he respected Thomas à Becket at least as much as St. Paul. "I was then," said he, "as obstinate a papist as any in England."[3] Luther said the same thing of himself.

The fervent Latimer soon observed that every body around him was not equally zealous with himself for the ceremonies of the church. He watched with surprise certain young members of the university who, forsaking the doctors of the School, met daily to read and search into the Holy Scriptures. People sneered at them in Cambridge: "It is only the *sophists*," was the cry; but raillery was not enough for Latimer. One day he entered the room where these *sophists* was assembled, and begged them to cease studying the Bible. All his entreaties were useless. Can we be astonished at it? said Latimer to himself. Don't we see even the tutors setting an example to these stray sheep? There is Master Stafford, the most illustrious professor in English universities, devoting his time *ad Biblia*, like Luther at Wittemberg, and explaining the Scriptures according to the Hebrew and Greek texts! and the delighted students celebrate in bad verse the doctor,

Qui Paulum explicuit rite et evangelium.[1]

That young people should occupy themselves with these new doctrines was conceivable, but that a doctor of divinity should do so—what a disgrace! Latimer therefore determined to attack Stafford. He insulted him;[2] he entreated the youth of Cambridge to abandon the professor and his heretical teaching; he attended the hall in which the doctor taught, made signs of impatience during the lesson, and cavilled at it after leaving the school. He even preached in public against the learned doctor. But it seemed to him that Cambridge and England were struck blind: true, the clergy approved of Latimer's proceedings—nay, praised them; and yet they did nothing. To console him, however, he was named cross-bearer to the university, and we have already seen him discharging this duty.

Latimer desired to show himself worthy of such an honour. He had left the students to attack Stafford; and he now left Stafford for a more illustrious adversary. But this attack led him to some one *that was stronger than he*. At the occasion of receiving the degree of bachelor of divinity he had to deliver a Latin discourse in the presence of the university; Latimer chose for his subject *Philip Melancthon and his doctrines*. Had not this daring heretic presumed to say quite recently that the fathers of the church have altered the sense of Scripture? Had he not asserted that, like those rocks whose various colours are imparted to the polypus which clings to them,[3] so the doctors of the church give each their own opinion in the passages they explain? And, finally, had he not discovered a new *touchstone* (it is thus he styles the Holy Scriptures) by which we must test the sentences even of St. Thomas?

Latimer's discourse made a great impression. At last (said his hearers) England, nay Cambridge, will furnish a champion for the church that will confront the Wittemberg doctors, and save the vessel of our Lord. But very different was to be the result. There was among the hearers one man almost hidden through his small stature: it was Bilney. For some time he had been watching Latimer's movements,

[1] Ibid. p. 499.

[2] He thought he had never sufficiently mingled his massing wine with water. Foxe, Acts, viii. p. 433.

[3] Foxe, Acts, viii. p. 334.

[1] Who has explained to us the true sense of St. Paul and of the gospel. Strype's Mem. i. p. 74.

[2] Most spitefully railing against him. Foxe, Acts, viii. p. 437.

[3] Ut polypus cuicunque petræ adhæserit, ejus colorem imitatur. Corp. Ref. i. p. 114.

and his zeal interested him, though it was a zeal without knowledge. His energy was not great, but he possessed a delicate tact, a skilful discernment of character which enabled him to distinguish error, and to select the fittest method for combating it. Accordingly, a chronicler styles him "a trier of Satan's subtleties, appointed by God to detect the bad money that the enemy was circulating throughout the church."[1] Bilney easily detected Latimer's sophisms, but at the same time loved his person, and conceived the design of winning him to the gospel. But how to manage it? The prejudiced Latimer would not even listen to the evangelical Bilney. The latter reflected, prayed, and at last planned a very candid and very strange plot, which led to one of the most astonishing conversions recorded in history.

He went to the college where Latimer resided. "For the love of God," he said to him, "be pleased to hear my confession."[2]

The *heretic* prayed to make confession to the *catholic:* what a singular fact! My discourse against Melancthon has no doubt converted him, said Latimer to himself. Had not Bilney once been among the number of the most pious zealots? His pale face, his wasted frame, and his humble look are clear signs that he ought to belong to the ascetics of catholicism. If he turns back, all will turn back with him, and the reaction will be complete at Cambridge. The ardent Latimer eagerly yielded to Bilney's request, and the latter, kneeling before the cross-bearer, related to him with touching simplicity the anguish he had once felt in his soul, the efforts he had made to remove it, their unprofitableness so long as he determined to follow the precepts of the church, and, lastly, the peace he had felt when he believed that Jesus Christ is *the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.* He described to Latimer the spirit of adoption he had received, and the happiness he experienced in being able now to call God his father.... Latimer, who expected to receive a confession, listened without mistrust. His heart was opened, and the voice of the pious Bilney penetrated it without obstacle. From time to time the confessor would have chased away the new thoughts which came crowding into his bosom; but the penitent continued. His language, at once so simple and so lively, entered like a two-edged sword. Bilney was not without assistance in his work. A new, a strange witness—the Holy Ghost[3]—was speaking in Latimer's soul. He learned from God to know God: he received a new heart. At length grace prevailed: the penitent rose up, but Latimer remained seated, absorbed in thought. The strong cross-bearer contended in vain against the words of the feeble Bilney. Like Saul on the way to Damascus, he was conquered, and his conversion, like the apostle's, was instantaneous. He stammered out a few words; Bilney drew near him with love, and God scattered the darkness which still obscured his mind. He saw Jesus Christ as the only Saviour given to man: he contemplated and adored him. "I learnt more by this confession," he said afterwards, "than by much reading and in many years before ....I now tasted the word of God,[2] and forsook the doctors of the school and all their fooleries."[3] It was not the penitent but the confessor who received absolution. Latimer viewed with horror the obstinate war he had waged against God; he wept bitterly; but Bilney consoled him. "Brother," said he, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." These two young men, then locked in their solitary chamber at Cambridge, were one day to mount the scaffold for that divine Master whose spirit was teaching them. But one of them before going to the stake was first to sit on an episcopal throne.

Latimer was changed. The energy of his character was tempered by a divine unction. Becoming a believer, he had ceased to be superstitious. Instead of persecuting Jesus Christ, he became a zealous seeker after him.[4] Instead of cavilling and railing, he showed himself meek and gentle;[5] instead of frequenting company, he sought solitude, studying the Scriptures and advancing in true theology. He threw off the old man and put on the new. He waited upon Stafford, begged forgiveness for the insult he had offered him, and then regularly attended his lectures, being subjugated more by this doctor's angelic conversation[6] than by his learning. But it was Bilney's society Latimer cultivated most. They conversed together daily, took frequent walks together into the country, and occasionally rested at a place, long known as "the heretic's hill."[7]

So striking a conversion gave fresh vigour to the evangelical movement. Hitherto Bilney and Latimer had been the most zealous champions of the two opposite causes; the one despised, the other honoured; the weak man had conquered the strong. This action of the Spirit of God was not thrown away upon Cambridge.

[1] Foxe, Acts, vii. p. 438.

[2] He came to me afterwards in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession. Latimer's Sermons, p. 334.

[3] He was through the good spirit of God so touched. Foxe, viii. p. 438.

[1] Latimer's Sermons, p. 334.

[2] From that time forward I began to smell the word of God. Ibid.

[3] Ibid. p. 335.

[4] Whereas before he was an enemy and almost a persecutor of Christ, he was now a zealous seeker after him. Foxe, Acts, vii. p. 338.

[5] Ibid.

[6] A man of a very perfect life and angelic conversation. Becon's Works (Parker Soc.) p. 425.

[7] Foxe, viii. p. 452.

Latimer's conversion, as of old the miracles of the apostles, struck men's minds; and was it not in truth a miracle? All the youth of the university ran to hear Bilney preach. He proclaimed "Jesus Christ as He who, having tasted death, has delivered his people from the penalty of sin."[1] While the doctors of the school (even the most pious of them) laid most stress upon *man's* part in the work of redemption, Bilney on the contrary emphasized the other term, namely, *God's* part. This doctrine of grace, said his adversaries, annuls the sacraments, and contradicts baptismal regeneration. The selfishness which forms the essence of fallen humanity rejected the evangelical doctrine, and felt that to accept it was to be lost. "Many listened with *the left ear*," to use an expression of Bilney's; "like Malchus, having their *right* ear cut off;" and they filled the university with their complaints.

But Bilney did not allow himself to be stopped. The idea of eternity had seized on his mind, and perhaps he still retained some feeble relic of the exaggerations of asceticism. He condemned every kind of recreation, even when innocent. Music in the churches seemed to him a mockery of God:[2] and when Thurlby, who was afterwards a bishop, and who lived at Cambridge in the room below his, used to begin playing on the recorder, Bilney would fall on his knees and pour out his soul in prayer: to him prayer was the sweetest melody. He prayed that the lively faith of the children of God might in all England be substituted for the vanity and pride of the priests. He believed—he prayed—he waited. His waiting was not in vain.

Latimer trod in his footsteps; the transformation of his soul was going on; and the more fanaticism he had shown for the sacerdotal system, which places salvation in the hands of the priest, the more zeal he now showed for the evangelical system, which placed it in the hands of Christ. He saw that if the churches must needs have ministers, it is not because they require a human mediation, but from the necessity of a regular preaching of the gospel and a steady direction of the flock; and accordingly he would have wished to call the servant of the Lord *minister* (ὑπηρέτης or διακονος τοῦ λόγου), and not priest[3] (ἱερεύς or *sacerdos*). In his view, it was not the imposition of hands by the bishop that gave grace, but grace which authorized the imposition of hands. He considered activity to be one of the essential features of the gospel ministry. "Would you know," said he, "why the Lord chose *fishermen* to be his apostles?....See how they watch day and night at their nets to take all such fishes that they can get and come in their way....So all our bishops, and curates, and vicars should be as painful in casting their nets, that is to say, in preaching God's word."[4] He regarded all confidence in human strength as a remnant of paganism. "Let us not do," he said, "as the haughty Ajax, who said to his father as he went to battle: Without the help of God I am able to fight, and I will get the victory with mine own strength."[2]

The Reformation had gained in Latimer a very different man from Bilney. He had not so much discernment and prudence, perhaps, but he had more energy and eloquence. What Tyndale was to be for England by his writings, Latimer was to be by his discourses. The tenderness of his conscience, the warmth of his zeal, and the vivacity of his understanding, were enlisted in the service of Jesus Christ; and if at times he was carried too far by the liveliness of his wit, it only shows that the reformers were not *saints*, but sanctified men. "He was one of the first," says an historian, "who, in the days of King Henry VIII. set himself to preach the gospel in the truth and simplicity of it."[2] He preached in Latin *ad clerum*, and in English *ad populem*. He boldly placed the law with its curses before his hearers, and then conjured them to flee towards the Saviour of the world.[4] The same zeal which he had employed in saying mass, he now employed in preaching the true sacrifice of Christ. He said one day:—"If one man had committed all the sins since Adam, you may be sure he should be punished with the same horror of death, in such a sort as all men in the world should have suffered....Such was the pain Christ endured....If our Saviour had committed all the sins of the world; all that I for my part have done, all that you for your part have done, and that any man else hath done; if he had done all this himself, his agony that he suffered should have been no greater nor grievouser than it was....Believe in Jesus Christ, and you shall overcome death....But, alas!" said he at another time, "the devil, by the help of that Italian bishop, his chaplain, has laboured by all means that he might frustrate the death of Christ and the merits of his passion."[5]

Thus began in British Christendom the preaching of the Cross. The Reformation was not the substitution of the catholicism of the first ages for the popery of the middle ages: it was a revival of the preaching of St. Paul, and thus it was that on hearing Latimer every one exclaimed with rapture:

[1] Christus quem pro virili doceo.....denique et satisfactionem. Ep. ad Tonstallum episcop. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 633.
[2] Ibid. p. 621.
[3] Minister is a more fit name for that office. Latimer's Remains, p. 264.
[4] Ibid. p. 24.
[2] Latimer's Sermons, p. 491. Sophocles, Ajax, 783, et seq.
[3] Strype's Mem. iii. part i. p. 378.
[4] Flying to him by an evangelical faith. Ibid.
[5] Latimer's Sermons, p. 74.

"Of a *Saul*, God has made him a very *Paul*."[1]

To the inward power of faith the Cambridge evangelists added the outward power of the life. Saul become Paul, the strong, the ardent Latimer, had need of action; and Bilney, the meek and humble Bilney, in delicate health, observing a severe diet, taking ordinarily but one meal a-day, and never sleeping more than four hours, absorbed in prayer and in the study of the word, displayed at that time all the energy of charity. These two friends devoted themselves not merely to the easy labours of Christian beneficence; but, caring little for that formal Christianity so often met with among the easy classes, they explored the gloomy cells of the madhouse to bear the sweet and subtle voice of the gospel to the infuriate maniacs. They visited the miserable lazar-house without the town, in which several poor lepers were dwelling; they carefully tended them, wrapped them in clean sheets, and wooed them to be converted to Christ.[2] The gates of the jail at Cambridge were opened to them,[3] and they announced to the poor prisoners that word which giveth liberty. Some were converted by it, and longed for the day of their execution.[4] Latimer, afterwards bishop of Worcester, was one of the most beautiful types of the Reformation in England.

He was opposed by numerous adversaries. In the front rank were the priests, who spared no endeavours to retain souls. "Beware," said Latimer to the new converts, "lest robbers overtake you, and plunge you into the pope's prison of purgatory."[5] After these came the sons and favourites of the aristocracy, worldly and frivolous students, who felt little disposition to listen to the gospel. "By yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is and hath been chiefly maintained in the church,"[6] said Latimer. "Is this realm taught by rich men's sons? No, no; read the chronicles; ye shall find sometime noblemen's sons which have been unpreaching bishops and prelates, but ye shall find none of them learned men." He would have desired a mode of election which placed in the Christian pulpit, not the richest and most fashionable men, but the ablest and most pious. This important reform was reserved for other days. Lastly, the evangelists of Cambridge came into collision with the *brutality* of many to use Latimer's own expression. "What need have we of universities and schools?" said the students of this class. The Holy Ghost "will give us always what to say."—"We must trust in the Holy Ghost," replied Latimer, "but not presume on it. If you will not maintain universities, you shall have a *brutality*."[1] In this manner the Reformation restored to Cambridge gravity and knowledge, along with truth and charity.

Yet Bilney and Latimer often turned their eyes towards Oxford, and wondered how the light would be able to penetrate there. Wolsey provided for that. A Cambridge master-of-arts, John Clark, a conscientious man, of tender heart, great prudence, and unbounded devotion to his duty, had been enlightened by the word of God. Wolsey, who since 1523 had been seeking everywhere for distinguished scholars to adorn his new college, invited Clark among the first. This doctor, desirous of bearing to Oxford the light which God had given Cambridge, immediately began to deliver a course of divinity lectures, to hold conferences, and to preach in his eloquent manner. He taught every day.[2] Among the graduates and students who followed him was Anthony Dalaber, a young man of simple but profound feeling, who while listening to him had experienced in his heart the regenerating power of the gospel. Overflowing with the happiness which the knowledge of Jesus Christ imparted to him, he went to the cardinal's college, knocked at Clark's door, and said: "Father, allow me never to quit you more!" The teacher, beholding the young disciple's enthusiasm, loved him, but thought it his duty to try him: "Anthony," said he, "you know not what you ask. My teaching is now pleasant to you, but the time will come when God will lay the cross of persecution on you; you will be dragged before bishops; your name will be covered with shame in the world, and all who love you will be heart-broken on account of you.....Then, my friend, you will regret that you ever knew me."

Anthony believing himself rejected, and unable to bear the idea of returning to the barren instructions of the priests, fell on his knees, and weeping bitterly,[3] exclaimed: "For the tender mercy of God, turn me not away!" Touched by his sorrow, Clark folded him in his arms, kissed him, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: "The Lord give thee what thou askest!.....Take me for thy father, I take thee for my son." From that hour Anthony, all joy, was like Timothy at the feet of Paul. He united a quick understanding with tender affections. When any of the students had not attended Clark's conferences, the master commissioned his disciple to visit them, to inquire

[1] This was said by Ralph Morice, afterwards Cranmer's secretary. Strype, Eccl. Mem. iii. part i. p. 368.
[2] Preaching at the lazar-cots, wrapping them in sheets. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 620. Lond. 1846.
[3] Latimer's Sermons, p. 335 (Park. Soc.)
[4] She had such a savour, such a sweetness, and feeling, that she thought it long to the day of execution. Ibid. p. 180.
[5] Strype's Eccles. Memorials, iii. part i. p. 378. Latimer's Sermons, p. 102.

[1] Latimer's Sermons, p. 269.
[2] Teach or preach, which he did daily Foxe Acts, v. p. 426.
[3] Foxe, Acts, v. p. 426.

into their doubts, and to impart to them his instructions. "This exercise did me much good," said Dalaber, "and I made great progress in the knowledge of the Scripture."

Thus the kingdom of God, which consists not in forms but in the power of the Spirit, was set up in Cambridge and Oxford. The alarmed schoolmen, beholding their most pious scholars escaping one after another from their teaching, called the bishops to their aid, and the latter determined to send agents to Cambridge, the focus of the heresy, to apprehend the leaders. This took place in 1523 or the beginning of 1524. The episcopal officers had arrived, and were proceeding to business. The most timid began to feel alarm, but Latimer was full of courage; when suddenly the agents of the clergy were forbidden to go on, and this prohibition, strange to say, originated with Wolsey; "upon what ground I cannot imagine," says Burnet.[1] Certain events were taking place at Rome of a nature to exercise great influence over the priestly councils, and which may perhaps explain what Burnet could not understand.

Adrian VI. died on the 14th September 1523, before the end of the second year of his pontificate. Wolsey thought himself pope. At length he would no longer be the favourite only, but the arbiter of the kings of the earth; and his genius, for which England was too narrow, would have Europe and the world for its stage. Already revolving gigantic projects in his mind, the future pope dreamt of the destruction of heresy in the west, and in the east the cessation of the Greek schism, and new crusades to replant the cross on the walls of Constantinople. There is nothing that Wolsey would not have dared to undertake when once seated on the throne of catholicism, and the pontificate of Gregory VII. and Innocent III. would have been eclipsed by that of the Ipswich butcher's son. The cardinal reminded Henry of his promise, and the very next day the king signed a letter addressed to Charles the Fifth.

Believing himself sure of the emperor, Wolsey turned all his exertions to the side of Rome. "The legate of England," said Henry's ambassadors to the cardinals, "is the very man for the present time. He is the only one thoroughly acquainted with the interests and wants of Christendom, and strong enough to provide for them. He is all kindness, and will share his dignities and wealth among all the prelates who support him."

But Julio de' Medici himself aspired to the papacy, and as eighteen cardinals were devoted to him, the election could not take place without his support. "Rather than yield," said he in the conclave, "I would die in this prison." A month passed away, and nothing was done. New intrigues were then resorted to: there were cabals for Wolsey, cabals for Medici. The cardinals were besieged:

> Into their midst, by many a secret path,
> Creeps sly intrigue.[1]

At length, on the 19th November 1523 the people collected under their windows, shouting: "No foreign pope." After forty-nine days' debating, Julio was elected, and according to his own expression, "bent his head beneath the yoke of apostolic servitude."[2] He took the name of Clement VII.

Wolsey was exasperated. It was in vain that he presented himself before St. Peter's chair at each vacancy: a more active or more fortunate rival always reached it before him. Master of England, and the most influential of European diplomatists, he saw men preferred to him who were his inferiors. This election was an event for the Reformation. Wolsey as pope would, humanly speaking, have tightened the cords which already bound England so closely to Rome; but Wolsey, rejected, could hardly fail to throw himself into tortuous paths which would perhaps contribute to the emancipation of the church. He became more crafty than ever; declared to Henry that the new election was quite in conformity with his wishes,[3] and hastened to congratulate the new pope. He wrote to his agents at Rome: "This election, I assure you, is as much to the king's and my rejoicing, consolation, and gladness, as possibly may be devised or imagined.... Ye shall show unto his holiness what joy, comfort, and gladness it is both to the king's highness and me to perceive that once in our lives it hath pleased God of his great goodness to provide such a pastor unto his church, as his grace and I have long inwardly desired; who for his virtue, wisdom and other high and notable qualities, we have always reputed the most able and worthy person to be called to that dignity."[4] But the pope, divining his competitor's vexation, sent the king a golden rose, and a ring to Wolsey. "I am sorry," he said as he drew it from his finger, "that I cannot present it to his eminence in person." Clement moreover conferred on him the quality of legate *for life*—an office which had hitherto been temporary only. Thus the popedom and England embraced each other, and nothing appeared more distant

[1] History of the Reformation, i. p. 25. Lond. 1841.

[1] Un conclave, by C. Delavigne.

[2] Colla subjecimus jugo apostolicæ servitutis. Rymer, Fœdera, vi. 2, p. 7.

[3] I take God to witness, I am more joyous thereof than if it had fortuned upon my person. Wolsey to Henry VIII. Burnet, Records, p. cccxxviii. (Lond. 1841.)

[4] Wolsey to Secretary Page. Galt's Wolsey, p 381, Appendix. (Lond. 1846.)

than that Christian revolution which was destined very shortly to emancipate Britain from the tutelage of the Vatican.

Wolsey's disappointed ambition made him suspend the proceedings of the clergy at Cambridge. He had revenge in his heart, and cared not to persecute his fellow-countrymen merely to please his rival; and besides, like several popes, he had a certain fondness for learning. To send a few Lollards to prison was a matter of no difficulty; but learned doctors.....this required a closer examination. Hence he gave Rome a sign of independence. And yet it was not specially against the pope that he began to entertain sinister designs: Clement had been more fortunate than himself; but that was no reason why he should be angry with him.....Charles V. was the offender, and Wolsey swore a deadly hatred against him. Resolved to strike, he sought only the place where he could inflict the severest blow. To obtain his end, he resolved to dissemble his passion, and to distil drop by drop into Henry's mind that mortal hatred against Charles, which gave fresh energy to his activity.

Charles discovered the indignation that lay hid under Wolsey's apparent mildness, and wishing to retain Henry's alliance, he made more pressing advances to the king. Having deprived the minister of a tiara, he resolved to offer the king a crown: this was, indeed, a noble compensation! "You are king of France," the emperor said, "and I undertake to win your kingdom for you.[1] Only send an ambassador to Italy to negotiate the matter." Wolsey, who could hardly contain his vexation, was forced to comply, in appearance at least, with the emperor's views. The king, indeed, seemed to think of nothing but his arrival at St. Germain's, and commissioned Pace to visit Italy for this important business. Wolsey hoped that he would be unable to execute his commission; it was impossible to cross the Alps, for the French troops blockaded every passage. But Pace, who was one of those adventurous characters whom nothing can stop, spurred on by the thought that the king himself had sent him, determined to cross the *Col di Tenda*. On the 27th of July, he entered the mountains, traversed precipitous passes, sometimes climbing them on all-fours,[2] and often falling during the descent. In some places he could ride on horseback; "but in the most part thereof I durst not either turn my horse traverse (he wrote to the king) for all the worldly riches, nor in manner look on my left hand, for the pronite and deepness to the valley." After this passage, which lasted six days, Pace arrived in Italy worn out by fatigue. "If the king of England will enter France immediately by way of Normandy," said the constable of Bourbon to him, "I will give him leave to pluck out both my eyes[1] if he is not master of Paris before All-Saints; and when Paris is taken, he will be master of the whole kingdom." But Wolsey, to whom these remarks were transmitted by the ambassador, slighted them, delayed furnishing the subsidies, and required certain conditions which were calculated to thwart the project. Pace, who was ardent and ever imprudent, but plain and straightforward, forgot himself, and in a moment of vexation wrote to Wolsey: "To speak frankly, if you do not attend to these things, I shall impute to your grace the loss of the crown of France." These words ruined Henry's envoy in the cardinal's mind. Was this man, who owed every thing to him, trying to supplant him?.....Pace in vain assured Wolsey that he should not take seriously what he had said: but the bolt had hit. Pace was associated with Charles in the cruel enmity of the minister, and he was one day to feel its terrible effects. It was not long before Wolsey was able to satisfy himself that the service Charles had desired to render the king of England was beyond the emperor's strength.

No sooner at ease on one side, than Wolsey found himself attacked on another. This man, the most powerful among kings' favourites, felt at this time the first breath of disfavour blow over him. On the pontifical throne, he would no doubt have attempted a reform after the manner of Sixtus V.; and wishing to rehearse on a smaller stage, and regenerate after his own fashion the catholic church in England, he submitted the monasteries to a strict inquisition, patronized the instruction of youth, and was the first to set a great example, by suppressing certain religious houses, whose revenues he applied to his college in Oxford. Thomas Cromwell, his solicitor, displayed much skill and industry in this business,[2] and thus, under the orders of a cardinal of the Roman church, made his first campaign in a war in which he was in later days to hold the chief command. Wolsey and Cromwell, by their reforms, drew down the hatred of certain monks, priests, and noblemen, always the very humble servants of the clerical party. The latter accused the cardinal of not having estimated the monasteries at their just value, and of having in certain cases, encroached on the royal jurisdiction. Henry, whom the loss of the crown of France had put in a bad humour, resolved, for the first time, not to spare his minister: "There are loud murmurs throughout this kingdom," he said to him; "It is asserted that your new college at Oxford, is only a convenient cloak to

[1] Ellis' Letters, Second Series, p. 326, 327.

[2] It made us creep of all-four. Pace to the king, Strype, vol. i. part ii. p. 27.

[1] Cotton MSS., Vitellius, B. 6, p. 87.

[2] Very forward and industrious. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 366.

hide your malversations."[1] "God forbid," replied the cardinal, "that this virtuous foundation at Oxford, undertaken for the good of my poor soul, should be raised *ex rapinis!* But, above all, God forbid that I should ever encroach upon your royal authority." He then cunningly insinuated, that by his will he left all his property to the king. Henry was satisfied: he had a share in the business.

Events of very different importance drew the king's attention to another quarter. The two armies, of the empire and of France, were in presence before Pavia. Wolsey, who openly gave his right hand to Charles V., and secretly his left to Francis, repeated to his master: "If the emperor gains the victory, are you not his ally? and if Francis, am I not in secret communication with him?"[2] "Thus," added the cardinal, "whatever happens, your Highness will have great cause to give thanks to Almighty God."

On the 24th of February, 1525, the battle of Pavia was fought, and the imperialists found in the French king's tent several of Wolsey's letters, and in his military chest and in the pockets of his soldiers the cardinal's corrupting gold. This alliance had been contrived by Giovanni Gioacchine, a Genoese master of the household to Louisa, regent of France, who passed for a merchant of Bologna, and lived in concealment at Blackfriars. Charles now saw what he had to trust to; but the news of the battle of Pavia had scarcely reached England, when, faithful to perfidy, Wolsey gave utterance to a feigned pleasure. The people rejoiced also, but they were in earnest. Bonfires were lighted in the streets of London; the fountains ran wine, and the lord-mayor, attended by the aldermen, passed through the city on horseback to the sound of the trumpet.

The cardinal's joy was not altogether false. He would have been pleased at the enemy's defeat; but his victory was perhaps still more useful to him.

He said to Henry: "The emperor is a liar, observing neither faith nor promise: the Archduchess Margaret is a woman of evil life;[3] Don Ferdinand is a child, and Bourbon a traitor. Sire, you have other things to do with your money than to squander it on these four individuals. Charles is aiming at universal monarchy; Pavia is the first step of this throne, and if England does not oppose him, he will attain it." Joachim having come privily to London, Wolsey prevailed upon Henry to conclude between England and France an "*indissoluble peace* by land and sea."[4]

[1] Collier's Eccles. Hist. x. p. 20.

[2] By such communications as he set forth with France apart. State Papers, i. p. 158.

[3] Milady Margaret was a ribaud. Cotton MSS. Vesp. C. 3, p. 55.

[4] Sincera fidelis, firma et indissolubilis pax. Rymer, Fœdera, p. 32, 33.

At last then he was in a position to prove to Charles that it is a dangerous thing to oppose the ambition of a priest.

This was not the only advantage Wolsey derived from the triumph of his enemy. The citizens of London imagined that the king of England would be in a few weeks in Paris; Wolsey, rancorous and grasping, determined to make them pay dearly for their enthusiasm. "You desire to conquer France," said he; "you are right. Give me then for that purpose the sixth part of your property; that is a trifle to gratify so noble an inclination." England did not think so; this illegal demand aroused universal complaint. "We are English and not French, freemen and not slaves,"[1] was the universal cry. Henry might tyrannize over his court, but not lay hands on his subjects' property.

The eastern counties rose in insurrection: four thousand men were under arms in a moment; and Henry was guarded in his own palace by only a few servants. It was necessary to break down the bridges to stop the insurgents.[2] The courtiers complained to the king; the king threw the blame on the cardinal; the cardinal laid it on the clergy, who had encouraged him to impose this tax by quoting to him the example of Joseph demanding of the Egyptians the fifth part of their goods; and the clergy in their turn ascribed the insurrection to the gospellers, who (said they) were stirring up a peasant war in England, as they had done in Germany. Reformation produces revolution: this is the favourite text of the followers of the pope. Violent hands must be laid upon the heretics. *Non pluit Deus, duc ad christianos.*[3]

The charge of the priests was absurd; but the people are blind whenever the gospel is concerned, and occasionally the governors are blind also. Serious reasoning was not necessary to confute this invention. "Here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy," said Latimer one day in the pulpit. "Master More was once sent in commission into Kent to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin Sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. He calleth the country afore him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and among others came in an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than one hundred years old. So Master More called the old aged man unto him, and said: Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves hereabout, that stop up Sandwich haven? Forsooth, Sir,

[1] Hall's Chronicle, p. 696. If men should give their goods by a commission, then were it worse than the taxes of France; and so England would be bond and not free.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "God sends no rain.....lead us against the Christians." A cry ascribed by Augustine to the pagans of the first ages.

(quoth he) I am an old man, for I am well nigh an hundred, and I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the Goodwin Sands. For I am an old man, Sir, and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and before that steeple was in building, there was no manner of flats or sands." After relating this anecdote, Latimer slyly added: "Even so, to my purpose, is preaching of God's word the cause of rebellion, as Tenterden steeple was the cause Sandwich haven is decayed."[1]

There was no persecution: there was something else to be done. Wolsey, feeling certain that Charles had obstructed his accession to the popedom, thought only in what manner he might take his revenge. But during this time Tyndale also was pursuing his aim; and the year 1525, memorable for the battle of Pavia, was destined to be no less so in the British isles, by a still more important victory.

The ship which carried Tyndale and his MSS. cast anchor at Hamburg, where, since the year 1521, the gospel had counted numerous friends. Encouraged by the presence of his brethren, the Oxford fellow had taken a quiet lodging in one of the narrow winding streets of that old city, and had immediately resumed his task. A secretary, whom he terms his "faithful companion,"[2] aided him in collating texts; but it was not long before this brother, whose name is unknown to us, thinking himself called to preach Christ in places where He had as yet never been proclaimed, left Tyndale. A former friar-observant of the Franciscan order at Greenwich, having abandoned the cloister, and being at this time without resources, offered his services to the Hellenist. Wiliam Roye was one of those men (and they are always pretty numerous) whom impatience of the yoke alienates from Rome without their being attracted by the Spirit of God to Christ. Acute, insinuating, crafty, and yet of pleasing manners, he charmed all those who had mere casual relations with him. Tyndale, banished to the distant shores of the Elbe, surrounded by strange customs, and hearing only a foreign tongue, often thought of England, and was impatient that his country should enjoy the result of his labours: he accepted Roye's aid. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark, translated and printed at Hamburg, became, it would seem, the first fruits to England of his great task.

But Tyndale was soon overwhelmed by annoyances. Roye, who was pretty manageable while he had no money, had become intractable now that his purse was less empty.[3] What was to be done? The reformer having spent the ten pounds he had brought from England, could not satisfy the demands of his assistants, pay his own debts, and remove to another city. He became still more sparing and economical. The Wartburg, in which Luther had translated the New Testament, was a palace in comparison with the lodging in which the reformer of wealthy England endured hunger and cold, while toiling day and night to give the gospel to the English Christians.

About the end of 1524, Tyndale sent the two gospels to Monmouth; and a merchant named John Collenbeke, having brought him the ten pounds he had left in the hands of his old patron, he prepared to depart immediately.

Where should he go? Not to England; he must complete his task before all things. Could he be in Luther's neighbourhood and not desire to see him? He needed not the Saxon reformer either to find the truth, which he had already known at Oxford, or to undertake the translation of the Scriptures, which he had already begun in the vale of the Severn. But did not all evangelical foreigners flock to Wittemberg? To remove all doubt as to the interview of the reformers, it would be desirable perhaps to find some trace at Wittemberg,[1] either in the university registers or in the writings of the Saxon reformers. Yet several contemporaneous testimonies seem to give a sufficient degree of probability to this conference. Foxe tells us: "He had an interview with Luther, and other learned men of that country."[2] This must have been in the spring of 1525.

Tyndale, desirous of drawing nearer to his native country, turned his eyes towards the Rhine. There were at Cologne some celebrated printers well known in England, and among others Quentel and the Byrckmans. Francis Byrckman had warehouses in St. Paul's churchyard in London—a circumstance that might facilitate the introduction and sale of the Testament printed on the banks of the Rhine. This providential circumstance decided Tyndale in favour

[1] Latimer's Sermons, vol. i. p. 251.
[2] Tyndale's Doctr. Treatises, p. 37.
[3] Anderson's Annals of the Bible, i. 49.

[1] I requested a German divine to investigate this matter, but his researches were unsuccessful.

[2] Mr. Anderson, in his excellent work (Annals of the English Bible, vol. i. p. 47) disputes the interview between these two reformers, but his arguments do not convince me. We can understand how Luther, at that time busily engaged in his dispute with Carlstadt, does not mention Tyndale's visit in his letters. But, besides Foxe, there are other contemporaneous authorities in favour of this fact. Cochlæus, a German well informed on all the movements of the reformers, and whom we shall presently see on Tyndale's traces, says of him and Roye: "Duo Angli apostatæ, *qui ulequamdiu fuerant Vuitenbergæ*" (p. 123). And Sir Thomas More, having said that Tyndale had gone to see Luther, Tyndale was content to reply: "When Mr. More saith Tyndale was confederate with Luther, that is not the truth." Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, p. 147 (Park Soc). He denied the *confederation*, but not the *visit*. If Tyndale had not *seen* Luther, he would have been more explicit, and would probably have said that he had never even met him.

of Cologne, and thither he repaired with Roye and his MSS. Arrived in the gloomy streets of the city of Agrippina, he contemplated its innumerable churches, and above all its ancient cathedral reëchoing to the voices of its canons, and was oppressed with sorrow as he beheld the priests and monks and mendicants and pilgrims who, from all parts of Europe, poured in to adore the pretended relics of the *three wise men* and of the *eleven thousand virgins*. And then Tyndale asked himself whether it was really in this superstitious city that the New Testament was to be printed in English. This was not all. The reform movement then at work in Germany had broken out at Cologne during the feast of Whitsuntide, and the archbishop had just forbidden all evangelical worship. Yet Tyndale persevered, and submitting to the most minute precautions, not to compromise his work, he took an obscure lodging where he kept himself closely hidden.

Soon however, trusting in God, he called on the printer, presented his manuscripts to him, ordered six thousand copies, and then, upon reflection, sank down to three thousand for fear of a seizure.[1] The printing went on; one sheet followed another; gradually the gospel unfolded its mysteries in the English tongue, and Tyndale could not contain himself for very joy.[2] He saw in his mind's eye the triumphs of the Scriptures over all the kingdom, and exclaimed with transport: "Whether the king wills it or not, erelong all the people of England, enlightened by the New Testament, will obey the gospel."[3]

But on a sudden that sun whose earliest beams he had hailed with songs of joy, was hidden by thick clouds. One day, just as the tenth sheet had been thrown off, the printer hastened to Tyndale, and informed him that the senate of Cologne forbade him to continue the work. Everything was discovered then. No doubt Henry VIII., who has burnt Luther's books, wishes to burn the New Testament also, to destroy Tyndale's manuscripts, and deliver him up to death. Who had betrayed him? He was lost in unavailing conjectures, and one thing only appeared certain: alas! his vessel, which was moving onwards in full sail, had struck upon a reef! The following is the explanation of this unexpected incident.

A man whom we have often met with in the course of this history,[4] one of the most violent enemies of the Reformation—we mean Cochlæus—had arrived in Cologne. The wave of popular agitation which had stirred this city during the Whitsuntide holidays, had previously swept over Frankfort during the festival of Easter; and the dean of Notre Dame, taking advantage of a moment when the gates of the city were open, had escaped a few minutes before the burghers entered his house to arrest him. On arriving at Cologne, where he hoped to live unknown under the shadow of the powerful elector, he had gone to lodge with George Lauer, a canon in the church of the Apostles.

By a singular destiny the two most opposite men, Tyndale and Cochlæus, were in hiding in the same city; they could not long remain there without coming into collision.

On the right bank of the Rhine, and opposite Cologne, stood the monastery of Deutz, one of whose abbots, Rupert, who lived in the twelfth century, had said: "To be ignorant of Scripture is to be ignorant of Jesus Christ. This is *the scripture of nations!*[1] This book of God, which is not pompous in words and poor in meaning like Plato, ought to be set before every people, and to proclaim aloud to the whole world the salvation of all." One day, when Cochlæus and his host were talking of Rupert, the canon informed the dean that the *heretic* Osiander of Nuremberg was in treaty with the abbot of Deutz about publishing the writings of this ancient doctor. Cochlæus guessed that Osiander was desirous of bringing forward the contemporary of St. Bernard as a witness in defence of the Reformation. Hastening to the monastery he alarmed the abbot: "Intrust to me the manuscripts of your celebrated predecessor," he said; "I will undertake to print them, and prove that he was one of us." The monks placed them in his hands, stipulating for an early publication from which they expected no little renown.[2] Cochlæus immediately went to Peter Quentel and Arnold Byrckman to make the necessary arrangements. They were Tyndale's printers.

There Cochlæus made a more important discovery than that of Rupert's manuscripts. Byrckman and Quentel having invited him one day to meet several of their colleagues at dinner, a printer, somewhat elevated by wine, declared in his cups (to borrow the words of Cochlæus):[3] "Whether the king and the cardinal of York wish it or not, all England will soon be Lutheran."[4] Cochlæus listened and grew alarmed; he made inquiry, and was informed that *two Englishmen*, learned men and skilled in the languages, were

[1] Sex milia sub prælum dari. Cochlæus, p. 123.
[2] Tanta ex ea spe lætitia Lutheranos invasit. Ibid. p. 124.
[3] Cunctos Angliæ populos, volente nolente rege. Ibid. p. 123.
[4] Book ix chapter xii. etc.

[1] Scripturæ populorum. Opp. i. p. 641.
[2] Cum monachi quieturi non erant, nisi ederentur opera illa. Cochl. p. 124.
[3] Audivit eos aliquando inter pocula fiducialiter jactitare. Ibid. p. 125.
[4] Velint nolint rex et cardinalis Angliæ, totam Angliam brevi fore Lutheranam. Ibid.

concealed at Cologne. But all his efforts to discover more proved unavailing.

There was no more repose for the dean of Frankfort; his imagination fermented, his mind became alarmed. "What," said he, "shall England, that faithful servant of the popedom, be perverted like Germany? Shall the English, the most religious people of Christendom,[2] and whose king once ennobled himself by writing against Luther,—shall they be invaded by heresy?.....Shall the mighty cardinal-legate of York be compelled to flee from his palace, as I was from Francfort?" Cochlæus continued his search; he paid frequent visits to the printers, spoke to them in a friendly tone, flattered them, invited them to visit him at the canon's; but as yet he dared not hazard the important question; it was sufficient for the moment to have won the good graces of the depositaries of the secret. He soon took a new step; he was careful not to question them before one another; but he procured a private interview with one of them,[3] and supplied him plentifully with Rhine wine:—he himself is our informant.[4] Artful questions embarrassed the unwary printer, and at last the secret was disclosed. "The New Testament," Cochlæus learnt, "is translated into English; three thousand copies are in the press; fourscore pages in quarto are ready; the expense is fully supplied by English merchants, who are secretly to convey the work when printed, and to disperse it widely through all England, before the king or the cardinal can discover or prohibit it.[5].....Thus will Britain be converted to the opinions of Luther."[6]

The surprise of Cochlæus equalled his alarm;[7] he dissembled; he wished to learn, however, where the two Englishmen lay concealed; but all his exertions proved ineffectual, and he returned to his lodgings filled with emotion. The danger was very great. A stranger and an exile, what can he do to oppose this impious undertaking? Where shall he find a friend to England, prepared to show his zeal in warding off the threatened blow?.....He was bewildered.

A flash of light suddenly dispelled the darkness. A person of some consequence at Cologne, Herman Rincke, a patrician and imperial councillor, had been sent on important business by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VII., and from that time he had always shown a great attachment to England. Cochlæus determined to reveal the fatal secret to him; but, being still alarmed by the scenes at Frankfort, he was afraid to conspire openly against the Reformation. He had left an aged mother and a little niece at home, and was unwilling to do any thing which might compromise them. He therefore crept stealthily towards Rincke's house (as he tells us himself),[1] slipped in secretly, and unfolded the whole matter to him. Rincke could not believe that the New Testament in English was printing at Cologne; however, he sent a confidential person to make inquiries, who reported to him that Cochlæus's information was correct, and that he had found in the printing office a large supply of paper intended for the edition.[2] The patrician immediately proceeded to the senate, and spoke of Wolsey, of Henry VIII., and of the preservation of the Romish church in England; and that body which, under the influence of the archbishop, had long since forgotten the rights of liberty, forbade the printer to continue the work. Thus, then, there were to be no New Testaments for England! A practised hand had warded off the blow aimed at Roman Catholicism; Tyndale would perhaps be thrown into prison, and Cochlæus enjoy a complete triumph.

Tyndale was at first confounded. Were so many years of toil lost, then, for ever? His trial seemed beyond his strength.[3] "They are ravening wolves," he exclaimed, "they preach to others, Steal not, and yet they have robbed the soul of man of the bread of life, and fed her with the shales [shells?] and cods of the hope in their merits and confidence in their good works."[4] Yet Tyndale did not long remain cast down; for his faith was of that kind which would remove mountains. Is it not the word of God that is imperilled? If he does not abandon himself, God will not abandon him. He must anticipate the senate of Cologne. Daring and prompt in all his movements, Tyndale bade Roye follow him, hastened to the printing office, collected the sheets, jumped into a boat, and rapidly ascended the river, carrying with him the hope of England.[5]

When Cochlæus and Rincke, accompanied by the officers of the senate, reached the printing office, they were surprised beyond measure. The apostate had secured the abominable papers!.....Their enemy had escaped like a bird from the net of the fowler. Where was he to be found now?

[1] Duos ibi latitare Anglos eruditos, linguarumque peritos. Ibid.

[2] In gente illa religiosissima vereque Christiana. Ibid. p. 131.

[3] Unus eorum in secretiori colloquio revelavit illi arcanum. Ibid.

[4] Rem omnem ut acceperat *vini beneficio*. Ibid. p. 131.

[5] Opus excussum clam invecturi per totam Angliam latenter dispergere vellent. Ibid.

[6] Ad Lutheri partes trahendo est Anglia. Ibid.

[7] Metu et admiratione affectus. Ibid.

[1] Abiit igitur clam ad H. Rincke. Cochlæus, p. 131.

[2] Ingentem papyri copiam ibi existere. Ibid.

[3] Necessity and combrance (God is record) *above strength*. Tynd. Doctr. Tr. p. 390.

[4] Tyndale, Expositions, p. 123 (Parker Society).

[5] Arreptis secum quaternionibus impressis aufugerunt navigio per Rhenum ascendentes. Cochl. p. 126.

He would no doubt go and place himself under the protection of some *Lutheran* prince, whither Cochlæus would take good care not to pursue him; but there was one resource left. These English books can do no harm in Germany; they must be prevented reaching London. He wrote to Henry VIII., to Wolsey, and to the bishop of Rochester. "Two Englishmen," said he to the king, "like the two eunuchs who desired to lay hands on Ahasuerus, are plotting wickedly against the peace of your kingdom; but I, like the faithful Mordecai,[1] will lay open their designs to you. They wish to send the New Testament in English to your people. Give orders at every seaport to prevent the introduction of this most baneful merchandise."[2] Such was the name given by this zealous follower of the pope to the word of God. An unexpected ally soon restored peace to the soul of Cochlæus. The celebrated Dr. Eck, a champion of popery far more formidable than he was, had arrived at Cologne on his way to London, and he undertook to arouse the anger of the bishops and of the king.[3] The eyes of the greatest opponents of the Reformation seemed now to be fixed on England. Eck, who boasted of having gained the most signal triumphs over Luther, would easily get the better of the humble tutor and his New Testament.

During this time Tyndale, guarding his precious bales, ascended the rapid river as quickly as he could. He passed before the antique cities and the smiling villages scattered along the banks of the Rhine amidst scenes of picturesque beauty. The mountains, glens, and rocks, the dark forests, the ruined fortresses, the gothic churches, the boats that passed and repassed each other, the birds of prey that soared over his head, as if they bore a mission from Cochlæus—nothing could turn his eyes from the treasures he was carrying with him. At last, after a voyage of five or six days, he reached Worms, where Luther, four years before, had exclaimed: "Here I stand, I can do no other; may God help me!"[4] These words of the German reformer, so well known to Tyndale, were the star that guided him to Worms. He knew that the gospel was preached in that ancient city. "The citizens are subject to fits of Lutherism," said Cochlæus.[5] Tyndale arrived there, not as Luther did, surrounded by an immense crowd, but unknown, and imagining himself pursued by the myrmidons of Charles and of Henry. As he landed from the boat he cast an uneasy glance around him, and laid down his precious burden on the bank of the river.

He had time to reflect on the dangers which threatened his work. As his enemies would have marked the edition, some few sheets of it having fallen into their hands, he took steps to mislead the inquisitors, and began a new edition, striking out the prologue and the notes, and substituting the more portable *octavo* form for the original *quarto*. Peter Schœffer, the grandson of Fust, one of the inventors of printing, lent his presses for this important work. The two editions were quietly completed about the end of the year 1525.[1]

Thus were the wicked deceived: they would have deprived the English people of the oracles of God, and *two* editions were now ready to enter England. "Give diligence," said Tyndale to his fellow-countrymen as he sent from Worms the Testament he had just translated, "unto the words of eternal life, by the which, if we repent and believe them, we are born anew, created afresh, and enjoy the fruits of the blood of Christ."[2] In the beginning of 1526, these books crossed the sea by way of Antwerp or Rotterdam. Tyndale was happy; but he knew that the unction of the Holy Ghost alone could enable the people of England to understand these sacred pages; and accordingly he followed them night and day with his prayers. "The scribes and pharisees," said he, "had thrust up the sword of the word of God in a scabbard or sheath of glosses, and therein had knit it fast, so that it could neither stick nor cut.[3] Now, O God, draw this sharp sword from the scabbard. Strike, wound, cut asunder, the soul and the flesh, so that man being divided in two, and set at variance with himself, may be in peace with thee to all eternity!"

While these works were accomplishing at Cologne and Worms, others were going on at Cambridge and Oxford. On the banks of the Rhine they were preparing the seed; in England they were drawing the furrows to receive it. The gospel produced a great agitation at Cambridge. Bilney, whom we may call the father of the English Reformation, since, being the first converted by the New Testament, he had brought to the knowledge of God the energetic Latimer, and so many other witnesses of the truth—Bilney did not at that time put himself forward, like many of those

[1] He was indebted to me no less than Ahasuerus was indebted to Mordecai. Annals of the Bible, i. p. 61.

[2] Ut quam diligentissime præcaverint in omnibus Angliæ portubus, ne merx illa perniciosissima inveheretur. Cochlæus, p. 126.

[3] Ad quem Doctor Eckius venit, dum in Angliam tenderet. Ibid. p. 109.

[4] See above, book vii. chapter viii.

[5] Ascendentes Wormatiam ubi plebs pleno furore lutherisabat. Cochlæus, p. 126

[1] A copy of the *octavo* edition still exists in the Museum of the Baptist College at Bristol. If it is compared with the *quarto* edition, a sensible progress will be found in the orthography. Thus we read in the latter: *prophettes, synners, mooste, sekynge;* in the octavo we find, *prophets, sinners, most, seking.* Annals of the Bible, i. p. 70.

[2] Epist. in init.

[3] Tyndale's Works, ii. p. 378; or Expositions (Matthew), p. 131 (Park. Soc.)

who had listened to him; his vocation was prayer. Timid before men, he was full of boldness before God, and day and night called upon him for souls. But while he was kneeling in his closet, others were at work in the world. Among these Stafford was particularly remarkable. "Paul is risen from the dead," said many as they heard him. And in fact Stafford explained with so much life the true meaning of the words of the apostle and of the four evangelists,[1] that these holy men, whose faces had been so long hidden under the dense traditions of the schools,[2] reappeared before the youth of the university such as the apostolic times had beheld them. But it was not only their *persons* (for that would have been a trifling matter), it was their *doctrine* which Stafford laid before his hearers. While the schoolmen of Cambridge were declaring to their pupils a reconciliation which was not yet worked out, and telling them that pardon must be purchased by the works prescribed by the church, Stafford taught that redemption was *accomplished*, that the satisfaction offered by Jesus Christ was *perfect;* and he added, that popery having revived the *kingdom of the law*, God, by the Reformation, was now reviving the *kingdom of grace*. The Cambridge students, charmed by their master's teaching, greeted him with applause, and, indulging a little too far in their enthusiasm, said to one another as they left the lecture-room: "Which is the most indebted to the other? Stafford to Paul, who left him the holy epistles; or Paul to Stafford, who has resuscitated that apostle, and his holy doctrines, which the middle ages had obscured?"

Above Bilney and Stafford rose Latimer, who, by the power of the Holy Ghost, transfused into our hearts the learned lessons of his master.[3] Being informed of the work that Tyndale was preparing, he maintained from the Cambridge pulpits that the Bible ought to be read in the vulgar tongue.[4] "The author of Holy Scripture," said he, "is the Mighty One, the Everlasting.....*God himself!*.....and this Scripture partakes of the might and eternity of its author. There is neither king nor emperor that is not bound to obey it. Let us beware of those bypaths of human tradition, filled of stones, brambles, and uprooted trees. Let us follow the straight road of the word. It does not concern us what the Fathers have done, but what they should have done."[5]

A numerous congregation crowded to Latimer's preaching, and his hearers hung listening to his lips. One in particular attracted attention. He was a Norfolk youth, sixteen years of age, whose features were lighted up with understanding and piety. This poor scholar had received with eagerness the truth announced by the former cross-bearer. He did not miss one of his sermons; with a sheet of paper on his knees, and a pencil in his hand, he took down part of the discourse, trusting the remainder to his memory.[1] This was Thomas Becon, afterwards chaplain to Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury. "If I possess the knowledge of God," said he, "I owe it (under God) to Latimer."

Latimer had hearers of many sorts. By the side of those who gave way to their enthusiasm stood men "swelling, blown full, and puffed up like unto Esop's frog, with envy and malice against him," said Becon;[2] these were the partisans of traditional catholicism, whom curiosity had attracted, or whom their evangelical friends had dragged to the church. But as Latimer spoke, a marvellous transformation was worked in them; by degrees their angry features relaxed, their fierce looks grew softer; and, if these friends of the priests were asked, after their return home, what they thought of the heretic preacher, they replied, in the exaggeration of their surprise and rapture: "*Nunquam sic locutus est homo, sicut hic homo!*" (John vii. 46.)

When he descended from the pulpit, Latimer hastened to practise what he had taught. He visited the narrow chambers of the poor scholars, and the dark rooms of the working classes: "he watered with good deeds whatsoever he had before planted with godly words,"[3] said the student who collected his discourses. The disciples conversed together with joy and simplicity of heart; every where the breath of a new life was felt; as yet no external reforms had been effected, and yet the spiritual church of the gospel and of the Reformation was already there. And thus the recollection of these happy times was long commemorated in the adage:

> When Master Stafford read
> And Master Latimer preached,
> Then was Cambridge blessed.[4]

The priests could not remain inactive: they heard speak of grace and liberty, and would have nothing to do with either. If *grace* is tolerated, will it not take from the hands of the clergy the manipulation of salvation, indulgences, penance, and all the

[1] He set forth in his lectures the native sense. Thomas Becon, ii. p. 426.

[2] Obscured through the darkness and mists of the papists. Ibid.

[3] A private instructor to the rest of his brethren within the university. Foxe, Acts, vii. p. 438.

[4] He proved in his sermons that the Holy Scriptures ought to be read in the English tongue of all Christian people. Becon, vol. ii. p. 424 (Park. Soc.)

[5] We find his opinions upon that subject in a later sermon. Latimer's Sermons, p. 96, 97 (Park. Soc.)

[1] A poor scholar of Cambridge.....but a child of sixteen years. Becon's Works, ii. p. 425.

[2] Ibid. p. 425.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

rubrics of the canon law? If *liberty* is conceded, will not the hierarchy, with all its degrees, pomps, violence, and scaffolds, be shaken? Rome desires no other liberty than that of free-will, which, exalting the natural strength of fallen man, dries up as regards mankind the springs of divine life, withers Christianity, and changes that heavenly religion into a human moralism and legal observances.

The friends of popery, therefore, collected their forces to oppose the new religion. "Satan, who never sleeps," says the simple chronicler, "called up his familiar spirits, and sent them forth against the reformers." Meetings were held in the convents, but particularly in that belonging to the Greyfriars. They mustered all their forces. *An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth*, said they. Latimer extols in his sermons the *blessings* of Scripture; we must deliver a sermon also to show its *dangers*. But where was the orator to be found who could cope with him? This was a very embarrassing question to the clerical party. Among the Greyfriars there was a haughty monk, adroit and skilful in little matters, and full at once of ignorance and pride: it was the prior Buckingham. No one had shown more hatred against the evangelical Christians, and no one was in truth a greater stranger to the gospel. This was the man commissioned to set forth the dangers of the word of God. He was by no means familiar with the New Testament; he opened it however, picked out a few passages here and there which seemed to favour his thesis, and then, arrayed in his costliest robes, with head erect and solemn step already sure of victory, he went into the pulpit, combated the heretic, and with pompous voice stormed against the reading of the Bible;[1] it was in his eyes the fountain of all heresies and misfortunes. "If that heresy should prevail," he exclaimed, "there will be an end of every thing useful among us. The ploughman, reading in the gospel that *no man having put his hand to the plough should look back*, would soon lay aside his labour.....The baker, reading that a *little leaven leaveneth the whole lump*, will in future make us nothing but very insipid bread; and the simple man finding himself commanded *to pluck out the right eye and cast it from thee*, England, after a few years, will be a frightful spectacle; it will be little better than a nation of blind and one-eyed men, sadly begging their bread from door to door."[2]

This discourse moved that part of the audience for which it was intended. "The heretic is silenced," said the monks and clerks; but sensible people smiled, and Latimer was delighted that they had given him such an adversary. Being of a lively disposition and inclined to irony, he resolved to lash the platitudes of the pompous friar. There are some absurdities, he thought, which can only be refuted by showing how foolish they are. Does not even the grave Tertullian speak of things which are only to be laughed at, for fear of giving them importance by a serious refutation?[1] "Next Sunday I will reply to him," said Latimer.

The church was crowded when Buckingham, with the hood of St. Francis on his shoulders and with a vain-glorious air, took his place solemnly in front of the preacher. Latimer began by recapitulating the least weak of his adversary's arguments; then taking them up one by one, he turned them over and over, and pointed out all their absurdity with so much wit that the poor prior was buried in his own nonsense. Then turning towards the listening crowd, he exclaimed with warmth: "This is how your skilful guides abuse your understanding. They look upon you as children that must be for ever kept in leading-strings. Now, the hour of your majority has arrived; boldly examine the Scriptures, and you will easily discover the absurdity of the teaching of your doctors." And then desirous, as Solomon has it, of *answering a fool according to his folly*, he added: "As for the comparisons drawn from the *plough*, the *leaven*, and the *eye*, of which the reverend prior has made so singular a use, is it necessary to justify these passages of Scripture? Must I tell you what *plough*, what *leaven*, what *eye* is here meant? Is not our Lord's teaching distinguished by those expressions which, under a popular form, conceal a spiritual and profound meaning? Do not we know that in all languages and in all speeches, it is not on the *image* that we must fix our eyes, but on the *thing* which the image represents?....For instance," he continued, and as he said these words he cast a piercing glance on the prior, "if we see a fox painted preaching in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that craft and hypocrisy are described, which are so often found disguised in that garb."[2] At these words the poor prior, on whom the eyes of all the congregation were turned, rose and left the church hastily, and ran off to his convent to hide his rage and confusion among his brethren. The monks and their creatures uttered loud cries against Latimer. It was unpardonable (they said) to have been thus wanting in respect to the cowl of St. Francis. But his friends replied: "Do we not whip children? and he who treats Scripture worse than a child, does he not deserve to be well flogged?"

[1] With great pomp and prolixity. Gilpin's Life of Latimer, p. 8.

The nation full of blind beggars. Ibid.

[1] Si et ridebitur alicubi materiis ipsis satisfiet. Multa sunt sic digna revinci, ne gravitate adorentur. Contra Valentin. c. vi. See also Pascal' Provincials, Letter xi.

[2] Gilpin's Life of Latimer, p. 10.

The Romish party did not consider themselves beaten. The heads of colleges and the priests held frequent conferences. The professors were desired to watch carefully over their pupils, and to lead them back to the teaching of the church by flattery and by threats. "We are putting our lance in rest," they told the students; "if you become evangelicals, your advancement is at an end." But these open-hearted generous youths loved rather to be poor with Christ, than rich with the priests. Stafford continued to teach, Latimer to preach, and Bilney to visit the poor; the doctrine of Christ ceased not to spread abroad, and souls to be converted.

One weapon only was left to the schoolmen; this was persecution, the favourite arm of Rome. "Our enterprise has not succeeded," said they; "Buckingham is a fool. The best way of answering these *gospellers* is to prevent their speaking." Dr. West, bishop of Ely, was ordinary of Cambridge; they called for his intervention, and he ordered one of the doctors to inform him the next time Latimer was to preach; "but," added he, "do not say a word to any one. I wish to come without being expected."

One day as Latimer was preaching in Latin *ad clerum*, the bishop suddenly entered the university church, attended by a number of priests. Latimer stopped, waiting respectfully until West and his train had taken their places. "A new audience," thought he; "and besides an audience worthy of greater honour calls for a new theme. Leaving, therefore, the subject I had proposed, I will take up one that relates to the episcopal charge, and will preach on these words: *Christus existens Pontifex futurorum bonorum.*" (Hebrews ix. 11.) Then describing Jesus Christ, Latimer represented him as the "true and perfect pattern unto all other bishops."[1] There was not a single virtue pointed out in the divine bishop that did not correspond with some defect in the Romish bishops. Latimer's caustic wit had a free course at their expense; but there was so much gravity in his sallies, and so lively a Christianity in his descriptions, that every one must have felt them to be the cries of a Christian conscience rather than the sarcasms of an illnatured disposition. Never had bishop been taught by one of his priests like this man. "Alas!" said many, "our bishops are not of that breed: they are descended from Annas and Caiaphas." West was not more at his ease than Buckingham had been formerly. He stifled his anger, however; and after the sermon, said to Latimer with a gracious accent: "You have excellent talents, and if you would do one thing I should be ready to kiss your feet."[2].....What humility in a bishop!...."Preach in this same church," continued West, "a sermon.....against Martin Luther. That is the best way of checking heresy." Latimer understood the prelate's meaning, and replied calmly: "If Luther preaches the word of God, I cannot oppose him. But if he teaches the contrary, I am ready to attack him."—"Well, well, Master Latimer," exclaimed the bishop, "I perceive that you smell somewhat of the pan.[1].....One day or another you will repent of that merchandise."

West having left Cambridge in great irritation against that rebellious clerk, hastened to convoke his chapter, and forbade Latimer to preach either in the university or in the diocese. "All that will live godly shall suffer persecution," St. Paul had said; Latimer was now experiencing the truth of the saying. It was not enough that the name of heretic had been given him by the priests and their friends, and that the passers-by insulted him in the streets;.... the work of God was violently checked. "Behold then," he exclaimed with a bitter sigh, "the use of the episcopal office....to hinder the preaching of Jesus Christ!" Some few years later he sketched with his usual caustic irony, the portrait of a certain bishop, of whom Luther also used frequently to speak: "Do you know," said Latimer, "who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England?.....I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him.....I will tell you.....It is the devil. He is never out of his diocese; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he's ever at home. He is ever at his plough. Ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. Where the devil is resident—there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel and up with the light of candles, yea at noondays; down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse; away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent, up with decking of images and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; down with God's traditions and his most holy word.....Oh! that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel!"[3] Truly may it be said, "There was never such a preacher in England as he is."[3]

The reformer was not satisfied with merely speaking: he acted. "Neither the menacing words of his adversaries nor their cruel imprisonments," says one of his contemporaries,[4] "could hinder him from proclaiming God's truth." Forbidden to preach

[1] Strype's Eccles. Mem. iii. p. 369.
[2] I will kneel down and kiss your foot. Ibid.

[1] Strype's Eccl. Mem. iii. p. 370.
[2] Latimer's Sermons (Park. Soc.) vol. i. p. 70 Sermon of the Plough.
[3] Ibid. p. 72.
[4] He adds: Whatsoever he had once preached, he valiantly defended the same. Becon, vol. ii. p. 424.

in the churches, he went about from house to house. He longed for a pulpit, however, and this he obtained. A haughty prelate had in vain interdicted his preaching; Jesus Christ, who is above all bishops, is able, when one door is shut, to open another. Instead of one great preacher there were soon two at Cambridge.

An Augustine monk named Robert Barnes, a native of the county of Norfolk, and a great scholar, had gone to Louvain to prosecute his studies. Here he received the degree of doctor of divinity, and having returned to Cambridge, was nominated prior of his monastery in 1523. It was his fortune to reconcile learning and gospel in the university; but by leaning too much to learning he diminished the force of the word of God. A great crowd collected every day in the Augustine convent to hear his lectures upon Terence, and in particular upon Cicero. Many of those who were offended by the simple Christianity of Bilney and Latimer, were attracted by this reformer of another kind. Coleman, Coverdale, Field, Cambridge, Barley, and many other young men of the university, gathered round Barnes and proclaimed him "the restorer of letters."[1]

But the classics were only a preparatory teaching. The masterpieces of antiquity having aided Barnes to clear the soil, he opened before his class the epistles of St. Paul. He did not understand their divine depth, like Stafford; he was not, like him, anointed with the Holy Ghost; he differed from him on several of the apostle's doctrines, on justification by faith, and on the new creature; but Barnes was an enlightened and liberal man, not without some degree of piety, and desirous, like Stafford, of substituting the teaching of Scripture for the barren disputations of the school. But they soon came into collision, and Cambridge long remembered that celebrated discussion in which Barnes and Stafford contended with so much renown, employing no other weapons than the word of God, to the great astonishment of the blind doctors, and the great joy of the clear-sighted, says the chronicler.[2]

Barnes was not as yet thoroughly enlightened, and the friends of the gospel were astonished that a man, a stranger to the truth, should deal such heavy blows against error. Bilney, whom we continually meet with when any secret work, a work of irresistible charity, is in hand,—Bilney, who had converted Latimer, undertook to convert Barnes; and Stafford, Arthur, Thistel of Pembroke, and Fooke of Benet's, earnestly prayed God to grant his assistance. The experiment was difficult: Barnes had reached the *juste milieu*, that "golden mean" of the humanists, that intoxication of learning and glory, which rendered conversion more difficult. Besides, could a man like Bilney really dare to instruct the restorer of antiquity? But the humble bachelor of arts, so simple in appearance, knew, like David of old, a secret power by which the Goliath of the university might be vanquished. He passed days and nights in prayer; and then urged Barnes openly to manifest his convictions without fearing the reproaches of the world. After many conversations and prayers, Barnes was converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ.[1] Still, the prior retained something undecided in his character, and only half relinquished that middle state with which he had begun. For instance, he appears to have always believed in the efficacy of sacerdotal consecration to transform the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. His eye was not single, and his mind was often agitated and driven to and fro by contrary thoughts. "Alas!" said this divided character one day, "I confess my cogitations be innumerable."[2]

Barnes, having come to a knowledge of the truth, immediately displayed a zeal that was somewhat imprudent. Men of the least decided character, and even those who are destined to make a signal fall, are often those who begin their course with the greatest ardour. Barnes seemed prepared at this time to withstand all England. Being now united to Latimer by a tender Christian affection, he was indignant that the powerful voice of his friend should be lost to the church. "The bishop has forbidden you to preach," he said to him, "but my monastery is not under episcopal jurisdiction. You can preach there." Latimer went into the pulpit at the Augustines', and the church could not contain the crowd that flocked to it. At Cambridge, as at Wittemberg, the chapel of the Augustine monks was used for the first struggles of the gospel. It was here that Latimer delivered some of his best sermons.

A very different man from Latimer, and particularly from Barnes, was daily growing in influence among the English reformers: this was Fryth. No one was more humble than he, and on that very account no one was stronger. He was less brilliant than Barnes, but more solid. He might have penetrated into the highest departments of science, but he was drawn away by the deep mysteries of God's word; the call of conscience prevailed over that of the understanding.[3] He did not devote the energy of his soul to difficult ques-

[1] The great restorer of good learning. Strype, i. p. 568; Foxe, Acts, v. p. 415.

[2] Marvellous in the sight of the great blind doctors. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 415.

[1] Bilney converted Dr. Barnes to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 620.

[2] Ibid. v. p. 434.

[3] Notwithstanding his other manifold and singular gifts and ornaments of the mind, in him most pregnant. Tyndale and Fryth's Works, iii. p. 73.

tions; he thirsted for God, for his truth, and for his love. Instead of propagating his particular opinions and forming divisions, he clung only to the faith which saves, and advanced the dominion of true unity. This is the mark of the great servants of God. Humble before the Lord, mild before men, and even in appearance somewhat timid, Fryth in the face of danger displayed an intrepid courage. "My learning is small," he said, "but the little I have, I am determined to give to Jesus Christ for the building of his temple."[1]

Latimer's sermons, Barnes's ardour, and Fryth's firmness, excited fresh zeal at Cambridge. They knew what was going on in Germany and Switzerland; shall the English, ever in front, now remain in the rear? Shall not Latimer, Bilney, Stafford, Barnes, and Fryth do what the servants of God are doing in other places?

A secret ferment announced an approaching crisis: every one expected some change for better or for worse. The evangelicals, confident in the truth, and thinking themselves sure of victory, resolved to fall upon the enemy simultaneously on several points. The Sunday before Christmas, in the year 1525, was chosen for this great attack. While Latimer should address the crowds that contined to fill the Augustine chapel, and others were preaching in other places, Barnes was to deliver a sermon in one of the churches in the town. But nothing compromises the gospel so much as a disposition turned towards outward things. God, who grants his blessing only to undivided hearts, permitted this general assault, of which Barnes was to be the hero, to be marked by a defeat. The prior, as he went into the pulpit, thought only of Wolsey. As the representative of the popedom in England, the cardinal was the great obstacle to the Reformation. Barnes preached from the epistle for the day: *Rejoice in the Lord alway.*[2] But instead of announcing Christ and the joy of the Christian, he imprudently declaimed against the luxury, pride, and diversions of the churchmen, and everybody understood that he aimed at the cardinal. He described those magnificent palaces, that brilliant suite, those scarlet robes, and pearls, and gold, and precious stones, and all the prelate's ostentation, so little in keeping (said he) with the stable of Bethlehem. Two fellows of King's College, Robert Ridley and Walter Preston, relations of Tonstall, bishop of London, who were intentionally among the congregation, noted down in their tablets the prior's imprudent expressions.

The sermon was scarcely over when the storm broke out. "These people are not satisfied with propagating monstrous heresies," exclaimed their enemies, "but they must find fault with the powers that be. To-day they attack the cardinal, to-morrow they will attack the king!" Ridley and Preston accused Barnes to the vice-chancellor. All Cambridge was in commotion. What! Barnes the Augustine prior, the restorer of letters, accused as a Lollard!.....The gospel was threatened with a danger more formidable than a prison or a scaffold. The friends of the priests, knowing Barnes' weakness, and even his vanity hoped to obtain of him a disavowal that would cover the evangelical party with shame. "What!" said these dangerous counsellors to him, "the noblest career was open to you, and would you close it?.....Do, pray, explain away your sermon." They alarmed, they flattered him; and the poor prior was near yielding to their solicitations. "Next Sunday you will read this declaration," they said to him. Barnes ran over the paper put into his hands, and saw no great harm in it. However he desired to show it to Bilney and Stafford. "Beware of such weakness," said these faithful men. Barnes then recalled his promise, and for a season the enemies of the gospel were silent.

Its friends worked with increased energy. The fall from which one of their companions had so narrowly escaped inspired them with fresh zeal. The more indecision and weakness Barnes had shown, the more did his brethren flee to God for courage and firmness. It was reported, moreover, that a powerful ally was coming across the sea, and that the Holy Scriptures, translated into the vulgar tongue, were at last to be given to the people. Wherever the word was preached there the congregation was largest. It was the seed-time of the church: all were busy in the fields to prepare the soil and trace the furrows. Seven colleges at least were in full ferment: Pembroke, St. John's, Queens', Kings', Caius, Benet's, and Peterhouse. The gospel was preached at the Augustines', at St. Mary's (the University church), and in other places, and when the bells rang to prayers, the streets were alive with students issuing from the colleges, and hastening to the sermon.[1]

There was at Cambridge, a house called the White Horse, so situated as to permit the most timid members of Kings', Queens', and St. John's Colleges, to enter at the rear without being perceived. In every age Nicodemus has had his followers. Here those persons used to assemble who desired to read the Bible and the works of the German reformers. The priests, looking upon Wittemberg as the focus of the Reformation, named this house Germany; the people will always have their bywords. At first the frequenters of the White Horse were called Sophists; and now, whenever a group of "fellows" was seen walking in

[1] That is very small, nevertheless that little. Ibid. iii. p. 83.

Philippians iv. 4-7.

[1] Flocked together in open street. Strype, Mem. i. p. 568.

that direction, the cry was, "There are the Germans going to Germany." "We are not Germans," was the reply, "neither are we Romans." The Greek New Testament had made them Christians. The gospel-meetings had never been more fervent. Some attended them to communicate the new life they possessed; others to receive what God had given to the more advanced brethren. The Holy Spirit united them all, and thus, by the fellowship of the saints, were real churches created. To these young Christians the word of God was the source of so much light, that they imagined themselves transported to that heavenly city of which the Scriptures speak, *which had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it.* "So oft as I was in the company of these brethren," said a youthful student of St. John's, "methought I was quietly placed in the new glorious Jerusalem."[1]

Similar things were taking place at Oxford. In 1524 and 1525, Wolsey had successively invited thither several Cambridge fellows, and although only seeking the most able, he found that he had taken some of the most pious. Besides John Clark, there were Richard Cox, John Pryer, Godfrey Harman, W. Betts, Henry Sumner, W. Baily, Michael Drumm, Th. Lawny, and lastly, the excellent John Fryth. These Christians, associating with Clark, with his faithful Dalaber, and with other evangelicals of Oxford, held meetings like their other Cambridge brethren, at which God manifested his presence. The bishops made war upon the gospel; the king supported them with all his power: but the word had gained the victory; there was no longer any doubt. The church was born again in England.

The great movement of the sixteenth century had begun more particularly among the younger doctors and students of Oxford and Cambridge. From them it was necessary that it should be extended to the people, and for that end the New Testament, hitherto read in Latin and in Greek, must be circulated in English. The voices of these youthful evangelists were heard, indeed, in London and in the provinces, but their exhortations would have been insufficient, if the mighty hand which directs all things had not made this Christian activity coincide with that holy work for which it had set Tyndale apart. While all was agitation in England, the waves of the ocean were bearing from the continent to the banks of the Thames those Scriptures of God, which, three centuries later, multiplied by thousands and by millions, and translated into a hundred and fifty tongues, were to be wafted from the same banks to the ends of the world. If in the fifteenth century, and even in the early years of the sixteenth, the English New Testament had been brought to London, it would only have fallen into the hands of a few Lollards. Now, in every place, in the parsonages, the universities, and the palaces, as well as the cottages of the husbandmen and the shops of the tradesmen, there was an ardent desire to possess the Holy Scriptures. The *fiat lux* was about to be uttered over the chaos of the church, and light to be separated from darkness by the word of God.

[1] Becon, ii. p. 426.

DR. BARNES BEFORE CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BOOK XIX.

THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

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THE Church and the State are essentially distinct. They both receive their task from God, but that task is different in each. The task of the church is to lead men to God; the task of the state is to secure the earthly development of a people in conformity with its peculiar character. There are certain bounds, traced by the particular spirit of each nation within which the state should confine itself; while the church, whose limits are co-extensive with the human race, has a universal character, which raises it above all national differences. These two distinctive features should be maintained. A state which aims at universality loses itself; a church whose mind and aim are sectarian falls away. Nevertheless, the church and the state, the two poles of social life, while they are in many respects opposed to one another, are far from excluding each other absolutely. The church has need of that justice, order, and liberty, which the state is bound to maintain: but the state has especial need of the church. If Jesus can do without kings to establish his kingdom, kings cannot do without Jesus, if they would have their kingdoms prosper. Justice, which is the fundamental principle of the state, is continually fettered in its progress by the internal power of sin: and as force can do nothing against this power, the state requires the gospel in order to overcome it.

That country will always be the most prosperous where the church is the most evangelical. These two communities having thus need one of the other, we must be prepared, whenever a great religious manifestation takes place in the world, to witness the appearance on the scene not only of the little ones, but of the great ones also, of the state. We must not then be surprised to meet with Henry VIII., but let us endeavour to appreciate accurately the part he played.

If the Reformation, particularly in England, happened necessarily to be mixed up with the state, with the world even, it originated neither in the state nor in the world. There was much worldliness in the age of Henry VIII., passions, violence, festivities, a trial, a divorce; and some historians call that *the history of the Reformation in England*. We shall not pass by in silence these manifestations of the worldly life; opposed as they are to the Christian life, they are in history, and it is not our business to tear them out. But most assuredly they are not the Reformation. From a very different quarter proceeded the divine light which then rose upon the human race.

To say that Henry VIII. was the reformer of his people is to betray our ignorance of history. The kingly power in England by turns opposed and favoured the reform in the church: but it opposed before it favoured, and much more than it favoured. This great transformation was begun and extended by its own strength, by the Spirit from on high.

When the church has lost the life that is peculiar to it, it must again put itself in communication with its creative principle, that is with the word of God. Just as the buckets of a wheel employed in irrigating the meadows have no sooner discharged their reviving waters, than they dip again into the stream to be refilled, so every generation void of the Spirit of Christ, must return to the divine source to be again filled up. The primitive words which created the church have been preserved for us in the Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles; and the humble reading of these divine writings will create in every age the communion of saints. God was the father of the Reformation, not Henry VIII. The visible world which then glittered with such brightness; those princes and sports, those noblemen, and trials and laws, far from effecting a reform, were calculated to stifle it. But the light and the warmth came from heaven, and the new creation was completed.

In the reign of Henry VIII. a great number of citizens, priests, and noblemen possessed that degree of cultivation which favours the action of the holy books. It was sufficient for this divine seed to be scattered on the well-prepared soil for the work of germination to be accomplished.

A time not less important also was approaching—that in which the action of the popedom was to come to an end. The hour had not yet struck. God was first creating within by his word a spiritual church, before he broke without by his dispensations the bonds which had so long fastened England to the power of Rome. It was his good pleasure first to give truth and life, and then liberty. It has been said that if the pope had consented to a reform of abuses and doctrines on condition of his keeping his position, the religious revolution would not have been satisfied at that price, and that after demanding *reform*, the next demand would have been for *liberty*. The only reproach that can be made to this assertion is, that it is superabundantly true. Liberty was an integral part of the Reformation, and one of the changes imperatively required was to withdraw religious authority from the pope, and restore it to the word of God. In the sixteenth century there was a great outpouring of the Christian life in France, Italy, and Spain; it is attested by martyrs without number, and history shows that to transform these three great nations, all that the gospel wanted was liberty.[1] "If we had set to work two months later," said a grand inquisitor of Spain who had dyed himself in the blood of the saints, "it would have been too late: Spain would have been lost to the Roman church." We may therefore believe that if Italy, France and Spain had had some generous king to check the myrmidons of the pope, those three countries, carried along by the renovating power of the gospel, would have entered upon an era of liberty and faith.

The struggles of England with the popedom began shortly after the dissemination of the English New Testament by Tyndale. The epoch at which we are arrived accordingly brings in one view before our eyes both the Testament of Jesus Christ and the court of Rome. We can thus study the men (the reformers and the Romanists) and the works they produce, and arrive at a just valuation of the two great principles which dispute the possession of authority in the church.

It was about the close of the year 1525; the English New Testament was crossing the sea; five pious Hanseatic merchants had taken charge of the books. Captivated by the Holy Scriptures they had taken them on board their ships, hidden them among their merchandise; and then made sail from Antwerp for London.

Thus those precious pages were approaching England, which were to become its light and the source of its greatness. The merchants, whose zeal unhappily cost them dear, were not without alarm. Had

[1] Geddes's Martyrology. Gonsalvi, Mart. Hisp. Llorente, Inquis. M'Crie, Ref. in Spain.

not Cochlæus caused orders to be sent to every port to prevent the entrance of the precious cargo they were bringing to England? They arrived and cast anchor; they lowered the boat to reach the shore; what were they likely to meet there? Tonstall's agents, no doubt, and Wolsey's, and Henry's, ready to take away their New Testaments! They landed and soon again returned to the ship; boats passed to and fro, and the vessel was unloaded. No enemy appeared; and no one seemed to imagine that these ships contained so great a treasure.

Just at the time this invaluable cargo was ascending the river, an invisible hand had dispersed the preventive guard. Tonstall, bishop of London, had been sent to Spain; Wolsey was occupied in political combinations with Scotland, France, and the Empire; Henry VIII., driven from his capital by an unhealthy winter, was passing the Christmas holidays at Eltham; and even the courts of justice, alarmed by an extraordinary mortality, had suspended their sittings. God, if we may so speak, had sent his angels to remove the guards.

Seeing nothing that could stop them, the five merchants, whose establishment was at the Steelyard in Thames Street, hastened to conceal their precious charge in their warehouses. But who will receive them? Who will undertake to distribute these Holy Scriptures in London, Oxford, Cambridge, and all England? It is a little matter that they have crossed the sea. The principal instrument God was about to use for their dissemination was an humble servant of Christ.

In Honey Lane, a narrow thoroughfare adjoining Cheapside, stood the old church of All Hallows, of which Robert Forman was rector. His curate was a plain man, of lively imagination, delicate conscience, and timid disposition, but rendered bold by his faith, to which he was to become a martyr. Thomas Garret, for that was his name, having believed in the Gospel, earnestly called his hearers to repentance;[1] he urged upon them that works, however good they might be in appearance, were by no means capable of justifying the sinner, and that faith alone could save him.[2] He maintained that every man had the right to preach the word of God;[3] and called those bishops pharisees who persecuted Christian men. Garret's discourses, at once so quickening and so gentle, attracted great crowds; and to many of his hearers, the street in which he preached was rightly named Honey Lane, for there they found the *honey out of the rock*.[4] But Garret was about to commit a fault still more heinous in the eyes of the priests than preaching faith. The Hanse merchants were seeking some sure place where they might store up the New Testaments and other books sent from Germany: the curate offered his house, stealthily transported the holy deposit thither, hid them in the most secret corners, and kept a faithful watch over this sacred library.[1] He did not confine himself to this. Night and day he studied the holy books, he held gospel meetings, read the word and explained its doctrines to the citizens of London. At last, not satisfied with being at once student, librarian, and preacher, he became a trader, and sold the New Testament to laymen, and even to priests and monks, so that the Holy Scriptures were dispersed over the whole realm.[2] This humble and timid priest was then performing alone the biblical work of England.

And thus the word of God, presented by Erasmus to the learned in 1517, was given to the people by Tyndale in 1526. In the parsonages and in the convent cells, but particularly in shops and cottages, a crowd of persons were studying the New Testament. The clearness of the Holy Scriptures struck each reader. None of the systematic or aphoristic forms of the school were to be found there: it was the language of human life which they discovered in those divine writings: here a conversation, there a discourse; here a narrative, and there a comparison; here a command, and there an argument; here a parable and there a prayer. It was not all doctrine or all history; but these two elements mingled together made an admirable whole. Above all, the life of our Saviour, so divine and so human, had an inexpressible charm which captivated the simple. One work of Jesus Christ explained another, and the great facts of the redemption, birth, death, and resurrection of the Son of God, and the sending of the Holy Ghost, followed and completed each other. The authority of Christ's teaching, so strongly contrasting with the doubts of the schools, increased the clearness of his discourses to his readers; for the more certain a truth is, the more distinctly it strikes the mind. Academical explanations were not necessary to those noblemen, farmers, and citizens. It is to me, for me, and of me, that this book speaks, said each one. It is I whom all these promises and teachings concern. This *fall* and this *restoration*..... they are mine. That old *death* and this new *life*.....I have passed through them. That *flesh* and that *spirit*.....I know them. This *law* and this *grace*, this *faith*, these *works*, this *slavery*, this *glory*, this *Christ* and this *Belial*.....all are familiar to me. It is my own

[1] Earnestly laboured to call us to repentance. Becon, iii. p. 11.

[2] Quod opera nostra quantumvis bona in specie nihil conducunt ad justificationem nec ad meritum, sed sola fides. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 428.

[3] Every man may preach the word of God. Ibid.

[4] Psalm lxxxi. 16.

[1] Having the said books in his custody. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 428.

[2] Dispersing abroad of the said books within this realm. Ibid. p. 428. See also Strype, *Cranmer's Mem.* p. 81.

history that I find in this book. Thus by the aid of the Holy Ghost each one had in his own experience a key to the mysteries of the Bible. To understand certain authors and certain philosophers, the intellectual life of the reader must be in harmony with theirs; so must there be an intimate affinity with the holy books to penetrate their mysteries. "The man that has not the Spirit of God," said a reformer, "does not understand one jot or tittle of the Scripture."[1] Now that this condition was fulfilled, the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

Such at that period were the hermeneutics of England. Tyndale had set the example himself by explaining many of the words which might stop the reader. "The *New Testament!*" we may suppose some farmer saying, as he took up the book; "what *Testament* is that?" "Christ," replied Tyndale in his prologue, "commanded his disciples before his death to publish over all the world *his last will*, which is to give all his goods unto all that repent and believe.[2] He bequeaths them his righteousness to blot out their sins—his salvation to overcome their condemnation; and this is why that document is called the *Testament* of Jesus Christ."

"The *law* and the *gospel*," said a citizen of London, in his shop; "what is that?" "They are two *keys*," answered Tyndale. "The *law* is the key which shuts up all men under condemnation, and the *gospel* is the key which opens the door and lets them out. Or, if you like it, they are two salves. The law, sharp and biting, driveth out the disease and killeth it; while the gospel, soothing and soft, softens the wound and brings life."[3] Every one understood and read, or rather devoured the inspired pages; and the hearts of the elect (to use Tyndale's words), warmed by the love of Jesus Christ, began to melt like wax.[4]

This transformation was observed to take place even in the most catholic families. Roper, More's son-in-law, having read the New Testament, received the truth. "I have no more need," said he, "of auricular confession, of vigils, or of the invocation of saints. The ears of God are always open to hear us. Faith alone is necessary to salvation. I believe....and I am saved ...Nothing can deprive me of God's favour."[5]

The amiable and zealous young man desired to do more. "Father," said he one day to Sir Thomas, "proeure for me from the king, who is very fond of you, a license to preach. God hath sent me to instruct the world." More was uneasy. Must this new doctrine, which he detests, spread even to his children? He exerted all his authority to destroy the work begun in Roper's heart. "What," said he with a smile, "is it not sufficient that we that are your friends should know that you are a fool, but you would proclaim your folly to the world? Hold your tongue: I will debate with you no longer." The young man's imagination was struck, but his heart had not been changed. The discussions having ceased, the father's authority being restored, Roper became less fervent in his faith, and gradually he returned to popery, of which he was afterwards a zealous champion.

The humble curate of All Hallows having sold the New Testament to persons living in London and its neighbourhood, and to many pious men who would carry it to the farthest parts of England, formed the resolution to introduce it into the University of Oxford, that citadel of traditional catholicism. It was there he had studied, and he felt towards that school the affection which a son bears to his mother; he set out with his books.[1] Terror occasionally seized him, for he knew that the word of God had many deadly enemies at Oxford; but his inexhaustible zeal overcame his timidity. In concert with Dalaber, he stealthily offered the mysterious book for sale; many students bought it, and Garret carefully entered their names in his register. This was in January 1526; an incident disturbed this Christian activity.

One morning when Edmund Moddis, one of Henry's valets-de-chambre, was in attendance on his master, the prince, who was much attached to him, spoke to him of the new books come from beyond the sea. "If your grace," said Moddis, "would promise to pardon me and certain individuals, I would present you a wonderful book which is dedicated to your majesty."[2] —"Who is the author?"—"A lawyer of Gray's Inn named Simon Fish, at present on the continent."—"What is he doing there?"—"About three years ago, Mr. Row, a fellow-student of Gray's Inn, composed for a private theatre a drama against my lord the cardinal." The king smiled; when his minister was attacked, his own yoke seemed lighter. "As no one was willing to represent the character employed to give the cardinal his lesson," continued the valet, "Master Fish boldly accepted it. The piece produced a great effect; and my lord being informed of this impertinence, sent the police one night to arrest Fish. The

[1] Nullus homo unum iota in Scripturis sacris videt, nisi qui spiritum Dei habet. Luther, De servo arbitrio, Witt. ii. p. 424.

[2] Tyndale and Fryth's works (ed. Russell), vol. ii. p. 491. The "Pathway unto the Holy Scripture" is the prologue to the quarto Testament, with a few changes of little importance.

[3] Tyndale and Fryth's Works (ed. Russell), vol. ii. p. 503.

[4] Ibid. p. 500.

[5] More's Life, p. 134.

[1] And brought with him Tyndale's first translation of the New Testament in English. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 421.

[2] His grace should see such a book as it was a marvel to hear of. Ibid. iv. p 658.

latter managed to escape, crossed the sea, joined one Tyndale, the author of some of the books so much talked of; and, carried away by some of his friend's example, he composed the book of which I was speaking to your grace."—"What's the name of it?"—"*The Supplication of the Beggars.*"—"Where did you see it?"—"At two of your tradespeople's, George Elyot and George Robinson;[1] if your grace desires it, they shall bring it you." The king appointed the day and the hour.

The book was written for the king, and every body read it but the king himself. At the appointed day, Moddis appeared with Elyot and Robinson, who were not entirely without fear, as they might be accused of proselytism even in the royal palace. The king received them in his private apartments.[2] "What do you want?" he said to them. "Sir," replied one of the merchants, "we are come about an extraordinary book that is addressed to you."—"Can one of you read it to me?"—"Yes, if it so please your grace," replied Elyot. "You may repeat the contents from memory," rejoined the king...."but, no, read it all: that will be better. I am ready." Elyot began,

"THE SUPPLICATION OF THE BEGGARS."

"To the king our sovereign lord,—

"Most lamentably complaineth of their woeful misery, unto your highness, your poor daily bedesmen the wretched hideous monsters, on whom scarcely, for horror, any eye dare look; the foul unhappy sort of lepers and other sore people, needy, impotent, blind, lame, and sick, that live only by alms; how that their number is daily sore increased, that all the alms of all the well-disposed people of this your realm are not half enough to sustain them, but that for very constraint they die for hunger.

"And this most pestilent mischief is come upon your said poor bedesmen, by the reason that there hath, in the time of your noble predecessors, craftily crept into this your realm, another sort, not of impotent, but of strong, puissant, and counterfeit, holy and idle beggars and vagabonds, who by all the craft and wiliness of Satan are now increased not only into a great number, but also into a kingdom."

Henry was very attentive. Elyot continued:

"These are not the shepherds, but the ravenous wolves going in shepherds' clothing, devouring the flock: bishops, abbots, priors, deacons, archdeacons, suffragans, priests, monks, canons, friars, pardoners, and sumners....The goodliest lordships, manors, lands, and territories are theirs. Besides this, they have the tenth part of all the corn, meadow, pasture, grass, wood, colts, calves, lambs, pigs, geese, and chickens. Over and besides, the tenth part of every servant's wages, the tenth part of wool, milk, honey, wax, cheese, and butter. The poor wives must be accountable to them for every tenth egg, or else she getteth not her rights [*i. e.* absolution] at Easter. ....Finally, what get they in a year? Summa totalis: £430,333, 6s. 8d. sterling, whereof not four hundred years past they had not a penny.....

"What subjects shall be able to help their prince, that be after this fashion yearly polled? What good Christian people can be able to succour us poor lepers, blind, sore, and lame, that be thus yearly oppressed?.....The ancient Romans had never been able to have put all the whole world under their obeisance, if they had had at home such an idle sort of cormorants."

No subject could have been found more likely to captivate the king's attention. "And what doth all this greedy sort of sturdy idle holy thieves with their yearly exactions that they take of the people? Truly nothing, but translate all rule, power, lordship, authority, obedience, and dignity from your grace unto them. Nothing, but that all your subjects should fall into disobedience and rebellion.....Priests and doves make foul houses; and if you will ruin a state, set up in it the pope with his monks and his clergy.....Send these sturdy loobies abroad in the world to take them wives of their own, and to get their living with their labour in the sweat of their faces.....Then shall your commons increase in riches; then shall matrimony be much better kept; then shall not your sword, power, crown, dignity, and obedience of your people be translated from you."

When Elyot had finished reading, the king was silent, sunk in thought. The true cause of the ruin of the state had been laid before him; but Henry's mind was not ripe for these important truths. At last he said, with an uneasy manner: "If a man who desires to pull down an old wall, begins at the bottom, I fear the upper part may chance to fall on his head."[1] Thus then, in the king's eyes, Fish by attacking the priests was disturbing the foundations of religion and society. After this royal verdict, Henry rose, took the book, locked it up in his desk, and forbade the two merchants to reveal to any one the fact of their having read it to him.

Shortly after the king had received this copy, on Wednesday the 2d of February, the feast of Candlemas, a number of persons, including the king himself, were to take part in the procession, bearing wax tapers in their hands. During the night this famous invective was scattered about all the streets through which the proces-

[1] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 658.
[2] Ibid.

[1] The upper part thereof might chance to fall upon his head. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 658.

sion had to pass. The cardinal ordered the pamphlet to be seized, and immediately waited upon the king. The latter put his hand under his robe, and with a smile took out the so much dreaded work, and then, as if satisfied with this proof of independence, he gave it up to the cardinal.

While Wolsey replied to Fish by confiscation, Sir Thomas More with greater liberality, desiring that press should reply to press, published *The Supplications of the Souls in Purgatory.* "Suppress," said they, "the pious stipends paid to the monks, and then Luther's gospel will come in, Tyndale's Testament will be read, heresy will preach, fasts will be neglected, the saints will be blasphemed, God will be offended, virtue will be mocked of, vice will run riot, and England will be peopled with beggars and thieves."[1] The Souls in Purgatory then call the author of the Beggars' Supplication "a goose, an ass, a mad dog." Thus did superstition degrade More's noble genius. Notwithstanding the abuse of the souls in purgatory, the New Testament was daily read more and more in England.

Wolsey did not stop with Fish's book. It was not that "miserable pamphlet" only that it was necessary to hunt down; the New Testament in English had entered the kingdom by surprise: there was the danger. The gospellers, who presumed to emancipate man from the priests, and put him in absolute dependence on God, did precisely the reverse of what Rome demands.[2] The cardinal hastened to assemble the bishops, and these (particularly Warham and Tonstall, who had long enjoyed the jests launched against superstition) took the matter seriously when they were shown that the New Testament was circulating throughout England. These priests believed with Wolsey, that the authority of the pope and of the clergy was a dogma to which all others were subordinate. They saw in the reform an uprising of the human mind, a desire of thinking for themselves, of judging freely the doctrines and institutions, which the nations had hitherto received humbly from the hands of the priests. The new doctors justified their attempt at enfranchisement by substituting a new authority for the old. It was the New Testament that compromised the absolute power of Rome. It must be seized and destroyed, said the bishops. London, Oxford, and above all Cambridge, those three haunts of heresy, must be carefully searched. Definitive orders were issued on Saturday, 3d February, 1526, and the work began immediately.

The first visit of the inquisitors was to Honey Lane, to the house of the curate of All Hallows. They did not find Garret; they sought after him at Monmouth's, and throughout the city, but he could not be met with.[1] "He is gone to Oxford to sell his detestable wares," the inquisitors were informed, and they set off after him immediately, determined to burn the evangelist and his books; "so burning hot," says an historian, "was the charity of these holy fathers."[2]

On Tuesday, the 6th of February, Garret was quietly selling his books at Oxford, and carefully noting down his sales in his register, when two of his friends ran to him exclaiming, "Fly! or else you will be taken before the cardinal, and thence....to the Tower." The poor curate was greatly agitated. "From whom did you learn that?" —"From Master Cole, the clerk of the assembly, who is deep in the cardinal's favour." Garret, who saw at once that the affair was serious, hastened to Anthony Dalaber, who held the stock of the Holy Scriptures at Oxford; others followed him; the news spread rapidly, and those who had bought the book were seized with alarm, for they knew by the history of the Lollards what the Romish clergy could do. They took counsel together. The brethren, "for so did we not only call one another, but were in deed one to another," says Dalaber,[3] decided that Garret should change his name; that Dalaber should give him a letter for his brother, the rector of Stalbridge, in Dorsetshire, who was in want of a curate; and that once in this parish, he should seek the first opportunity of crossing the sea. The rector was in truth a "mad papist" (it is Dalaber's expression), but that did not alter their resolution. They knew of no other resource. Anthony wrote to him hurriedly; and, on the morning of the 7th of February, Garret left Oxford without being observed.

Having provided for Garret's safety, Delaber next thought of his own. He carefully concealed in a secret recess of his chamber, at St. Alban's Hall, Tyndale's Testament, and the works of Luther, Œcolampadius, and others on the word of God. Then, disgusted with the scholastic sophisms which he heard in that college, he took with him the New Testament and the Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke, by Lambert of Avignon, the second edition of which had just been published at Strasburg,[4] and went to Gloucester college, where he intended to study the civil law, not caring to have anything more to do with the church.

During this time, poor Garret was making his way into Dorsetshire. His conscience could not bear the idea of being, although

[1] Supplication of the Souls in Purgatory. More's Works.

[2] Actus meritorius est in potestate hominis. Duns Scotus in Sentent. lib. I. diss 17.

[1] He was searched for through all London. Foxe, Acts, v. p. 421.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

[4] In Lucæ Evangelium Commentarii, nunc secundo recogniti et locupletati. Argentorati, 1552.

for a short time only, the curate of a bigoted priest—of concealing his faith, his desires, and even his name. He felt more wretched, although at liberty, than he could have been in Wolsey's prisons. It is better, he said within himself, to confess Christ before the judgment-seat, than to seem to approve of the superstitious practices I detest. He went forward a little, then stopped—and then resumed his course. There was a fierce struggle between his fears and his conscience. At length, after a day and a half spent in doubt, his conscience prevailed; unable to endure any longer the anguish that he felt, he retraced his steps, returned to Oxford, which he entered on Friday evening, and lay down calmly in his bed. It was barely past midnight when Wolsey's agents, who had received information of his return, arrived, and dragged him from his bed,[1] and delivered him up to Dr. Cottisford, the commissary of the university. The latter locked him up in one of his rooms, while London and Higdon, dean of Frideswide, "two arch papists" (as the chronicler terms them), announced this important capture to the cardinal. They thought popery was saved, because a poor curate had been taken.

Dalaber, engaged in preparing his new room at Gloucester college, had not perceived all this commotion.[2] On Saturday, at noon, having finished his arrangements, he double-locked his door, and began to read the Gospel according to St. Luke. All of a sudden he hears a knock. Dalaber made no reply; it is no doubt the commissary's officers. A louder knock was given; but he still remained silent. Immediately after, there was a third knock, as if the door would be beaten in. "Perhaps somebody wants me," thought Dalaber. He laid his book aside, opened the door, and to his great surprise saw Garret, who, with alarm in every feature, exclaimed, "I am a lost man! They have caught me!" Dalaber, who thought his friend was still with his brother at Stalbridge, could not conceal his astonishment, and at the same time he cast an uneasy glance on a stranger who accompanied Garret. He was one of the college servants who had led the fugitive curate to Dalaber's new room. As soon as this man had gone away, Garret told Anthony everything: "Observing that Dr. Cottisford and his household had gone to prayers, I put back the bolt of the lock with my finger.... and here I am."...."Alas! Master Garret," replied Dalaber "the imprudence you committed in speaking to me before that young man has ruined us both!" At these words, Garret, who had resumed his fear of the priests, now that his conscience was satisfied, exclaimed with a voice interrupted by sighs and tears:[3] "For mercy's sake, help me! Save me!" Without waiting for an answer, he threw off his frock and hood, begged Anthony to give him a sleeved coat, and thus disguised, he said: "I will escape into Wales, and from there, if possible, to Germany and Luther."

Garret checked himself; there was something to be done before he left. The two friends fell on their knees and prayed together; they called upon God to lead his servant to a secure retreat. That done, they embraced each other, their faces bathed with tears, and unable to utter a word.[1]

Silent on the threshold of his door, Dalaber followed both with eyes and ears his friend's retreating footsteps. Having heard him reach the bottom of the stairs, he returned to his room, locked the door, took out his New Testament, and placing it before him, read on his knees the tenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, breathing many a heavy sigh:.... *Ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake.... but fear them not; the very hairs of your head are all numbered.* This reading having revived his courage, Anthony, still on his knees, prayed fervently for the fugitive and for all his brethren: "O God, by thy Holy Spirit, endue with heavenly strength this tender and new-born little flock in Oxford.[2] Christ's heavy cross is about to be laid on the weak shoulders of thy poor sheep. Grant that they may bear it with godly patience and unflinching zeal!"

Rising from his knees, Dalaber put away his book, folded up Garret's hood and frock, placed them among his own clothes, locked his room-door, and proceeded to the Cardinal's College, (now Christ Church,) to tell Clark and the other brethren what had happened.[3] They were in chapel: the evening service had begun; the dean and canons, in full costume were chanting in the choir. Dalaber stopped at the door listening to the majestic sounds of the organ at which Taverner presided, and to the harmonious strains of the choristers. They were singing the *Magnificat: My soul doth magnify the Lord....He hath holpen his servant Israel.* It seemed to Dalaber that they were singing Garret's deliverance. But his voice could not join in their song of praise. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "all my singing and music is turned into sighing and musing."[4]

As he listened, leaning against the entrance into the choir, Dr. Cottisford, the university commissary, arrived with hasty step, "bareheaded, and as pale as ashes." He passed Anthony without noticing him, and going straight to the dean appeared to announce some important and unpleasant news. "I know well the cause of his sorrow," thought Dalaber as he watched every

[1] Foxe, v. p. 422.
[2] Ibid.
[3] With deep sighs and plenty of tears. Ibid.

[1] That we all bewet both our faces. Foxe, v. p. 423.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

gesture. The commissary had scarcely finished his report when the dean arose, and both left the choir with undisguised confusion. They had only reached the middle of the ante-chapel when Dr. London ran in, puffing and chafing and stamping, "like a hungry and greedy lion seeking his prey."[1] All three stopped, questioned each other, and deplored their misfortune. Their rapid and eager movements indicated the liveliest emotion: London above all could not restrain himself. He attacked the commissary, and blamed him for his negligence, so that at last Cottisford burst into tears. "Deeds, not tears," said the fanatical London, and forthwith they despatched officers and spies along every road.

Anthony having left the chapel hurried to Clark's to tell him of the escape of his friend. "We are walking in the midst of wolves and tigers," replied Clark; "prepare for persecution. *Prudentia serpentina et simplicitas columbina* (the wisdom of serpents and the harmlessness of doves) must be our motto. O God, give us the courage these evil times require." All in the little flock were delighted at Garret's deliverance. Sumner and Betts, who had come in, ran off to tell it to the other brethren in the college,[2] and Dalaber hastened to Corpus Christi. All these pious young men felt themselves to be soldiers in the same army, travellers in the same company, brothers in the same family. Fraternal love nowhere shone so brightly in the days of the Reformation as among the Christians of Great Britain. This is a feature worthy of notice.

Fitzjames, Udal, and Diet were met together in the rooms of the latter, at Corpus Christi College, when Dalaber arrived. They ate their frugal meal, with downcast eyes and broken voices, conversing of Oxford, of England, and of the perils hanging over them.[3] Then rising from table they fell on their knees, called upon God for aid, and separated, Fitzjames taking Dalaber with him to St. Alban's Hall. They were afraid that the servant of Gloucester College had betrayed him.

The disciples of the gospel at Oxford passed the night in great anxiety. Garret's flight, the rage of the priests, the dangers of the rising church, the roaring of a storm that filled the air and re-echoed through the long cloisters—all impressed them with terror. On Sunday, the 11th of February, Dalaber, who was stirring at five in the morning, set out for his room in Gloucester College. Finding the gates shut, he walked up and down beneath the walls in the mud, for it had rained all night. As he paced to and fro along the solitary street in the obscure dawn, a thousand thoughts alarmed his mind. It was known, he said to himself that he had taken part in Garret's flight; he would be arrested, and his friend's escape would be revenged on him.[1] He was weighed down by sorrow and alarm; he sighed heavily;[2] he imagined he saw Wolsey's commissioners demanding the names of his accomplices, and pretending to draw up a prescription list at his dictation: he recollected that on more than one occasion cruel priests had extorted from the Lollards the names of their brethren, and terrified at the possibility of such a crime, he exclaimed; "O God, I swear to thee that I will accuse no man.....I will tell nothing but what is perfectly well known."[3]

At last, after an hour of anguish, he was able to enter the college. He hastened in, but when he tried to open his door, he found that the lock had been picked. The door gave way to a strong push, and what a sight met his eyes! his bedstead overturned, the blankets scattered on the floor, his clothes all confusion in his wardrobe, and his study broken into and left open. He doubted not that Garret's dress had betrayed him; and he was gazing at this sad spectacle in alarm, when a monk who occupied the adjoining rooms came and told him what had taken place: "The commissary and two proctors, armed with swords and bills, broke open your door in the middle of the night. They pierced your bedstraw through and through to make sure Garret were not hidden there;[4] they carefully searched every nook and corner, but were not able to discover any traces of the fugitive." At these words Dalaber breathed again....but the monk had not ended. "I have orders," he added, "to send you to the prior." Anthony Dunstan, the prior, was a fanatical and avaricious monk; and the confusion into which this message threw Dalaber was so great, that he went just as he was all bespattered with mud, to the rooms of his superior.

The prior, who was standing with his face towards the door, looked at Dalaber from head to foot as he came in. "Where did you pass the night?" he asked. "At St. Alban's Hall with Fitzjames." The prior with a gesture of incredulity continued: "Was not master Garret with you yesterday?" "Yes." "Where is he now?" "I do not know." During this examination, the prior had remarked a large double gilt silver ring on Anthony's finger, with the initials A. D.[5] "Show me that," said the prior. Dalaber gave him the ring, and

[1] Foxe, v. p. 424.

[2] To tell unto our other brethren; (for there were divers else in that college.) Foxe, v. p. 424.

[3] Considering our state and peril at hand. Ibid.

[1] My musing head being full of forecasting cares. Foxe, v. p. 424.

[2] My sorrowful heart flowing with doleful sighs. Ibid.

[3] I fully determined in my conscience before God that I would accuse no man. Ibid.

[4] With bills and swords thrusted through my bed-straw. Ibid. p. 425.

[5] Then had he spied on my fore-finger a big ring of silver, very well double-gilted. Foxe, v. p. 425.

the prior believing it to be of solid gold, put it on his own finger, adding with a cunning leer: "This ring is mine; it bears my name. *A* is for *Anthony*, and *D* for *Dunstan*." "Would to God," thought Dalaber, "that I were as well delivered from his company, as I am sure of being delivered of my ring."

At this moment the chief beadle, with two or three of the commissary's men, entered and conducted Dalaber to the chapel of Lincoln College, where three ill-omened figures were standing beside the altar: they were Cottisford, London, and Higdon. "Where is Garret?" asked London; and pointing to his disordered dress, he continued: "Your shoes and garments covered with mud prove that you have been out all night with him. If you do not say where you have taken him, you will be sent to the Tower." "Yes," added Higdon, "to *Little-ease* [one of the most horrible dungeons in the prison], and you will be put to the torture, do you hear?" Then the three doctors spent two hours attempting to shake the young man by flattering promises and frightful threats; but all was useless. The commissary then gave a sign, the officers stepped forward, and the judges ascended a narrow staircase leading to a large room situated above the commissary's chamber. Here Dalaber was deprived of his purse and girdle, and his legs were placed in the stocks, so that his feet were almost as high as his head.[1] When that was done, the three doctors devoutly went to mass.

Poor Anthony, left alone in this frightful position, recollected the warning Clark had given him two years before. He groaned heavily and cried to God;[2] "O Father! that my suffering may be for thy glory, and for the consolation of my brethren! Happen what may, I will never accuse one of them." After this noble protest, Anthony felt an increase of peace in his heart; but a new sorrow was reserved for him.

Garret, who had directed his course westwards, with the intention of going to Wales, had been caught at Hinksey, a short distance from Oxford. He was brought back, and thrown into the dungeon in which Dalaber had been placed after the torture. Their gloomy presentiments were to be more than fulfilled.

In fact Wolsey was deeply irritated at seeing the college [Christ Church], which he had intended should be "the most glorious in the world," made the haunt of heresy, and the young men, whom he had so carefully chosen, become distributors of the New Testament. By favouring literature, he had had in view the triumph of the clergy, and literature had on the contrary served to the triumph of the gospel. He issued his orders without delay, and the university was filled with terror. John Clark, John Fryth, Henry Sumner, William Betts, Richard Taverner, Richard Cox, Michael Drumm, Godfrey Harman, Thomas Lawney, Radley, and others besides of Cardinal's College; Udal, Diet, and others of Corpus Christi; Eden and several of his friends of Magdalene; Goodman, William Bayley, Robert Ferrar, John Salisbury of Gloucester, Barnard, and St Mary's Colleges; were seized and thrown into prison. Wolsey had promised them glory; he gave them a dungeon, hoping in this manner to save the power of the priests, and to repress that awakening of truth and liberty which was spreading from the continent to England.

Under Cardinal's College there was a deep cellar sunk in the earth, in which the butler kept his salt fish. Into this hole these young men, the choice of England, were thrust. The dampness of this cave, the corrupted air they breathed, the horrible smell given out by the fish, seriously affected the prisoners, already weakened by study. Their hearts were bursting with groans, their faith was shaken, and the most mournful scenes followed each other in this foul dungeon. The wretched captives gazed on one another, wept, and prayed. This trial was destined to be a salutary one to them: "Alas!" said Fryth on a subsequent occasion. "I see that besides the word of God, there is indeed a second purgatory....but it is not that invented by Rome; it is the cross of tribulation to which God has nailed us."[1]

At last the prisoners were taken out one by one, and brought before their judges; two only were released. The first was Betts, afterwards chaplain to Anne Boleyn: they had not been able to find any prohibited books in his room, and he pleaded his cause with great talent. The other was Taverner; he had hidden Clark's books under his school-room floor, where they had been discovered: but his love for the arts saved him: "Pshaw! he is only a musician," said the cardinal.

All the rest were condemned. A great fire was kindled at the top of the market-place:[2] a long procession was marshalled, and these unfortunate men were led out, each bearing a fagot. When they came near the fire, they were compelled to throw into it the heretical books that had been found in their rooms, after which they were taken back to their noisome prison. There seemed to be a barbarous pleasure in treating these young and generous men so vilely. In other countries also, Rome was preparing to stifle in the flames the noblest geniuses of France, Spain, and Italy. Such was the reception letters and the gospel met with from popery in the sixteenth cen-

[1] Foxe, v. p. 426. [2] Ibid. p. 427.

[1] God naileth us to the cross to heal our infirmities. Tyndale and Fryth's Works, iii. p. 91 (ed. Russell.)

[2] There was made a great fire upon the top of Carfax. Foxe, v. p. 428.

tury. Every plant of God's must be beaten by the wind, even at the risk of its being uprooted; if it receives only the gentle rays of the sun, there is reason to fear that it will dry up and wither before it produces fruit. *Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.* There was to arise one day a real church in England, for the persecution had begun.

We have to contemplate still further trials.

Cambridge, which had produced Latimer, Bilney, Stafford, and Barnes, had at first appeared to occupy the front rank in the English reformation. Oxford by receiving the crown of persecution seemed now to have outstripped the sister university. And yet Cambridge was to have its share of suffering. The investigation had begun at Oxford on Monday the 5th of February, and on the very same day two of Wolsey's creatures, Dr. Capon, one of his chaplains, and Gibson, a sergeant-at-arms, notorious for his arrogance, left London for Cambridge. Submission, was the pass-word of popery. "Yes, submission," was responded from every part of Christendom by men of sincere piety and profound understanding; "submission to the legitimate authority against which Roman-catholicism has rebelled." According to their views the traditionalism and pelagianism of the Romish church had set up the supremacy of fallen reason in opposition to the divine supremacy of the word and of grace. The external and apparent sacrifice of self which Roman catholicism imposes,—obedience to a confessor or to the pope, arbitrary penance, ascetic practices, and celibacy,—only served to create, and so to strengthen and perpetuate, a delusion as to the egotistic preservation of a sinful personality. When the Reformation proclaimed liberty, so far as regarded ordinances of human invention, it was with the view of bringing man's heart and life into subjection to their real Sovereign. The reign of God was commencing; that of the priests must needs come to an end. No man can serve two masters. Such were the important truths which gradually dawned upon the world, and which it became necessary to extinguish without delay.

On the day after their arrival in Cambridge, on Tuesday the 6th of February, Capon and Gibson went to the convocation house, where several of the doctors were talking together. Their appearance caused some anxiety among the spectators, who looked upon the strangers with distrust. On a sudden Gibson moved forward, put his hand on Barnes, and arrested him in the presence of his friends.[1] The latter were frightened, and this was what the sergeant wanted. "What!" said they, "the prior of the Augustines, the restorer of letters in Cambridge, arrested by a sergeant!" This was not all. Wolsey's agents were to seize the books come from Germany, and their owners; Bilney, Latimer, Stafford, Arthur, and their friends, were all to be imprisoned, for they possessed the New Testament. Thirty members of the university were pointed out as suspected; and some miserable wretches, who had been bribed by the inquisitors, offered to show the place in every room where the prohibited books were hidden. But while the necessary preparations were making for this search, Bilney, Latimer, and their colleagues being warned in time, got the books removed; they were taken away not only by the doors but by the windows, even by the roofs, and anxious inquiry was made for sure places in which they could be concealed.

This work was hardly ended, when the vice-chancellor of the university, the sergeant-at-arms, Wolsey's chaplain, the proctors, and the informers began their rounds. They opened the first room, entered, searched, and found nothing. They passed on to the second, there was nothing. The sergeant was astonished, and grew angry. On reaching the third room, he ran directly to the place that had been pointed out,—still there was nothing. The same thing occurred every where; never was inquisitor more mortified. He dared not lay hands on the persons of the evangelical doctors; his orders bore that he was to seize the books and *their owners*. But as no books were found, there could be no prisoners. Luckily there was one man (the prior of the Augustines) against whom there were particular charges. The sergeant promised to compensate himself at Barnes' expense for his useless labours.

The next day Gibson and Capon set out for London with Barnes. During this mournful journey the prior, in great agitation, at one time determined to brave all England, and at another, trembled like a leaf. At last their journey was ended; the chaplain left his prisoner at Parnell's house, close by the stocks.[1] Three students (Coverdale, Goodwin, and Field) had followed their master to cheer him with their tender affection.

On Thursday (8th February) the sergeant conducted Barnes to the cardinal's palace at Westminster; the wretched prior, whose enthusiasm had given way to dejection, waited all day before he could be admitted. What a day! Will no one come to his assistance? Doctor Gardiner, Wolsey's secretary, and Fox, his steward, both old friends of Barnes, passed through the gallery in the evening, and went up to the prisoner, who begged them to procure him an audience with the cardinal. When night had come, those officers introduced the prior

[1] Suddenly arrested Barnes openly in the convocation house to make all others afraid. Foxe, v. p. 416.

[1] Foxe, v. p. 416.

into the room where their master was sitting, and Barnes, as was customary, fell on his knees before him. "Is this the Doctor Barnes who is accused of heresy?" asked Wolsey, in a haughty tone, of Fox and Gardiner. They replied in the affirmative. The cardinal then turning to Barnes, who was still kneeling, said to him ironically, and not without reason: "What, master doctor, had you not sufficient scope in the Scriptures to teach the people; but my golden shoes, my poleaxes, my pillars, my golden cushions, my crosses, did so sore offend you, that you must make us a laughing stock, *ridiculum caput*, amongst the people? We were jollily that day laughed to scorn. Verily it was a sermon more fit to be preached on a stage than in a pulpit; for at the last you said I wore a pair of *red* gloves—I should say *bloody* gloves (quoth you)....Eh! what think you, master doctor?" Barnes, wishing to elude these embarrassing questions, answered vaguely: "I spoke nothing but the truth out of the Scriptures, according to my conscience and according to the old doctors." He then presented to the cardinal a statement of his teaching.

Wolsey received the papers with a smile: "Oh, ho!" said he, as he counted the six sheets, "I perceive you intend to stand to your articles, and to show your learning." "With the grace of God," said Barnes. Wolsey then began to read them, and stopped at the sixth article, which ran thus: "I will never believe that one man may, by the law of God, be bishop of two or three cities, yea, of a whole country, for it is contrary to St. Paul who saith: *I have left thee behind, to set in every city a bishop.*" Barnes did not quote correctly, for the apostle says: "*to ordain elders in every city.*"[1] Wolsey was displeased at this thesis: "Ah! this touches me," he said: "Do you think it wrong (seeing the ordinance of the church) that one bishop should have so many cities underneath him?" "I know of no ordinance of the church," Barnes replied, "as concerning this thing, but Paul's saying only."

Although this controversy interested the cardinal, the personal attack of which he had to complain touched him more keenly. "Good," said Wolsey; and then with a condescension hardly to be expected from so proud a man, he deigned almost to justify himself. "You charge me with displaying a royal pomp; but do you not understand that, being called to represent his majesty, I must strive by these means to strike terror into the wicked?" "It is not your pomp or your poleaxes," Barnes courageously answered, "that will save the king's person....God will save him, who said: *Per me reges regnant.*" Barnes, instead of profiting by the cardinal's kindness to present an humble justification, as Dean Colet had formerly done to Henry VIII. dared preach him a second sermon to his face. Wolsey felt the colour mount to his cheeks. "Well, gentlemen," said he, turning to Fox and Gardiner, "you hear him! Is this the wise and learned man of whom you spoke to me?"

At these words both steward and secretary fell on their knees, saying: "My lord, pardon him for mercy's sake."—"Can you find ten or even six doctors of divinity willing to swear that you are free from heresy?" asked Wolsey. Barnes offered twenty honest men, quite as learned as himself, or even more so. "I must have doctors in divinity, men as old as yourself."—"That is impossible," said the prior. "In that case you must be burnt," continued the cardinal. "Let him be taken to the Tower." Gardiner and Fox offering to become his sureties, Wolsey permitted him to pass the night at Parnell's.

"It is no time to think of sleeping," said Barnes as he entered the house, "we must write." Those harsh and terrible words, *you must be burnt*, resounded continually in his ears. He dictated all night to his three young friends a defence of his articles.

The next day he was taken before the chapter, at which Clarke, bishop of Bath, Standish, and other doctors were present. His judges laid before him a long statement, and said to him: "Promise to read this paper in public, without omitting or adding a single word." It was then read to him. "I would die first," was his reply. "Will you abjure or be burnt alive?" said his judges; "take your choice." The alternative was dreadful. Poor Barnes, a prey to the deepest agony, shrank at the thought of the stake: then, suddenly his courage revived, and he exclaimed: "I would rather be burnt than abjure." Gardiner and Fox did all they could to persuade him. "Listen to reason," said they craftily: "your articles are true; that is not the question. We want to know whether by your death you will let error triumph, or whether you would rather remain to defend the truth, when better days may come."

They entreated him: they put forward the most plausible motives; from time to time they uttered the terrible words *burnt alive!* His blood froze in his veins; he knew not what he said or did....they placed a paper before him—they put a pen in his hand—his head was bewildered, he signed his name with a deep sigh. This unhappy man was destined at a later period to be a faithful martyr of Jesus Christ; but he had not yet learnt to "resist even unto blood." Barnes had fallen.

On the following morning (Sunday, 11th February) a solemn spectacle was preparing at St. Paul's. Before daybreak, all were astir in the prison of the poor prior; and at eight o'clock, the knight-marshal

[1] Καὶ καταστήσῃς κατὰ πόλιν πρεσβυτέρους. Titus i. 5.

with his tipstaves, and the warden of the Fleet prison with his billmen, conducted Barnes to St. Paul's, along with four of the Hanse merchants who had first brought to London the New Testament of Jesus Christ in English. The fifth of these pious merchants held an immense taper in his hands. A persevering search had discovered that it was these men to whom England was indebted for the so much dreaded book; their warehouses were surrounded and their persons arrested. On the top of St. Paul's steps was a platform, and on the platform a throne, and on the throne the cardinal, dressed in scarlet—like a "bloody antichrist," says the chronicler. On his head glittered the hat of which Barnes had spoken so ill; around him were thirty-six bishops, abbots, priors, and all his doctors, dressed in damask and satin; the vast cathedral was full. The bishop of Rochester having gone into a pulpit placed at the top of the steps, Barnes and the merchants, each bearing a fagot, were compelled to kneel and listen to a sermon intended to cure these poor creatures of that taste for insurrection against popery which was beginning to spread in every quarter. The sermon ended, the cardinal mounted his mule, took his station under a magnficent canopy, and rode off. After this Barnes and his five companions walked three times round a fire, lighted before the cross at the north gate of the cathedral. The dejected prior, with downcast head, dragged himself along, rather than walked. After the third turn, the prisoners threw their fagots into the flames; some "heretical" books also were flung in; and the bishop of Rochester having given absolution to the six penitents, they were led back to prison to be kept there during the lord cardinal's pleasure. Barnes could not weep now; the thought of his relapse, and of the effects so guilty an example might produce, had deprived him of all moral energy. In the month of August, he was led out of prison and confined in the Augustine convent.

Barnes was not the only man at Cambridge upon whom the blow had fallen. Since the year 1520, a monk named Richard Bayfield had been an inmate of the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds. His affability delighted every traveller. One day, when engaged as chamberlain in receiving Barnes, who had come to visit Dr. Ruffam, his fellow-student at Louvain, two men entered the convent. They were pious persons, and of great consideration in London, where they carried on the occupation of brick making, and had risen to be wardens of their guild. Their names were Maxwell and Stacy, men "well grafted in the doctrine of Christ," says the historian, who had led many to the Saviour by their conversation and exemplary life. Being accustomed to travel once a-year through the counties to visit their brethren, and extend a knowledge of the gospel, they used to lodge, according to the usages of the time, in the convents and abbeys. A conversation soon arose between Barnes, Stacy, and Maxwell, which struck the lay-brother. Barnes, who had observed his attention, gave him, as he was leaving the convent, a New Testament in Latin, and the two brick-makers added a New Testament in English, with *The Wicked Mammon*, and *The Obedience of a Christian Man*. The lay-brother ran and hid the books in his cell, and for two years read them constantly. At last he was discovered, and reprimanded; but he boldly confessed his faith. Upon this the monks threw him into prison, set him in the stocks, put a gag in his mouth, and cruelly whipped him, to prevent his speaking of grace.[1] The unhappy Bayfield remained nine months in this condition.

When Barnes repeated his visit to Bury at a later period, he did not find the amiable chamberlain at the gates of the abbey. Upon inquiry he learnt his condition, and immediately took steps to procure his deliverance. Dr. Ruffam came to his aid: "Give him to me," said Barnes, "I will take him to Cambridge." The prior of the Augustines was at that time held in high esteem; his request was granted, in the hope that he would lead back Bayfield to the doctrines of the church. But the very reverse took place: intercourse with the Cambridge brethren strengthened the young monk's faith. On a sudden his happiness vanished. Barnes, his friend and benefactor, was carried to London, and the monks of Bury St. Edmunds, alarmed at the noise this affair created, summoned him to return to the abbey. But Bayfield, resolving to submit to their yoke no longer, went to London, and lay concealed at Maxwell and Stacy's. One day, having left his hiding-place, he was crossing Lombard street, when he met a priest named Pierson and two other religious of his order, with whom he entered into conversation which greatly scandalized them. "You must depart forthwith," said Maxwell and Stacy to him on his return. Bayfield received a small sum of money from them, went on board a ship, and as soon as he reached the continent, hastened to find Tyndale. During this time scenes of a very different nature from those which had taken place at Cambridge, but not less heartrending, were passing at Oxford.

The storm of persecution was raging there with more violence than at Cambridge. Clark and the other confessors of the name of Christ were still confined in their under-ground prison. The air they breathed, the food they took (and they ate nothing but salt fish[2]), the burning thirst this created, the thoughts by which they

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 681.
[2] Foxe, v. p. 5.

were agitated, all together combined to crush these noble-hearted men. Their bodies wasted day by day; they wandered like spectres up and down their gloomy cellar. These animated discussions in which the deep questions then convulsing Christendom were so eloquently debated were at an end; they were like shadow meeting shadow. Their hollow eyes cast a vague and haggard glance on one another, and after gazing for a moment they passed on without speaking. Clark, Sumner, Bayley, and Goodman, consumed by fever, feebly crawled along, leaning against their dungeon walls. The first, who was also the eldest, could not walk without the support of one of his fellow-prisoners. Soon he was quite unable to move, and lay stretched upon the damp floor. The brethren gathered round him, sought to discover in his features whether death was not about to cut short the days of him who had brought many of them to the knowledge of Christ. They repeated to him slowly the words of Scripture, and then knelt down by his side and uttered a fervent prayer.

Clark, feeeling his end draw near, asked for the communion. The jailers conveyed his request to their master; the noise of the bolts was soon heard, and a turnkey, stepping into the midst of the disconsolate band, pronounced a cruel *no!*[1] On hearing this, Clark looked towards heaven, and exclaimed with a father of the church: *Crede et manducasti*, Believe and thou hast eaten.[2] He was lost in thought: he contemplated the crucified Son of God; by faith he ate and drank the flesh and blood of Christ, and experienced in his inner life the strengthening action of the Redeemer. Men might refuse him the host, but Jesus had given him his body; and from that hour he felt strengthened by a living union with the King of heaven.

Not alone did Clark descend into the shadowy valley: Sumner, Bayley, and Goodman were sinking rapidly. Death, the gloomy inhabitant of this foul prison, had taken possession of these four friends.[3] Their brethren addressed fresh solicitations to the cardinal, at that time closely occupied in negotiations with France, Rome, and Venice.[4] He found means, however, to give a moment to the Oxford martyrs; and just as these Christians were praying over their four dying companions, the commissioner came and informed them, that "his lordship, of his great goodness, permitted the sick persons to be removed to their own chambers." Litters were brought on which the dying men were placed and carried to their rooms;[1] the doors were closed again upon those whose lives this frightful dungeon had not yet attacked.

It was the middle of August. The wretched men who had passed six months in the cellar were transported in vain to their chambers and their beds; several members of the university ineffectually tried by their cares and their tender charities to recall them to life. It was too late. The severities of popery had killed these noble witnesses. The approach of death soon betrayed itself; their blood grew cold, their limbs stiff, and their bedimmed eyes sought only Jesus Christ, their everlasting hope. Clark, Sumner, and Bayley died in the same week. Goodman followed close upon them.[2]

This unexpected catastrophe softened Wolsey. He was cruel only as far as his interest and the safety of the church required. He feared that the death of so many young men would raise public opinion against him, or that these catastrophes would damage his college; perhaps even some sentiment of humanity may have touched his heart. "Set the rest at liberty," he wrote to his agents, "but upon condition that they do not go above ten miles from Oxford." The university beheld these young men issue from their living tomb pale, wasted, weak, and with faltering steps. At that time they were not men of mark; it was their youth that touched the spectators' hearts; but in after-years they all occupied an important place in the church. They were Cox, who became bishop of Ely, and tutor to Edward the Prince Royal; Drumm, who under Cranmer became one of the six preachers at Canterbury; Udal, afterwards master of Westminster and Eton schools; Salisbury, dean of Norwich, and then bishop of Sodor and Man, who in all his wealth and greatness often recalled his frightful prison at Oxford as a title to glory; Ferrar, afterwards Cranmer's chaplain, bishop of St. David's, and a martyr even unto death, after an interval of thirty years; Fryth, Tyndale's friend, to whom this deliverance proved only a delay; and several others. When they came forth from their terrible dungeon, their friends ran up to them, supported their faltering steps, and embraced them amidst floods of tears. Fryth quitted the university not long after and went to Flanders.[3] Thus was the tempest stayed which had so fearfully ravaged Oxford. But the calm was of no long duration; an unexpected circumstance became perilous to the cause of the Reformation.

Henry was still under the impression of the famous *Supplication of the Beggars*, when Luther's interference increased his

[1] Not be suffered to receive the communion, being in prison. Foxe, v. p. 428.

[2] Ibid. Habe fidem et tecum est quem non vides, says Augustine in another place. See Serm. 235, 272. Tract. 26, Evan. Joh.

[3] Taking their death in the same prison. Foxe, v. p. 5.

[4] State Papers, i. p. 169.

[1] Foxe, v. p. 5. [2] Ibid.

[3] Tyndale and Fryth's Works, iii. p. 75 (edit. Russell).

anger. The letter which, at the advice of Christiern, king of Denmark, this reformer had written to him in September, 1525, had miscarried. The Wittemberg doctor hearing nothing of it, had boldly printed it, and sent a copy to the king. "I am informed," said Luther, "that your Majesty is beginning to favour the gospel,[1] and to be disgusted with the perverse race that fights against it in your noble kingdom.....It is true that, according to Scripture, *the kings of the earth take counsel together against the Lord*, and we cannot, consequently, expect to see them favourable to the truth. How fervently do I wish that this miracle may be accomplished in the person of your Majesty."[2]

We may imagine Henry's wrath as he read this letter. "What!" said he, "does this apostate monk dare print a letter addressed to us, without having even sent it, or at the least without knowing if we have ever received it?.....And as if that were not enough, he insinuates that we are among his partizans.....He wins over also one or two wretches, born in our kingdom, and engages them to translate the New Testament into English, adding thereto certain prefaces and poisonous glosses." Thus spoke Henry. The idea that his name should be associated with that of the Wittemberg monk called all the blood into his face. He will reply right royally to such unblushing impudence. He summoned Wolsey forthwith. "Here!" said he, pointing to a passage concerning a prelate, "here! read what is said of you!" And then he read aloud: "*Illud monstrum et publicum odium Dei et hominum, cardinalis Eboracensis, pestis illa regni tui.* You see, my lord, you are a *monster*, an object of *hatred* both to God and man, the *scourge* of my kingdom!" The king had hitherto allowed the bishops to do as they pleased, and observed a sort of neutrality. He now determined to lay it aside and begin a crusade against the gospel of Jesus Christ, but he must first answer this impertinent letter. He consulted Sir Thomas More, shut himself in his closet, and dictated to his secretary a reply to the reformer: "You are ashamed of the book you have written against me," he said, "I would counsel you to be ashamed of all that you have written. They are full of disgusting errors and frantic heresies; and are supported by the most audacious obstinacy. Your venomous pen mocks the church, insults the fathers, abuses the saints, despises the apostles, dishonours the holy virgin, and blasphemes God, by making him the author of evil..... And after all that, you claim to be an author whose like does not exist in the world."[3]

"You offer to publish a book in my praise....I thank you!.....You will praise me most by abusing me; you will dishonour me beyond measure if you praise me. I say with Seneca: *Tam turpe tibi sit laudari a turpibus, quam si lauderis ob turpia.*"[1]

This letter, written by the *king of the English to the king of the heretics*,[2] was immediately circulated throughout England bound up with Luther's epistle. Henry, by publishing it, put his subjects on their guard against the *unfaithful* translations of the New Testament, which were besides about to be burnt everywhere. "The grapes seem beautiful," he said, "but beware how you wet your lips with the wine made from them, for the adversary hath mingled poison with it."

Luther, agitated by this rude lesson, tried to excuse himself. "I said to myself, *There are twelve hours in the day.* Who knows? perhaps I may find one lucky hour to gain the king of England. I therefore laid my humble epistle at his feet; but alas! the swine have torn it. I am willing to be silent....but as regards my doctrine, I cannot impose silence on it. It must cry aloud, it must bite. If any king imagines he can make me retract my faith, he is a dreamer. So long as one drop of blood remains in my body, I shall say no. Emperors, kings, the devil, and even the whole universe, cannot frighten me when faith is concerned. I claim to be proud, very proud, exceedingly proud. If my doctrine had no other enemies than the king of England, Duke George, the pope and their allies, all these soap-bubbles....one little prayer would long ago have worsted them all. Where are Pilate, Herod and Caiaphas now? Where are Nero, Domitian, and Maximilian? Where are Arius, Pelagius, and Manes?—Where are they?.... Where all our scribes and all our tyrants will soon be.—But Christ? Christ is the same always.

"For a thousand years the Holy Scriptures have not shone in the world with so much brightness as now.[3] I wait in peace for my last hour: I have done what I could. O princes, my hands are clean from your blood: it will fall on your own heads."

Bowing before the supreme royalty of Jesus Christ, Luther spoke thus boldly to King Henry, who contested the rights of the word of God.

A letter written against the reformer was not enough for the bishops. Profiting by the wound Luther had inflicted on Henry's self-esteem, they urged him to put down this revolt of the human understanding,

[1] Majestatem tuam cœpisse favere Evangelio. Cochlæus, p. 136.

[2] Huic miraculo in Majestate tua quam opto ex totis medullis. Ibid. p. 127.

[3] Tantus autor haberi postulas, quantus nec hodie quisquam sit. Cochlæus, p. 127.

[1] Let it be as disgraceful to you to be praised by the vile, as if you were praised for vile deeds.

[2] Rex Anglorum Regi hæreticorum scribit. Strype, Mem. i. p. 91. The title of the pamplet was *Litterarum quibus invictus Pr. Henricus VIII etc. etc. respondit ad quandam Epistolam M. Lutheri ad se missam.*

[3] Als in tausend Jahren nicht gewesen ist. Luth. Opp. xix. p. 501.

which threatened (as they averred) both the popedom and the monarchy. They commenced the persecution. Latimer was summoned before Wolsey, but his learning and presence of mind procured his dismissal. Bilney also, who had been ordered to London, received an injunction not to preach *Luther's doctrines*. "I will not preach Luther's doctrines, if there are any peculiar to him," he said; "but I can and I must preach the doctrine of Jesus Christ, although Luther should preach it too." And finally Garret, led into the presence of his judges, was seized with terror, and fell before the cruel threats of the bishop. When restored to liberty, he fled from place to place,[1] endeavouring to hide his sorrow, and to escape from the despotism of the priests, awaiting the moment when he should give his life for Jesus Christ.

The adversaries of the Reformation were not yet satisfied. The New Testament continued to circulate, and depots were formed in several convents. Barnes, a prisoner in the Augustine monastery in London, had regained his courage, and loved his Bible more and more. One day about the end of September, as three or four friends were reading in his chamber, two simple peasants, John Tyball and Thomas Hilles, natives of Bumpstead in Essex, came in. "How did you come to a knowledge of the truth?" asked Barnes. They drew from their pockets some old volumes containing the Gospels, and a few of the Epistles in English. Barnes returned them with a smile. "They are nothing," he told them, "in comparison with the new edition of the New Testament,"[2] a copy of which the two peasants bought for three shillings and two pence. "Hide it carefully," said Barnes. When this came to the ears of the clergy, Barnes was removed to Northampton to be burnt at the stake; but he managed to escape; his friends reported that he was drowned; and while strict search was making for him during a whole week along the seacoast, he secretly went on board a ship, and was carried to Germany. "The cardinal will catch him even now," said the bishop of London, "whatever amount of money it may cost him." When Barnes was told of this, he remarked: "I am a poor simple wretch, not worth the tenth penny they will give for me. Besides, if they burn me, what will they gain by it? ....The sun and the moon, fire and water, the stars and the elements—yea, and also stones shall defend this cause against them, *rather than the truth should perish*." Faith had returned to Barnes's feeble heart.

His escape added fuel to the wrath of the clergy. They proclaimed, throughout the length and breadth of England, that the Holy Scriptures contained an *infectious poison*,[1] and ordered a general search after the word of God. On the 24th of October 1526, the bishop of London enjoined on his archdeacons to seize all translations of the New Testament in English with or without glosses: and, a few days later, the archbishop of Canterbury issued a mandate against all the books which should contain "any particle of the New Testament."[2] The primate remembered that a spark was sufficient to kindle a large fire.

On hearing of this order, William Roy a sarcastic writer, published a violent satire, in which figured *Judas* (Standish), *Pilate* (Wolsey), and *Caiaphas* (Tonstall). The author exclaimed with energy:

> God, of his goodness, grudged not to die,
> Man to deliver from deadly damnation;
> Whose will is, that we should know perfectly
> What he here hath done for our salvation.
> O cruel Caiaphas! full of crafty conspiration,
> How durst thou give them false judgment
> To burn God's word—the Holy Testament.[3]

The efforts of Caiaphas and his colleagues were indeed useless: the priests were undertaking a work beyond their strength. If by some terrible revolution all social forms should be destroyed in the world, the living church of the elect, a divine institution in the midst of human institutions, would still exist by the power of God, like a rock in the midst of the tempest, and would transmit to future generations the seeds of Christian life and civilisation. It is the same with the word, the creative principle of the church. It cannot perish here below. The priests of England had something to learn on this matter.

While the agents of the clergy were carrying out the archiepiscopal mandate, and a merciless search was making everywhere for the New Testaments from Worms, a new edition was discovered, fresh from the press, of a smaller and more portable, and consequently more dangerous size. It was printed by Christopher Eyndhoven of Antwerp, who had consigned it to his correspondents in London. The annoyance of the priests was extreme, and Hackett, the agent of Henry VIII. in the Low Countries, immediately received orders to get this man punished. "We cannot deliver judgment without inquiry into the matter," said the lords of Antwerp; "we will therefore have the book translated into Flemish." "God forbid," said Hackett in alarm. "What! would you also on your side of the ocean, translate this book into the language of the people?" "Well then," said one of the judges, less conscientious than his colleagues, "let the king of England send us

[1] Foxe, v. p. 428.

[2] Which books he did little regard, and made a twit of it. Tyball's Confession in Bible Annals i. p. 184.

[1] Libri pestiferum virus in se continentes, in promiscuam provinciæ Cant. multitudinem sunt dispersi. Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 706.

[2] Vel aliquam ejus particulam. Ibid.

[3] Satire of W. Roy, printed in the Harl. Misc. vol. ix. p. 77, (ed. 1809).

a copy of each of the books he has burnt, and we will burn them likewise." Hackett wrote to Wolsey for them, and as soon as they arrived the court met again. Eyndhoven's counsel called upon the prosecutor to point out the *heresies* contained in the volume. The margrave (an officer of the imperial government) shrank from the task and said to Hackett, "I give up the business!" The charge against Eyndhoven was dismissed.

Thus did the Reformation awaken in Europe the slumbering spirit of law and liberty. By enfranchising thought from the yoke of popery, it prepared the way for other enfranchisements; and by restoring the authority of the word of God, it brought back the reign of the law among nations long the prey of turbulent passions and arbitrary power. Then, as at all times, religious society forestalled civil society, and gave it those two great principles of order and liberty, which popery compromises or annuls. It was not in vain that the magistrates of a Flemish city, enlightened by the first dawn of the Reformation, set so noble an example; the English, who were very numerous in the Hanse Towns, thus learnt once more the value of that civil and religious liberty which is the time-honoured right of England, and of which they were in after years to give other nations the so much needed lessons.

"Well then," said Hackett, who was annoyed at their setting the law above his master's will, "I will go and buy all these books, and send them to the cardinal, that he may burn them." With these words he left the court. But his anger evaporating,[1] he set off for Malines to complain to the regent and her council of the Antwerp decision. "What!" said he, "you punish those who circulate false money, and you will not punish still more severely the man who coins it?—in this case, he is the printer." "But that is just the point in dispute," they replied; "we are not sure the money is *false*."—"How can it be otherwise," answered Henry's agent, "since the bishops of England have declared it so?" The imperial government, which was not very favourably disposed towards England, ratified Eyndhoven's acquittal, but permitted Hackett to burn all the copies of the New Testament he could seize. He hastened to profit by this concession, and began hunting after the Holy Scriptures, while the priests eagerly came to his assistance. In their view, as well as in that of their English colleagues, the supreme decision in matter of faith rested not with the word of God but with the pope; and the best means of securing this privilege to the pontiff was to reduce the Bible to ashes.

Notwithstanding these trials, the year 1526 was a memorable one for England. The English New Testament had been circulated from the shores of the Channel to the borders of Scotland, and the Reformation had begun in that island by the word of God. The revival of the sixteenth century was in no country less than in England the emanation of a royal mandate. But God, who had disseminated the Scriptures over Britain, in defiance of the rulers of the nation, was about to make use of their passions to remove the difficulties which opposed the final triumph of his plans. We here enter upon a new phasis in the history of the Reformation; and having studied the work of God in the faith of the little ones, we proceed to contemplate the work of man in the intrigues of the great ones of the earth.

Wolsey, mortified at not being able to obtain the pontifical throne, to which he had so ardently aspired, and being especially irritated by the ill-will of Charles V., meditated a plan which, entirely unsuspected by him, was to lead to the enfranchisement of England from the papal yoke. "They laugh at me, and thrust me into the second rank," he had exclaimed. "So be it! I will create such a confusion in the world as has not been seen for ages..... I will do it, even should England be swallowed up in the tempest!"[1] Desirous of exciting imperishable hatred between Henry VIII. and Charles V., he had undertaken to break the marriage which Henry VII. and Ferdinand the Catholic had planned to unite for ever their families and their crowns. His hatred of Charles was not his only motive. Catherine had reproached him for his dissolute life,[2] and he had sworn to be revenged. There can be no doubt as to Wolsey's share in the matter. "The *first terms* of the divorce were put forward by me," he told the French ambassador. "I did it," he added, "to cause a lasting separation between the houses of England and Burgundy."[3] The best informed writers of the sixteenth century, men of the most opposite parties, Pole, Polydore Virgil, Tyndale, Meteren, Pallavicini, Sanders, and Roper, More's son-in-law, all agree in pointing to Wolsey as the instigator of that divorce, which has become so famous.[4] He desired to go still farther, and after inducing the king to put away his queen, he hoped to prevail on the

[1] My choler was descended. Anderson's Annals of the Bible, i. p. 159.

[1] Sandoval, i. p. 358. Ranke, Deutsche Gesch. iii. p. 17.

[2] Malos oderat mores. Polyd. Virg. p. 685.

[3] Le Grand, Hist. du divorce, Preuves, p. 186.

[4] Instigator et auctor concilii existimabatur (Pole, Apology). He was furious mad, and imagined this divorcement between the king and the queen (Tyndale's Works, i. p. 465). See also Sanderus, 7 and 9; Polyd. Virg. p. 685; Meteren, Hist. of the Low Countries, p. 20; Pallavicini, Conc. Trident. i. p. 203, etc. A contrary assertion of Wolsey's has been adduced against these authorities in the *Pamphleteer*, No. 42, p. 336; but a slight acquaintance with his history soon teaches us that veracity was the least of his virtues.

pope to depose the emperor.[1] It was not his passion for Anne Boleyn, as so many of the Romish fabulists have repeated, but the passion of a cardinal for the triple crown which gave the signal of England's emancipation. Offended pride is one of the most active principles of human nature.

Wolsey's design was a strange one, and difficult of execution, but not impossible. Henry was living apparently on the best terms with Catherine; on more than one occasion Erasmus had spoken of the royal family of England as the pattern of the domestic virtues. But the most ardent of Henry's desires was not satisfied; he had no son; those whom the queen had borne him had died in their infancy, and Mary alone survived. The deaths of these little children, at all times so heartrending, were particularly so in the palace of Greenwich. It appeared to Catherine that the shade of the last Plantagenet, immolated on her marriage altar, came forth to seize one after the heirs she gave to the throne of England, and to carry them away to his tomb. The queen shed tears almost unceasingly, and implored the divine mercy, while the king cursed his unhappy fate. The people seemed to share in the royal sorrow; and men of learning and piety (Longland was among their number)[2] declared against the validity of the marriage. They said that "the papal dispensations had no force when in opposition to the law of God." Yet hitherto Henry had rejected every idea of a divorce.[3]

The times had changed since 1509. The king had loved Catherine; her reserve, mildness, and dignity, had charmed him. Greedy of pleasure and applause, he was delighted to see his wife content to be the quiet witness of his joys and of his triumphs. But gradually the queen had grown older, her Spanish gravity had increased, her devout practices were multiplied, and her infirmities, become more frequent, had left the king no hope of having a son. From that hour, even while continuing to praise her virtues, Henry grew cold towards her person, and his love by degrees changed into repugnance. And then he thought that the death of his children might be a sign of God's anger. This idea had taken hold of him, and induced him to occupy apartments separate from the queen's.[4]

Wolsey judged the moment favourable for beginning the attack. It was in the latter months of 1526, when calling Longland, the king's confessor, to him, and concealing his principal motive, he said: "You know his majesty's anguish. The stability of his crown and his everlasting salvation seem to be compromised alike. To whom can I unbosom myself, if not to you, who must know the inmost secrets of his soul?" The two bishops resolved to awaken Henry to the perils incurred by his union with Catherine;[1] but Longland insisted that Wolsey should take the first steps.

The cardinal waited upon the king, and reminded him of his scruples before the betrothal; he exaggerated those entertained by the nation, and speaking with unusual warmth, he entreated the king to remain no longer in such danger;[2] "The holiness of your life and the legitimacy of your succession are at stake."—"My good father," said Henry, "you would do well to consider the weight of the stone that you have undertaken to remove.[3] The Queen is a woman of such exemplary life that I have no motive in separating from her."

The cardinal did not consider himself beaten; three days later he appeared before the king accompanied by the bishop of Lincoln. "Most mighty prince," said the confessor, who felt bold enough to speak after the cardinal, "you cannot, like Herod, have your brother's wife.[4] I exhort and coujure you, as having the care of your soul,[5] to submit the matter to competent judges." Henry consented, and perhaps not unwillingly.

It was not enough for Wolsey to separate Henry from the emperor; he must, for greater security, unite him to Francis I. The king of England shall repudiate the aunt of Charles V., and then marry the sister of the French king. Proud of the success he had obtained in the first part of his plan, Wolsey entered upon the second. "There is a princess," he told the king, "whose birth, graces, and talents charm all Europe. Margaret of Valois, sister of King Francis, is superior to all of her sex, and no one is worthier of your alliance."[6] Henry made answer that it was a serious matter, requiring deliberate examination. Wolsey, however, placed in the king's hands a portrait of Margaret, and it has been imagined that he even privily caused her sentiments to be sounded. Be that as it may, the sister of Francis I. having learnt that she was pointed at as the future queen of England, rebelled at the idea of taking from an innocent woman a crown she had worn so nobly. "The French king's sister knows too much of Christ to

[1] Le Grand, Hist. du divorce, Preuves, p. 65, 69.
[2] Jampridem conjugium regium, veluti infirmum. Polyd. Virg. p. 685.
[3] That matrimony which the king at first seemed not disposed to annul. Strype, i. p. 135.
[4] Burnet, vol. i. p. 20 (London, 1841). Letter from Grynæus to Bucer. Strype, i. p. 135.

[1] Quamprimum regi patefaciendum. Polyd. Virg. p. 685.
[2] Vehementer orat ne se patiatur in tanto versari discrimine. Polyd. Virg. p. 685.
[3] Bone pater, vide bene quale saxum suo loco jacens movere coneris. Ibid.
[4] Like another Herodes. More's Life, p. 129.
[5] Ipse cui de salute animæ tuæ cura est, *hortor, rogo, persuadeo.* Polyd. Virg. p. 686.
[6] Mulier præter cæteras digna matrimonio tuo. Ibid.

consent unto such wickedness," said Tyndale.[1] Margaret of Valois replied: "Let me hear no more of a marriage that can be effected only at the expense of Catherine of Aragon's happiness and life."[2] The woman who was destined in future years to fill the throne of England was then residing at Margaret's court. Shortly after this, on the 24th of January 1527, the sister of Francis I. married Henry d'Albret, king of Navarre.

Henry VIII., desirous of information with regard to his favourite's suggestion, commissioned Fox, his almoner, Pace, dean of St. Paul's, and Wakefield, professor of Hebrew at Oxford, to study the passages of Leviticus and Deuteronomy which related to marriage with a brother's wife. Wakefield, who had no wish to commit himself, asked whether Henry was *for* or *against* the divorce.[3] Pace replied to this servile hebraist that the king wanted nothing but the truth.

But who would take the first public step in an undertaking so hazardous? Every one shrank back; the terrible emperor alarmed them all. It was a French bishop that hazarded the step; bishops meet us at every turn in this affair in the divorce, with which bishops have so violently reproached the Reformation. Henry, desirous of excusing Wolsey, pretended afterwards that the objections of the French prelate had preceded those of Longland and the cardinal. In February 1527, Francis I. had sent an embassy to London, at the head of which was Gabriel de Grammont, bishop of Tarbes, with the intention to procure the hand of Mary of England. Henry's ministers having inquired whether the engagement of Francis with the queen-dowager of Portugal did not oppose the commission with which the French bishop was charged, the latter answered: "I will ask you in turn what has been done to remove the impediments which opposed the marriage of which the Princess Mary is issue."[4] They laid before the ambassador the dispensation of Julius II., which he returned, saying, that the bull was not *sufficient*, seeing that such a marriage was forbidden *jure divino*;[5] and he added: "Have you English a different gospel from ours?"[1]

The king, when he heard these words (as he informs us himself), was filled with fear and horror.[2] Three of the most respected bishops of Christendom united to accuse him of incest! He began to speak of it to certain individuals: "The scruples of my conscience have been terribly increased (he said) since the bishop spoke of this matter before my council in exceedingly plain words."[3] There is no reason to believe that these *terrible* troubles of which the king speaks were a mere invention on his part. A disputed succession might again plunge England into civil war. Even if no pretenders should spring up, might they not see a rival house, a French prince, for instance, wedded to Henry's daughter, reigning over England? The king, in his anxiety, had recourse to his favourite author, Thomas Aquinas, and this *angel of the schools* declared his marriage unlawful. Henry next opened the Bible, and found this threat against the man who took his brother's wife: "He shall be *childless!*" The denunciation increased his trouble, for he had no heir. In the midst of this darkness a new perspective opened before him. His conscience might be unbound; his desire to have a younger wife might be gratified; he might have a son!.....The king resolved to lay the matter before a commission of lawyers, and this commission soon wrote volumes.[4]

During all this time Catherine, suspecting no evil, was occupied in her devotions. Her heart, bruised by the death of her children and by the king's coldness, sought consolation in prayer both privately and in the royal chapel. She would rise at midnight and kneel down upon the cold stones, and never missed any of the canonical services. But one day (probably in May or June 1527) some officious person informed her of the rumours circulating in the city and at court. Bursting with anger and alarm, and all in tears, she hastened to the king, and addressed him with the bitterest complaints.[5] Henry was content to calm her by vague assurances; but the unfeeling Wolsey, troubling himself still less than his master about Catherine's emotion, called it, with a smile, "a short tragedy."

The offended wife lost no time: it was necessary that the emperor should be in-

[1] Works (ed. Russell), i. p. 464.

[2] Princeps illa, mulier optima, noluerit quicquam audire de nuptiis, quæ nuptiæ non possunt conjungi sine miserabili Catherinæ casu atque adeo interitu. Polyd. Virg. p. 687.

[3] Utrum staret ad te an contra te? Le Grand, Preuves, p. 2.

[4] What had been here provided for taking away the impediment of that marriage. (State Papers, i. p. 199.) Le Grand, (i. p. 17,) discredits the objections of the bishop of Tarbes; but this letter from Wolsey to Henry VIII. establishes them incontrovertibly. And besides, Du Bellay, in a letter afterwards quoted by Le Grand himself, states the matter still more strongly than Wolsey.

[5] Wherewith the pope could not dispense, *nisi ex urgentissima causa.* Wolsey to Henry VIII., dated 8th July. State Papers, i. p. 199.

[1] Anglos, qui tuo imperio subsunt, hoc idem evangelium colere quod nos colimus. Sanders, 12.

[2] Quæ oratio quanto metu ac horrore animum nostrum turbaverit. Henry's speech to the Lord Mayor and common council at his palace of Bridewell, 8th November 1528. Hall, p. 754; Wilkins, Concil. iii. p. 714.

[3] Du Bellay's letter in Le Grand. Preuves, p. 218.

[4] So as the books excrescunt in magna volumina. Wolsey to Henry VIII. State Papers, i. p. 200.

[5] The queen hath broken with your grace there of. Ibid.

formed promptly, surely, and accurately of this unprecedented insult. A letter would be insufficient, even were it not intercepted. Catherine therefore determined to send her servant Francis Philip, a Spaniard, to her nephew; and to conceal the object of his journey, they proceeded, after the *tragedy*, to play a *comedy* in the Spanish style. "My mother is sick and desires to see me," said Philip. Catherine begged the king to refuse her servant's prayer; and Henry, divining the stratagem, resolved to employ trick against trick.[1] "Philip's request is very proper," he made answer; and Catherine, *from regard to her husband*, consented to his departure. Henry meantime had given orders that, "notwithstanding any safe-conduct, the said Philip should be arrested and detained at Calais, in such a manner, however, that no one should know whence the stoppage proceeded."

It was to no purpose that the queen indulged in a culpable dissimulation; a poisoned arrow had pierced her heart, and her words, her manners, her complaints, her tears, the numerous messages she sent, now to one and now to another, betrayed the secret which the king wished still to conceal.[2] Her friends blamed her for this publicity; men wondered what Charles would say when he heard of his aunt's distress; they feared that peace would be broken; but Catherine, whose heart was "rent in twain," was not to be moved by diplomatic considerations. Her sorrow did not check Henry; with the two motives which made him eager for a divorce —the scruples of his conscience and the desire of an heir—was now combined a third still more forcible. A woman was about to play an important part in the destinies of England.

Anne Boleyn, who had been placed by her father at the court of France, had returned to England with Sir Thomas, then ambassador at Paris, at the time that an English army made an incursion into Normandy (1522). It would appear that she was presented to the queen about this period, and appointed one of Catherine's maids of honour. The following year was a memorable one to her from her first sorrow.

Among the young noblemen in the cardinal's household was Lord Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland. While Wolsey was closeted with the king, Percy was accustomed to resort to the queen's apartments, where he passed the time among her ladies. He soon felt a sincere passion for Anne, and the young maid of honour, who had been cold to the addresses of the gentlemen at the court of Francis, replied to the affections of the heir of Northumberland. The two young people already indulged day-dreams of a quiet, elegant, and happy life in their noble castles of the north; but such dreams were fated to be of short duration.

Wolsey hated the Norfolks, and consequently the Boleyns. It was to counterbalance their influence that he had been first introduced at court. He became angry, therefore, when he saw one of his household suing for the hand of the daughter and niece of his enemies. Besides, certain partisans of the clergy accused Anne of being friendly to the Reformation.[1].....It is generally believed that even at this period Wolsey had discovered Henry's eyes turned complacently on the young maid of honour, and that this induced him to thwart Percy's love; but this seems improbable. Of all the women of England, Anne was the one whose influence Wolsey would have had most cause to fear, and he did fear it; and he would have been but too happy to see her married to Percy. It has been asserted that Henry prevailed on the cardinal to thwart the affection of the two young people; but in that case did he confide to Wolsey the real motive of his opposition? Did the latter entertain criminal intentions? Did he undertake to yield up to dishonour the daughter and niece of his political adversaries? This would be horrible, but it is possible, and may even be deduced from Cavendish's narrative; yet we will hope that it was not so. If it were, Anne's virtue successfully baffled the infamous plot.

Be that as it may, one day when Percy was in attendance upon the cardinal, the latter rudely addressed him: "I marvel at your folly, that you should attempt to contract yourself with that girl without your father's or the king's consent. I command you to break with her." Percy burst into tears, and besought the cardinal to plead his cause. "I charge you to resort no more into her company," was Wolsey's cold reply,[2] after which he rose up and left the room. Anne received an order at the same time to leave the court. Proud and bold, and ascribing her misfortune to Wolsey's hatred, she exclaimed as she quitted the palace, "I will be revenged for this insult." But she had scarcely taken up her abode in the gothic halls of Hever Castle, when news still more distressing overwhelmed her. Percy was married to Lady Mary Talbot. She wept long and bitterly, and vowed against the young nobleman who had deserted her a contempt equal to her hatred of the cardinal. Anne was reserved for a more illustrious, but more unhappy fate.

[1] The king's highness knowing great collusion and dissimulation between them, doth also dissemble. Knight to Wolsey. Ibid. p. 215.

[2] By her behaviour, manner, words, and messages sent to diverse, hath published, divulged, &c. State Papers, i. p. 200.

[1] Meteren's Hist. of the Low Countries, folio, 20

[2] Cavendish's Wolsey, p. 123. Cavendish was present at this conversation.

This event necessarily rendered her residence in this country far from attractive to Anne Boleyn. "She did not stay long in England," says Burnet, following Camden: "She served Queen Claude of France till her death, and after that she was taken into service by king Francis' sister." Anne Boleyn, lady-in-waiting to Margaret of Valois, was consoled at last. She indulged in gaieties with all the vivacity of her age, and glittered among the youngest and fairest at all the court festivities.

In Margaret's house she met the most enlightened men of the age, and her understanding and heart were developed simultaneously with the graces. She began to read, without thoroughly understanding it, the holy book in which her mistress (as Brantome informs us) found consolation and repose, and to direct a few light and passing thoughts to that "mild Emanuel," to whom Margaret addressed such beautiful verses.

At last Anne returned definitively to England. It has been asserted that the queen-regent, fearing that Henry after the battle of Pavia would invade France, had sent Anne to London to dissuade him from it. But it was a stronger voice than hers which stopped the king of England. "Remain quiet," wrote Charles V. to him; "I have the stag in my net, and we have only to think of sharing the spoils." Margaret of Valois having married the king of Navarre at the end of January, 1527, and quitted Paris and her brother's court, it is supposed that Sir Thomas Boleyn, who was unwilling that his daughter should take up her abode in the Pyrenees, recalled her to England probably in the winter or spring of the same year. "There is not the least evidence that she came to it earlier," says a modern author.[1] She appeared once more at court, and the niece of the duke of Norfolk soon eclipsed her companions, "by her excellent gesture and behaviour,"[2] as we learn from a contemporary unfriendly to the Boleyns. All the court was struck by the regularity of her features, the expression of her eyes, the gentleness of her manners, and the majesty of her carriage.[3] "She was a beautiful creature," says an old historian, "well proportioned, courteous, amiable, very agreeable, and a skilful musician."[4]

While entertainments were following close upon each other at the court of Henry VIII., a strange rumour filled all England with surprise. It was reported that the imperialist soldiers had taken Rome by assault, and that some Englishmen were among those who had mounted the breach. One Thomas Cromwell was specially named[5]—the man who nearly twenty years before had obtained certain indulgences from Julius II., by offering him some jars of English confectionery. This soldier carried with him the New Testament of Erasmus, and he is said to have learnt it by heart during the campaign. Being gay, brave, and intelligent, he entertained, from reading the gospel and seeing Rome, a great aversion for the policy, superstitions, and disorders of the popedom. The day of the 7th May, 1527, decided the tenor of his life. To destroy the papal power became his dominant idea. On returning to England he entered the cardinal's household.

However, the captive pope and cardinals wrote letters "filled with tears and groans."[1] Full of zeal for the papacy, Wolsey ordered a public fast. "The emperor will never release the pope, unless he be compelled," he told the king. "Sir, God has made you *defender of the faith;* save the church and its head!" "My lord," answered the king with a smile, "I assure you that this war between the emperor and the pope is not for the faith, but for temporal possessions and dominions."

But Wolsey would not be discouraged; and on the 3d of July, he passed through the streets of London, riding a richly caparisoned mule, and resting his feet on gilt stirrups, while twelve hundred gentlemen accompanied him on horseback. He was going to entreat Francis to aid his master in saving Clement VII. He had found no difficulty in prevailing upon Henry; Charles talked of carrying the pope to Spain, and of permanently establishing the apostolic see in that country.[2] Now, how could they obtain the divorce from a *Spanish* pope? During the procession, Wolsey seemed oppressed with grief, and even shed tears;[3] but he soon raised his head and exclaimed: "My heart is inflamed, and I wish that it may be said of the pope *per secula sempiterna,*

"Rediit Henrici octavi virtute serena."

Desirous of forming a close union between France and England for the accomplishment of his designs, he had cast his eyes on the Princess Renée, daughter of Louis XII., and sister-in-law to Francis I., as the future wife of Henry VIII. Accordingly the treaty of alliance between the two crowns having been signed at Amiens on the 18th of August (1527), Francis, with his mother and the cardinal, proceeded to Compiègne, and there Wolsey, styling Charles the most obstinate defender of Lutheranism,[4] promising "perpetual *con-*

[1] Turner, Hist. Henry VIII. ii. p. 185.
[2] Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 120.
[3] Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyatt, in Cavendish's Life of Wolsey, p. 424.
[4] Meteren's Hist. of the Low Countries, folio 20.
[5] Foxe vol v. p. 365.

[1] Plenas lacrymarum et miseriæ. State Papers, vol. i.
[2] The see apostolic should perpetually remain in Spain. Ibid. i. p. 227.
[3] I saw the lord cardinal weep very tenderly. Cavendish, p. 151.
[4] Omnium maxime dolosus et hæresis Lutheranæ fautor acerrimus. State Papers, i. p. 274.

junction on the one hand [between France and England,] and perpetual *disjunction* on the other" [between England and Germany,][1] demanded Renée's hand for King Henry. Staffileo, dean of Rota, affirmed that the pope had been able to permit the marriage between Henry and Catherine only by an error of the keys of St. Peter.[2] This avowal, so remarkable on the part of the dean of one of the first jurisdictions of Rome, induced Francis' mother to listen favourably to the cardinal's demand. But whether this proposal was displeasing to Renée, who was destined on a future day to profess the pure faith of the Gospel with greater earnestness than Margaret of Valois, or whether Francis was not over-anxious for a union that would have given Henry rights over the duchy of Brittany, she was promised to the son of the Duke of Ferrara. It was a check to the cardinal; but it was his ill fortune to receive one still more severe on his return to England.

The daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, (who had been created Viscount Rochford in 1525,) was constantly at court, "where she flourished in great estimation and favour," says Cavendish, "having always a private indignation against the cardinal for breaking off the pre-contract made between Lord Percy and her," little suspecting that Henry had had any share in it.[3] Her beauty, her graceful carriage, her black hair, oval face, and bright eyes, her sweet voice in singing, her skill and dignity in the dance, her desire to please, which was not entirely devoid of coquetry, her sprightliness, the readiness of her repartees, and, above all, the amiability of her character, won every heart. She brought to Greenwich and to London the polished manners of the court of Francis I. Every day (it was reported) she invented a new style of dress, and set the fashion in England. But to all these qualities, she added modesty, and even imposed it on others by her example. The ladies of the court, who had hitherto adopted a different fashion (says her greatest enemy), covered the neck and bosom as she did;[4] and the malicious, unable to appreciate Anne's motives, ascribed this modesty on the young lady's part to a desire to hide a secret deformity.[5] Numerous admirers once more crowded round Anne Boleyn, and among others, one of the most illustrious noblemen and poets of England, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a follower of Wickliffe. He, however, was not the man destined to replace the son of the Percies.

Henry, absorbed in anxiety about his divorce from Catherine, had become low-spirited and melancholy. The laughter, songs, repartees, and beauty of Anne Boleyn struck and captivated him, and his eyes were soon fixed complacently on the young maid of honour. Catherine was more than forty years old, and it was hardly to be expected that so susceptible a man as Henry would have made, as Job says, *a covenant with his eyes not to think upon a maid.* Desirous of showing his admiration, he presented Anne, according to usage, with a costly jewel; she accepted and wore it, and continued to dance, laugh, and chatter as before, without attaching particular importance to the royal present. Henry's attentions became more continuous; and he took advantage of a moment when he found Anne alone to declare his sentiments. With mingled emotion and alarm, the young lady fell trembling at the king's feet, and exclaimed, bursting into tears: "I think, most noble and worthy king, your majesty speaks these words in mirth to prove me.... I will rather lose my life than my virtue."[1] Henry gracefully replied, that he should at least continue to hope. But Anne, rising up, proudly made answer: "I understand not, most mighty king, how you should retain any such hope; your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a queen already. Your mistress I will not be." Anne kept her word. She continued to show the king, even after this interview, all the respect that was due to him; but on several occasions she proudly, violently even, repelled his advances.[2] In this age of gallantry, we find her resisting for nearly six years all the seductions Henry cast round her. Such an example is not often met with in the history of courts. The books she had read in Margaret's palace gave her a secret strength. All looked upon her with respect; and even the queen treated her with politeness. Catherine showed, however, that she had remarked the king's preference. One day, as she was playing at cards with her maid of honour, while Henry was in the room, Anne frequently holding the *king*, she said: "My Lady Anne, you have good hap to stop ever at a *king*; but you are not like others, you will have all or none." Anne blushed: from that moment Henry's attentions acquired

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, i. p. 186.

[2] Nisi clave errante. State Papers, i. p. 272.

[3] For all this while she knew nothing of the king's intended purpose, said one of his adversaries. Cavendish's Wolsey, p. 129.

[4] Ad illius imitationem reliquæ regiæ ancillæ colli et pectoris superiora, quæ antea nuda gestabant, operire cœperunt. Sanders, p. 16.

[5] See Sanders, ibid. It is useless to refute Sanders' stories. We refer our readers to Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, to Lord Herbert's Life of Henry VIII., to Wyatt, and others. We need only read Sanders to estimate at their true value the *foul calumnies*, as these writers term them, of the man whom they style *the Roman legendary*.

[1] Sloane MSS. No. 2495; Turner's Hist. Eng. ii. p. 196.

[2] Tanto vehementius preces regias illa repulit. Sanders, p. 17.

more importance; she resolved to withdraw from them, and quitted the court with Lady Rochford.

The king, who was not accustomed to resistance, was extremely grieved; and having learnt that Anne would not return to the court either with or without her mother, sent a courier to Hever with a message and a letter for her. If we recollect the manners of the age of Henry VIII., and how far the men, in their relations with the gentler sex, were strangers to that reserve which society now imposes upon them, we cannot but be struck by the king's respectful tone. He writes thus in French:—

"As the time seems to be very long since I heard from you or concerning your health, the great love I have for you has constrained me to send this bearer to be better informed both of your health and pleasure; particularly, because since my last parting with you, I have been told that you have entirely changed the mind in which I left you, and that you neither mean to come to court with your mother nor any other way; which report, if true, I cannot enough marvel at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you; and it seems hard, in return for the great love I bear you, to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most. And if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be equally irksome to you, though this does not belong so much to the mistress as to the servant.

"Consider well, my mistress, how greatly your absence afflicts me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so: but if I heard for certain that you yourself desired it, I could but mourn my ill-fortune, and strive by degrees to abate of my great folly.

"And so for lack of time I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching you to give the bearer credence in all he will tell you from me. Written by the hand of your entire servant,

"H. R."[1]

The word *servant* (serviteur) employed in this letter explains the sense in which Henry used the word *mistress*. In the language of chivalry, the latter term expressed a person to whom the lover had surrendered his heart.

It would seem that Anne's reply to this letter was the same she had made to the king from the very first; and Cardinal Pole mentions more than once her obstinate refusal of an adulterous love.[1] At last Henry understood Anne's virtue; but he was far from *abating of his great folly*, as he had promised. That tyrannical selfishness, which the prince often displayed in his life, was shown particularly in his amours. Seeing that he could not attain his end by illegitimate means, he determined to break, as quickly as possible, the bonds which united him to the queen. Anne's virtue was the third cause of Henry's divorce.

His resolution being once taken, it must needs be carried out. Henry having succeeded in bringing Anne back to court, procured a private interview with her, offered her his crown, and seizing her hand, took off one of her rings. But Anne, who would not be the king's mistress, refused also to be his wife. The glory of a crown could not dazzle her, said Wyatt, and two motives in particular counterbalanced all the prospects of greatness which were set before her eyes. The first was her respect for the queen: "How could I injure a princess of such great virtue?" she exclaimed.[2] The second was the fear that a union with "one that was her lord and her king," would not give her that freedom of heart and that liberty which she would enjoy by marrying a man of the same rank with herself.[3]

Yet the noblemen and ladies of Henry's court whispered to one another that Anne would certainly become queen of England. Some were tormented by jealousy; others, her friends, were delighted at the prospect of a rapid advancement. Wolsey's enemies in particular were charmed at the thought of ruining the favourite. It was at the very moment when all these emotions were so variously agitating the court that the cardinal, returning from his embassy to Francis, re-appeared in London, where an unexpected blow struck him.

Wolsey was expressing his grief to Henry at having failed in obtaining either Margaret or Renée for him, when the king interrupted him: "Console yourself, I shall marry Anne Boleyn." The cardinal remained speechless for a moment. What would become of him, if the king placed the crown of England on the head of the daughter and niece of his greatest enemies? What would become of the church, if a second Anne of Bohemia should ascend the throne? Wolsey threw himself at the feet of his master, and entreated him to re-

[1] Pamphleteer, No. 42, p. 347. It is difficult to fix the order and chronology of Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn. This is the second in the Vatican Collection, but it appears to us to be of older date. It is considered as written in May 1528; we are inclined to place it in the autumn of 1527. The originals of these letters, chiefly in old French, are still preserved in the Vatican, having been stolen from the royal cabinet and conveyed thither.

[1] Concubina enim tua fieri pudica mulier nolebat, uxor volebat. Illa cujus amore rex deperibat, pertinacissime negabat sui corporis potestatem. Polus ad Regem, p. 176. Cardinal Pole is a far more trustworthy authority than Sanders.

[2] The love she bare even to the queen whom she served, that was also a personage of great virtue Wyatt, Mem. of A. B. p. 428.

[3] Ibid.

nounce so fatal a project.[1] It was then no doubt that he remained (as he afterwards said) *an hour or two* on his knees before the king in his privy chamber,[2] but without prevailing on Henry to give up his design. Wolsey, persuaded that if he continued openly to oppose Henry's will, he would for ever lose his confidence, dissembled his vexation, waiting an opportunity to get rid of this unfortunate rival by some intrigue. He began by writing to the pope, informing him that a young lady, brought up by the queen of Navarre, and consequently tainted by the Lutheran heresy, had captivated the king's heart;[3] and from that hour Anne Boleyn became the object of the hatred and calumnies of Rome. But at the same time, to conceal his intentions, Wolsey received Henry at a series of splendid entertainments, at which Anne outshone all the ladies of the court.

While these passions were agitating Henry's palace, the most moving scenes, produced by Christian faith, were stirring the nation. Bilney, animated by that courage which God sometimes gives to the weakest men, seemed to have lost his natural timidity, and preached for a time with an energy quite apostolic. He taught that all men should first acknowledge their sins and condemn them, and then hunger and thirst after that righteousness which Jesus Christ gives.[4] To this testimony borne to the truth, he added his testimony against error. "These five hundred years," he added, "there hath been no good pope; and in all the times past we can find but fifty: for they have neither preached nor lived well, nor conformably to their dignity; wherefore, unto this day, they have borne the keys of simony."[5]

As soon as he descended from the pulpit, this pious scholar, with his friend Arthur, visited the neighbouring towns and villages. "The Jews and Saracens would long ago have become believers," he once said at Wilsdon, "had it not been for the idolatry of Christian men in offering candles, wax, and money to stocks and stones." One day when he visited Ipswich, where there was a Franciscan convent, he exclaimed: "The cowl of St. Francis wrapped round a dead body hath no power to take away sins..... *Ecce agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi.*" (John i. 29.) The poor monks, who were little versed in Scripture had recourse to the *Almanac* to convict the *Bible* of error. "St. Paul did rightly affirm," said Friar John Brusierd, "that there is but one mediator of God and man, because as yet there was no *saint* canonized or put into the calender."—"Let us ask of the Father in the name of the Son," rejoined Bilney, "and he will give unto us." "You are always speaking of the Father and never of the *saints*," replied the friar; "you are like a man who has been looking so long upon the sun, that he can see nothing else."[2] As he uttered these words the monk seemed bursting with anger. "If I did not know that the *saints* would take everlasting vengeance upon you, I would surely with these nails of mine be your death."[2] Twice in fact did two monks pull him out of his pulpit. He was arrested and taken to London.

Arthur, instead of fleeing, began to visit the flocks which his friend had converted. "Good people," said he, "if I should suffer persecution for the preaching of the gospel, there are seven thousand more that would preach it as I do now. Therefore, good people! good people!" (and he repeated these words several times in a sorrowful voice,) "think not that if these tyrants and persecutors put a man to death, the preaching of the gospel therefore is to be forsaken. Every Christian man, yea every layman, is a priest. Let our adversaries preach by the authority of the cardinal; others by the authority of the university; others by the pope's; we will preach by the authority of God. It is not the man who brings the word that saves the soul, but the word, which the man brings. Neither bishops nor popes have the right to forbid any man to preach the gospel;[3] and if they kill him he is not a heretic but a martyr."[4] The priests were horrified at such doctrines. In their opinion, there was no God out of their church, no salvation out of their sacrifices. Arthur was thrown into the same prison as Bilney.

On the 27th of November 1527, the cardinal and the archbishop of Canterbury, with a great number of bishops, divines, and lawyers, met in the chapter-house of Westminster, when Bilney and Arthur were brought before them. But the king's prime minister thought it beneath his dignity to occupy his time with miserable heretics. Wolsey had hardly commenced the examination when he rose, saying: "The affairs of the realm call me away; all such as are found guilty you will compel them to abjure, and those who rebel you will deliver over to the secular power." After a few questions proposed by the bishop of London, the two accused men were led back to prison.

Abjuration or death—that was Wolsey's order. But the conduct of the trial was confided to Tonstall; Bilney conceived some hope.[5] "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that the bishop of London, the friend of

[1] Whose persuasion to the contrary, made to the king upon his knees. Cavendish, p. 204.
[2] Ibid. p. 388.
[3] Meteren, Hist. of the Low Countries, folio, 20.
[4] Ut omnes primum peccata sua agnoscant et damnent, deinde esuriant et sitiant justitiam illam. Foxe, iv. p. 634.
[4] Ibid. p. 627.

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 629.
[2] Ibid. p. 630. [3] Ibid. p. 623.
[4] Collyer's Church History, ii. p. 26.
[5] In talem nunc me judicem incidisse gratulor. Foxe, iv. p. 633.

Erasmus, will gratify the monks?....I must tell him that it was the Greek Testament of his learned master that led me to the faith." Upon which the humble evangelist, having obtained paper and ink, set about writing to the bishop from his gloomy prison those admirable letters which have been transmitted to posterity. Tonstall, who was not a cruel man, was deeply moved, and then a strange struggle took place; a judge wishing to save the prisoner, the prisoner desiring to give up his life. Tonstall, by acquitting Bilney, had no desire to compromise himself. "Submit to the church," said the bishop, "for God speaks only through it." But Bilney, who knew that God speaks in the Scriptures, remained inflexible. "Very well, then," said Tonstall, taking up the prisoner's eloquent letters, "in discharge of my conscience I shall lay these letters before the court." He hoped, perhaps, that they would touch his colleagues, but he was deceived. He determined, therefore, to make a fresh attempt. On the 4th of December, Bilney was brought again before the court. "Abjure your errors," said Tonstall. Bilney refusing by a shake of the head, the bishop continued: "Retire into the next room and consider." Bilney withdrew, and returning shortly after with joy beaming in his eyes, Tonstall thought he had gained the victory. "You will return to the church, then?" said he. ....The doctor answered calmly: "*Fiat judicium in nomine Domini.*"[1] "Be quick," continued the bishop, "this is the last moment, and you will be condemned." "*Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus,*" answered Bilney, "*exultemus et lætemur in ea!*" (Ps. cxviii. 24.) Upon this Tonstall took off his cap, and said: "*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti....Exsurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus!*" (Ps. lxviii. 1.) Then making the sign of the cross upon his forehead and on his breast, he gave judgment: "Thomas Bilney, I pronounce thee convicted of heresy." He was about to name the penalty....a last hope restrained him; he stopped: "For the rest of the sentence we take deliberation until to-morrow." Thus was the struggle prolonged between two men, one of whom desired to walk to the stake, the other to bar the way as it were with his own body.

"Will you return to the unity of the church?" asked Tonstall the next day. "I hope I was never separated from the church," answered Bilney. "Go and consult with one of your friends," said the bishop, who was resolved to save his life; "I will give you till one o'clock in the afternoon." In the afternoon Bilney made the same answer. "I will give you two nights' respite to deliberate," said the bishop; "on Saturday, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the court will expect a plain definitive answer." Tonstall reckoned on the night with its dreams, its anguish, and its terrors, to bring about Bilney's recantation.

This extraordinary struggle occupied many minds both in court and city. Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. watched with interest the various phases of this tragic history. What will happen? was the general question. Will he give way? Shall we see him live or die? One day and two nights still remained; every thing was tried to shake the Cambridge doctor. His friends crowded to his prison; he was overwhelmed with arguments and examples; but an inward struggle, far more terrible than those without, agitated the pious Bilney. "Whoever will save his soul shall lose it," Christ had said. That selfish love of his soul, which is found even in the advanced Christian,—that self, which after his conversion had been not absorbed, but overruled by the Spirit of God, gradually recovered strength in his heart, in the presence of disgrace and death. His friends who wished to save him, not understanding that the fallen Bilney would be Bilney no longer, conjured him with tears to have pity on himself; and by these means his firmness was overcome. The bishop pressed him, and Bilney asked himself: "Can a young soldier like me know the rules of war better than an old soldier like Tonstall? Or can a poor silly sheep know his way to the fold better than the chief paster of London?"[1] His friends quitted him neither night nor day, and, entangled by their fatal affection, he believed at last that he had found a compromise which would set his conscience at rest. "I will preserve my life," he said, "to dedicate it to the Lord." This delusion had scarcely laid hold of his mind before his views were confused, his faith was veiled: the Holy Ghost departed from him; God gave him over to his carnal thoughts, and under the pretext of being useful to Jesus Christ for many years, Bilney disobeyed him at the present moment. Being led before the bishops on the morning of Saturday the 7th of December, at nine o'clock, he fell. ....(Arthur had fallen before him), and whilst the false friends who had misled him hardly dared raise their eyes, the living church of Christ in England uttered a cry of anguish. "If ever you come in danger," said Latimer, "for God's quarrel, I would advise you, above all things, to abjure all your friendships; leave not one unabjured. It is they that shall undo you, and not your enemies. It was his very friends that brought Bilney to it."[2]

On the following day (Sunday, 8th December) Bilney was placed at the head of a procession, and the fallen disciple, bareheaded, with a fagot on his shoulders, stood in front of St. Paul's cross, while a priest

[1] Let judgment be done in the name of the Lord.

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 638.

[2] Latimer's Sermons (Parker's Society,) p. 222

from the pulpit exhorted him to repentance; after which he was led back to prison.

What a solitude for the wretched man! At one time the cold darkness of his cell appeared to him as a burning fire; at another he fancied he heard accusing voices crying to him in the silence of the night. Death, the very enemy he had wished to avoid, fixed his icy glance upon him and filled him with fear. He strove to escape from the horrible spectre, but in vain. Then the friends who had dragged him into this abyss crowded round and endeavoured to console him; but if they gave utterance to any of Christ's gentle promises, Bilney started back with affright and shrank to the farthest part of the dungeon, with a cry "as though a man had run him through the heart with a sword."[1] Having denied the word of God, he could no longer endure to hear it. The curse of the Apocalypse: *Ye mountains, hide me from the wrath of the Lamb!* was the only passage of Scripture in harmony with his soul. His mind wandered, the blood froze in his veins, he sank under his terrors; he lost all sense, and almost his life, and lay motionless in the arms of his astonished friends. "God," exclaimed those unhappy individuals who had caused his fall, "God, by a just judgment, delivers up to the tempests of their conscience all who deny his truth."

This was not the only sorrow of the church. As soon as Richard Bayfield, the late chamberlain of Bury, had joined Tyndale and Fryth, he said to them: "I am at your disposal; you shall be my head and I will be your hand; I will sell your books and those of the German reformers in the Low Countries, France, and England." It was not long indeed before he returned to London. But Pierson, the priest whom he had formerly met in Lombard Street, found him again, and accused him to the bishop. The unhappy man was brought before Tonstall. "You are charged," said the prelate, "with having asserted that praise is due to God alone, and not to saints as creatures."[2] Bayfield acknowledged the charge to be true. "You are accused of maintaining that every priest may preach the word of God by the authority of the gospel without the license of the pope or cardinals." This also Bayfield acknowledged. A penance was imposed on him; and then he was sent back to his monastery with orders to show himself there on the 25th of April. But he crossed the sea once more, and hastened to join Tyndale.

The New Testaments however sold by him, and others, remained in England. At that time the bishops subscribed to supress the Scriptures, as so many persons have since done to circulate them; and, accordingly, a great number of the copies brought over by Bayfield and his friends were bought up.[1] A scarcity of food was erelong added to the scarcity of the word of God; for as the cardinal was endeavouring to foment a war between Henry and the emperor, the Flemish ships ceased to enter the English ports. It was in consequence of this that the lord mayor and aldermen of London hastened to express their apprehensions to Wolsey almost before he had recovered from the fatigues of his return from France "Fear nothing," he told them: "the king of France assured me, that if he had three bushels of wheat, England should have two of them." But none arrived, and the people were on the point of breaking out into violence, when a fleet of ships suddenly appeared off the mouth of the Thames. They were German and Flemish vessels laden with corn, in which the worthy people of the Low Countries had also concealed the New Testament. An Antwerp bookseller, named John Raimond or Ruremond, from his birthplace, had printed a fourth edition more beautiful than the previous ones. It was enriched with references and engravings on wood, and each page bordered with red lines. Raimond himself had embarked on board one of the ships with five hundred copies of his New Testament.[2] About Christmas, 1527, the book of God was circulated in England along with her bread that nourishes the body. But certain priests and monks having discovered the Scriptures among the sacks of corn, they carried several copies to the bishop of London, who threw Raimond into prison. The greater part, however, of the new edition escaped him. The New Testament was read everywhere, and even the court did not escape the contagion. Anne Boleyn, notwithstanding her smiling face, often withdrew to her closet at Greenwich or at Hampton Court, to study the gospel. Frank, courageous, and proud, she did not conceal the pleasure she found in such reading; her boldness astonished the courtiers, and exasperated the clergy. In the city things went still farther: the New Testament was explained in frequent conventicles, particularly in the house of one Russell, and great was the joy among the faithful. "It is sufficient only to enter London," said the priests, "to become a heretic!" The Reformation was taking root among the people before it arrived at the upper classes.

The sun of the word of God, which daily grew brighter in the sky of the sixteenth century, was sufficient to scatter all the darkness in England; but popery, like an immense wall, intercepted its rays. Britain had hardly received the Scriptures in Greek and Latin, and then in English, before the priests began to make war upon

[1] Latimer's Sermons (Parker's Society,) p. 222.
[2] That all laud and praise should be given to God alone. Foxe, iv. p. 682.

[1] Anderson's Annals of the Bible, i. p. 158.
[2] Foxe, v. p. 27

them with indefatigable zeal. It was necessary that the wall should be thrown down in order that the sun might penetrate freely among the Anglo-Saxon people. And now events were ripening in England, destined to make a great breach in popery. The negotiations of Henry VIII. with Clement VII. play an important part in the Reformation. By showing up the Court of Rome, they destroyed the respect which the people felt for it: they took away that *power and strength*, as Scripture says, which the monarchy had given it; and the throne of the pope once fallen in England, Jesus Christ uplifted and strengthened his own.

Henry, ardently desiring an heir, and thinking that he had found the woman that would ensure his own and England's happiness, conceived the design of severing the ties that united him to the queen, and with this view he consulted his most favourite councillors about the divorce. There was one in particular whose approval he coveted: this was Sir Thomas More. One day as Erasmus's friend was walking with his master in the beautiful gallery at Hampton Court, giving him an account of a mission he had just executed on the continent, the king suddenly interrupted him: "My marriage with the queen," he said, "is contrary to the laws of God, of the church, and of nature." He then took up the Bible, and pointed out the passages in his favour.[1] "I am not a theologian," said More, somewhat embarrassed; "your majesty should consult a council of doctors."

Accordingly, by Henry's order, Warham assembled the most learned canonists at Hampton Court; but weeks passed away before they could agree.[2] Most of them quoted in the king's favour those passages in Leviticus (xviii. 16; xx. 21,) which forbid a man to take *his brother's wife*.[3] But Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and the other opponents of the divorce, replied that according to Deuteronomy (xxv. 5,) when a woman is left a widow without children, her brother-in-law ought to take her to wife, to perpetuate his brother's name in Israel. "This law concerned the Jews only," replied the partisans of the divorce; they added that its object was "to maintain the inheritances distinct, and the genealogies intact, until the coming of Christ. The Judaical dispensation has passed away; but the law of Leviticus, which is a moral law, is binding upon all men in all ages."

To free themselves from their embarrassment, the bishops demanded that the most eminent universities should be consulted; and commissioners were forthwith despatched to Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Orleans, Toulouse, Louvain, Padua, and Bologna, furnished with money to reward the foreign doctors for the time and trouble this question would cost them. This caused some little delay, and every means was new to be tried to divert the king from his purpose.

Wolsey, who was the first to suggest the idea of a divorce, was now thoroughly alarmed. It appeared to him that a nod from the daughter of the Boleyns would hurl him from the post he had so laboriously won, and this made him vent his ill-humour on all about him, at one time threatening Warham, and at another persecuting Pace. But fearing to oppose Henry openly, he summoned from Paris, Clarke, bishop of Bath and Wells, at that time ambassador to the French court. The latter entered into his views, and after cautiously preparing the way, he ventured to say to the king: "The progress of the inquiry will be so slow, your majesty, that it will take more than seven years to bring it to an end!"—"Since my patience has already held out for *eighteen* years," the king replied coldly, "I am willing to wait *four* or *five* more."[1]

As the political party had failed, the clerical party set in motion a scheme of another kind. A young woman, Elizabeth Barton, known as *the holy maid of Kent*, had been subject from childhood to epileptic fits. The priest of her parish, named Masters, had persuaded her that she was inspired of God, and confederating with one Bocking, a monk of Canterbury, he turned the weakness of the prophetess to account. Elizabeth wandered over the country, passing from house to house, and from convent to convent; on a sudden her limbs would become rigid, her features distorted; violent convulsions shook her body, and strange unintelligible sounds fell from her lips, which the amazed bystanders received as revelations from the Virgin and the saints. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, Abel, the queen's ecclesiastical agent, and even Sir Thomas More, were among the number of Elizabeth's partisans. Rumours of the divorce having reached the *saint*' ears, an angel commanded her to appear before the cardinal. As soon as she stood in his presence, the colour fled from her cheeks, her limbs trembled, and falling into an ecstasy, she exclaimed: "Cardinal of York, God has placed three swords in your hand: the spiritual sword, to range the church under the authority of the pope; the civil sword, to govern the realm; and the sword of justice, to prevent the divorce of the king....If you do not wield these three swords faithfully, God will lay it sore

[1] Laid the Bible open before me, and showed me the words. More to Cromwell, Strype, i. 2d part, p. 197.

[2] Consulting from day to day, and time to time. Cavendish, p. 209.

Ex his doctoribus asseritur quod Papa non potest dispensare in primo gradu affinitatis. Burnet's Reform. ii. Records, p. 8 (Lond. 1841).

[1] Since his patience had already held out for eighteen years. Collyer, ii. p. 24.

to your charge."[1] After these words the prophetess withdrew.

But other influences were then dividing Wolsey's breast; hatred, which induced him to oppose the divorce; and ambition, which foreboded his ruin in this opposition. At last ambition prevailed, and he resolved to make his objections forgotten by the energy of his zeal.

Henry hastened to profit by this change. "Declare the divorce yourself," said he to Wolsey; "has not the pope named you his vicar-general?"[2] The cardinal was not anxious to raise himself so high. "If I were to decide the affair," said he, "the queen would appeal to the pope; we must therefore either apply to the holy father for special powers, or persude the queen to retire to a nunnery. And if we fail in either of these expedients, we will obey the voice of conscience, even in despite of the pope."[3] It was arranged to begin with the more regular attempt, and Gregory Da Casale, secretary Knight, and the prothonotary Gambara, were appointed to an extraordinary mission at the pontifical court. Casale was Wolsey's man, and Knight was Henry's. Wolsey told the envoys: "You will demand of the pope, 1*stly*, a *commission* authorizing me to inquire into this matter; 2*dly*, his promise to pronounce the nullity of Catherine's marriage with Henry, if we should find that her marriage with Arthur was consummated; and 3*dly*, a *dispensation* permitting the king to marry again." In this manner Wolsey hoped to make sure of the divorce without damaging the papal authority. It was insinuated that false representations, with regard to the consummation of the first marriage, had been sent from England to Julius II., which had induced the pontiff to permit the second. The pope being deceived as to the *fact*, his infallibility was untouched. Wolsey desired something more; knowing that no confidence could be put in the good faith of the pontiff, he demanded a fourth instrument, by which the pope should bind himself *never to recall the other three;* he only forgot to take precautions in case Clement should withdraw *the fourth*. "With these four snares, skilfully combined," said the cardinal, "I shall catch the hare; if he escapes from one, he will fall into the other." The courtiers anticipated a speedy termination of the affair. Was not the emperor the declared enemy of the pontiff? Had not Henry, on the contrary, made himself *protector of the Clementine league?* Could Clement hesitate, when called upon, to choose between his jailer and his benefactor?

Indeed, Charles V., at this moment, was in a very embarrassing position. It is true, his guards were posted at the gates of the castle of St. Angelo, where Clement was a prisoner, and people in Rome said to one another with a smile: "Now indeed it is true, *Papa non potest errare.*"[1] But it was not possible to keep the pope a prisoner in Rome; and then what was to be done with him? The viceroy of Naples proposed to Alercon, the governor of St. Angelo, to remove Clement to Gaeta; but the affrighted colonel exclaimed: "Heaven forbid that I should drag after me the very body of God!" Charles thought one time of transporting the pontiff to Spain; but might not an enemy's fleet carry him off on the road? The pope in prison was far more embarrassing to Charles than the pope at liberty.

It was at this critical time that Francis Philip, Queen Catherine's servant, having escaped the snares laid by Henry VIII. and Wolsey, arrived at Madrid, where he passed a whole day in conference with Charles V. This prince was at first astonished, shocked even, by the designs of the king of England. The curse of God seemed to hang over his house. His mother was a lunatic; his sister of Denmark expelled from her dominions; his sister of Hungary made a widow by the battle of Mohacz; the Turks were encroaching upon his territories; Lautrec was victorious in Italy, and the catholics, irritated by the pope's captivity, detested his ambition. This was not enough. Henry VIII. was striving to divorce his aunt, and the pope would naturally give his aid to this criminal design. Charles must choose between the pontiff and the king. The friendship of the king of England might aid him in breaking the league formed to expel him from Italy, and by sacrificing Catherine he would be sure to obtain his support; but placed between reasons of state and his aunt's honor, the emperor did not hesitate; he even renounced certain projects of reform that he had at heart. He suddenly decided for the pope, and from that very hour followed a new course.

Charles, who possessed great discernment, had understood his age: he had seen that concessions were called for by the movement of the human mind, and would have desired to carry out the change from the middle ages to modern times by a carefully managed transition. He had consequently demanded a council to reform the church and weaken the Romish dominion in Europe. But very different was the result. If Charles turned away from Henry, he was obliged to turn towards Clement; and after having compelled the head of the church to enter a prison, it was necessary to place him once more upon the

[1] Strype, vol. i. part i. p. 279.

[2] When Napoleon, from similar motives, desired to separate from Josephine, fearing the unwillingness of the pope (as Henry did), he entertained, like him, the design of doing without the pontiff, and of getting his marriage annulled by the French bishops. As he was more powerful, he succeeded.

[3] Quid possit clam fieri quoad forum conscientiæ. Collyer. ii. p 24.

[1] The pope cannot err,—a play upon the double meaning of the word *errare*.

throne. Charles V. sacrificed the interests of Christian society to the interests of his own family. This divorce, which in England has been looked upon as the ruin of the popedom, was what saved it in continental Europe.

But how could the emperor win the heart of the pontiff, filled as it was with bitterness and anger? He selected for this difficult mission a friar of great ability, De Angelis, general of the Spanish Observance, and ordered him to proceed to the castle of St. Angelo under the pretext of negotiating the liberation of the holy father. The cordelier was conducted to the strongest part of the fortress, called the rock, where Clement was lodged;* and the two priests brought all their craft to bear on each other. The monk, assisted by the artful Moncade, adroitly mingled together the pope's deliverance and Catherine's marriage. He affirmed that the emperor wished to open the gates of the pontiff's prison, and had already given the order;[1] and then he added immediately: "The emperor is determined to maintain the rights of his aunt, and will never consent to the divorce."[2]—"If you are a *good shepherd* to me," wrote Charles to the pope with his own hand on the 22d of November, "I will be a *good sheep* to you." Clement smiled as he read these words; he understood his position; the emperor had need of the priest, Charles was at his captive's feet; Clement was saved! The divorce was a rope fallen from the skies which could not fail to drag him out of the pit; he had only to cling to it quietly in order to reascend his throne. Accordingly from that hour Clement appeared less eager to quit the castle than Charles to liberate him. "So long as the divorce is in suspense," thought the crafty De Medici, "I have two great friends; but as soon as I declare for one, I shall have a mortal enemy in the other." He promised the monk to come to no decision in the matter without informing the emperor.

Meantime Knight, the envoy of the impatient monarch, having heard, as he crossed the Alps, that the pope was at liberty, hastened on to Parma, where he met Gambara: "He is not free yet," replied the prothonotary; "the general of the Franciscans hopes to terminate his captivity in a few days.[3] Continue your journey," he added. Knight could not do so without great danger. He was told at Foligno, sixty miles from the metropolis, that if he had not a safe-conduct he could not reach Rome without exposing his life; Knight halted. Just then a messenger from Henry brought him despatches more pressing than ever; Knight started again with one servant and a guide. At Monte Rotondo he was nearly murdered by the inhabitants: but on the next day (25th November), protected by a violent storm of wind and rain,[1] Henry's envoy entered Rome at ten o'clock without being observed, and kept himself concealed.

It was impossible to speak with Clement, for the emperor's orders were positive. Knight, therefore, began to *practise* upon the cardinals; he gained over the cardinal of Pisa, by whose means his despatches were laid before the pontiff. Clement after reading them laid them down with a smile of satisfaction.[2] "Good!" said he, "here is *the other* coming to me now!" But night had hardly closed in before the cardinal of Pisa's secretary hastened to Knight and told him: "Don Alercon is informed of your arrival; and the pope intreats you to depart immediately." The officer had scarcely left him, when the prothonotary Gambara arrived in great agitation: "His holiness presses you to leave; as soon as he is at liberty, he will attend to your master's request." Two hours after this, two hundred Spanish soldiers arrived, surrounded the house in which Knight had concealed himself, and searched it from top to bottom, but to no purpose; the English agent had escaped.[3]

Knight's safety was not the true motive which induced Clement to urge his departure. The very day on which the pope received the message from the king of England, he signed a treaty with Charles V., restoring him, under certain conditions, to both his powers. At the same time the pontiff, for greater security, pressed the French general Lautrec to hasten his march to Rome in order to save him from the hands of the emperor. Clement, a disciple of Machiavelli, thus gave the right hand to Charles and the left to Francis; and as he had not another for Henry, he made him the most positive promises. Each of the three princes could reckon on the pope's friendship, and on the same grounds.

The 10th of December (1527) was the day on which Clement's imprisonment would terminate; but he preferred owing his freedom to intrigue rather than to the emperor's generosity. He therefore procured the dress of a tradesman, and, on the evening before the day fixed for his deliverance, his ward being already much relaxed, he escaped from the castle, and, ac-

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[1] La Cæsarea Majesta si come grandamente desidera la liberatione de nostro signor, cosi efficacemente la manda. Capituli, etc. Le Grand, iii. p. 48.

[2] That in anywise he should not consent to the same. State Papers, vii. p. 29.

[3] Quod sperabat intra paucos dies auferre suæ Sanctitati squalorem et tenebras. State Papers, vii. p. 13.

[1] Veari trobelous with wynde and rayne, and therefore more mete for our voyage. State Papers, vii. p. 16.

[2] Reponed the same saufly, as Gambara showed unto me. Ibid. p. 17.

[3] I was not passed out of Rome, by the space of two hours, ere two hundred Spaniards invaded and searched the house. Burnet, Records, ii. p. 12.

companied only by Louis of Gonzago in his flight, he made his way to Orvieto.

While Clement was experiencing all the joy of a man just escaped from prison, Henry was a prey to the most violent agitation. Having ceased to love Catherine, he persuaded himself that he was the victim of his father's ambition, a martyr to duty, and the champion of conjugal sanctity. His very gait betrayed his vexation, and even among the gay conversation of the court, deep sighs would escape from his bosom. He had frequent interviews with Wolsey. "I regard the safety of my soul above all things,"[1] he said; "but I am concerned also for the peace of my kingdom. For a long while an unceasing remorse has been gnawing at my conscience,[2] and my thoughts dwell upon my marriage with unutterable sorrow.[3] God, in his wrath, has taken away my sons, and if I persevere in this unlawful union, he will visit me with still more terrible chastisements.[4] My only hope is in the holy father." Wolsey replied with a low bow: "Please your majesty, I am occupied with this business, as if it were my only means of winning heaven."

And indeed he redoubled his exertions. He wrote to Sir Gregory Da Casale on the 5th of December (1527): "you will procure an audience of the pope at any price. Disguise yourself, appear before him as the servant of some nobleman,[5] or as a messenger from the duke of Ferrara. Scatter money plentifully; sacrifice every thing, provided you procure a secret interview with his holiness; ten thousand ducats are at your disposal. You will explain to Clement the king's scruples, and the necessity of providing for the continuance of his house and the peace of his kingdom. You will tell him that in order to restore him to liberty, the king is ready to declare war against the emperor, and thus show himself to all the world to be a true son of the church."

Wolsey saw clearly that it was essential to represent the divorce to Clement VII. as a means likely to secure the safety of the popedom. The cardinal, therefore, wrote again to Da Casale on the 6th of December: "Night and day, I revolve in my mind the actual condition of the church,[6] and seek the means best calculated to extricate the pope from the gulf into which he has fallen. While I was turning these thoughts over in my mind during a sleepless night..... one way suddenly occurred to me. I said to myself, the king must be prevailed upon to undertake the defence of the holy father. This was no easy matter, for his majesty is strongly attached to the emperor;' however, I set about my task. I told the king that his holiness was ready to satisfy him; I staked my honour; I succeeded.....To save the pope, my master will sacrifice his treasures, subjects, kingdom, and even his life[2].....I therefore conjure his holiness to entertain our just demand."

Never before had such pressing entreaties been made to a pope.

The envoys of the king of England appeared in the character of the saviours of Rome. This was doubtless no stratagem; and Wolsey probably regarded that thought as coming from heaven, which had visited him during the weary sleepless night. The zeal of his agents increased. 'The pope was hardly set at liberty, before Knight and Da Casale appeared at the foot of the precipitous rock on which Orvieto is built, and demanded to be introduced to Clement VII. Nothing could be more compromising to the pontiff than such a visit. How could he appear on good terms with England, when Rome and all his states were still in the hands of Catherine's nephew? The pope's mind was utterly bewildered by the demand of the two envoys. He recovered however; to reject the powerful hand extended to him by England was not without its danger; and as he knew well how to bring a difficult negotiation to a successful conclusion, Clement regained confidence in his skill, and gave orders to introduce Henry's ambassadors.

Their discourse was not without eloquence. "Never was the church in a more critical position," said they. "The unmeasured ambition of the kings who claim to dispose of spiritual affairs at their own pleasure (this was aimed at Charles V.) holds the apostolical bark suspended over an abyss. The only port open to it in the tempest is the favour of the august prince whom we represent, and who has always been the shield of the faith. But, alas! this monarch, the impregnable bulwark of your holiness, is himself the prey of tribulations almost equal to your own. His conscience torn by remorse, his crown without an heir, his kingdom without security, his people exposed once more to perpetual disorders.... Nay, the whole Christian world given up to the most cruel discord.[3]....Such are the consequences of a fatal union which God has marked with his displeasure....There are also," they added in a lower tone. "certain things of which his majesty cannot speak in his letter....certain incurable

[1] Deumque primo et ante omnia ac animæ suæ quietem et salutem respiciens. Burnet's Reformation, ii. Records, p. vii.

[2] Longo jam tempore intimo suæ conscientiæ remorsu. Ibid.

[3] Ingenti cum molestia cordisque perturbatione. Ibid.

[4] Graviusque a Deo supplicium expavescit. Ibid. p. viii.

[5] Mutato habitu et tanquam alicujus minister. Ibid.

[6] Diuque ac noctu mente volvens quo facto. State Papers, vii. p. 18

[1] Adeo tenaciter Cæsari adhærebat. State Papers, vii. p. 18.

[2] Usque ad mortem. Ibid. p. 19.

[3] Discordiæ crudelissimæ per omnem christianum orbem. Ibid.

disorders under which the queen suffers, which will never permit the king to look upon her again as his wife.[1] If your holiness puts an end to such wretchedness by annulling his unlawful marriage, you will attach his majesty by an indissoluble bond. Assistance, riches, armies, crown, and even life—the king our master is ready to employ all in the service of Rome. He stretches out his hand to you, most holy father ....stretch out yours to him; by your union the church will be saved, and Europe will be saved with it."

Clement was cruelly embarrassed. His policy consisted in holding the balance between the two princes, and he was now called upon to decide in favour of one of them. He began to regret that he had ever received Henry's ambassadors. "Consider my position," he said to them, "and entreat the king to wait until more favourable events leave me at liberty to act." "What!" replied Knight proudly, "has not your holiness promised to consider his majesty's prayer? If you fail in your promise now, how can I persuade the king that you will keep it some future day?"[2] Da Casale thought the time had come to strike a decisive blow. "What evils," he exclaimed, "what inevitable misfortunes your refusal will create!....The emperor thinks only of depriving the church of its power, and the king of England alone has sworn to maintain it." Then speaking lower, more slowly, and dwelling upon every word, he continued: "We fear that his majesty, reduced to such extremities....of the two evils will choose the *least*,[3] and supported by the purity of his intentions, will do *of his own authority*....what he now so respectfully demands....What should we see then?....I shudder at the thought....Let not your holiness indulge in a false security which will inevitably drag you into the abyss....Read all....remark all....divine all....take note of all.[4]....Most holy father, this is a question of life and death." And Da Casale's tone said more than his words.

Clement understood that a positive refusal would expose him to lose England. Placed between Henry and Charles, as between the hammer and the forge, he resolved to gain time. "Well then," he said to Knight and Da Casale, "I will do what you ask: but I am not familiar with the *forms* these dispensations require....I will consult the Cardinal *Sanctorum Quatuor* on the subject....and then will inform you."

Knight and Da Casale, wishing to anticipate Clement VII., hastened to Lorenzo Pucci, cardinal Sanctorum Quatuor, and intimated to him that their master would know how to be grateful. The cardinal assured the deputies of his affection for Henry VIII., and they, in the fullness of their gratitude, laid before him the four documents which they were anxious to get executed. But the cardinal had hardly looked at the first—the proposal that Wolsey should decide the matter of divorce in England—when he exclaimed: "Impossible!.....a bull in such terms would cover with eternal disgrace not only his holiness and the king, but even the cardinal of York himself." The deputies were confounded, for Wolsey had ordered them to ask the pope for nothing but his signature.[1] Recovering themselves, they rejoined: "All that we require is a *competent* commission." On his part, the pope wrote Henry a letter, in which he managed to say nothing.[2]

Of the four required documents there were two on whose immediate despatch Knight and Da Casale insisted; these were the *commission* to pronounce the divorce, and the *dispensation* to contract a second marriage. The *dispensation* without the *commission* was of no value; this the pope knew well; accordingly he resolved to give the *dispensation* only. It was as if Charles had granted Clement when in prison permission to visit his cardinals, but denied him liberty to leave the castle of St. Angelo. It is in such a manner as this that a religious system transformed into a political system has recourse, when it is without power, to stratagem. "The *commission*," said the artful Medici to Knight, "must be corrected according to the style of our court; but here is the *dispensation*." Knight took the document; it was addressed to Henry VIII. and ran thus: "We accord to you, in case your marriage with Catherine shall be declared null,[3] free liberty to take another wife, provided she have not been the wife of your brother....." The Englishman was duped by the Italian. "To my poor judgment," he said, "this document will be of use to us." After this Clement appeared to concern himself solely about Knight's health, and suddenly manifested the greatest interest for him. "It is proper that you should hasten your departure." said he, "for it is necessary that you should travel *at your ease*. Gambara will follow your post, and bring the commission." Knight thus mystified, took leave of the pope, who got rid of Da Casale and Gambara in a similar manner. He then began to breathe once more. There was no diplomacy in Europe which Rome, even in its greatest weakness, could not easily dupe.

[1] Nonnulla sunt secreta S.D.N. secreto exponenda et non credenda scriptis.....ob morbos nonnullos quibus absque remedio regina laborat. Ibid.

[2] Perform the promise once broken. Burnet's Ref. ii. Records, p. xiii.

[3] Ex duobus malis minus malum eligat. State Papers, vii. p. 20.

[4] Ut non gravetur, cuncta legere, et bene notare. Ibid. p. 18.

[1] Alia nulla re esset opus, præterquam ejus Sanctitatis signatura. State Papers, vii. p. 29.

[2] Charissime in Christo fili, &c., dated 7th Decr. 1527. Ibid. p. 27.

[3] Matrimonium cum Catharina nullum fuisse et esse declarari. Herbert's Henry VIII p. 280.

It had now become necessary to elude the commission. While the king's envoys were departing in good spirits, reckoning on the document that was to follow them, the general of the Spanish Observance reiterated to the pontiff in every tone: "Be careful to give no document authorizing the divorce, and above all, do not permit this affair to be judged in Henry's states." The cardinals drew up the document under the influence of De Angelis, and made it a masterpiece of insignificance. If good theology ennobles the heart, bad theology, so fertile in subtleties, imparts to the mind a skill by no means common; and hence, the most celebrated diplomatists have often been churchmen. The act being thus drawn up, the pope despatched three copies, to Knight, to Da Casale, and to Gambara. Knight was near Bologna when the courier overtook him. He was stupified, and taking post-horses, returned with all haste to Orvieto.[1] Gambara proceeded through France to England with the useless *dispensation* which the pope had granted.

Knight had thought to meet with more good faith at the court of the pope than with kings, and he had been outwitted. What would Wolsey and Henry say of his folly? His wounded self-esteem began to make him believe all that Tyndale and Luther said of the popedom. The former had just published the *Obedience of a Christian Man*, and the *Parable of the Wicked Mammon*, in which he represented Rome as one of the transformations of Antichrist. "Antichrist," said he in the latter treatise, "is not a man that should suddenly appear with wonders; he is a spiritual thing, who was in the Old Testament, and also in the time of Christ and the apostles, and is now, and shall (I doubt not) endure till the world's end. His nature is (when he is overcome with the word of God) to go out of the play for a season, and to disguise himself, and then to come in again with a new name and new raiment. The Scribes and Pharisees in the gospel were very Antichrists; popes, cardinals, and bishops have gotten their new names, but the thing is all one. Even so now, when we have uttered [vanquished] him, *he will change himself once more*, and turn himself into an angel of light. Already *the beast*, seeing himself now to be sought for, roareth and seeketh new holes to hide himself in, and changeth himself into a thousand fashions."[2] This idea, paradoxical at first, gradually made its way into men's minds. The Romans, by their practices, familiarized the English to the somewhat coarse descriptions of the reformers. England was to have many such lessons, and thus by degrees to learn to set Rome aside for the sake of her own glory and prosperity.

Knight and Da Casale reached Orvieto about the same time. Clement replied with sighs: "Alas! I am the emperor's prisoner. The imperialists are every day pillaging towns and castles in our neighbourhood.[1].... .....Wretch that I am! I have not a friend except the king your master, and he is far away.....If I should do any thing now to displease Charles, I am a lost man.....To sign the commission would be to sign an eternal rupture with him." But Knight and Da Casale pleaded so effectually with Cardinal Sanctorum Quatuor and so pressed Clement, that the pontiff, without the knowledge of the Spaniard De Angelis, gave them a more satisfactory document, but not such as Wolsey required. "In giving you this commission," said the pope, "I am giving away my liberty, and perhaps my life. I listen not to the voice of prudence, but to that of affection only. I confide in the generosity of the king of England, he is the master of my destiny." He then began to weep,[2] and seemed ready to faint. Knight, forgetting his vexation, promised Clement that the king would do every thing to save him.—"Ah!" said the pope, "there is one effectual means."—"What is that?" inquired Henry's agents—"M. Lautrec, who says daily that he will come, but never does," replied Clement, "has only to bring the French army promptly before the gates of Orvieto; then I could excuse myself by saying that he constrained me to sign the commission."[3]—"Nothing is easier," replied the envoys, "we will go and hasten his arrival."

Clement was not even now at ease. The safety of the Roman church troubled him not less than his own....Charles might discover the trick, and make the popedom suffer for it. There was danger on all sides. If the English spoke of *independence*, did not the emperor threaten a *reform?*....The catholic princes, said the papal councillors, are capable, without perhaps a single exception, of supporting the cause of Luther to gratify a criminal ambition.[4] The pope reflected, and withdrawing his word, promised to give the commission when Lautrec was under the walls of Orvieto; but the English agents insisted on having it immediately. To conciliate all, it was agreed that the pope should give the required document at once, but as soon as the French army arrived, he should send another copy bearing the

[1] Burnet's Reformation, Records, ii. p. xiii.
[2] Tyndale, Doctr. Tr. p. 42, 43.

[1] The imperialists do daily spoil castles and towns about Rome.....they have taken within three days two castles lying within six miles of this. Burnet's Ref. vol. ii. Records, p. xiii.
[2] Cum suspiriis et lacrymis. Burnet's Ref. vol. ii. Records, p. 12.
[3] And by this colour he would cover the matter. Ibid.
[4] Non potest Sua Sanctitas sibi persuadere ipsos principes (ut forte aliqui jactant) assumpturos sectam Lutheranam contra ecclesiam. State Papers, vii. p. 47.

date of the day on which he saw Lautrec. "Beseech the king to keep secret the commission I give you,"[1] said Clement VII. to Knight; "if he begins the process immediately he receives it, I am undone for ever."[2] The pope thus gave permission to act, on condition of not acting at all. Knight took leave on the first of January 1528; he promised all the pontiff desired, and then, as if fearing some fresh difficulty, he departed the same day. Da Casale, on his side, after having offered the Cardinal Sanctorum Quatuor a gift of 4000 crowns, which he refused, repaired to Lautrec, to beg him to *constrain* the pope to sign a document which was already on its way to England.

But while the business seemed to be clearing at Rome, it was becoming more complicated in London. The king's project got wind, and Catherine gave way to the liveliest sorrow. "I shall protest," said she, "against the commission given to the cardinal of York. Is he not the king's subject, the vile flatterer of his pleasures?" Catherine did not resist alone; the people, who hated the cardinal, could not with pleasure see him invested with such authority. To obviate this inconvenience, Henry resolved to ask the pope for another cardinal, who should be empowered to terminate the affair in London with or without Wolsey.

The latter agreed to the measure: it is even possible that he was the first to suggest it. for he feared to bear alone the responsibility of so hateful an inquiry. Accordingly, on the 27th of December, he wrote to the king's agents at Rome: "Procure the envoy of a legate, and particularly of an able, easy, *manageable* legate.....desirous of meriting the king's favour,[3] Campeggio for instance. You will earnestly request the cardinal who may be selected, to travel with all diligence, and you will assure him that the king will behave liberally towards him."[4]

Knight reached Asti on the 10th of January, where he found letters with fresh orders. This was another check: at one time it is the pope who compels him to retrograde, at another it is the king. Henry's unlucky valetudinarian secretary, a man very susceptible of fatigue, and already wearied and exhausted by ten painful journeys, was in a very bad humour. He determined to permit Gambara to carry the two documents to England; to commission Da Casale, who had not left the pope's neighbourhood, to solicit the despatch of the legate; and as regarded himself, to go and wait for further orders at Turin;—"If it be thought good unto the king's highness that I do return unto Orvieto, I shall do as much as *my poor carcass* may endure."[1]

When Da Casale reached Bologna, he pressed Lautrec to go and constrain the pontiff to sign the act which Gambara was already bearing to England. On receiving the new despatches he returned in all haste to Orvieto, and the pope was very much alarmed when he heard of his arrival. He had feared to grant a simple paper, destined to remain *secret;* and now he is required to send a prince of the church! Will Henry never be satisfied? "The mission you desire would be full of dangers," he replied; "but we have discovered another means, alone calculated to finish this business. Mind you do not say that I pointed it out to you," added the pope in a mysterious tone; "but that it was suggested by Cardinal Sanctorum Quatuor and Simonetta." Da Casale was all attention. "There is not a doctor in the world who can better decide on this matter, and on its most private circumstances, than the king himself.[2] If therefore he sincerely believes that Catherine had really become his brother's wife, let him empower the cardinal of York to pronounce the divorce, and let him take another wife without any further ceremony;[3] he can then afterwards demand the confirmation of the consistory. The affair being concluded in this way, I will take the rest upon myself."—"But," said Da Casale, somewhat dissatisfied with this new intrigue, "I must fulfil my mission, and the king demands a legate."—"And whom shall I send?" asked Clement. "Da Monte? he cannot move. De Cæsis? he is at Naples. Ara Cœli? he has the gout. Piccolomini? he is of the imperial party .....Campeggio would be the best, but he is at Rome, where he supplies my place, and cannot leave without peril to the church." .....And then with some emotion he added, "I throw myself into his majesty's arms. The emperor will never forgive what I am doing. If he hears of it he will summon me before *his council;* I shall have no rest until he has deprived me of my throne and my life."[4]

Da Casale hastened to forward to London the result of the conference. Clement being unable to untie the knot, requested Henry to cut it. Will this prince hesitate to employ so easy a means, the pope (Clement declared it himself) being willing to ratify every thing?

Here closes Henry's first campaign in

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[1] State Papers, vii. p. 36.

[2] Is fully in your puissance with publishing of the commission to destroy for ever. State Papers, vii. p. 36.

[3] Eruditus, indifferens, tractabilis, de regia majestate bene merendi cupidus. Ibid. p. 33.

[4] Regia majestas sumptus, labores, atque molestias liberalissime compenset. Ibid. p. 34.

[1] Burnet's Ref. vol. ii., Records, p. xiii.

[2] Nullus doctor in mundo est, qui de hac re melius decernere possit quam ipse rex. Ibid. p. xiv.

[3] Aliam uxorem ducat. Ibid.

[4] Vocabit eum ad concilium, vel nihil aliud quæret, nisi ut eum omni statu et vita privet. Burnet, ii., Records p. xxvi.

the territories of the popedom. We shall now see the results of so many efforts.

Never was disappointment more complete than that felt by Henry and Wolsey after the arrival of Gambara with the commission; the king was angry, the cardinal vexed. What Clement called the *sacrifice of life* was in reality but a sheet of paper fit only to be thrown into the fire. "This commission is of no value,"[1] said Wolsey.—"And even to put it into execution," added Henry, "we must wait until the imperialists have quitted Italy! The pope is putting us off to the Greek calends."—"His holiness," observed the cardinal, "does not bind himself to pronounce the divorce; the queen will therefore appeal from our judgment."—"And even if the pope had bound himself," added the king, "it would be sufficient for the emperor to smile upon him, to make him retract what he had promised."—"It is all a cheat and a mockery," concluded both king and minister.

What was to be done next? The only way to make Clement ours, thought Wolsey, is to get rid of Charles; it is time his pride was brought down. Accordingly, on the 21st of January 1528, France and England declared hostilities against the emperor. When Charles heard of this proceeding, he exclaimed: "I know the hand that has flung the torch of war into the midst of Europe. My crime is not having placed the cardinal of York on St. Peter's throne."

A mere declaration of war was not enough for Wolsey; the bishop of Bayonne, ambassador from France, seeing him one day somewhat excited,[2] whispered in his ear: "In former times popes have deposed emperors for smaller offences." Charles's deposition would have delivered the king of France from a troublesome rival; but Du Bellay, fearing to take the initiative in so bold an enterprise, suggested the idea to the cardinal. Wolsey reflected: such a thought had never before occurred to him. Taking the ambassador aside to a window, he there swore *stoutly*, said Du Bellay, that he should be delighted to use all his influence to get Charles deposed by the pope. "No one is more likely than yourself," replied the bishop, "to induce Clement to do it."—"I will use all my credit," rejoined Wolsey, and the two priests separated. This bright idea the cardinal never forgot. Charles had robbed him of the tiara; he will retaliate by depriving Charles of his crown. *An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.* Staffileo, dean of the Rota, was then in London, and, still burning with resentment against the author of the sack of Rome, he favourably received the suggestions Wolsey made to him; and, finally, the envoy from John Zapolya, king-elect of Hungary, supported the project. But the kings of France and England were not so easily induced to put the thrones of kings at the disposal of the priests. It appears, however, that the pope was sounded on the subject, and if the emperor had been beaten in Italy, it is probable that the bull would have been fulminated against him. His sword preserved his crown, and the plot of the two bishops failed.

The king's councillors began to seek for less heroic means. "We must prosecute the affair at *Rome*," said some—"No," said others, "in *England*. The pope is too much afraid of the emperor to pronounce the divorce in person."—"If the pope fears the emperor more than the king of England," exclaimed the proud Tudor, "we shall find some other way to set him at ease."[1] Thus, at the first contradiction, Henry placed his hand on his sword, and threatened to sever the ties which bound his kingdom to the throne of the Italian pontiff.

"I have hit it!" said Wolsey at length; "we must combine the two plans—judge the affair in London, and at the same time bind the pontiff at Rome." And then the able cardinal proposed the draft of a bull, by which the pope, delegating his authority to two legates, should declare that the acts of that delegation should have a perpetual effect, notwithstanding any contrary decrees that might subsequently emanate from his infallible authority.[2] A new mission was decided upon for the accomplishment of this bold design.

Wolsey, annoyed by the folly of Knight and his colleagues, desired men of another stamp. He therefore cast his eyes on his own secretary, Stephen Gardiner, an active man, intelligent, supple, and crafty, a learned canonist, desirous of the king's favour, and, above all, a good Romanist, which at Rome was not without its advantage. Gardiner was in small the living image of his master; and hence the cardinal sometimes styled him *the half of himself*.[3] Edward Fox, the chief almoner, was joined with him—a moderate, influential man, a particular friend of Henry's, and a zealous advocate of the divorce. Fox was named first in the commission; but it was agreed that Gardiner should be the real head of the embassy. "Repeat without ceasing," Wolsey told them, "that his majesty cannot do otherwise than separate from the queen. Attack each one on his weak side. Declare to the pope that the king promises to defend him against the emperor; and to the cardinals that their services will be nobly

[1] Nullius sit roboris vel effectus. State Papers, vii. p. 50.

[2] Du Bellay to Francis I. Le Grand, Preuves, p 64.

[1] Burnet's Reformation, i. p. 50.

[2] Non obstantibus quibuscunque decretis revocatoriis præsentis concessionis nostræ. Burnet, Records, ii. p. xvii.

[3] Mei dimidium. Ibid. p xv.

rewarded.[1] If that does not suffice, let the energy of your words be such as to excite a wholesome fear in the pontiff."

Fox and Gardiner, after a gracious reception at Paris (23d February) by Francis I., arrived at Orvieto on the 20th of March, after many perils, and with their dress in such disorder, that no one could have taken them for ambassadors of Henry VIII. "What a city!" they exclaimed, as they passed through its streets; "what ruins, what misery! It is indeed truly called Orvieto (*urbs vetus*)!" The state of the town gave them no very grand idea of the state of the popedom, and they imagined that with a pontiff so poorly lodged, their negotiation could not be otherwise than easy. "I give you my house," said Da Casale, to whom they went, "my room and my own bed;" and as they made some objections, he added: "It is not possible to lodge you elsewhere; I have even been forced to borrow what was necessary to receive you."[2] Da Casale, pressing them to change their clothes, which were still dripping (they had just crossed a river on their mules), they replied, that being obliged to travel post, they had not been able to bring a change of raiment. "Alas!" said Casale, "what is to be done? there are few persons in Orvieto who have more garments than one;[3] even the shopkeepers have no cloth for sale; this town is quite a prison. People say the pope is at liberty here. A pretty liberty indeed! Want, impure air, wretched lodging, and a thousand other inconveniences, keep the holy father closer than he was in the Castle of St. Angelo. Accordingly, he told me the other day, it was better to be in captivity at Rome than at liberty here."[4]

In two days, however, they managed to procure some new clothing; and being now in a condition to show themselves, Henry's agents were admitted to an after-dinner audience on Monday the 22d of March (1528).

Da Casale conducted them to an old building in ruins. "This is where his holiness lives," he said. They looked at one another with astonishment, and crossing the rubbish lying about, passed through three chambers whose ceilings had fallen in, whose windows were curtainless, and in which thirty persons, "*riff-raff*, were standing against the bare walls for a garnishment."[5] This was the pope's court.

At length the ambassadors reached the pontiff's room, and placed Henry's letters in his hands. "Your holiness," said Gardiner, "when sending the king a dispensation, was pleased to add, that if this document were not sufficient, you would willingly give a better. It is that favour the king now desires." The pope with embarrassment strove to soften his refusal. "I am informed," he said, "that the king is led on in this affair by a secret inclination, and that the lady he loves is far from being worthy of him." Gardiner replied with firmness: "The king truly desires to marry again after the divorce, that he may have an heir to the crown: but the woman he proposes to take is animated by the noblest sentiments; the cardinal of York and all England do homage to her virtues."[1] The pope appeared convinced. "Besides," continued Gardiner, "the king has written a book on the motives of his divorce."—"Good! come and read it to me to-morrow," rejoined Clement.

The next day the English envoys had hardly appeared before Clement took Henry's book, ran it over as he walked up and down the room, and then seating himself on a long bench covered with an old carpet, "not worth twenty pence," says an annalist, he read the book aloud. He counted the number of arguments, made objections as if Henry were present, and piled them one upon another without waiting for an answer. "The marriages forbidden in Leviticus," said he, in a short and quick tone of voice, "are permitted in Deuteronomy; now Deuteronomy coming after Leviticus we are bound by the latter. The honour of Catherine and the emperor is at stake, and the divorce would give rise to a terrible war."[2] The pope continued speaking, and whenever the Englishman attempted to reply, he bade them be silent, and kept on reading. "It is an excellent book," said he, however, in a courteous tone, when he had ended; "I shall keep it to read over again at my leisure." Gardiner then presenting a draft of the commission which Henry required, Clement made answer: "It is too late to look at it now; leave it with me."—"But we are in haste," added Gardiner,—"Yes, yes, I know it," said the pope. All his efforts tended to protract the business.

On the 28th of March, the ambassadors were conducted to the room in which the pope slept; the cardinal Sanctorum Quatuor and De Monte, as well the councillor of the Rota, Simonetta, were then with him. Chairs were arranged in a semicircle. "Be seated," said Clement, who stood in the middle.[3] "Master Gardiner, now tell me what you want."—"There is no question between us but one of *time*. You promised to ratify the divorce, as soon as it was pronounced; and we require you to do *before* what you engage to do *after*. What is right on one day, must be right on

[1] Money to present the cardinals. Strype's Mem. i. p. 137.
[2] Borrowing of divers men so much as might furnish three beds. Ibid. p. 139.
[3] Ibid.
[4] State Papers, vii. v. 63.
[5] Strype, i. p. 139.

[1] The cardinal's judgment as to the good qualities of the gentlewoman. Ibid. p. 141.
[2] Quis præstabit ne hoc divortium magni alicujus belli causam præbeat. Sandèrus, p. 26.
[3] In medio semicirculi. Strype, Records, i. p. 81.

another." Then, raising his voice, the Englishman added: "If his majesty perceives that no more respect is paid to him than to a common man.[1] he will have recourse to a *remedy* which I will not name, but which will not fail in its effect."

The pope and his councillors looked at one another in silence;[2] they had understood him. The imperious Gardiner, remarking the effect which he had produced, then added in an absolute tone: "We have our instructions, and are determined to keep to them." "I a n ready to do everything compatible with my honour," exclaimed Clement, in alarm. "What your honour would not permit you to grant," said the proud ambassador, "the houour of the king, my master, would not permit him to ask." Gardiner's language became more imperative every minute. "Well, then," said Clement, driven to extremity, "I will do what the king demands, and if the emperor is angry, I cannot help it." The interview, which had commenced with a storm, finished with a gleam of sunshine.

That bright gleam soon disappeared: Clement, who imagined he saw in Henry a Hannibal at war with Rome, wished to play the temporizer, the *Fabius Cunctator*. "*Bis dat qui cito dat*,"[3] said Gardiner sharply, who observed this manœuvre.—"It is a question of law," replied the pope, "and as I am very ignorant in these matters, I must give the doctors of the canon law the necessary time to make it all clear."—"By his delays Fabius Maximus saved Rome," rejoined Gardiner; "you will destroy it by yours."[4]—"Alas!" exclaimed the pope, "if I say the king is right, I shall have to go back to prison."[5]—"When truth is concerned," said the ambassador, "of what consequence are the opinions of men?" Gardiner was speaking at his ease, but Clement found that the castle of St. Angelo was not without weight in the balance. "You may be sure that I shall do everything for the best," replied the modern Fabius. With these words the conference terminated.

Such were the struggles of England with the popedom—struggles which were to end in a definitive rupture. Gardiner knew that he had a skilful adversary to deal with; too cunning to allow himself to be irritated, he coolly resolved to frighten the pontiff; that was in his instructions. On the Friday before Palm Sunday he was ushered into the pope's closet; there he found Clement attended by DeMonte, Sanctorum Quatuor, Simonetta, Staffileo, Paul, auditor of the Rota, and Gambara. "It is impossible," said the cardinals, "to grant a decretal commission in which the pope pronounces *de jure* in favour of the divorce, with a promise of confirmation *de facto*." Gardiner insisted; but no persuasion, "neither dulce nor poynante,"[1] could move the pontiff. The envoy judged the moment had come to discharge his strongest battery. "O perverse race," said he to the pontiff's ministers, "instead of being harmless as doves, you are as full of dissimulation and malice as serpents; promising everything but performing nothing.[2] England will be driven to believe that God has taken from you the key of knowledge, and that the laws of the popes, ambiguous to the popes themselves, are only fit to be cast into the fire.[3] The king has hitherto restrained his people, impatient of the Romish yoke; but he will now give them the rein." A long and gloomy silence followed. Then the Englishman, suddenly changing his tone, softly approached Clement, who had left his seat, and conjured him in a low voice to consider carefully what justice required of him. "Alas!" replied Clement, "I tell you again, I am ignorant in these matters. According to the maxims of the canon law *the pope carries all laws in the tablets of his heart*,[4] but unfortunately God has never given me *the key* that opens them." As he could not escape by silence, Clement retreated under cover of a jest, and heedlessly pronounced the condemnation of the popedom. If he had never received the famous *key*, there was no reason why other pontiffs should have possessed it. The next day he found another loophole; for when the ambassadors told him that the king would carry on the matter without him, he sighed, drew out his handkerchief, and said as he wiped his eyes:[5] "Would to God that I were dead!" Clement employed tears as a political engine.

"We shall not get the *decretal* commission," (that which pronounced the divorce), said Fox and Gardiner after this, "and it is not really necessary. Let us demand the *general* commission (authorizing the legates to pronounce it), and exact a promise that shall supply the place of the act which is denied us." Clement, who was ready to make all the promises in the world, swore to ratify the sentence of the legates without delay. Fox and Gardiner then presented to Simonetta a draft of the act required. The dean, after reading it, returned it to the envoys, saying, "It is very well, I think, *except the end*;[6] show it Sanctorum Quatuor." The next morning they

[1] Promiscuæ plebis. Ibid. p. 82.
[2] Every man looked on other and so stayed. Ibid.
[3] He gives twice who gives quickly.
[4] In Fabio Maximo qui rem Romanam cunctando restituit. Strype, p. 90.
Materia novæ captivitatis. Ibid. p. 86.

[1] Strype, Records, p. 114.
[2] Pleni omni dolo et versatione et dissimulatione. Verbis omnia pollicentur, reipsa nihil præstant. Ibid. p. 98.
[3] Digna esse quæ mandentur flammis pontificia jura. Ibid.
[4] Pontifex habet omnia jura in scrinio pectoris. Ibid. p. 90.
[5] Ibid. p. 100.
[6] The matter was good saving in the latter end. Strype, p. 103.

carried the draft to that cardinal: "How long has it been the rule for the patient to write the prescription? I always thought it was the physician's business." "No one knows the disease so well as the patient," replied Gardiner: "and this disease may be of such a nature that the doctor cannot prescribe the remedy without taking the patient's advice." Sanctorum Quatuor read the prescription, and then returned it, saying: "It is not bad, with the exception of *the beginning*.[1] Take the draft to De Monte and the other councillors." The latter liked neither beginning, middle, nor end. "We will send for you this evening," said De Monte.

Three or four days having elapsed, Henry's envoys again waited on the pope, who showed them the draft prepared by his councillors. Gardiner remarking in it additions, retrenchments, and collections, threw it disdainfully from him, and said coldly: "Your holiness is deceiving us; you have selected these men to be the instruments of your duplicity." Clement, in alarm, sent for Simonetta; and after a warm discussion,[2] the envoys, more discontented than ever, quitted the pope at one in the morning.

The night brings wisdom. "I only desire two little words more in the commission," said Gardiner next day to Clement and Simonetta. The pope requested Simonetta to wait upon the cardinals immediately; the latter sent word that they were at dinner, and adjourned the business until the morrow.

When Gardiner heard of this epicurean message, he thought the time had come for striking a decisive blow. A new tragedy began.[3] "We are deceived," exclaimed he, "you are laughing at us. This is not the way to gain the favour of princes. Water mixed with wine spoils it;[4] your corrections nullify our document. These ignorant and suspicious priests have spelled over our draft as if a scorpion was hidden under every word.[5] You made us come to Italy," said he to Staffileo and Gambara, "like hawks which the fowler lures by holding out to them a piece of meat;[6] and now that we are here, the bait has disappeared, and, instead of giving us what we sought, you pretend to lull us to sleep by the sweet voice of the sirens."[7] Then, turning to Clement, the English envoy added, "Your holiness will have to answer for this." The pope sighed and wiped away his tears. "It was God's pleasure," continued Gardiner, whose tone became more threatening every minute, "that we should see with our own eyes the disposition of the people here. It is time to have done. Henry is not an ordinary prince—bear in mind that you are insulting the *Defender of the Faith*.... You are going to lose the favour of the only monarch who protects you, and the apostolical chair, already tottering, will fall into dust, and disappear entirely amidst the applause of all Christendom."

Gardiner paused. The pope was moved. The state of Italy seemed to confirm but too strongly the sinister predictions of the envoy of Henry VIII. The imperial troops, terrified and pursued by Lautrec, had abandoned Rome and retired on Naples. The French general was following up this wretched army of Charles V., decimated by pestilence and debauchery; Doria, at the head of his galleys, had destroyed the Spanish fleet; Gaeta and Naples only were left to the imperialists; and Lautrec, who was besieging the latter place, wrote to Henry on the 26th of August that all would soon be over. The timid Clement VII. had attentively watched all these catastrophes. Accordingly, Gardiner had hardly denounced the danger which threatened the popedom, before he turned pale with affright, rose from his seat, stretched out his arms in terror, as if he had desired to repel some monster ready to devour him, and exclaimed, "Write, write! Insert whatever words you please." As he said this, he paced up and down the room, raising his hands to heaven and sighing deeply, while Fox and Gardiner, standing motionless, looked on in silence. A tempestuous wind seemed to be stirring the depths of the abyss; the ambassadors waited until the storm was abated. At last Clement recovered himself,[1] made a few trivial excuses, and dismissed Henry's ministers. It was an hour past midnight.

It was neither morality nor religion, nor even the laws of the church which led Clement to refuse the divorce; ambition and fear were his only motives. He would have desired that Henry should first constrain the emperor to restore him his territories. But the king of England, who felt himself unable to protect the pope against Charles, required, however, this unhappy pontiff to provoke the emperor's anger. Clement reaped the fruits of that fatal system which had transformed the church of Jesus Christ into a pitiful combination of policy and cunning.

On the next day, the tempest having thoroughly abated,[2] Sanctorum Quatuor corrected the commission. It was signed, completed by a leaden seal attached to a piece of string, and then handed to Gardiner, who read it. The bull was addressed to Wolsey, and "authorized him, in case he should acknowledge the nullity of

[1] The beginning pleased him not. Strype, p. 103.
[2] Incalescente disputatione. Ibid. p. 104.
Here began a new tragedy. Ibid. p. 105.
[4] Vinum conspurcat infusa aqua. Ibid.
[5] Putantes sub omni verbo latere scorpionem. Ibid.
[6] Prætendere pugno carnem. Ibid.
[7] Dulcibus sirenum vocibus incantare. Ibid.

[1] Compositis affectibus. Strype, p. 106.
[2] The divers tempests passed over. Ibid.

Henry's marriage, to pronounce judicially the sentence of divorce, but without noise or display of judgment;[1] for that purpose he might take any English bishop for his colleague."—"All that we can do you can do," said the pope. "We are very doubtful," said the importunate Gardiner after reading the bull, "whether this commission, without the clauses of *confirmation* and *revocation* will satisfy his majesty; but we will do all in our power to get him to accept it."—"Above all, do not speak of our altercations," said the pope. Gardiner, like a discreet diplomatist, did not scruple to note down every particular in cipher in the letters whence these details are procured. "Tell the king," continued the pontiff, "that this commission is on my part a declaration of war against the emperor, and that I now place myself under his majesty's protection." The chief almoner of England departed for London with the precious document.

But one storm followed close upon another. Fox had not long quitted Orvieto when new letters arrived from Wolsey, demanding the fourth of the acts previously requested, namely, the *engagement* to ratify at Rome whatever the commissioners might decide in England. Gardiner was to set about it *in season and out of season;* the verbal promise of the pope counted for nothing; this document must be had, whether the pope was ill, dying, or dead.[2] "*Ego et Rex meus*, his majesty and I command you," said Wolsey; "this divorce is of more consequence to us than twenty popedoms."[3] The English envoy renewed the demand. "Since you refuse the decretal," he said, "there is the greater reason why you should not refuse *the engagement*." This application led to fresh discussion and fresh tears. Clement gave way once more; but the Italians, more crafty than Gardiner, reserved a loophole in the document through which the pontiff might escape. The messenger Thaddeus carried it to London; and Gardiner left Orvieto for Rome to confer with Campeggio.

Clement was a man of penetrating mind, and although he knew as well as any how to deliver a clever speech, he was irresolute and timid; and accordingly the commission had not long been despatched before he repented. Full of distress, he paced the ruined chambers of his old palace, and imagined he saw hanging over his head that terrible sword of Charles the Fifth, whose edge he had already felt. "Wretch that I am," said he; "cruel wolves surround me; they open their jaws to swallow me up. .....I see none but enemies around me. At their head is the emperor.....What will he do? Alas! I have yielded that fatal commission which the general of the Spanish observance had enjoined me to refuse. Behind Charles come the Venetians, the Florentines, the Duke of Ferrara..... They have cast lots upon my vesture.[1] Next comes the king of France, who promises nothing, but looks on with folded arms; or rather, what perfidy! calls upon me at this critical moment to deprive Charles V. of his crown.....And last, but not least, Henry VIII., *the defender of the faith*, indulges in frightful menaces against me.....The emperor desires to maintain the queen on the throne of England; the latter, to put her away..... Would to God that Catherine were in her grave! But, alas! she lives.....to be the apple of discord dividing the two greatest monarchies, and the inevitable cause of the ruin of the popedom.....Wretched man that I am! how cruel is my perplexity, and around me I can see nothing but horrible confusion."[2]

During this time Fox was making his way to England. On the 27th of April he reached Paris; on the 2d of May he landed at Sandwich, and hastened to Greenwich, where he arrived the next day at five in the evening, just as Wolsey had left for London. Fox's arrival was an event of great importance. "Let him go to Lady Anne's apartments," said the king, "and wait for me there." Fox told Anne Boleyn of his and Gardiner's exertions, and the success of their mission, at which she expressed her very great satisfaction. Indeed, more than a year had elapsed since her return to England, and she no longer resisted Henry's project. "Mistress Anne always called me Master Stephen," wrote Fox to Gardiner, "her thoughts were so full of you." The king appeared and Anne withdrew.

"Tell me as briefly as possible what you have done," said Henry. Fox placed in the king's hands the pope's insignificant letter, which he bade his almoner read; then that from Staffileo, which was put on one side; and, lastly, Gardiner's letter, which Henry took hastily and read himself. "The pope has promised us," said Fox, as he terminated his report, "to confirm the sentence of the divorce, as soon as it has been pronounced by the commissioners."—"Excellent!" exclaimed Henry; and then he ordered Anne to be called in. "Repeat before this lady," he said to Fox, "what you have just told me." The almoner did so. "The pope is convinced of the justice of your cause," he said in conclusion, "and the cardinal's letter has convinced him that my lady is worthy of the throne of

[1] Sine strepitu et figura judicii sententiam divortii judicialiter proferendam. Rymer, Fœdera, vi. pars ii. p. 95.

[2] In casu mortis pontificis, quod Deus avertat. Burnet, Records, p. xxviii.

[3] The thing which the king's highness and I more esteem than twenty papalities. Ibid. p. xxv.

[1] Novo fœdere inito super vestem suam miserunt sortem. Strype, Records, i. p. 109.

[2] His holiness findeth himself in a marvellous perplexity and confusion. Ibid. p. 108.

England."—"Make your report to Wolsey this very night," said the king.

It was ten o'clock when the chief almoner reached the cardinal's palace; he had gone to bed, but immediate orders were given that Fox should be conducted to his room. Being a churchman, Wolsey could understand the pope's artifice better than Henry; accordingly, as soon as he learnt that Fox had brought the commission only, he became alarmed at the task imposed upon him. "What a misfortune!" he exclaimed, "your commission is no better than Gambara's.....However, go and rest yourself; I will examine these papers to-morrow." Fox withdrew in confusion. "It is not bad," said Wolsey, the next day, "but the whole business still falls on me alone! Never mind, I must wear a contented look, or else....." In the afternoon he summoned into his closet Fox, Dr. Bell, and Viscount Rochford: "Master Gardiner has surpassed himself," said the crafty supple cardinal; "what a man! what an inestimable treasure! what a jewel in our kingdom!"[1]

He did not mean a word he was saying. Wolsey was dissatisfied with every thing—with the refusal of the *decretal*, and with the drawing up of the *commission*, as well as of the *engagement* (which arrived soon after in good condition, so far as the outside was concerned). But the king's ill humour would infallibly recoil on Wolsey; so, putting a good face on a bad matter, he ruminated in secret on the means of obtaining what had been refused him. "Write to Gardiner," said he to Fox, "that every thing makes me desire the pope's *decretal*—the need of unburdening my conscience, of being able to rely to the calumniators who will attack my judgment,[2] and the thought of the accidents to which a man's life is exposed. Let his holiness, then, pronounce the divorce himself; we engage on our part to keep his resolution secret. But order Master Stephen to employ every kind of persuasion that his *rhetoric* can imagine." In case the pope should positively refuse the decretal, Wolsey required that at least Campeggio should share the responsibility of the divorce with him.

This was not all: while reading the engagement, Wolsey discovered the loophole which had escaped Gardiner, and this is what he contrived: "The *engagement* which the pope has sent us," he wrote to Gardiner, "is drawn up in such terms that he can retract it at pleasure; we must therefore find some *good way* to obtain another. You may do it under this pretence. You will appear before his holiness with a dejected air and tell him that the courier, to whom the conveyance of said engagement was intrusted, fell into the water with his dispatches, so that the receipts were totally defaced and illegible; that I have not dared deliver it into the king's hands, and unless his holiness will grant you a duplicate, some notable blame will be imputed unto you for not taking better care of its transmission. And further, you will continue; I remember the expressions of the former document, and to save your holiness trouble, I will dictate them to your secretary. Then," added Wolsey, "while the secretary is writing, you will find means to introduce, without its being perceived, as many *fat, pregnant*, and available words as possible, to bind the pope and enlarge my powers, the politic handling of which the king's highness and I commit you unto your good discretion."[1]

Such was the expedient invented by Wolsey. The papal secretary, imagining he was making a fresh copy of the original document (which was, by the way, in perfect condition), was at the dictation of the ambassador to draw up another of a different tenor. The "politic handling" of the cardinal-legate, which was not very unlike forgery, throws a disgraceful light on the policy of the sixteenth century.

Wolsey read this letter to the chief almoner; and then, to set his conscience at rest, he added piously: "In an affair of such high importance, on which depends the glory or ruin of the realm,—my honour or my disgrace,—the condemnation of my soul or my everlasting merit,—I will listen solely to the voice of my conscience,[2] and I shall act in such a manner as to be able to render an account to God without fear."

Wolsey did more; it seems that the boldness of his declarations reassured him with regard to the baseness of his works. Being at Greenwich on the following Sunday, he said to the king in the presence of Fox, Bell, Wolman, and Tuke: "I am bound to your royal person more than any subject was ever bound to his prince. I am ready to sacrifice my goods, my blood, my life for you.....But my obligations towards God are greater still. For that cause, rather than act against his will, I would endure the extremest evils.[3] I would suffer your royal indignation, and, if necessary, deliver my body to the executioners that they might cut it in pieces." What could be the spirit then impelling Wolsey? Was it blindness or impudence? He may have been sincere in the words he addressed to Henry; at the bottom of his heart he may have desired to set the pope above the king, and the church of Rome above the kingdom of England; and this desire may have appeared to him a sublime virtue, such as would

[1] O non æstimandum thesaurum margaritamque regni nostri. Strype, Records, i. p. 119.

[2] Justissime obstruere ora calumniantium et temere dissentientium. Ibid. p. 120.

[1] Burnet, Records, p. xxx.

[2] Reclamante conscientia. Strype, Records, i. p. 124.

[3] Extrema quæque.....contra conscientiam suam Ibid. p. 126

hide a multitude of sins. What the public conscience would have called treason was heroism to the Romish priest. This zeal for the papacy is sometimes met with in conjunction with the most flagrant immorality. If Wolsey deceived the pope, it was to save popery in the realm of England. Fox, Bell, Wolman, and Tuke listened to him with astonishment.[1] Henry, who thought he knew his man, received these holy declarations without alarm; and the cardinal, having thus eased his conscience, proceeded boldly in his iniquities. It seems, however, that the inward reproaches which he silenced in public, had their revenge in secret. One of his officers entering his closet shortly afterwards, presented a letter addressed to Campeggio for his signature. It ended thus: "I hope all things shall be done according to the will of God, the desire of the king, the quiet of the kingdom, and to our honour *with a good conscience.*" The cardinal having read the letter dashed out the four last words.[2] Conscience has a sting from which none can escape, not even a Wolsey.

However, Gardiner lost no time in Italy. When he met Campeggio (to whom Henry VIII. had given a palace at Rome, and a bishopric in England), he entreated him to go to London and pronounce the divorce. This prelate, who was to be empowered in 1530 with authority to crush Protestantism in Germany, seemed bound to undertake a mission that would save Romanism in Britain. But proud of his position at Rome, where he acted as the pope's representative, he cared not for a charge that would undoubtedly draw upon him either Henry's hatred or the emperor's anger. He begged to be excused. The pope spoke in a similar tone. When he was informed of this, the terrible Tudor, beginning to believe that Clement desired to entangle him, as the hunter entangles the lion in his toils, gave vent to his anger on Tuke, Fox, and Gardiner, but particularly on Wolsey. Nor were reasons wanting for this explosion. The cardinal, perceiving that his hatred against Charles had carried him too far, pretended that it was without his orders that Clarencieux, bribed by France, had combined with the French ambassador to declare war against the emperor; and added that he would have the English king-at-arms put to death as he passed through Calais. This was an infallible means of preventing disagreeable revelations. But the herald, who had been forewarned, crossed by way of Boulogne, and, without the cardinal's knowledge, obtained an interview with Henry, before whom he placed the *orders* he had received from Wolsey in *three* consecutive letters. The king, astonished at his minister's impudence, exclaimed profanely: "O Lord Jesu, the man in whom I had most confidence told me quite the contrary." He then summoned Wolsey before him, and reproached him severely for his falsehoods. The wretched man shook like a leaf. Henry appeared to pardon him, but the season of his favour had passed away. Henceforward he kept the cardinal as one of those instruments we make use of for a time, and then throw away when we have no further need of them.

The king's anger against the pope far exceeded that against Wolsey; he trembled from head to foot, rose from his seat, then sat down again, and vented his wrath in the most violent language:—"What!" he exclaimed, "I shall exhaust my political combinations, empty my treasury, make war upon my friends, consume my forces ....and for whom?....for a heartless priest who, considering neither the exigencies of my honour, nor the peace of my conscience, nor the prosperity of my kingdom, nor the numerous benefits which I have lavished on him, refuses me a favour, which he ought, as the common father of the faithful, to grant even to an enemy.... Hypocrite!....You cover yourself with the cloak of friendship, you flatter us by crafty practices,[1] but you give us only a bastard document, and you say like Pilate: It matters little to me if this king perishes, and all his kingdom with him; take him and judge him according to your law!.... I understand you....you wish to entangle us in the briers,[2] to catch us in a trap, to lure us into a pit-fall....But we have discovered the snare; we shall escape from your ambuscade, and brave your power."

Such was the language then heard at the court of England, says an historian.[3] The monks and priests began to grow alarmed, while the most enlightened minds already saw in the distance the first gleams of religious liberty. One day, at a time when Henry was proving himself a zealous follower of the Romish doctrines, Sir Thomas More was sitting in the midst of his family, when his son-in-law, Roper, now become a warm papist, exclaimed: "Happy kingdom of England, where no heretic dares show his face!"—"That is true, son Roper," said More; "we seem to sit now upon the mountains, treading the heretics under our feet like ants; but I pray God that some of us do not live to see the day when we gladly would wish to be at league with them, to suffer them to have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be content to let us have ours peaceably to ourselves." Roper angrily replied:[4] "By my word, sir, that is

[1] To my great mervail and no less joy and comfort. Ibid.
[2] Burnet's Ref. vol. i. p. 41.

[1] By crafty means and under the face and visage of entire amity. Strype, i. p. 166.
[2] To involve and cast us so in the briers and fetters. Ibid.
[3] Strype.
[4] My uncle said in a rage. More's Life, p. 132.

very desperately spoken!" More, however, was in the right; genius is sometimes a great diviner. The Reformation was on the point of inaugurating religious liberty, and by that means placing civil liberty on an immovable foundation.

Henry himself grew wiser by degrees. He began to have doubts about the Roman hierarchy, and to ask himself, whether a priest-king, embarrassed in all the political complications of Europe, could be head of the church of Jesus Christ. Pious individuals in his kingdom recognised in Scripture and in conscience a law superior to the law of Rome, and refused to sacrifice at the command of the church their moral conviction, sanctioned by the revelation of God. The hierarchical system, which claims to absorb man in the papacy, had oppressed the consciences of Christians for centuries. When the Romish Church had required from such as Berengarius, John Huss, Savonarola, John Wesel, and Luther, the denial of their consciences enlightened by the word, that is to say, by the voice of God, it had shown most clearly how great is the immorality of ultramontane socialism. "If the Christian consents to this enormous demand of the hierarchy," said the most enlightened men; "if he renounces his own notions of good and evil in favour of the clergy; if he reserves not his right to obey God, who speaks to him in the Bible, rather than men, even if their agreement were universal; if Henry VIII., for instance, should silence his conscience, which condemns his union with his brother's widow, to obey the clerical voice which approves of it; by that very act he renounces truth, duty, and even God himself." But we must add, that if the rights of conscience were beginning to be understood in England, it was not about such holy matters as these that the pope and Henry were contending. They were both intriguers—both dissatisfied, the one desirous of love, the other of power.

Be that as it may, a feeling of disgust for Rome then took root in the king's heart, and nothing could afterwards eradicate it. He immediately made every exertion to attract Erasmus to London. Indeed, if Henry separated from the pope, his old friends, the humanists, must be his auxiliaries, and not the heretical doctors. But Erasmus, in a letter dated 1st June, alleged the weak state of his health, the robbers who infested the roads, the wars and rumours of wars then afloat. "Our destiny leads us," he said; "let us yield to it."[1] It is a fortunate thing for England that Erasmus was not its reformer.

Wolsey noted this movement of his master's, and resolved to make a strenuous effort to reconcile Clement and Henry; his own safety was at stake. He wrote to the pope, to Campeggio, to Da Casale, to all Italy. He declared that if he was ruined, the popedom would be ruined too, so far at least as England was concerned: "I would obtain the *decretal* bull with my own blood, if possible,"[1] he added. "Assure the holy father on my life that no mortal eye shall see it." Finally, he ordered the chief almoner to write to Gardiner: "If Campeggio does not come, *you shall never return* to England:"[2] an infallible means of stimulating the secretary's zeal.

This was the last effort of Henry VIII. Bourbon and the prince of Orange had not employed more zeal a year before in scaling the walls of Rome. Wolsey's fire had inflamed his agents; they argued, entreated, stormed, and threatened. The alarmed cardinals and theologians, assembling at the pope's call, discussed the matter, mixing political interests with the affairs of the church.[3] At last they understood what Wolsey now communicated to them. "Henry is the most energetic defender of the faith," they said. "It is only by acceding to his demand that we can preserve the kingdom of England to the popedom. The army of Charles is in full flight, and that of Francis triumphs." The last of these arguments decided the question; the pope suddenly felt a great sympathy for Wolsey and for the English church; the emperor was beaten, therefore he was wrong. Clement granted everything.

First, Campeggio was desired to go to London. The pontiff knew that he might reckon on his intelligence and inflexible adhesion to the interests of the hierarchy; even the cardinal's gout was of use, for it might help to innumerable delays. Next, on the 8th of June, the pope, then at Viterbo, gave a new commission, by which he conferred on Wolsey and Campeggio the power to declare null and void the marriage between Henry and Catherine, with liberty for the king and queen to form new matrimonial ties.[4] A few days later he signed the famous *decretal* by which he himself annulled the marriage between Henry and Catherine; but instead of intrusting it to Gardiner, he gave it to Campeggio, with orders not to let it go out of his hands. Clement was not sure of the course of events; if Charles should decidedly lose his power, the bull would be published in the face of Christendom; if he should recover it, the bull would be burnt.[5] In fact, the flames did actually consume some time afterwards this decree which Clement had

[1] Fatis agimur, fatis cedendum. Erasm. Epp. p. 1032.

[1] Ut vel proprio sanguine id vellemus posse a S. D. N. impetrare. Burnet, Records, ii. p. 19.

[2] Neither should Gardiner ever return. Strype, i. p. 167.

[3] Negotia ecclesiastica politicis rationibus interpolantes. Sanders, p. 27.

[4] Ad alia vota commigrandi. Herbert, p. 262.

[5] State Papers, vii. p. 78. Dr. Lingard acknowledges the existence of this bull and the order to burn it.

wetted with his tears as he put his name to it. Finally, on the 23d of July, the pope signed a valid *engagement*, by which he declared beforehand that all retractation of these acts should be *null and void*.[1] Campeggio and Gardiner departed. Charles's defeat was as complete at Rome as at Naples; the justice of his cause had vanished with his army.

Nothing, therefore, was wanting to Henry's desires. He had Campeggio, the commission, the decretal bull of divorce signed by the pope, and the engagement giving an irrevocable value to all these acts. Wolsey was conqueror,—the conqueror of Clement! ....He had often wished to mount the restive courser of the popedom and to guide it at his will, but each time the unruly steed had thrown him from the saddle. Now he was firm in his seat, and held the horse in hand. Thanks to Charles's reverses, he was master at Rome. The popedom, whether it was pleased or not, must take the road he had chosen, and before which it had so long recoiled. The king's joy was unbounded, and equalled only by Wolsey's. The cardinal, in the fulness of his heart, wishing to show his gratitude to the officers of the Roman court, made them presents of carpets, horses, and vessels of gold.[1] All near Henry felt the effects of his good humour. Anne smiled, the court indulged in amusements; the *great affair* was about to be accomplished; the New Testament to be delivered to the flames. The union between England and the popedom appeared confirmed for ever, and the victory which Rome seemed about to gain in the British isles might secure her triumph in the west. Vain omens! far different were the events in the womb of the future.

[1] Si (quod absit) aliquid contra præmissa faciamus, illud pro casso, irrito, inani et vacuo omnino haberi volumus. Herbert, p. 250.

[1] Num illi, aulæa, vas aureum aut equi maxime probentur. Burnet, Records, i. p. xv.

BOOK XX.

THE TWO DIVORCES.

Progress of the Reformation—The two Divorces—Entreaties to Anne Boleyn—The Letters in the Vatican—Henry to Anne—Henry's Second Letter—Third—Fourth—Wolsey's Alarm—His fruitless Proceedings—He turns—The Sweating Sickness—Henry's Fears—New Letters to Anne—Anne falls sick; her Peace—Henry writes to Her—Wolsey's Terror—Campeggio does not arrive—All dissemble at Court—Coverdale and Inspiration—He undertakes to translate the Scriptures—His Joy and Spiritual Songs—Tyball and the Laymen—Coverdale preaches at Bumpstead—Revival at Colchester—Incomplete Societies and the New Testament—Persecution—Monmouth arrested and released—Political Changes—Fresh Instructions from the Pope to Campeggio—His Delays—He unbosoms himself to Francis—A Prediction—Arrival of Campeggio—Wolsey's Uneasiness—Henry's Satisfaction—The Cardinal's Project—Campeggio's Reception—First interview with the Queen and with the King—Useless Efforts to make Campeggio part with the Decretal—The Nuncio's Conscience—Public Opinion—Measures taken by the King—His Speech to the Lords and Aldermen—Festivities—Wolsey seeks French support—Contrariety—True Catholicity—Wolsey—Harman's Matter—West sent to Cologne—Labours of Tyndale and Fryth—Rincke at Frankfort—He makes a Discovery—Tyndale at Marburg—West returns to England—His Tortures in the Monastery—Necessity of the Reformation—Wolsey's earnestness with Da Casale—An Audience with Clement VII.—Cruel Position of the Pope—A Judas Kiss—A new Brief—Bryan and Vannes sent to Rome—Henry and Du Bellay—Wolsey's Reasons against the Brief—Excitement in London—Metamorphosis—Wolsey's Decline—His Anguish—The Pope's Illness—Wolsey's Desire—Conference about the Members of the Conclave—Wolsey's Instructions—The Pope recovers—Speech of the English Envoys to the Pope—Clement willing to abandon England—The English demand the Pope's denial of the Brief—Wolsey's Alarm—Intrigues—Bryan's Clearsightedness—Henry's Threats—Wolsey's new Efforts—He calls for an Appeal to Rome, and retracts—Wolsey and Du Bellay at Richmond—The Ship of the State—Discussion between the Evangelicals and the Catholics—Union of Learning and Life—The Laity: Tewkesbury—His Appearance before the Bishop's Court—He is Tortured—Two Classes of Opponents—A Theological Duel—Scripture and the Church—Emancipation of the Mind—Mission to the Low Countries—Tyndale's Embarrassment—Tonstall wishes to buy the Books—Packington's Stratagem—Tyndale departs for Antwerp—His Shipwreck—Arrival at Hamburg—Meets Coverdale—The Royal Session—Sitting of the 18th June; the Queen's Protest—Sitting of the 21st June—Summons to the King and Queen—Catherine's Speech—She retires—Impression on the Audience—The King's Declaration—Wolsey's Protest—Quarrel between the Bishops—New Sitting—Apparition to the Maid of Kent—Wolsey chafed by Henry—The Earl of Wiltshire at Wolsey's—Private Conference between Catherine and the two Legates—The Trial resumed—Catherine summoned—Twelve Articles—The Witnesses' Evidence—Arthur and Catherine really married—Campeggio opposes the Argument of Divine Right—Other Arguments—The Legates required to deliver Judgment—Their Tergiversations—Change in Men's Minds—Final Session—General Expectation—Adjournment during Harvest—Campeggio excuses this Impertinence—the King's Indignation—Suffolk's Violence—Wolsey's Reply—He is ruined—General Accusations—The Cardinal turns to an Episcopal Life—Anne Boleyn at Hever—She reads the Obedience of a Christian Man—Is recalled to Court—Miss Gainsford and George Zouch—Tyndale's Book converts Zouch—Zouch in the Chapel-Royal—The Book seized—Anne replies to Henry—The King reads the Book—Pretended Influence of the Book on Henry—The Court at Woodstock—The Park and its Goblins—Henry's Esteem for Anne—Embarrassment of the Pope—The Triumphs of Charles decide him—He traverses the Cause to Rome—Wolsey's Dejection—Henry's Wrath—His Fears—Wolsey obtains Comfort—Arrival of the two Legates at Grafton—Wolsey's Reception by Henry—Wolsey and Norfolk at Dinner—Henry with Anne—Conference between the King and the Cardinal—Wolsey's Joy and Grief—The Supper at Euston—Campeggio's Farewell Audience—Wolsey's Disgrace—Campeggio at Dover—He is Accused by the Courtiers—Leaves England—Wolsey foresees his own Fall and that of the Papacy—A Meeting at Waltham—Youth of Thomas Cranmer—His early Education—Studies Scripture for three years—His Functions as Examiner—The Supper at Waltham—New View of the Divorce—Fox communicates it to Henry—Cranmer's Vexation—Conference with the King—Cranmer at the Boleyns—Wolsey in the Court of Chancery—Accused by the Dukes—Refuses to give up the Great Seal—His Despair—He gives up the Seal—Order to Depart—His Inventory—Alarm—The Scene of Departure—Favourable Message from the King—Wolsey's Joy—His Fool—Arrival at Esher—Thomas More elected Chancellor—A lay Government one of the great Facts of the Reformation—Wolsey accused of subordinating England to the Pope—He implores the King's clemency—His Condemnation—Cromwell at Esher—His Character—He sets out for London—Sir Christopher Hales recommends him to the King—Cromwell's Interview with Henry in the Park—A New Theory—Cromwell elected Member of Parliament—Opened by Sir Thomas More—Attack on Ecclesiastical Abuses—Reforms pronounced by the Convocation—Three Bills—Rochester attacks them—Resistance of the House of Commons—Struggles—Henry Sanctions the three Bills—Alarm of the Clergy and Disturbances—The last Hour—More's Fanaticism—Debates in Convocation—Royal Proclamation—The Bishop of Norwich—Sentences condemned—Latimer's Opposition—The New Testament burnt—The Persecution begins—Hitton—Bayfield—Tonstall and Packington—Bayfield arrested—The Rector Patmore—Lollards' Tower—Tyndale and Patmore—a Musician—Freese the Painter—Placards and Martyrdom of Bennet—Thomas More and John Petit—Bilney—Wolsey's Terror—Impeachment by the Peers—Cromwell saves him—The Cardinal's Illness—Ambition returns to him—His Practices in Yorkshire—He is arrested by Northumberland—His Departure—Arrival of the Constable of the Tower—Wolsey at Leicester Abbey—Persecuting Language—He dies—Three Movements · Supremacy, Scripture, and Faith.

PROBASCO-REA-SHARP

While England seemed binding herself to the court of Rome, the general course of the church and of the world gave stronger presage every day of the approaching emancipation of Christendom The respect which for so many centuries had hedged in the Roman pontiff was every where shaken; the Reform, already firmly established in several states of Germany and Switzerland, was extending in France, the Low Countries, and Hungary, and beginning in Sweden, Denmark, and Scotland. The South of Europe appeared indeed submissive to the Romish church; but Spain, at heart, cared little for the pontifical infallibility; and even Italy began to inquire whether the papal dominion was not an obstacle to her prosperity. England, notwithstanding appearances, was also going to throw off the yoke of the bishops of the Tiber, and many faithful voices might already be heard demanding that the word of God should be acknowledged the supreme authority of the church.

The conquest of Christian Britain by the papacy occupied all the seventh century, as we have seen. The sixteenth was the counterpart of the seventh. The struggle which England then had to sustain, in order to free herself from the power that had enslaved her during nine hundred years, was full of sudden changes; like those of the times of Augustine and Oswy. This struggle indeed took place in each of the countries where the church was reformed; but nowhere can it be traced in all its diverse phases so distinctly as in Great Britain. The positive work of the Reformation—that which consisted in recovering the truth and life so long lost—was nearly the same every where; but as regards the negative work—the struggle with the popedom—we might almost say that other nations committed to England the task by which they were all to profit. An unenlightened piety may perhaps look upon the relations of the court of London with the court of Rome, at the period of the Reformation, as void of interest to the faith; but history will not think the same. It has been too often forgotten that the main point in this contest was not the divorce (which was only the occasion), but the contest itself and its important consequences. The divorce of Henry Tudor and Catherine of Aragon is a secondary event; but the divorce of England and the popedom is a primary event, one of the great evolutions of history, a creative act (so to speak) which still exercises a normal influence over the destinies of mankind. And accordingly every thing connected with it is full of instruction for us. Already a great number of pious men had attached themselves to the authority of God; but the king, and with him that part of the nation, strangers to the evangelical faith, clung to Rome, which Henry had so valiantly defended. The word of God had spiritually separated England from the papacy; the *great matter* separated it materially. There is a close relationship between these two divorces, which gives extreme importance to the process between Henry and Catherine. When a great revolution is to be effected in the bosom of a people (who have the Reformation particularly in view), God instructs the minority by the Holy Scriptures, and the majority by the dispensations of the divine government. Facts undertake to push forward those whom the more spiritual voice of the word leave behind. England, profiting by this great teaching of facts, has thought it her duty ever since to avoid all contact with a power that had deceived her; she has thought that popery could not have the dominion over a people without infringing on its vitality, and that it was only by emancipating themselves from this priestly dictatorship that modern nations could advance safely in the paths of liberty, order, and greatness.

For more than a year, as Henry's complaints testify, Anne continued deaf to his homage. The despairing king saw that he must set other springs to work, and taking Lord Rochford aside, he unfolded his plans to him. The ambitious father promised to do all in his power to influence his daughter. "The divorce is a settled thing," he said to her; "you have no control over it. The only question is, whether it shall be you or another who shall give an heir to the crown. Bear in mind that terrible revolutions threaten England, if the king has no son." Thus did every thing combine to weaken Anne's resolution. The voice of her father, the interests of her country, the king's love, and doubtless some secret ambition, influenced her to grasp the proffered sceptre. These thoughts haunted her in society, in solitude, and even in her dreams. At one time she imagined herself on the throne, distributing to the people her charities and the word of God; at another, in some obscure exile, leading a useless life, in tears and ignominy. When, in the sports of her imagination, the crown of England appeared all glittering before her, she at first rejected it; but afterwards that regal ornament seemed so beautiful, and the power it conferred so enviable, that she repelled it less energetically. Anne still refused, however, to give the so ardently solicited assent.

Henry, vexed by her hesitation, wrote to her frequently, and almost always in French. As the court of Rome makes use of these letters, which are kept in the Vatican, to abuse the Reformation, we think it our duty to quote them. The theft committed by a cardinal has preserved them for us; and we shall see that, far from supporting the calumnies that have been spread abroad, they tend, on the contrary, to refute them. We are far from approving their contents as a whole; but we cannot

deny to the young lady, to whom they are addressed, the possession of noble and generous sentiments.

Henry, unable to support the anguish caused by Anne's refusal, wrote to her, as it is generally supposed, in May, 1528:[1]

"By revolving in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage, as I understand some passages, or not, as I conclude from others. I beseech you earnestly to let me know your real mind as to the love between us two. It is needful for me to obtain this answer of you, having been for a whole year wounded with the dart of love, and not yet assured whether I shall succeed in finding a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from declaring you my mistress, lest it should prove that you only entertain for me an ordinary regard. But if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, I promise you that not only the name shall be given to you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you, out of my thoughts and affection, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. But if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart. No more for fear of tiring you. Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours,

"H. Rex."

Such were the affectionate, and we may add (if we think of the time and the man) the respectful terms employed by Henry in writing to Anne Boleyn. The latter, without making any promises, betrayed some little affection for the king, and added to her reply an emblematical jewel, representing a "solitary damsel in a boat tossed by the tempest," wishing thus to make the prince understand the dangers to which his love exposed her. Henry was ravished, and immediately replied:—

"For a present so valuable, that nothing could be more (considering the whole of it), I return you my most hearty thanks, not only on account of the costly diamond, and the ship in which the solitary damsel is tossed about, but chiefly for the fine interpretation, and the too humble submission which your goodness hath made to me. Your favour I will always seek to preserve, and this is my firm intention and hope, according to the matter, *aut illic aut nullibi*.

"The demonstration of your affections are such, the fine thoughts of your letter so cordially expressed, that they oblige me for ever to honour, love, and serve you sincerely. I beseech you to continue in the same firm and constant purpose, and assuring you that, on my part, I will not only make you a suitable return, but outdo you, so great is the loyalty of the heart that desires to please you. I desire, also, that if, at any time before this, I have in any way offended you, that you would give me the same absolution that you ask, assuring you, that hereafter my heart shall be dedicated to you alone. I wish my person were so too. God can do it, if he pleases, *to whom I pray once a-day* for that end, hoping that at length *my prayers will be heard*. I wish the time may be short, but I shall think it long till we see one another. Written by the hand of that secretary, who in heart, body, and will, is

"Your loyal and most faithful Servant,

"H. T. Rex."[1]

Henry was a passionate lover, and history is not called upon to vindicate that cruel prince; but in the preceding letter we cannot discover the language of a seducer. It is impossible to imagine the king praying to God *once a-day* for anything but a lawful union. These daily prayers seem to present the matter in a different light from that which Romanist writers have imagined.

Henry thought himself more advanced than he really was. Anne then shrank back; embarrassed by the position she held at court, she begged for one less elevated. The king submitted, although very vexed at first:

"Nevertheless that it belongeth not to a gentleman," he wrote to her, "to put his *mistress* in the situation of a *servant*, yet by following your wishes, I would willingly concede it, if by that means you are less uncomfortable in the place you shall choose than in that where you have been placed by me. I thank you most cordially that you are pleased still to bear me in your remembrance.

"H. T."

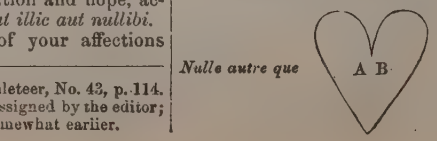
Anne, having retired in May to Hever castle, her father's residence, the king wrote to her as follows:—

"My Mistress and my Friend,

"My heart and I surrender ourselves

[1] Vatican Letters. Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 114. The date in the text is that assigned by the editor; we are inclined to place it somewhat earlier.

[1] Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 115. After the signature comes the following devise.



into your hands, and we supplicate to be commended to your good graces, and that by absence your affections may not be diminished to us. For that would be to augment our pain, which would be a great pity, since absence gives enough, and more than I ever thought could be felt. This brings to my mind a fact in astronomy, which is, that the longer the days are, the farther off is the sun, and yet the more scorching is his heat. Thus is it with our love; absence has placed distance between us, nevertheless fervour increases, at least on my part. I hope the same from you, assuring you that in my case the anguish of absence is so great that it would be intolerable were it not for the firm hope I have of your indissoluble affection towards me. In order to remind you of it, and because I cannot in person be in your presence, I send you the thing which comes nearest that is possible, that is to say, my picture, and the whole device, which you already know of,[1] set in bracelets; wishing myself in their place when it pleases you. This is from the hand of

"Your Servant and Friend,

"H. T. Rex."

Pressed by her father, her uncles, and by Henry, Anne's firmness was shaken. That crown, rejected by Renée and by Margaret, dazzled the young Englishwoman; every day she found some new charm in it; and gradually familiarizing herself with her new future, she said at last: "If the king becomes free, I shall be willing to marry him." This was a great fault; but Henry was at the height of joy.

The courtiers watched with observant eyes these developments of the king's affection, and were already preparing the homage which they proposed to lay at Anne Boleyn's feet. But there was one man at court whom Henry's resolution filled with sorrow; this was Wolsey. He had been the first to suggest to the king the idea of separating from Catherine; but if Anne is to succeed her, there must be no divorce. He had first alienated Catherine's party; he was now going to irritate that of the Boleyns; accordingly he began to fear that whatever might be the issue of this affair, it would cause his ruin. He took frequent walks in his park at Hampton Court, accompanied by the French ambassador, the confidant of his sorrows: "I would willingly lose one of my fingers," he said, "if I could only have two hours' conversation with the king of France." At another time, fancying all England was pursuing him, he said with alarm, "The king my master, and all his subjects will cry murder against me; they will fall upon me more fiercely than on a Turk, and all Christendom will rise against me!" The next day Wolsey, to gain the French ambassador, gave him a long history of what he had done for France *against the wishes of all England:* "I need much dexterity in my affairs," he added, "and must use a terrible *alchymy*."[1] But alchymy could not save him. Rarely has so much anguish been veiled beneath such grandeur. Du Bellay was moved with pity at the sight of the unhappy man's sufferings. "When he gives way," he wrote to Montmorency, "it lasts a day together:—he is continually sighing.—You have never seen a man in such anguish of mind."[2]

In truth Wolsey's reason was tottering. That fatal idea of the divorce was the cause of all his woes, and to be able to recall it, he would have given, not a *finger* only, but an arm, and perhaps more. It was too late; Henry had started his car down the steep, and whoever attempted to stop it would have been crushed beneath its wheels. However, the cardinal tried to obtain something. Francis I. had intercepted a letter from Charles V. in which the emperor spoke of the divorce as likely to raise the English nation in revolt. Wolsey caused this letter to be read to the king, in the hope that it would excite his serious apprehensions; but Henry only *frowned*, and Du Bellay, to whom the monarch ascribed the report on those troubles foreboded by Charles, received "a gentle lash."[3] This was the sole result of the manœuvre.

Wolsey now resolved to broach this important subject in a straightforward manner. The step might prove his ruin; but if he succeeded he was saved and the popedom with him. Accordingly, one day (shortly before the sweating sickness broke out, says Du Bellay, probably in June 1528) Wolsey openly prayed the king to renounce his design; his own reputation, he told him, the prosperity of England, the peace of Europe, the safety of the church, —all required it; besides the pope would never grant the divorce. While the cardinal was speaking, Henry's face grew black; and before he had concluded the king's anger broke out. "The king used terrible words," said Du Bellay. He would have given a thousand Wolseys for one Anne Boleyn. "No other than God shall take her from me" was his most decided resolution.

Wolsey, now no longer doubting of his disgrace, began to take his measures accordingly. He commenced building in several places, in order to win the affections of the common people; he took great care of his bishoprics, in order that they might ensure him an easy retreat; he was affable

[1] Doubtless the *aut illic aut nullibi*. For this letter see the Pamphleteer, No. 42, p. 346.

[1] Une terrible Alquemie. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 157.

[2] 26th April, 1528. Ibid. p 93.

[3] *Quelque petit coup de fouet.* 24th May, 1528 Du Bellay to Montmorency. Ibid. p. 102.

to the courtiers; and thus covered the earth with flowers to deaden his fall. Then he would sigh as if he were disgusted with honours, and would celebrate the charms of solitude.[1] He did more than this. Seeing plainly that the best way of recovering the king's favour would be to conciliate Anne Boleyn, he made her the most handsome presents,[2] and assured her that all his efforts would now be directed to raise her to the throne of England. Anne, believing these declarations, replied, that she would help him in her turn, "As long as any breath was in her body."[3] Even Henry had no doubt that the cardinal had profited by his lesson.

Thus were all parties restless and uneasy —Henry desiring to marry Lady Anne, the courtiers to get rid of Wolsey, and the latter to remain in power—when a serious event appeared to put every one in harmony with his neighbour. About the middle of June, the terrible sweating sickness (*sudor anglicus*) broke out in England. The citizens of London, "thick as flies," said Du Bellay,[4] suddenly feeling pains in the head and heart, rushed from the streets or shops to their chambers, began to sweat, and took to their beds. The disease made frightful and rapid progress, a burning heat preyed on their limbs; if they chanced to uncover themselves, the perspiration ceased, delirium came on, and in four hours the victim was dead and "stiff as a wall,"[5] says the French ambassador. Every family was in mourning. Sir Thomas More, kneeling by his daughter's bedside, burst into tears, and called upon God to save his beloved Margaret.[6] Wolsey, who was at Hampton Court, suspecting nothing amiss, arrived in London as usual to preside in the Court of Chancery; but he ordered his horses to be saddled again immediately and rode back. In four days, 2000 persons died in London.

The court was at first safe from the contagion; but on the fourth day one of Anne Boleyn's ladies was attacked; it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen on the palace. The king removed with all haste, and staid at a place twelve miles off, for he was not prepared to die. He ordered Anne to return to her father, invited the queen to join him, and took up his residence at Wiltham. His real conscience awoke only in the presence of death. Four of his attendants and a friar, Anne's confessor as it would appear,[7] falling ill, the king departed for Hunsdon. He had been there two days only when Powis, Carew, Carton, and others of his court, were carried off in two or three hours. Henry had met an enemy whom he could not vanquish. He quitted the place attacked by the disease; he removed to another quarter; and when the sickness laid hold of any of his attendants in his new retreat, he again left that for a new asylum. Terror froze his blood; he wandered about pursued by that terrible scythe whose sweep might perhaps reach him; he cut off all communication even with his servants; shut himself up in a room at the top of an isolated tower; ate all alone, and would see no one but his physician;[1] he prayed, fasted, confessed, became reconciled with the queen; took the sacrament every Sunday and feast day; received *his Maker*,[2] to use the words of a gentleman of his chamber; and the queen and Wolsey did the same. Nor was that all; his councillor, Sir Brian Tuke, was sick in Essex; but that mattered not; the king ordered him to come, even in his litter; and on the 20th of June, Henry after hearing three masses (he had never done so much before in one day,) said to Tuke: "I want you to write *my will*." He was not the only one who took that precaution. "There were *a hundred thousand* made," says Du Bellay.

During this time, Anne in her retirement at Hever, was calm and collected; she prayed much, particularly for the king and for Wolsey.[3] But Henry, far less submissive, was very anxious. "The uneasiness my doubts about your health gave me," he wrote to her. "disturbed and frightened me exceedingly; but now, since you as yet felt nothing, I hope it is with you as it is with us.....I beg you, my entirely beloved, not to frighten yourself, or be too uneasy at our absence, for wherever I am, I am yours. And yet we must sometimes submit to our misfortunes, for whoever will struggle against fate, is generally but so much the farther from gaining his end. Wherefore, comfort yourself and take courage, and make this misfortune as easy to you as you can."[4]

As he received no news, Henry's uneasiness increased; he sent to Anne a messenger and a letter: "To acquit myself of the duty of a true servant, I send you this letter, beseeching you to apprize me of your welfare, which I pray may continue as long as I desire mine own."

Henry's fears were well founded; the malady became more severe; in four hours eighteen persons died at the archbishop of Canterbury's; Anne Boleyn herself and

[1] 20th August 1528. Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 165.
[2] Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 150.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Drue comme mouches. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 138.
[5] Raide comme un pan de mur. Ibid.
[6] More's Life, p. 136.
[7] Votre père maître Jesonère est tombé malade. Henry to Anne. Pamphleteer, No 42, p. 347.

[1] With his physician in a chamber within a tower to sup apart. State Papers, i. p. 296.
[2] Ibid. p. 290.
[3] I thank our Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped, and that is the king's grace and you. Anne to Wolsey. Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 150.
[4] Ibid. No. 42, p. 347.

her brother also caught the infection. The king was exceedingly agitated; Anne alone appeared calm; the strength of her character raised her above exaggerated fears; but her enemies ascribed her calmness to other motives. "Her ambition is stronger than death," they said. "The king, queen, and cardinal tremble for their lives, but she..... she would die content if she died a queen." Henry once more changed his residence. All the gentlemen of his privy-chamber were attacked, with one exception; "he remained alone, keeping himself apart," says Du Bellay, and confessed every day. He wrote again to Anne, sending her his physician, Dr. Butts:[1] "The most displeasing news that could occur came to me suddenly at night. On three accounts I must lament it. One, to hear of the illness of my mistress, whom I esteem more than all the world, and whose health I desire as I do my own. I would willingly bear half of what you suffer to cure you. The second, from the fear that I shall have to endure my wearisome absence much longer, which has hitherto given me all the vexation that was possible; and when gloomy thoughts fill my mind, then I pray God to remove far from me such troublesome and rebellious ideas. The third, because my physician, in whom I have most confidence, is absent. Yet, from the want of him, I send you my second, and hope that he will soon make you well. I shall then love him more than ever. I beseech you to be guided by his advice in your illness. By your doing this, I hope soon to see you again, which will be to me a greater comfort than all the precious jewels in the world."

The pestilence soon broke out with more violence around Henry; he fled in alarm to Hatfield, taking with him only the gentlemen of his chamber; he next quitted this place for Tittenhanger, a house belonging to Wolsey, whence he commanded general processions throughout the kingdom in order to avert this scourge of God.[2] At the same time he wrote to Wolsey: "As soon as any one falls ill in the place where you are, fly to another; and go thus from place to place." The poor cardinal was still more alarmed than Henry. As soon as he felt the slightest perspiration, he fancied himself a dead man. "I entreat your highness," he wrote trembling to the king on the 5th of July, "to show yourself full of pity for my soul; these are perhaps the last words I shall address to you.....The whole world will see by my last testament that you have not bestowed your favour on an ungrateful man." The king, perceiving that Wolsey's mind was affected, bade him "put apart fear and fantasies,"[3] and wear a cheerful humour in the midst of death.

At last the sickness began to diminish, and immediately the desire to see Anne revived in Henry's bosom. On the 18th of August she reappeared at court, and all the king's thoughts were now bent on the divorce.

But this business seemed to proceed in inverse ratio to his desires. There was no news of Campeggio; was he lost in the Alps or at sea? Did his gout detain him in some village, or was the announcement of his departure only a feint? Anne Boleyn herself was uneasy, for she attached great importance to Campeggio's coming. If the church annulled the king's first marriage, Anne, seeing the principal obstacle removed, thought she might accept Henry's hand. She therefore wrote to Wolsey: "I long to hear from you news of the legate, for I do hope (an' they come from you) they shall be very good." The king added in a postscript: "The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France causeth us somewhat to muse. Notwithstanding we trust by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble."[1]

But still there was no news. While waiting for the long-desired ambassador, every one at the English court played his part as well as he could. Anne, whether from conscience, prudence or modesty, refused the honours which the king would have showered upon her, and never approached Catherine but with marks of profound respect. Wolsey had the look of desiring the divorce, while in reality he dreaded it, as fated to cause his ruin and that of the popedom. Henry strove to conceal the motives which impelled him to separate from the queen; to the bishops, he spoke of his *conscience*, to the nobility *of an heir*, and to all of the sad obligation which compelled him to put away so justly beloved a princess. In the meanwhile, he seemed to live on the best terms with her, from what Du Bellay says.[2] But Catherine was the one who best dissembled her sentiments; she lived with the king as during their happiest days, treated Anne with every kindness, adopted an elegant costume, encouraged music and dancing in her apartments, often appeared in public, and seemed desirous of captivating by her gracious smiles the good-will of England. This was a mournful comedy, destined to end in tragedy full of tears and agony.

While these scenes were acting in the royal palaces, far different discussions were going on among the people. After having dwelt for some time on the agitations of the court, we gladly return to the lowly disciples of the divine word. The Reformation of England (and this is its characteristic) brings before us by turns the king upon his throne, and the laborious artisan

[1] Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 120.
[2] State Papers, i. p. 308.
[3] Ibid. p 314.

[1] Pamphleteer, No. 48, p. 149.
[2] 16th October 1528. Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 170.

in his humble cottage; and between these two extremes we meet with the doctor in his college, and the priest in his pulpit.

Among the young men trained at Cambridge under Barnes's instruction, and who had aided him at the time of his trial, was Miles Coverdale, afterwards bishop of Exeter, a man distinguished by his zeal for the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some time after the prior's fall, on Easter Eve, 1527, Coverdale and Cromwell met at the house of Sir Thomas More, when the former exhorted the Cambridge student to apply himself to the study of sacred learning.[1] The lapse of his unhappy master had alarmed Coverdale, and he felt the necessity of withdrawing from that outward activity which had proved so fatal to Barnes. He therefore turned to the Scriptures, read them again and again, and perceived, like Tyndale, that the reformation of the church must be effected by the word of God. The inspiration of that word, the only foundation of its sovereign authority, had struck Coverdale. "Wherever the Scripture is known it reformeth all things. And why? Because it is given *by the inspiration of God.*"[2] This fundamental principle of the Reformation in England must, in every age, be that of the church.

Coverdale found happiness in his studies: "Now," he said, "I begin to taste of Holy Scriptures! Now, honour be to God! I am set to the most sweet smell of holy letters."[3] He did not stop there, but thought it his duty to attempt in England the work which Tyndale was prosecuting in Germany. The Bible was so important in the eyes of these Christians, that two translations were undertaken simultaneously. "Why should other nations," said Coverdale, "be more plenteously provided for with the Scriptures in their mother-tongue than we?"[4]—"Beware of translating the Bible!" exclaimed the partisans of the schoolmen; "your labour will only make divisions in the faith and in the people of God."[5]—"God has now given his church," replied Coverdale, "the gifts of translating and of printing; we must improve them." And if any friends spoke of Tyndale's translation, he answered: "Do not you know that when many are starting together, every one doth his best to be nighest the mark?"[6]—"But Scripture ought to exist in Latin only," objected the priests.—"No," replied Coverdale again, "the Holy Ghost is as much the author of it in the Hebrew, Greek, French, Dutch, and English, as in Latin.....The word of God is of like authority, in what language soever the Holy Ghost speaketh it."[7] This does not mean that translations of Holy Scripture are inspired, but that the word of God, faithfully translated, always possesses a divine authority.

Coverdale determined therefore to translate the Bible, and, to procure the necessary books, he wrote to Cromwell, who, during his travels, had made a collection of these precious writings. "Nothing in the world I desire but books," he wrote; "like Jacob, you have drunk of the dew of heaven.....I ask to drink of your waters."[1] Cromwell did not refuse Coverdale his treasures. "Since the Holy Ghost moves you to bear the cost of this work," exclaimed the latter, "God gives me boldness to labour in the same."[2] He commenced without delay, saying: "Whosoever believeth not the Scripture, believeth not Christ; and whoso refuseth it, refuseth God also."[3] Such were the foundations of the reformed church of England.

Coverdale did not undertake to translate the Scriptures as a mere literary task: the Spirit which had inspired him spoke to his heart; and tasting their life-giving promises he expressed his happiness in pious songs:

Be glad now, all ye Christen men,
And let us rejoyce unfaynedly.
The kindnesse cannot be written with penne,
That we have receaved of God's mercy;
Whose love towarde us hath never ende:
He hath done for us as a frende;
Now let us thanke him hartely.

These lovynge wordes he spake to me:
I wyll delyver thy soule from payne;
I am desposed to do for thee,
And to myne owne selfe thee to retayne.
Thou shalt be with me, for thou art myne;
And I with thee, for I am thyne;
Such is my love, I can not layne.

They wyll shed out my precyous bloude,
And take away my lyfe also;
Which I wyll suffre all for thy good:
Beleve this sure, where ever thou go.
For I will yet ryse up agayne;
Thy synnes I beare, though it be payne,
To make thee safe and free from wo.

Coverdale did not remain long in the solitude he desired. The study of the Bible which had attracted him to it, soon drew him out of it. A revival was going on in Essex; John Tyball, an inhabitant of Bumpstead, having learnt to find in Jesus Christ the *true bread from heaven*, did not stop there. One day as he was reading the first epistle to the Corinthians, these words: "eat of this *bread*," and "drink of this *cup*," repeated four times within a few verses, convinced him that there was no transubstantiation. "A priest has no power to create the body of the Lord," said he: "Christ truly is present in the Eucharist, but he is there only *for him that believeth*, and by a spiritual presence and action

[1] Coverdale's Remains (Park. Soc.), p. 490. The editor of the "Remains" dates this letter to Cromwell, 1st May 1527. Others assign it to a later period.
[2] Coverdale's Remains, p. 10.
[3] Ibid. p. 490. [4] Ibid. p. 12.
[5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. p. 14. [7] Ibid. p. 26.

[1] De tuo ipso torrente maxime potare exopto. Coverdale's Remains, p. 491.
[2] Ibid. p. 10. Ibid. p. 19.

only." Tyball, disgusted with the Romish clergy and worship, and convinced that Christians are called to a universal priesthood, soon thought that men could do without a special ministry, and without denying the offices mentioned in Scripture, as some Christians have done since, he attached no importance to them. "Priesthood is not necessary,"[1] he said: "every layman may administer the sacraments as well as a priest." The minister of Bumpstead, one Richard Foxe, and next a greyfriar of Colchester named Meadow, were successively converted by Tyball's energetic preaching.

Coverdale, who was living not far from these parts, having heard speak of this religious revival, came to Bumpstead, and went into the pulpit on the 29th of March 1528, to proclaim the treasures contained in Scripture. Among his hearers was an Augustine monk, named Topley, who was supplying Foxe's place during his absence. This monk, while staying at the parsonage, had found a copy of Wickliffe's *Wicket*, which he read eagerly. His conscience was wounded by it, and all seemed to totter about him.[2] He had gone to church full of doubt, and after divine service he waited upon the preacher, exclaiming: "O my sins, my sins!" "Confess yourself to God," said Coverdale, "and not to a priest. God accepteth the confession which cometh from the heart, and blotteth out all your sins."[3] The monk believed in the forgiveness of God, and became a zealous evangelist for the surrounding country.

The divine word had hardly lighted one torch, before that kindled another. At Colchester, in the same county, a worthy man named Pykas, had received a copy of the Epistles of Saint Paul from his mother, with this advice: "My son, live according to these writings, and not according to the teaching of the clergy." Some time after, Pykas having bought a New Testament, and "read it thoroughly many times,"[4] a total change took place in him. "We must be baptized by the Holy Ghost," he said, and these words passed like a breath of life over his simple-minded hearers. One day, Pykas having learnt that Bilney, the first of the Cambridge doctors who had known the power of God's word, was preaching at Ipswich, he proceeded thither, for he never refused to listen to a priest, when that priest proclaimed the truth. "O, what a sermon! how full of the Holy Ghost!" exclaimed Pykas.

From that period meetings of the brothers in Christ (for thus they were called) increased in number. They read the New Testament, and each imparted to the others what he had received for the instruction of all. One day when the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew had been read, Pykas, who was sometimes wrong in the spiritual interpretation of Scripture, remarked: "When the Lord declares that *not one stone of the temple shall be left upon another*, he speaks of those haughty priests who persecute those whom they call heretics, and who pretend to be the temple of God. God will destroy them all." After protesting against the priest, he protested against the host: "The real body of Jesus Christ is in the Word," he said: "God is in the Word, the Word is in God.[1] God and the Word cannot be separated. Christ is the living Word that nourishes the soul." These humble preachers increased. Even women knew the Epistles and Gospels by heart: Marion Matthew, Dorothy Long, Catherine Swain, Alice Gardiner, and above all, Gyrling's wife, who had been in service with a priest lately burnt for heresy, took part in these gospel meetings.[2] And it was not in cottages only that the glad tidings were then proclaimed; Bower Hall, the residence of the squires of Bumpstead, was open to Foxe, Topley, and Tyball, who often read the Holy Scriptures in the great hall of the mansion, in the presence of the master and all their household: a humble Reformation more real than that effected by Henry VIII.

There was, however, some diversity of opinion among these brethren. "All who have begun to believe," said Tyball, Pykas, and others, "ought to meet together to hear the word and increase in faith. We pray in common....and that constitutes a church." Coverdale, Bilney, and Latimer willingly recognised these incomplete societies, in which the members met simply as *disciples;* they believed them necessary at a period when the church was forming. These societies (in the reformer's views) proved that organization has not the priority in the Christian church, as Rome maintains, and that this priority belongs to the faith and the life. But this imperfect form they also regarded as provisional. To prevent numerous dangers, it was necessary that this society should be succeeded by another, the church of the New Testament, with its elders or bishops, and deacons. The word, they thought, rendered a ministry of the word necessary; and for its proper exercise not only piety was required, but a knowledge of the sacred languages, the gift of eloquence, its exercise and perfection. However, there was no division among these Christians upon secondary matters.

For some time the bishop of London watched this movement with uneasiness. He caused Hacker to be arrested, who, for six years past, had gone from house to house reading the Bible in London and Essex; examined and threatened him, in-

[1] Strype, Records, i. p. 51.

[2] I felt in my conscience a great wavering. Anderson's Annals of the Bible, vol. i. p. 185.

[3] Coverdale's Remains, p. 481.
Strype, vol. i. ch. i. p. 121.

[1] Strype, vol. i. ch. i. p. 130.

quired carefully after the names of those who had shown him hospitality; and the poor man in alarm had given up about forty of his brethren. Sebastian Harris, priest of Kensington, Forman, rector of All Hallows, John and William Pykas, and many others, were summoned before the bishop. They were taken to prison; they were led before the judges; they were put in the stocks; they were tormented in a thousand ways. Their minds became confused; their thoughts wandered; and many made the confessions required by their persecutors.

The adversaries of the gospel, proud of this success, now desired a more glorious victory. If they could not reach Tyndale, had they not in London the patron of his work, Monmouth, the most influential of the merchants, and a follower of the true faith? The clergy had made religion their business, and the Reformation restored it to the people. Nothing offended the priests so much, as that laymen should claim the right to believe without their intervention, and even to propagate the faith. Sir Thomas More, one of the most amiable men of the sixteenth century, participated in their hatred. He wrote to Cochlæus: "Germany now daily bringeth forth monsters more deadly than what Africa was wont to do;' but, alas! she is not alone. Numbers of Englishmen, who would not a few years ago even hear Luther's name mentioned, are now publishing his praises! England is now like the sea, which swells and heaves before a great storm, without any wind stirring it."[2] More felt particularly irritated, because the boldness of the gospellers had succeeded to the timidity of the Lollards. "The heretics," he said, "have put off hypocrisy, and put on impudence." He therefore resolved to set his hand to the work.

On the 14th of May, 1529, Monmouth was in his shop, when an usher came and summoned him to appear before Sir J. Dauncies, one of the privy council. The pious merchant obeyed, striving to persuade himself that he was wanted on some matter of business; but in this he was deceived, as he soon found out. "What letters and books have you lately received from abroad?"[3] asked, with some severity, Sir Thomas More, who, with Sir William Kingston, was Sir John's colleague.—"None," replied Monmouth. "What aid have you given to any persons living on the continent?"—"None, for these last three years. William Tyndale abode with me six months," he continued, "and his life was what a good priest's ought to be. I gave him ten pounds at the period of his departure, but nothing since. Besides, he is not the only one I have helped; the bishop of London's chaplain, for instance, has received of me more than £50."—"What books have you in your possession?" The merchant named the New Testament and some other works. "All these books have lain more than two years on my table, and I never heard that either priest, friars, or laymen learnt any great errors from them." More tossed his head. "It is a hard matter," he used to say, "to put a dry stick in the fire without its burning, or to nourish a snake in our bosom and not be stung by it"—That is enough," he continued, "we shall go and search your house." Not a paper escaped their curiosity; but they found nothing to compromise Monmouth; he was however sent to the Tower.

After some interval the merchant was again brought before his judges. "You are accused," said More, "of having bought Martin Luther's tracts; of maintaining those who are translating the Scriptures into English; of subscribing to get the New Testament printed in English, with or without glosses; of having imported it into the kingdom; and, lastly, of having said that faith alone is sufficient to save a man."[3]

There was matter enough to burn several men. Monmouth, feeling convinced that Wolsey alone had power to deliver him, resolved to apply to him. "What will become of my poor workmen in London and in the country during my imprisonment?" he wrote to the cardinal. "They must have their money every week; who will give it them?.... Besides, I make considerable sales in foreign countries, which bring large returns to his majesty's customs.[4] If I remain in prison, this commerce is stopped, and of course all the proceeds for the exchequer." Wolsey, who was as much a statesman as a churchman, began to melt; on the eve of a struggle with the pope and the emperor, he feared, besides, to make the people discontented. Monmouth was released from prison. As alderman, and then as sheriff of London, he was faithful until death, and ordered in his last will that thirty sermons should be preached by the most evangelical ministers in England, "to make known the holy word of Jesus Christ."—"That is better," he thought, "than founding masses." The Reformation showed, in the sixteenth century, that great activity in commerce might be allied to great piety.

While these persecutions were agitating the fields and the capital of England, all had changed in the ecclesiastical world because all had changed in the political. The pope, pressed by Henry VIII. and intimidated by the armies of Francis I., had granted the decretal and despatched Campeggio. But,

[1] More's Life, p. 82.
[2] Ibid. p. 117.
[3] Strype, Records, p. 363.

[1] Strype, Records, p. 365.
[2] More's Life, p. 116.
[3] Strype's Mem. i. p. 490.
[4] Strype, Records, i. p. 367

on a sudden, there was a new evolution: a change of events brought a change of counsels. Doria had gone over to the emperor; his fleet had restored abundance to Naples; the army of Francis I., ravaged by famine and pestilence, had capitulated; and Charles V., triumphant in Italy, had said proudly to the pope: "We are determined to defend the queen of England against King Henry's injustice."[1]

Charles having recovered his superiority, the affrighted pope opened his eyes to the justice of Catherine's cause. "Send four messengers after Campeggio," said he to his officers; "and let each take a different road; bid them travel with all speed and deliver our despatches to him."[2] They overtook the legate, who opened the pope's letters. "In the first place," said Clement VII. to him, "protract your journey. In the second place, when you reach England, use every endeavour to reconcile the king and queen. In the third place, if you do not succeed, persuade the queen to take the veil. And in the last place, if she refuses, do not pronounce any sentence favourable to the divorce without a new and express order from me. This is the essential: *Summum et maximum mandatum.*" The ambassador of the sovereign pontiff had a mission to do nothing. This instruction is sometimes as effective as any.

Campeggio, the youngest of the cardinals, was the most intelligent and the slowest; and this slowness caused his selection by the pope. He understood his master. If Wolsey was Henry's spur to urge on Campeggio, the latter was Clement's bridle to check Wolsey.[3] One of the judges of the divorce was about to pull forwards, the other backwards; thus the business stood a chance of not advancing at all, which was just what the pope required.

The legate, very eager to relax his speed, spent three months on his journey from Italy to England. He should have embarked for France on the 23d of July; but the end of August was approaching, and no one knew in that country what had become of him.[4] At length they learnt that he had reached Lyons on the 22d of August. The English ambassador in France sent him horses, carriages, plate, and money, in order to hasten his progress; the legate complained of the *gout*, and Gardiner found the greatest difficulty in getting him to move. Henry wrote every day to Anne Boleyn, complaining of the slow progress of the nuncio. "He arrived in Paris last Sunday or Monday," he says at the beginning of September; "Monday next we shall hear of his arrival in Calais, and then I shall obtain what I have so longed for, to God's pleasure and both our comforts."[1]

At the same time this impatient prince sent message after message to accelerate the legate's rate of travelling.

Anne began to desire a future which surpassed all that her youthful imagination had conceived, and her agitated heart expanded to the breath of hope. She wrote to Wolsey:

"This shall be to give unto your grace, as I am most bound, my humble thanks for the great pain and travail that your grace doth take in studying, by your wisdom and great diligence, how to bring to pass honourably the greatest wealth [well-being] that is possible to come to any creature living; and in especial remembering how wretched and unworthy I am in comparison to his highness.....Now, good my lord, your discretion may consider as yet how little it is in my power to recompense you but alonely [only] with my good will; the which I assure you, look what thing in this world I can imagine to do you pleasure in, you shall find me the gladdest woman in the world to do it."[2]

But the impatience of the king of England and of Anne seemed as if it would never be satisfied. Campeggio, on his way through Paris, told Francis I. that the divorce would never take place, and that he should soon go to *Spain* to see Charles V. .....This was significative. "The king of England ought to know," said the indignant Francis to the duke of Suffolk, "that Campeggio is *imperialist* at heart, and that his mission in England will be a mere mockery."[3]

In truth, the Spanish and Roman factions tried every manœuvre to prevent a union they detested. Anne Boleyn, queen of England, signified not only Catherine humbled, but Charles offended; the clerical party weakened, perhaps destroyed, and the evangelical party put in its place. The Romish faction found accomplices even in Anne's own family. Her brother George's wife, a proud and passionate woman, and a rigid Roman-catholic, had sworn an implacable hatred against her young sister. By this means wounds might be inflicted, even in the domestic sanctuary, which would not be the less deep because they were the work of her own kindred. One day we are told that Anne found in her chamber a book of pretended prophecies, in which was a picture representing a king, a queen shedding tears, and at their feet a lady headless. Anne turned away her eyes with disgust. She desired, however, to know what this emblem signified, and officious friends brought to her one of those

[1] Cum Cæsar materteræ suæ causam contra injurias Henrici propugnaverit. Sanders, p. 28.

[2] Quatuor nuncios celerrimo cursu diversis itineribus ad Campegium misit. Ibid. et Herbert, p. 253.

[3] Fuller, book v. p. 172.

[4] State Papers, vii. p. 91, 92.

[1] Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 117.

[2] Pamphleteer, p. 151.

[3] The cardinal intended not that your Grace's matter should take effect, but only to use dissimulation with your Grace, for he is entirely imperial. Suffolk to Henry, State Papers, vii. p. 183.

pretended wise men, so numerous at all times, who abuse the credulity of the ignorant by professing to interpret such mysteries. "This prophetic picture," he said, "represents the history of the king and his wife." Anne was not credulous, but she understood what her enemies meant to insinuate, and dismissed the mock interpreter without betraying any signs of fear; then turning to her favourite attendant, Anne Saville, "Come hither, Nan," said she, "look at this book of prophecies; this is the king, this is the queen wringing her hands and mourning, and this (putting her fingers on the bleeding body) is *myself*, with my head cut off."—The young lady answered with a shudder: "If I thought it were true, I would not myself have him were he an emperor."—"Tut, Nan," replied Anne Boleyn with a sweet smile, "I think the book a bauble, and am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me."[1] This story is based on good authority, and there were so many predictions of this kind afloat that it is very possible one of them might come true; people afterwards recollect only the prophecies confirmed by the events. But, be that as it may, this young lady, so severely chastised in after days, found in her God an abundant consolation.

At length Campeggio embarked at Calais on the 29th of September, and unfortunately for him he had an excellent passage across the Channel. A storm to drive him back to the French coast would have suited him admirably. But on the 1st of October he was at Canterbury, whence he announced his arrival to the king. At this news, Henry forgot all the delays which had so irritated him. "His majesty can never be sufficiently grateful to your holiness for so great a favour," wrote Wolsey to the pope: "but he will employ his riches, his kingdom, his life even, and deserve the name of *Restorer of the Church* as justly as he has gained that of *Defender of the Faith*." This zeal alarmed Campeggio, for the pope wrote to him that any proceeding which might irritate Charles would inevitably cause the ruin of the church.[2] The nuncio became more dilatory than ever, and although he reached Canterbury on the 1st of October, he did not arrive at Dartford until the 5th, thus taking four days for a journey of about thirty miles.[3]

Meanwhile preparations were making to receive him in London. Wolsey, feeling contempt for the poverty of the Roman cardinals, and very uneasy about the equipage with which his colleague was likely to make his entrance into the capital, sent a number of showy chests, rich carpets, litters hung with drapery, and harnessed mules. On the other hand Campeggio, whose secret mission was to keep in the back-ground, and above all to do nothing, feared these banners, and trappings, and all the parade of a triumphal entry. Alleging therefore an attack of gout in order to escape from the pomps his colleague had prepared for him, he quietly took a boat, and thus reached the palace of the bishop of Bath, where he was to lodge.

While the nuncio was thus proceeding unnoticed up the Thames, the equipages sent by Wolsey entered London through the midst of a gaping crowd, who looked on them with curiosity as if they had come from the banks of the Tiber. Some of the mules however took fright and ran away, the coffers fell off and burst open, when there was a general rush to see their contents; but to the surprise of all they were empty. This was an excellent jest for the citizens of London. "Fine outside, empty inside; a just emblem of the popedom, its embassy, and foolish pomps," they said; "a sham legate, a procession of masks, and the whole a farce!"

Campeggio was come at last, and now what he dreaded most was an audience. "I cannot move," he said, "or endure the motion of a litter."[1] Never had an attack of gout been more seasonable. Wolsey, who paid him frequent visits, soon found him to be his equal in cunning. To no purpose did he treat him with every mark of respect, shaking his hand and making much of him;[2] it was labour lost, the Roman nuncio would say nothing, and Wolsey began to despair. The king, on the contrary, was full of hope, and fancied he already had the act of divorce in his portfolio, because he had the nuncio in his kingdom.

The greatest effect of the nuncio's arrival was the putting an end to Anne Boleyn's indecision. She had several relapses: the trials which she foresaw, and the grief Catherine must necessarily feel, had agitated her imagination and disturbed her mind. But when she saw the church and her own enemies prepared to pronounce the king's divorce, her doubts were removed, and she regarded as legitimate the position that was offered her. The king, who suffered from her scruples, was delighted at this change. "I desire to inform you," he wrote to her in English, "what joy it is to me to understand of your conformableness with reason, and of the suppressing of your inutile and vain thoughts and fantasies with the bridle of reason. I assure you all the greatness of this world could not counterpoise for my satisfaction the knowledge and certainty thereof.....The unfeigned sickness of this

[1] Wyatt, p. 430.

[2] Sanga to Campeggio, from Viterbo, 27th September. Ranke, Deutsche Gesch. iii. p. 135.

[3] State Papers, vii. p. 94, 95.

[1] Despatch from the bishop of Bayonne, 16th October 1529. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 169.

[2] Quem sæpius visitavi et amantissime sum complexus. State Papers, vii. p. 103.

well-willing legate doth somewhat retard his access to your person."[1] It was therefore the determination of the pope that made Anne Boleyn resolve to accept Henry's hand; this is an important lesson for which we are indebted to the *Vatican letters*. We should be grateful to the papacy for having so carefully preserved them.

But the more Henry rejoiced, the more Wolsey despaired; he would have desired to penetrate into Clement's thoughts, but could not succeed. Imagining that De Angelis, the general of the Spanish Observance, knew all the secrets of the pope and of the emperor, he conceived the plan of kidnapping him. "If he goes to Spain by sea," said he to Du Bellay, "a good brigantine or two would do the business; and if by land, it will be easier still." Du Bellay failed not (as he informs us himself) "to tell him plainly that by such proceedings he would entirely forfeit the pope's good will."—"What matter?" replied Wolsey, "I have nothing to lose." As he said this, tears started to his eyes.[2] At last he made up his mind to remain ignorant of the pontiff's designs, and wiped his eyes, awaiting, not without fear, the interview between Henry and Campeggio.

On the 22d of October, a month after his arrival, the nuncio, borne in a sedan chair of red velvet, was carried to court. He was placed on the right of the throne, and his secretary in his name delivered a high-sounding speech, saluting Henry with the name of Saviour of Rome, *Liberator urbis*. "His majesty," replied Fox in the king's name, "has only performed the duties incumbent on a Christian prince, and he hopes the holy see will bear them in mind." —"Well attacked, well defended," said Du Bellay. For the moment, a few Latin declamations got the papal nuncio out of his difficulties.

Campeggio did not deceive himself: if the divorce were refused, he foresaw the reformation of England. Yet he hoped still, for he was assured that Catherine would submit to the judgment of the church; and being fully persuaded that the queen would refuse the holy father nothing, the nuncio began "his approaches," as Du Bellay calls them. On the 27th of October, the two cardinals waited on Catherine, and in flattering terms insinuated that she might prevent the blow which threatened her by voluntary retirement into a convent. And then, to end all indecision in the queen's mind, Campeggio put on a severe look and exclaimed: "How is it, madam, explain the mystery to us? From the moment the holy father appointed us to examine the question of your divorce, you have been seen not only at court, but in public, wearing the most magnificent ornaments, participating with an appearance of gayety and satisfaction at amusements and festivities which you had never tolerated before.....The church is in the most cruel embarrassment with regard to you; the king, your husband, is in the greatest perplexity; the princess, your daughter, is taken from you.....and instead of shedding tears, you give yourself up to vanity. Renounce the world, madam; enter a nunnery. Our holy father himself requires this of you."[1]

The agitated queen was almost fainting; stifling her emotion, however, she said mildly but firmly: "Alas! my lords, is it now a question whether I am the king's lawful wife or not, when I have been married to him almost twenty years and no objection raised before?.....Divers prelates and lords are yet alive who then adjudged our marriage good and lawful,—and now to say it is detestable! this is a great marvel to me, especially when I consider what a wise prince the king's father was, and also the natural love and affection my father, King Ferdinand, bare unto me. I think that neither of these illustrious princes would have made me contract an illicit union." At these words Catherine's emotion compelled her to stop. "If I weep, my lords," she continued almost immediately, "it is not for myself, it is for a person dearer to me than my life. What! I should consent to an act which deprives my daughter of a crown? No, I will not sacrifice my child. I know what dangers threaten me. I am only a weak woman, a stranger, without learning, advisers, or friends.....and my enemies are skilful, learned in the laws, and desirous to merit their master's favour.....and more than that my judges are my enemies. Can I receive as such," she said as she looked at Campeggio, "a man extorted from the pope by manifest lying?.....And as for you," added she, turning haughtily to Wolsey, "having failed in attaining the tiara, you have sworn to revenge yourself on my nephew the emperor.....and you have kept him true promise; for of all his wars and vexations, he may only thank you. One victim was not enough for you. Forging abominable suppositions, you desire to plunge his aunt into a frightful abyss..... But my cause is just, and I trust it in the Lord's hand." After this bold language, the unhappy Catherine withdrew to her apartments. The imminence of the danger effected a salutary revolution in her; she laid aside her brilliant ornaments, assumed the sober garments in which she is usually represented, and passed days and nights in mourning and in tears.[2]

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[1] Pamphleteer, No. 43, p. 123.
Du Bellay to Montmorency, 21st October. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 185.

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 1st November. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 195.

[2] Regina in luctu et lacrymis noctes diesque egit. Sanders, p. 29.

Thus Campeggio saw his hopes deceived; he had thought to find a nun, and had met a queen and a mother....He now proceeded to set every imaginable spring at work; as Catherine would not renounce Henry, he must try and prevail upon Henry to renounce his idea of separating from the queen. The Roman legate therefore changed his batteries, and turned them against the king.

Henry, always impatient, went one day unannounced to Campeggio's lodging, accompanied by Wolsey only:[1] "As we are without witnesses," he said, taking his seat familiarly between the two cardinals, "let us speak freely of our affairs.[2]—How shall you proceed?" But to his great astonishment and grief,[3] the nuncio prayed him, with all imaginable delicacy, to renounce the divorce.[4] At these words the fiery Tudor burst out: "Is this how the pope keeps his word? He sends me an ambassador to annul my marriage, but in reality to confirm it." He made a pause. Campeggio knew not what to say. Henry and Catherine being equally persuaded of the justice of their cause, the nuncio was in a dilemma. Wolsey himself suffered a martyrdom.[5] The king's anger grew fiercer; he had thought the legate would hasten to withdraw an imprudent expression, but Campeggio was dumb. "I see that you have chosen your part," said Henry to the nuncio; "mine, you may be sure, will soon be taken also. Let the pope only persevere in this way of acting, and the apostolical see, covered with perpetual infamy, will be visited with a frightful destruction."[6] The lion had thrown off the lamb's skin which he had momentarily assumed. Campeggio felt that he must appease the monarch. "Craft and delay" were his orders from Rome; and with that view the pope had provided him with the necessary arms. He hastened to produce the famous *decretal* which pronounced the divorce. "The holy father," he told the king, "ardently desires that this matter should be terminated by a happy reconciliation between you and the queen; but if that is impossible, you shall judge yourself whether or not his holiness can keep his promises." He then read the bull, and even showed it to Henry, without permitting it, however, to leave his hands. This exhibition produced the desired effect: Henry grew calm. "Now I am at ease again," he said; "this miraculous talisman revives all my courage. This decretal is the efficacious remedy that will restore peace to my oppressed conscience, and joy to my bruised heart.[1] Write to his holiness, that this immense benefit binds me to him so closely, that he may expect from me more than his imagination can conceive."

And yet a few clouds gathered shortly after in the king's mind.

Campeggio having shown the bull had hastened to lock it up again. Would he presume to keep it in his own hands? Henry and Wolsey will leave no means untried to get possession of it; that point gained, and victory is theirs.

Wolsey having returned to the nuncio, he asked him for the decretal with an air of candour as if it was the most natural thing in the world. He desired, he said, to show it to the king's privy councillors. "The pope," replied Campeggio, "has granted this bull, not to be used, but to be kept secret;[2] he simply desired to show the king the good feeling by which he was animated." Wolsey having failed, Henry tried his skill. "Have the goodness to hand me the bull which you showed me," said he. The nuncio respectfully refused "For a single moment," he said. Campeggio still refused. The haughty Tudor retired, stifling his anger. Then Wolsey made another attempt, and founded his demand on justice. "Like you, I am delegated by his holiness to decide this affair," he said, "and I wish to study the important document which is to regulate our proceedings."—This was met by a new refusal. "What!" exclaimed the minister of Henry VIII., "am I not, like you, a cardinal?.... like you, a judge? your colleague?" It mattered not, the nuncio would not, by any means, let the decretal go.[3] Clement was not deceived in the choice he had made of Campeggio; the ambassador was worthy of his master.

It was evident that the pope in granting the bull had been acting a part: this trick revolted the king. It was no longer anger that he felt, but disgust. Wolsey knew that Henry's contempt was more to be feared than his wrath. He grew alarmed, and paid the nuncio another visit. "The *general* commission," he said, "is insufficient, the *decretal* commission alone can be of service, and you do not permit us to read a word of it.[4]....The king and I place the greatest confidence in the good intentions of his holiness, and yet we find our expectations frustrated.[5] Where is that paternal affection with which we had flattered our-

[1] Regia majestas et ego ad eum crebro accessimus. State Papers, vii. p. 103.

[2] Rex et duo cardinales, remotis arbitris, de suis rebus multum et dis collocuti. Sanders, p. 29.

[3] Incredibili utriusque nostrum animi mœrore. State Papers, vii. p. 104.

[4] Conatus est omne divortium inter regiam majestatem et reginam dissuadere. Ibid.

[5] Non absque ingenti cruciatu. Ibid.

[6] Ingemiscendum excidium, perpetua infamia. Ibid.

[1] Remedium levamenque afflictæ oppressæque conscientiæ. State Papers, vii. p. 104.

[2] Non ut ea uteremur, sed ut secreta haberetur. Ibid.

[3] Nullo pacto adduci vult, ut mihi, *suæ collegæ*, commissionem hanc decretalem e suis manibus credat. State Papers, vii. p. 105.

[4] Nec ullum verbum nec mentionem ullam. Ibid.

[5] Esse omni spe frustratos quam iu præfata Sanctitate tam ingenue reposueramus. Ibid.

selves? What prince has ever been trifled with as the king of England is now? If this is the way in which the *Defender of the Faith* is rewarded, Christendom will know what those who serve Rome will have to expect from her, and every power will withdraw its support. Do not deceive yourselves: the foundation on which the holy see is placed is so very insecure that the least movement will suffice to precipitate it into everlasting ruin.[1] What a sad futurity! .....what inexpressible torture!....whether I wake or sleep, gloomy thoughts continually pursue me like a frightful nightmare."[2] This time Wolsey spoke the truth.

But all his eloquence was useless; Campeggio refused to give up the so much desired bull. When sending him, Rome had told him: "Above all, do not succeed!" This means having failed, there remained for Wolsey one other way of effecting the divorce. "Well, then," he said to Campeggio, "let us pronounce it ourselves." "Far be it from us," replied the nuncio; "the anger of the emperor will be so great, that the peace of Europe will be broken for ever." "I know how to arrange all that," replied the English cardinal, "in political matters you may trust to me."[3] The nuncio then took another tone, and proudly wrapping himself up in his morality, he said: "I shall follow the voice of my conscience; if I see that the divorce is possible, I shall leap the ditch; if otherwise, I shall not." "Your conscience! that may be easily satisfied," rejoined Wolsey. "Holy Scripture forbids a man to marry his brother's widow; and no pope can grant what is forbidden by the law of God." "The Lord preserve us from such a principle," exclaimed the Roman prelate; "the power of the pope is unlimited." The nuncio had hardly put his conscience forward before it stumbled; it bound him to Rome and not to heaven. But for that matter, neither public opinion nor Campeggio's own friends had any great idea of his morality; they thought that to make him *leap the ditch*, it was only requisite to know the price at which he might be bought. The bishop of Bayonne wrote to Montmorency: "Put at the close of a letter which I can show Campeggio something *promissory*, that he shall have *benefices*....That will cost you nothing, and may serve in this matter of the marriage; for I know that he is longing for something of the sort." "What is to be done then?" said Wolsey at last, astonished at meeting with a resistance to which he was unaccustomed. "I shall inform the pope of what I have seen and heard," replied Campeggio, "and I shall wait for his instructions." Henry was forced to consent to this new course, for the nuncio hinted, that if it were opposed he would go in person to Rome to ask the pontiff's orders, and he never would have returned. By this means several months were gained.

During this time men's minds were troubled. The prospect of a divorce between the king and queen had stirred the nation; and the majority, particularly among the women, declared against the king. "Whatever may be done," the people said boldly, "whoever marries the princess Mary will be king of England."[1] Wolsey's spies informed him that Catherine and Charles V. had many devoted partisans even at the court. He wished to make sure of this. "It is pretended," he said one day in an indifferent tone, "that the emperor has boasted that he will get the king driven from his realm, and that by his majesty's own subjects....What do you think of it, my lords?" "Tough against the spur," says Du Bellay, the lords remained silent. At length, however, one of them more imprudent than the rest, exclaimed: "Such a boast will make the emperor lose more than a hundred thousand Englishmen." This was enough for Wolsey. To *lose* them, he thought, Charles must *have* them. If Catherine thought of levying war against her husband, following the example of former queens of England, she would have, then, a party ready to support her; this became dangerous.

The king and the cardinal immediatcly took their measures. More than 15,000 of Charles's subjects were ordered to leave London; the arms of the citizens were seized, "in order that they might have no worse weapon than the tongue;[2] the Flemish councillors accorded to Catherine were dismissed, after they had been heard by the king and Campeggio, "for they had no commission to speak to *the other* [Wolsey]"—and finally, they kept "a great and constant watch" upon the country. Men feared an invasion of England, and Henry was not of a humour to subject his kingdom to the pope.

This was not enough; the alarmed king thought it his duty to come to an explanation with his people; and having summoned the lords spiritual and temporal, the judges, the members of the privy-council, the mayor and aldermen of the city, and many of the gentry, to meet him at his palace of Bridewell on the 13th of November,[3] he said to them with a very condescending air; "You know, my lords and gentlemen, that for these twenty years past divine Providence has granted our country such prosperity as it had never known before. But in the midst of all the glory that surrounds me, the thought

[1] A fundamento tam levi, incertaque statera pendeat, ut in sempiternam ruinam. Ibid. p. 106.

[2] Quanto animi cruciatu.....vigilans dormiensque. Ibid. p. 108.

[3] Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 266.

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 8th November, 1528. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 204.

[2] Ibid. p. 232.

[3] This act is dated Idibus Novembris. Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 714. Herbert and Collyer say the 8th November

of my last nour often occurs to me,[1] and I fear that if I should die without an heir, my death would cause more damage to my people than my life has done them good. God forbid, that for want of a legitimate king England should be again plunged into the horrors of civil war?" Then calling to mind the illegalities invalidating his marriage with Catherine, the king continued: "These thoughts have filled my mind with anxiety, and are continually pricking my conscience. This is the only motive, and God is my witness,[2] which has made me lay this matter before the pontiff. As touching the queen, she is a woman incomparable in gentleness, humility, and buxomness, as I these twenty years have had experiment of; so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be good, I would surely choose her above all other women. But if it be determined by judgment that our marriage was against God's law, and surely void, then I shall not only sorrow in departing from so good a lady and loving companion, but much more lament and bewail my unfortunate chance, that I have so long lived in adultery, to God's great displeasure, and have no true heir of my body to inherit this realm....Therefore I require of you all to pray with us that the very truth may be known, for the discharging of our conscience and the saving of our soul."[3] These words, though wanting in sincerity, were well calculated to soothe men's minds. Unfortunately, it appears that after this *speech from the crown*, the official copy of which has been preserved, Henry added a few words of his own. "If however," he said, according to Du Bellay, casting a threatening glance around him, "there should be any man whatsoever who speaks of his prince in other than becoming terms, I will show him that I am the master, and there is no head so high that I will not roll it from his shoulders."[4] This was a speech in Henry's style; but we cannot give unlimited credit to Du Bellay's assertions, this diplomatist being very fond, like others of his class, of "seasoning" his despatches. But whatever may be the fact as regards the postscript, the speech on the divorce produced an effect. From that time there were no more jests, not even on the part of the Boleyns' enemies. Some supported the king, others were content to pity the queen in secret; the majority prepared to take advantage of a court-revolution which every one foresaw. "The king *so plainly* gave them to understand his pleasure," says the French ambassador, "that they speak more soberly than they have done hitherto."

Henry wishing to silence the clamours of the people, and to allay the fears felt by the higher classes, gave several magnificent entertainments at one time in London, at another at Greenwich, now at Hampton Court, and then at Richmond. The queen accompanied him, but Anne generally remained "in a very handsome lodging which Henry had furnished for her," says Du Bellay. The cardinal, following his master's example, gave representations of French plays with great magnificence. All his hope was in France. "I desire nothing in England, neither in word nor in deed, which is not French,"[1] he said to the bishop of Bayonne. At length Anne Boleyn had accepted the brilliant position she had at first refused, and every day her stately mansion (Suffolk House) was filled with a numerous court,—"more than ever had crowded to the queen." "Yes, yes," said Du Bellay, as he saw the crowd turning towards the *rising sun*, "they wish by these *little* things to accustom the people to endure her, that when *great* ones are attempted, they may not be found so strange."

In the midst of these festivities the grand business did not slumber. When the French ambassador solicited the subsidy intended for the ransom of the sons of Francis I., the cardinal required of him in exchange a paper proving that the marriage had never been valid. Du Bellay excused himself on the ground of his age, and the want of learning; but being given to understand that he could not have the subsidy without it, he wrote the memoir in a single day. The enraptured cardinal and king entreated him to speak with Campeggio.[2] The ambassador consented, and succeeded beyond all expectation. The nuncio, fully aware that a bow too much bent will break, made Henry by turns become the sport of hope and fear. "Take care how you assert that the pope had not the right to grant a dispensation to the king," said he to the French bishop; "this would be denying *his power, which is infinite.* But," added he in a mysterious tone, "I will point out a road that will infallibly lead you to the mark. Show that the holy father has been deceived by false information. *Push me hard on that,*" he continued, "so as to force me to declare that the dispensation was granted on erroneous grounds."[3] Thus did the legate himself reveal the breach by which the fortress might be surprised. "Victory!" exclaimed Henry, as he entered Anne's apartments all beaming with joy.

But this confidence on the part of Campeggio was only a new trick. "There is a

[1] In mentem una venit et concurrit mortis cogitatio. Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 714.

[2] Hæc una res quod Deo teste et in regis oraculo affirmamus. Ibid.

[3] Hall, p. 754.

[4] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 17th November 1528. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 218.

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 1st January. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 268.

[2] Ibid. p. 200.

[3] Poussez-moi cela raide. Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 217.

great rumour at court," wrote Du Bellay, soon after, "that the emperor and the king of France are coming together, and leaving Henry alone, so that all will fall on his shoulders."[1] Wolsey, finding that the intrigues of diplomacy had failed, thought it his duty to put fresh springs in motion, "and by all good and honest means to gain the pope's favour."[2] He saw, besides, to his great sorrow, the new catholicity then forming in the world, and uniting by the closest bonds, the Christians of England to those of the continent. To strike down one of the leaders of this evangelical movement might incline the court of Rome in Henry's favour. The cardinal undertook, therefore, to persecute Tyndale; and this resolution will now transport us to Germany.

The residence of Tyndale and his friends in foreign countries, and the connexions there formed with pious Christians, testify to the fraternal spirit which the Reformation then restored to the church. It is in protestantism that true catholicity is to be found. The Romish church is not a catholic church. Separated from the churches of the east, which are the oldest in Christendom, and from the reformed churches, which are the purest, it is nothing but a sect, and that a degenerated one. A church which should profess to believe in an episcopal unity, but which kept itself separate from the episcopacy of Rome and of the East, and from the evangelical churches, would be no longer a catholic church; it would be a sect more sectarian still than that of the Vatican, a fragment of a fragment. The church of the Saviour requires a truer, a diviner unity than that of priests, who condemn one another. It was the reformers, and particularly Tyndale,[3] who proclaimed throughout Christendom the existence of a *body of Christ*, of which all the children of God are members. The disciples of the Reformation are the true catholics.

It was a catholicity of another sort that Wolsey desired to uphold. He did not reject certain reforms in the church, particularly such as brought him any profit; but, before all, he wished to preserve for the hierarchy their privileges and uniformity. The Romish church in England was then personified in him, and if he fell, its ruin would be near. His political talents and multiplied relations with the continent, caused him to discern more clearly than others the dangers which threatened the popedom. The publication of the Scriptures of God in English appeared to some a cloud without importance, which would soon disappear from the horizon; but to the foreseeing glance of Wolsey, it betokened a mighty tempest. Besides, he loved not the fraternal relations then forming between the evangelical Christians of Great Britain and of other nations. Annoyed by this spiritual catholicity, he resolved to procure the arrest of Tyndale, who was its principal organ.

Already had Hackett, Henry's envoy to the Low Countries, caused the imprisonment of Harman, an Antwerp merchant, one of the principal supporters of the English reformer. But Hackett had in vain asked Wolsey for such documents as would convict him of *treason* (for the crime of loving the Bible was not sufficient to procure Harman's condemnation in Brabant); the envoy had remained without letters from England, and the last term fixed by the law having expired, Harman and his wife were liberated after seven months' imprisonment.

And yet Wolsey had not been inactive. The cardinal hoped to find elsewhere the co-operation which Margaret of Austria refused. It was Tyndale that he wanted, and everything seemed to indicate that he was then hidden at Cologne or in its neighbourhood. Wolsey, recollecting senator Rincke and the services he had already performed, determined to send to him one John West, a friar of the Franciscan convent at Greenwich. West, a somewhat narrow-minded but energetic man, was very desirous of distinguishing himself, and he had already gained some notoriety in England among the adversaries of the Reformation. Flattered by his mission, this vain monk immediately set off for Antwerp, accompanied by another friar, in order to seize Tyndale, and even Roy, once his colleague at Greenwich, and against whom he had there ineffectually contended in argument.

While these men were conspiring his ruin, Tyndale composed several works, got them printed, and sent to England, and prayed God night and day to enlighten his fellow countrymen. "Why do you give yourself so much trouble?" said some of his friends. "They will burn your books as they have burnt the Gospel."—"They will only do what I expect," replied he, "if they burn me also." Already he beheld his own burning pile in the distance; but it was a sight which only served to increase his zeal. Hidden, like Luther at the Wartburg, not however in a castle, but in a humble lodging, Tyndale, like the Saxon reformer, spent his days and nights translating the Bible. But not having an elector of Saxony to protect him, he was forced to change his residence from time to time.

At this epoch, Fryth, who had escaped from the prisons of Oxford, rejoined Tyndale, and the sweets of friendship softened the bitterness of their exile. Tyndale having finished the New Testament, and begun the translation of the Old, the learned Fryth was of great use to him. The more

[1] Le Grand, Preuves, p. 219. [2] Ibid. p. 225.
[3] The Church of Christ is the multitude of all them that believe in Christ, &c Exposition of Matthew, Prologue.

they studied the word of God, the more they admired it. In the beginning of 1529, they published the books of Genesis and Deuteronomy, and addressing their fellow-countrymen, they said: "As thou readest, think that every syllable pertaineth to thine ownself, and suck out the pith of the Scripture."[1] Then denying that visible signs naturally impart grace, as the schoolmen had pretended, Tyndale maintained that the sacraments are effectual only when the Holy Ghost sheds his influence upon them. "The ceremonies of the law," he wrote, "stood the Israelites in the same stead, as the sacraments do us. We are saved not by the power of sacrifice or the deed itself, but by virtue of *faith in the promise*, whereof the sacrifice or ceremony was a token or sign. The Holy Ghost is no dumb God, no God that goeth a-mumming. Wherever the word is proclaimed, this inward witness worketh. If baptism preach me the washing in Christ's blood, so doth the Holy Ghost accompany it; and that deed of preaching through faith doth put away my sins. The ark of Noah saved them in the water through faith."[2]

The man who dared address England in language so contrary to the teaching of the middle ages must be imprisoned. John West, who had been sent with this object, arrived at Antwerp; Hackett procured for him as interpreter a friar of English descent, made him assume a secular dress, and gave him "three pounds" on the cardinal's account; the less attention the embassy attracted, the more likely it would be to succeed. But great was West's vexation, on reaching Cologne, to learn that Rincke was at Frankfort. But that mattered not; the Greenwich monk could search for Tyndale at Cologne, and desire Rincke to do the same at Frankfort; thus there would be two searches instead of one. West procured a "swift" messenger, (he was a monk), and gave him the letter Wolsey had addressed to Rincke.

It was a fair-time at Frankfort, and the city was filled with merchants and their wares. As soon as Rincke had finished reading Wolsey's letter, he hastened to the burgomasters, and required them to confiscate the English translations of the Scriptures, and, above all, to seize "the heretic who was troubling England as Luther troubled Germany." "Tyndale and his friends have not appeared in our fairs since the month of March 1528," replied the magistrates, "and we know not whether they are dead or alive."

Rincke was not discouraged. John Schoot of Strasburgh, who was said to have printed Tyndale's books, and who cared less about the works he published than the money he drew from them, happened to be at Frankfort. "Where is Tyndale?" Rincke asked him. "I do not know," replied the printer; but he confessed that he had printed a thousand volumes at the request of Tyndale and Roy. "Bring them to me," continued the senator of Cologne.—"If a fair price is paid me, I will give them up to you." Rincke paid all that was demanded.

Wolsey would now be gratified, for the New Testament annoyed him almost as much as the divorce; this book, so dangerous in his eyes, seemed on the point of raising a conflagration which would infallibly consume the edifice of Roman traditionalism. Rincke, who participated in his patron's fears, impatiently opened the volumes made over to him; but there was a sad mistake, they were not the New Testament, not even a work of Tyndale's, but one written by William Roy, a changeable and violent man, whom the reformer had employed for some time at Hamburg, and who had followed him to Cologne, but with whom he had soon become disgusted. "I bade him farewell for our two lives," said Tyndale, "and a day longer." Roy, on quitting the reformer, had gone to Strasburg, where he boasted of his relations with him, and had got printed in that city a satire against Wolsey and the monastic orders, entitled *the Burial of the Mass:* this was the book delivered to Rincke. The monk's sarcastic spirit had exceeded the legitimate bounds of controversy, and the senator accordingly dared not send the volumes to England. He did not however discontinue his inquiries, but searched every place where he thought he could discover the New Testament, and having seized all the suspected volumes, set off for Cologne.[1]

Yet he was not satisfied. He wanted Tyndale, and went about asking every one if they knew where to find him. But the reformer, whom he was seeking in so many places, and especially at Frankfort and Cologne, chanced to be residing at about equal distances from these two towns; so that Rincke, while travelling from one to the other, might have met him face to face, as Ahab's messenger met Elijah.[2] Tyndale was at Marburg, whither he had been drawn by several motives. Prince Philip of Hesse was the great protector of the evangelical doctrines. The university had attracted attention in the Reform by the paradoxes of Lambert of Avignon. Here a young Scotsman named Hamilton, afterwards illustrious as a martyr, had studied shortly before, and here too the celebrated printer, John Luft, had his presses. In this city Tyndale and Fryth had taken up

[1] Prologue to the Book of Genesis (Doctr. Tr.) p. 400.

[2] Prologue to the Book of Leviticus (Doctr. Tr.) p. 423, 424, 426.

[1] Anderson, Annals of the Bible, i. p. 203: "I gathered together and packed up all the books from every quarter."

[2] 1 Kings xviii. 7.

their abode in September 1528, and, hidden on the quiet banks of the Lahn, were translating the Old Testament. If Rincke had searched this place he could not have failed to discover them. But either he thought not of it, or was afraid of the terrible landgrave. The direct road by the Rhine was that which he followed, and Tyndale escaped.

When he arrived at Cologne, Rincke had an immediate interview with West. Their investigations having failed, they must have recourse to more vigorous measures. The senator, therefore, sent the monk back to England, accompanied by his son Hermann, charging them to tell Wolsey: "To seize Tyndale we require fuller powers, ratified by the emperor. The traitors who conspire against the life of the king of England are not tolerated in the empire, much less Tyndale and all those who conspire against Christendom. He must be put to death; nothing but some striking example can check the Lutheran heresy.—And as to ourselves," they were told to add, "by the favour of God there may possibly be an opportunity for his royal highness and your grace to recompense us."[1] Rincke had not forgotten the subsidy of ten thousand pounds which he had received from Henry VII. for the Turkish war, when he had gone to London as Maximilian's envoy.

West returned to England sorely vexed that he had failed in his mission. What would they say at court and in his monastery? A fresh humiliation was in reserve for him. Roy, whom West had gone to look for on the banks of the Rhine, had paid a visit to his mother on the banks of the Thames; and to crown all, the new doctrines had penetrated into his own convent. The warden, Father Robinson, had embraced them, and night and day the Greenwich monks read that New Testament which West had gone to Cologne to burn. The Antwerp friar, who had accompanied him on his journey, was the only person to whom he could confide his sorrows; but the Franciscans sent him back again to the continent, and then amused themselves at poor West's expense. If he desired to tell of his adventures on the banks of the Rhine, he was laughed at; if he boasted of the names of Wolsey and Henry VIII., they jeered him still more. He desired to speak to Roy's mother, hoping to gain some useful information from her; this the monks prevented. "It is my commission," he said. They ridiculed him more and more. Robinson, perceiving that the commission made West assume unbecoming airs of independence, requested Wolsey to withdraw it; and West, fancying he was about to be thrown into prison, exclaimed in alarm: "I am weary of my life!" and conjured a friend whom he had at court to procure him before Christmas an *obedience* under his lordship's hand and seal, enabling him to leave the monastery: "What you pay him for it," he added, "I shall see you be reimbursed." Thus did West expiate the fanatical zeal which had urged him to pursue the translator of the oracles of God. What became of him, we know not: he is never heard of more.

At that time Wolsey had other matters to engage him than this "obedience." While West's complaints were going to London, those of the king were travelling to Rome. The great business in the cardinal's eyes was to maintain harmony between Henry and the church. There was no more thought about investigations in Germany, and for a time Tyndale was saved.

The king and a part of his people still adhered to the popedom, and so long as these bonds were not broken the word of God could not have free course. But to induce England to renounce Rome, there must indeed be powerful motives: and these were not wanting.

Wolsey had never given such pressing orders to any of Henry's ambassadors: "The king," he wrote to Da Casale on the 1st of November 1528, "commits this business to your prudence, dexterity, and fidelity; and I conjure you to employ all the powers of your genius, and even to surpass them. Be very sure that you have done nothing and can do nothing that will be more agreeable to the king, more desirable by me, and more useful and glorious for you and your family."[1]

Da Casale possessed a tenacity which justified the cardinal's confidence, and an active excitable mind: trembling at the thought of seeing Rome lose England, he immediately requested an audience of Clement VII. "What!" said he to the pope, "just as it was proposed to go on with the divorce, your nuncio endeavours to dissuade the king!.... There is no hope that Catherine of Aragon will ever give an heir to the crown. Holy father, there must be an end of this. Order Campeggio to place the *decretal* in his majesty's hands." "What say you!" exclaimed the pope. "I would gladly lose one of my fingers to recover it again, and you ask me to make it public ....it would be my ruin."[2] Da Casale insisted: "We have a duty to perform," he said; "we remind you at this last hour of the perils threatening the relations which unite Rome and England. The crisis is at hand. We knock at your door, we cry, we urge, we entreat, we lay before you the present and future dangers which threaten

[1] Cotton MSS., Vitellius, B. xxi. fol. 43. Bible Annals, i. p. 204.

[1] Vobis vestræque familiæ utilius aut honorificentius. State Papers, vii. p. 114.

[2] Burnet, Records, ii. p. 20. Unius digiti jactura .....quod factum fuit revocarem.

the papacy.[1]....The world shall know that the king at least has fulfilled the duty of a devoted son of the church. If your holiness desires to keep England in St. Peter's fold. I repeat....now is the time....now is the time."[2] At these words, Da Casale, unable to restrain his emotion, fell down at the pope's feet, and begged him to save the church in Great Britain. The pope was moved. "Rise," said he, with marks of unwonted grief.[3] "I grant you all that is in my power; I am willing to confirm the judgment which the legates may think it their duty to pass; but I acquit myself of all responsibility as to the untold evils which this matter may bring with it....If the king, after having defended the faith and the church, desires to ruin both, on him alone will rest the responsibility of so great a disaster." Clement granted nothing. Da Casale withdrew disheartened, and feeling convinced that the pontiff was about to treat with Charles V.

Wolsey desired to save the popedom; but the popedom resisted. Clement VII. was about to lose that island which Gregory the Great had won with such difficulty. The pope was in the most cruel position. The English envoy had hardly left the palace before the emperor's ambassador entered breathing threats. The unhappy pontiff escaped the assaults of Henry only to be exposed to those of Charles; he was thrown backwards and forwards like a ball. "I shall assemble a general council," said the emperor through his ambassador, "and if you are found to have infringed the canons of the church in any point, you shall be proceeded against with every rigour. Do not forget," added his agent in a low tone, "that your birth is *illegitimate*, and consequently excludes you from the pontificate." The timid Clement, imagining that he saw the tiara falling from his head, swore to refuse Henry everything. "Alas!" he said to one of his dearest confidants, "I repent in dust and ashes that I ever granted this decretal bull. If the king of England so earnestly desires it to be given him, certainly it cannot be merely to know its contents. He is but too familiar with them. It is only to tie my hands in this matter of the divorce; I would rather die a thousand deaths." Clement, to calm his agitation, sent one of his ablest gentlemen of the bed-chamber, Francis Campana, apparently to feed the king with fresh promises, but in reality to cut the only thread on which Henry's hopes still hung. "We embrace your majesty," wrote the pope in the letter given to Campana, "with the paternal love your numerous merits deserve."[4] Now Campana was sent to England to burn clandestinely the famous decretal;[1] Clement concealed his blows by an embrace. Rome had granted many divorces not so well founded as that of Henry VIII.; but a very different matter from a divorce was in question here; the pope, desirous of upraising in Italy his shattered power, was about to sacrifice the Tudor and prepare the triumph of the Reformation. Rome was separating herself from England.

All Clement's fear was, that Campana would arrive too late to burn the bull; he was soon reassured; a dead calm prevented the *great matter* from advancing. Campeggio, who took care to be in no hurry about his mission, gave himself up, like a skilful diplomatist, to his worldly tastes; and when he could not, due respect being had to the state of his legs, indulge in the chase, of which he was very fond, he passed his time in gambling, to which he was much addicted. Respectable historians assert that he indulged in still more illicit pleasures.[2] But this could not last for ever, and the nuncio sought some new means of delay, which offered itself in the most unexpected manner. One day an officer of the queen's presented to the Roman legate a *brief* of Julius II., bearing the same date as the *bull* of dispensation, signed too, like that, by the secretary Sigismond, and in which the pope expressed himself in such a manner, that Henry's objections fell of themselves. "The emperor," said Catherine's messenger, "has discovered this brief among the papers of Puebla, the Spanish ambassador in England, at the time of the marriage."—"It is impossible to go on," said Campeggio to Wolsey; "all your reasoning is now cut from under you. *We must wait for fresh instructions.*" This was the cardinal's conclusion at every new incident, and the journey from London to the Vatican being very long (without reckoning the Roman dilatoriness) the expedient was infallible.

Thus there existed two acts of the same pope, signed on the same day—the one secret, the other public, in contradiction to each other. Henry determined to send a new mission to Rome. Anne proposed for this embassy one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the court, her cousin, Sir Francis Bryan. With him was joined an Italian, Peter Vannes, Henry's Latin secretary. "You will search all the registers of the time of Julius II.," said Wolsey to them; "you will study the handwriting of Secretary Sigismond, and you will attentively examine the ring of the fisherman used by that pontiff.[3]—Moreover, you will

[1] Admonere, exclamare, rogare, instare, urgere, pulsare, pericula præsentia et futura demonstrare. State Papers, vii. p. 112.

[2] Tempus jam in promptu adest. Ibid.

[3] Burnet's Ref. i. p. 44. Records, p. xx.

[4] Nos illum paterna charitate complecti, ut sua erga nos atque hanc sedem plurima merita requirunt. State Papers, vii. 116.

[1] To charge Campegius to burn the decretal. Herbert, p. 250. Burnet's Ref. i. 47.

[2] Hunting and gaming all the day long, and following harlots all the night. Burnet, i. p. 52.

[3] State Papers, vii. p. 126, note.

inform the pope that it is proposed to set a certain greyfriar, named De Angelis, in his place, to whom Charles would give the *spiritual* authority, reserving the *temporal* for himself. You will manage so that Clement takes alarm at the project, and you will then offer him a guard of 2000 men to protect him. You will ask whether, in case the queen should desire to embrace a religious life, on condition of the king's doing the same, and Henry should yield to this wish,[1] he could have the assurance that the pope would afterwards release him from his vows. And, finally, you will inquire whether, in case the queen should refuse to enter a convent, the pope would permit the king to have *two wives*, as we see in the Old Testament."[2] The idea which has brought so much reproach on the landgrave of Hesse was not a new one; the honour of it belongs to a cardinal and legate of Rome, whatever Bossuet may say. "Lastly," continued Wolsey, "as the pope is of a timid disposition, you will not fail to season your remonstrance with threats. You, Peter, will take him aside and tell him that, as an Italian, having more at heart than any one the glory of the holy see, it is your duty to warn him, that if he persists, the king, his realm, and many other princes, will for ever separate from the papacy."

It was not on the mind of the pope alone that it was necessary to act; the rumour that the emperor and the king of France were treating together disturbed Henry. Wolsey had vainly tried to sound Du Bellay; these two priests tried craft against craft. Besides, the Frenchman was not always seasonably informed by his court, letters taking *ten days* to come from Paris to London.[3] Henry resolved to have a conference with the ambassador. He began by speaking to him of *his matter*," says Du Bellay, "and I promise you," he added, "that he needs no advocate, he understands the whole business so well." Henry next touched upon the *wrongs* of Francis I., "recalling so many things that the envoy knew not what to say."—"I pray you, Master Ambassador," said Henry in conclusion, "to beg the king, my brother, to give up a little of his amusements during a year only for the prompt despatch of his affairs. Warn those whom it concerns." Having given this spur to the king of France, Henry turned his thoughts towards Rome.

In truth, the fatal brief from Spain tormented him day and night, and the cardinal tortured his mind to find proofs of its non-authenticity; if he could do so, he would acquit the papacy of the charge of duplicity, and accuse the emperor of forgery. At last he thought he had succeeded. "In the first place," he said to the king, "the brief has the same date as the bull. Now, if the errors in the latter had been found out on the day it was drawn up, it would have been more natural to make another than to append a brief pointing out the errors. What! the same pope, the same day, at the petition of the same persons, give out two rescripts for one effect,[1] one of which contradicts the other! Either the bull was good, and then, why the brief? or the bull was bad, and then, why deceive princes by a worthless bull? Many names are found in the brief incorrectly spelt, and these are faults which the pontifical secretary, whose accuracy is so well known, could not have committed.[2] Lastly, no one in England ever heard mention of this brief; and yet it is here that it ought to be found." Henry charged Knight, his principal secretary, to join the other envoys with all speed, in order to prove to the pope the suppositious character of the document.

This important paper revived the irritation felt in England against Charles V., and it was resolved to come to extremities. Every one discontented with Austria took refuge in London, particularly the Hungarians. The ambassador from Hungary proposed to Wolsey to adjudge the imperial crown of Germany to the elector of Saxony or the landgrave of Hesse, the two chiefs of protestantism.[3] Wolsey exclaimed in alarm: "It will be an inconvenience to Christendom, *they are so Lutheran.*" But the Hungarian ambassador so satisfied him, that in the end he did not find the matter quite so inconvenient. These schemes were prospering in London, when suddenly a new metamorphosis took place under the eyes of Du Bellay. The king, the cardinal, and the ministers appeared in strange consternation. Vincent da Casale had just arrived from Rome with a letter from his cousin the prothonotary, informing Henry that the pope, seeing the triumph of Charles V., the indecision of Francis I., the isolation of the king of England, and the distress of his cardinal, had flung himself into the arms of the emperor. At Rome they went so far as to jest about Wolsey, and to say that since he could not be St. Peter, they would make him St. Paul.

[1] Only thereby to conduce the queen thereunto. State Papers, vii. p. 136, note.

[2] De duabus uxoribus. Henry's Instructions to Knight, in the middle of December 1528. Ibid. p. 137. Some great reasons and precedents of the Old Testament appear. Instructions to same, 1st Dec. Ibid. p. 136, note.

[3] La dite lettre du roi, combien qu'elle fût du 3, je l'ai reçue sinon le 13; le pareil m'advint quasi de toutes autres. Du Bellay to Montmorency, 20 Dec. Le Grand, Preuves.

[1] State Papers, vol. vii. p. 130.

[2] Queen *Isabella* was called *Elizabeth* in the brief; but I have seen a document from the court of Madrid in which Queen Elizabeth of England was called Isabella; it is not therefore an error without a parallel.

[3] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 12 Jan. 1529. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 279.

While they were ridiculing Wolsey at Rome, at St. Germain's they were joking about Henry. "I will make him get rid of the notions he has in his head," said Francis; and the Flemings, who were again sent out of the country, said as they left London, "that this year they would carry on the war so vigorously, that it would be really a sight worth seeing."

Besides these public griefs, Wolsey had his private ones. Anne Boleyn, who had already begun to use her influence on behalf of the despotic cardinal's victims, gave herself no rest until Cheyney, a courtier disgraced by Wolsey, had been restored to the king's favour. Anne even gave utterance to several biting sarcasms against the cardinal, and the duke of Norfolk and his party began "to speak big," says Du Bellay. At the moment when the pope, scared by Charles V., was separating from England, Wolsey himself was tottering. Who shall uphold the papacy?....After Wolsey, nobody! Rome was on the point of losing the power which for nine centuries she had exercised in the bosom of this illustrious nation. The cardinal's anguish cannot be described; unceasingly pursued by gloomy images, he saw Anne on the throne causing the triumph of the Reformation: This nightmare was stifling him. "His grace, the legate, is in great trouble," wrote the bishop of Bayonne. "However ....he is still more cunning than they are."[1]

To still the tempest Wolsey had only one resource left; this was to render Clement favourable to his master's designs. The crafty Campana, who had burnt the decretal, conjured him not to believe all the reports transmitted to him concerning Rome. "To satisfy the king," said he to the cardinal, "the holy father will, if necessary, descend from the pontifical throne."[2] Wolsey therefore resolved to send to Rome a more energetic agent than Vannes, Bryan, or Knight, and cast his eyes on Gardiner. His courage began to revive, when an unexpected event fanned once more his loftiest hopes.

On the 6th of January 1599, the feast of Epiphany, just as the pope was performing mass, he was attacked by a sudden illness; he was taken to his room, apparently in a dying state. When this news reached London, the cardinal resolved to hasten to abandon England, when the soil trembled under his feet, and to climb boldly to the throne of the pontiffs. Bryan and Vannes, then at Florence, hurried on to Rome through roads infested with robbers, At Orvieto they were informed the pope was better; at Viterbo, no one knew whether he was alive or dead; at Ronciglione, they were assured that he had expired; and, finally, when they reached the metropolis of the popedom, they learnt that Clement could not survive, and that the imperialists, supported by the Colonnas, were striving to have a pope devoted to Charles V.[1]

But great as might be the agitation at Rome, it was still greater at Whitehall. If God caused De' Medeci to descend from the pontifical throne, it could only be, thought Wolsey, to make him mount it. "It is expedient to have such a pope as may save the realm," said he to Gardiner. "And although it cannot but be incommodious to me in this mine old age to be the common father, yet, when all things be well pondered, the qualities of all the cardinals well considered, I am the only one, without boasting, that can and will remedy the king's secret matter. And were it not for the redintegration of the state of the church, and especially to relieve the king and his realm from their calamities, all the riches and honour of the world should not cause me to accept the said dignity. Nevertheless, I conform myself to the necessities of the times. Wherefore, Master Stephen, that this matter may succeed, I pray you to apply all your ingenuity, spare neither money nor labour. I give you the amplest powers, without restriction or limitation."[2] Gardiner departed to win for his master the coveted tiara.

Henry VIII. and Wolsey, who could hardly restrain their impatience, soon heard of the pontiff's death from different quarters.[3] "The emperor has taken away Clement's life,"[4] said Wolsey, blinded by hatred. "Charles," rejoined the king, "will endeavour to obtain by force or fraud a pope according to his own desires." "Yes, to make him his chaplain," replied Wolsey, "and to put an end by degrees both to pope and popedom."[5] "We must fly to the defence of the church," resumed Henry, "and with that view, my lord, make up your mind to be pope." "That alone," answered the cardinal, "can bring your Majesty's weighty matter to a happy termination, and by saving you, save the church....and myself also," he thought in his heart. "Let us see, let us count the voters."

Henry and his minister then wrote down on a strip of parchment the names of all the cardinals, marking with the letter *A* those who were on the side of the kings of England and France, and with the letter *B* all who favoured the emperor. "There was no *C*," says a chronicler, sarcastically, "to signify any on *Christ's* side." The letter *N* designated the neutrals. "The cardinals present," said Wolsey, "will not

[1] Le Grand, Preuves, p. 295, 296.
[2] Burnet, Hist. Ref. vol. i. p. 60.

[1] State Papers, vii. p. 148–150.
[2] Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 601.
[3] By sundry ways hath been advertised of the death of our holy fathe. Ibid. The king's Instructions.
[4] By some detestable act committed for the late pope's destruction. Ibid. 603.
[5] By little and little utterly to exclude and extinguish him and his authority. Foxe, Acts, iv. p. 603.

exceed thirty-nine, and we must have two-thirds, that is, twenty-six. Now, there are twenty upon whom we can reckon; we must therefore, at any price, gain six of the neutrals."

Wolsey, deeply sensible of the importance of an election that would decide whether England was to be reformed or not, carefully drew up the instructions, which Henry signed, and which history must register. "We desire and ordain," the ambassadors were informed by them, "that you secure the election of the cardinal of York; not forgetting that next to the salvation of his own soul, there is nothing the king desires more earnestly.

"To gain over the neutral cardinals you will employ two methods in partieular. The first is, the cardinals being present, and having God and the Holy Ghost before them, you shall remind them that the cardinal of York alone can save Christendom.

"The second is, because human fragility suffereth not all things to be pondered and weighed in a just balance, it appertaineth in matter of so high importance, to the comfort and relief of all Christendom, to succour the infirmity that may chance..... not for corruption, you will understand..... but rather to help the lacks and defaults of human nature. And, therefore, it shall be expedient that you promise spiritual offices, dignities, rewards of money, or other things which shall seem meet to the purpose.

"Then shall you, with good dexterity, combine and knit those favourable to us in a perfect fastness and indissoluble knot. And that they may be the better animated to finish the election to the king's desire, you shall offer them a guard of 2000 or 3000 men from the kings of England and France, from the viscount of Turin, and the republic of Venice.

"If, notwithstanding all your exertions, the election should fail, then the cardinals of the king's shall repair to some sure place, and there proceed to such an election as may be to God's pleasure.

"And to win more friends for the king, you shall promise, on the one hand, to the Cardinal de' Medici and his party our special favour; and the Florentines, on the other hand, you shall put in comfort of the exclusion of the said family De' Medici. Likewise you shall put the cardinals in perfect hope of recovering the patrimony of the church; and you shall contain the Venetians in good trust of a reasonable way to be taken for Cervia and Ravenna (which formed part of the patrimony) to their contentment."[1]

Such were the means by which the cardinal hoped to win the papal throne. To the right he said *yes*, to the left he said *no*. What would it matter that these perfidies were one day discovered, provided it were after the election. Christendom might be very certain that the choice of the future pontiff would be the work of the Holy Ghost. Alexander VI. had been a poisoner; Julius II. had given way to ambition, anger, and vice; the liberal Leo X. had passed his life in worldly pursuits; the unhappy Clement VII. had lived on stratagems and lies; Wolsey would be their worthy successor;

"All the seven deadly sins have worn the triple crown."[1]

Wolsey found his excuse in the thought, that if he succeeded, the divorce was secured, and England enslaved for ever to the court of Rome.

Success at first appeared probable. Many cardinals spoke openly in favour of the English prelate; one of them asked for a detailed account of his life, in order to present it as a model to the church; another worshipped him (so he said) as a divinity .....Among the gods and popes adored at Rome there were some no better than he. But erelong alarming news reached England. What grief! the pope was getting better. "Conceal your instructions," wrote the cardinal, "and reserve them *in omnem eventum*."

Wolsey not having obtained the tira, it was necessary at least to gain the divorce. "God declares," said the English ambassadors to the pope, "*Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.*[2] Therefore, the king, taking God alone for his guide, requests of you, in the first place, an engagement to pronounce the divorce in the space of three months, and in the second the avocation to Rome."—"The promise first, and only after that the avocation," Wolsey had said; "for I fear that if the pope begins with the avocation, he will never pronounce the divorce."—"Besides," added the envoys, "the king's second marriage admits of no refusal, whatever bulls or briefs there may be.[3] The only issue of this matter is the divorce; the divorce in one way or another must be procured."

Wolsey had instructed his envoys to pronounce these words with a certain air of familiarity, and at the same time with a gravity calculated to produce an effect.[4] His expectations were deceived: Clement was colder than ever. He had determined to abandon England in order that he might secure the States of the Church, of which Charles was then master, thus sacrificing the spiritual to the temporal. "The pope

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 604–608.

[1] Les sept péchés mortels ont porté la tiare. Casimir Delavigne, Derniers chants, le Conclave.

[2] Where Christ is not the foundation, surely no building can be of good work. State Papers, vii. p. 122.

[3] Convocare ad secundas nuptias non platitur negativum. Ibid. p. 138.

[4] Which words, fashioned with a familiarity and somewhat with earnestness and gravity. Ibid.

will not do the least thing for your majesty," wrote Bryan to the king; "your matter may well be in his *Pater noster*, but it certainly is not in his *Credo*."[1] "Increase in importunity," answered the king; "the cardinal of Verona should remain about the pope's person and counterbalance the influence of De Angelis and the archbishop of Capua. I would rather lose my two crowns than be beaten by these two friars."

Thus was the struggle about to become keener than ever, when Clement's relapse once more threw doubt on every thing. He was always between life and death; and this perpetual alternation agitated the king and the impatient cardinal every way. The latter considered that the pope had need of *merits* to enter the kingdom of heaven. "Procure an interview with the pope," he wrote to the envoys, "even though he be in the very agony of death;[2] and represent to him that nothing will be more likely *to save his soul* than the bill of divorce." Henry's commissioners were not admitted; but towards the end of March, the deputies appearing in a body,[3] the pope promised to examine the letter from Spain. Vannes began to fear this document; he represented that those who had fabricated it would have been able to give it an appearance of authenticity. "Rather declare immediately that this brief is not a brief," said he to the pope. "The king of England, who is your holiness's son, is not so like the rest of the world. We cannot put the same shoe on every foot."[4] This rather vulgar argument did not touch Clement. "If to content your master in this business," said he, "I cannot employ my head, at least I will my finger."[5]—"Be pleased to explain yourself," replied Vannes, who found the *finger* a very little matter—"I mean," resumed the pontiff, "that I shall employ every means, provided they are *honourable*." Vannes withdrew disheartened.

He immediately conferred with his colleagues, and altogether, alarmed at the idea of Henry's anger, returned to the pontiff; they thrust aside the lackeys, who endeavoured to stop them, and made their way into his bedchamber. Clement opposed them with that resistance of inertia by which the popedom has gained its greatest victories: *siluit*, he remained silent. Of what consequence to the pontiff were Tudor, his island, and his church, when Charles of Austria was threatening him with his armies? Clement, less proud than Hildebrand, submitted willingly to the emperor's power, provided the emperor would protect him. "I had rather," he said, "be Cæsar's servant, not only in a temple, but in a stable if necessary, than be exposed to the insults of rebels and vagabonds."[1] At the same time he wrote to Campeggio: "Do not irritate the king, but spin out this matter as much as possible;[2] the Spanish brief gives us the means."

In fact, Charles V. had twice shown Lee the original document, and Wolsey, after this ambassador's report, began to believe that it was not Charles who had forged the brief, but that Pope Julius II. had really given two contradictory documents on the same day. Accordingly the cardinal now feared to see this letter in the Pontiff's hands. "Do all you can to dissuade the pope from seeking the original in Spain," wrote he to one of his ambassadors; "it may exasperate the emperor." We know how cautious the cardinal was towards Charles. Intrigue attained its highest point at this epoch, and Englishmen and Romans encountered craft with craft. "In such ticklish negotiations," says Burnet, (who had some little experience in diplomacy,) "ministers must say and unsay as they are instructed, which goes of course as a part of their business."[3] Henry's envoys to the pope intercepted the letters sent from Rome, and had Campeggio's seized.[4] On this part the pope indulged in flattering smiles and perfidious equivocations. Bryan wrote to Henry VIII.: "Always your grace hath done for him in deeds, and he hath recompensed you with fair *words* and fair *writings*, of which both I think your grace shall lack none; but as for the *deeds*, I never believe to see them, and especially at this time."[5] Bryan had comprehended the court of Rome better perhaps than many politicians. Finally, Clement himself, wishing to prepare the king for the blow he was about to inflict, wrote to him: "We have been able to find nothing that would satisfy your ambassadors."[6]

Henry thought he knew what this message meant: that he had found nothing, and would find nothing; and accordingly this prince, who, if we may believe Wolsey, had hitherto shown incredible patience and gentleness,[7] gave way to all his violence. "Very well then," said he; "my lords and

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 330.
[2] Burnet's Ref. i. p. 49.
[3] Postquam conjunctim omnes. State Papers, vii. p. 154.
[4] Uno eodemque calceo omnium pedes velle vestire. Ibid. p. 156.
[5] Quod forsan non licebit toto capite assequi, in eo digitum imponam. Ibid. p. 157.

[1] Malle Cæsari a stabulo nedum a sacris inservire, quam inferiorum hominum subditorum, vassalorum, rebellium injurias sustinere. Herbert, vol. i. p. 261.
[2] Le Grand, vol. i. p. 131.
[3] Burnet's Ref. vol. i. p. 54.
[4] De intercipiendis literis. State Papers, vol. vii. p. 185.
[5] State Papers, vol. vii. p. 167.
[6] He added: Tametsi noctes ac dies per nos ipsi, ac per juris-peritissimos viros omnes vias tentemus. Ibid. p. 165.
[7] Incredibili patientia et humanitate. Burnet, Records, p. xxxii.

I well know how to withdraw ourselves from the authority of the Roman see." Wolsey turned pale, and conjured his master not to rush into that fearful abyss;[1] Campeggio, too, endeavoured to revive the king's hopes. But it was all of no use. Henry recalled his ambassadors.

Henry, it is true, had not yet reached the age when violent characters become inflexible from the habit they have encouraged of yielding to their passions. But the cardinal, who knew his master, knew also that his inflexibility did not depend upon the number of his years; he thought Rome's power in England was lost, and, placed between Henry and Clement, he exclaimed: "How shall I avoid Scylla, and not fall into Charybdis?"[2] He begged the king to make one last effort by sending Dr. Bennet to the pope with orders to support the avocation to Rome, and he gave him a letter in which he displayed all the resources of his eloquence. "How can it be imagined," he wrote, "that the persuasions of sense urge the king to break a union in which the ardent years of his youth were passed with such purity?[3]....The matter is very different. I am on the spot, I know the state of men's minds....Pray, believe me....The divorce is the secondary question; the primary one is *the fidelity of this realm* to the papal see. The nobility, gentry, and citizens all exclaim with indignation: Must our fortunes, and even our lives, depend upon the nod of a foreigner? We must abolish, or at the very least diminish, the authority of the Roman pontiff.[4]....Most holy father, we cannot mention such things without a shudder."....This new attempt was also unavailing. The pope demanded of Henry how he could doubt his good will, seeing that the king of England had done so much for the apostolic see.[5] This appeared a cruel irony to Tudor; the king requested a favour of the pope, and the pope replied by calling to mind those which the papacy had received from his hands. "Is this the way," men asked in England, "in which Rome pays her debts?"

Wolsey had not reached the term of his misfortunes. Gardiner and Bryan had just returned to London: they declared that to demand an avocation to Rome was to lose their cause. Accordingly Wolsey, who turned to every wind, ordered Da Casale, in case Clement should pronounce the avocation, to appeal from the pope, the false head of the church, *to the true vicar of Jesus Christ*.[1] This was almost in Luther's style. Who was this true vicar? Probably a pope nominated by the influence of England.

But this proceeding did not assure the cardinal: he was losing his judgment. A short time before this, Du Bellay, who had just returned from Paris, whither he had gone to retain France on the side of England, had been invited to Richmond by Wolsey. As the two prelates were walking in the park, on that hill whence the eye ranges over the fertile and undulating fields through which the winding Thames pours its tranquil waters, the unhappy cardinal observed to the bishop: "My trouble is the greatest that ever was!....I have excited and carried on this matter of the divorce, to dissolve the union between the two houses of Spain and England, by sowing misunderstanding between them, as if I had no part in it.[2] You know it was in the interest of France; I therefore entreat the king your master and her majesty to do everything that may forward the divorce. I shall esteem such a favour more than if they made me pope; but if they refuse me, my ruin is inevitable." And then giving way to despair, he exclaimed: "Alas! would that I were going to be buried tomorrow!"

The wretched man was drinking the bitter cup his perfidies had prepared for him. All seemed to conspire against Henry, and Bennet was recalled shortly after. It was said at court and in the city: "Since the pope sacrifices us to the emperor, let us sacrifice the pope." Clement VII., intimidated by the threats of Charles V., and tottering upon his throne, madly repelled with his foot the bark of England. Europe was all attention, and began to think that the proud vessel of Albion, cutting the cable that bound her to the pontiffs, would boldly spread her canvass to the winds, and ever after sail the sea alone, wafted onwards by the breeze that comes from heaven.

The influence of Rome over Europe is in great measure political. It loses a kingdom by a royal quarrel, and might in this same way lose ten.

Other circumstances from day to day rendered the emancipation of the church more necessary. If behind these political debates there had not been found a Christian people, resolved never to temporize with error, it is probable that England, after a few years of independence, would have fallen back into the bosom of Rome. The affair of the divorce was not the only one agitating men's minds; the religious controversies, which for some years filled the continent, were always more animated

[1] Ne præceps huc vel illuc rex hic ruat curamus. Ibid. p. xxxiii.

[2] Hanc Charybdin et hos scopulos evitasse. Ibid. p. xxxii.

[3] Sensuum suadela eam abrumpere cupiat consuetudinem. Ibid. p. xxxiii.

[4] Qui nullam aut certe diminutam hic Romani pontificis auctoritatem. Burnet, Records, p. xxxiii.

[5] Dubitare non debes siquidem volueris recordare tua erga nos merita. State Papers, vii. p. 178.

[1] A non vicario ad verum vicarium Jesu Christi. Ibid. p. 191.

[2] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 22d May. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 319.

at Oxford and Cambridge. The *Evangelicals* and the *Catholics* (not very catholic indeed) warmly discussed the great questions which the progress of events brought before the world. The former maintained that the primitive church of the apostles and the actual church of the papacy were not identical; the latter affirmed, on the contrary, the identity of popery and apostolic Christianity. Other Romish doctors in later times, finding this position somewhat embarrassing, have asserted that Catholicism existed only *in the germ* in the apostolic church, and had subsequently developed itself. But a thousand abuses, a thousand errors may creep into a church under cover of this theory. A plant springs from the seed and grows up in accordance with immutable laws; whilst a doctrine cannot be transformed in the mind of man without falling under the influence of sin. It is true that the disciples of popery have supposed a constant action of the Divine Spirit in the Catholic Church, which excludes every influence of error. To stamp on the development of the church the character of truth, they have stamped on the church itself the character of infallibility; *quod erat demonstrandum*. Their reasoning is a mere begging of the question. To know whether the Romish development is identical with the gospel, we must examine it by Scripture.

It was not university men alone who occupied themselves with Christian truth. The separation which has been remarked in other times between the opinions of the people and of the learned, did not now exist. What the doctors taught, the citizens practised; Oxford and London embraced each other. The theologians knew that learning has need of life, and the citizens believed that life has need of that learning which derives the doctrine from the wells of the Scriptures of God. It was the harmony between these two elements, the one theological, the other practical, which constituted the strength of the English reformation.

The evangelical life in the capital alarmed the clergy more than the evangelical doctrine in the colleges. Since Monmouth had escaped, they must strike another. Among the London merchants was John Tewkesbury, one of the oldest friends of the Scriptures in England. As early as 1512 he had become possessor of a manuscript copy of the Bible, and had attentively studied it; When Tyndale's New Testament appeared, he read it with avidity; and, finally, *The Wicked Mammon* had completed the work of his conversion. Being a man of heart and understanding, clever in all he undertook, a ready and fluent speaker, and liking to get to the bottom of everything, Tewkesbury like Monmouth became very influential in the city, and one of the most learned in Scripture of any of the evangelicals. These generous Christians, being determined to consecrate to God the good things they had received from him, were the first among that long series of laymen who were destined to be more useful to the truth than many ministers and bishops. They found time to interest themselves about the most trifling details of the kingdom of God; and in the history of the Reformation in Britain their names should be inscribed beside those of Latimer and Tyndale.

The activity of these laymen could not escape the cardinal's notice. Clement VII. was abandoning England: it was necessary for the English bishops, by crushing the heretics, to show that they would not abandon the popedom. We can understand the zeal of these prelates, and without excusing their persecutions, we are disposed to extenuate their crime. The bishops determined to ruin Tewkesbury. One day in April 1529, as he was busy among his peltries, the officers entered his warehouse, arrested him, and led him away to the bishop of London's chapel, where, besides the ordinary (Tonstall), the bishops of Ely, St. Asaph, Bath, and Lincoln, with the abbot of Westminster, were on the bench. The composition of this tribunal indicated the importance of his case. The emancipation of the laity, thought these judges, is perhaps a more dangerous heresy than justification by faith.

"John Tewkesbury," said the bishop of London, "I exhort you to trust less to your own wit and learning, and more unto the doctrine of the holy mother the church." Tewkesbury made answer, that in his judgment he held no other doctrine than that of the church of Christ. Tonstall then broached the principal charge, that of having read the Wicked Mammon, and after quoting several passages, he exclaimed: "Renounce these errors."—"I find no fault in the book," replied Tewkesbury. "It has enlightened my conscience and consoled my heart. But it is not my gospel. I have studied the Holy Scriptures these seventeen years, and as a man sees the spots of his face in a glass, so by reading them I have learned the faults of my soul.[1] If there is a disagreement between you and the New Testament, put yourselves in harmony with it, rather than desire to put that in accord with you." The bishops were surprised that a leatherseller should speak so well, and quote Scripture so happily that they were unable to resist him.[2] Annoyed at being catechised by a layman, the bishops of Bath, St. Asaph, and Lincoln thought they could conquer him more easily by the rack than by their arguments. He was taken to the Tower, where they ordered him to be put to the torture. His limbs were crushed, which was contrary to the laws of Eng

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 690. [2] Ibid. p. 689.

land, and the violence of the rack tore from him a cry of agony to which the priests replied by a shout of exultation. The inflexible merchant had promised at last to renounce Tyndale's Wicked Mammon. Tewkesbury left the Tower "almost a cripple,"[1] and returned to his house to lament the fatal word which the question had extorted from him, and to prepare in the silence of faith to confess in the burning pile the precious name of Christ Jesus.

We must, however, acknowledge that the "question" was not Rome's only argument. The gospel had two classes of opponents in the sixteenth century, as in the first ages of the church. Some attacked it with the torture, others with their writings. Sir Thomas More, a few years later, was to have recourse to the first of these arguments; but for the moment he took up his pen. He had first studied the writings of the Fathers of the church, and of the Reformers, but rather as an advocate than as a theologian; and then, armed at all points, he rushed into the arena of polemics, and in his attacks dealt those "technical convictions and that malevolent subtlety," says one of his greatest admirers,[2] "from which the honestest men of his profession are not free." Jests and sarcasms had fallen from his pen in his discussion with Tyndale, as in his controversy with Luther. Shortly after Tewkesbury's affair (in June 1529) there appeared *A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knt., touching the pestilent Sect of Luther and Tyndale, by the one begun in Saxony, and by the other laboured to be brought into England.*[3]

Tyndale soon became informed of More's publication, and a remarkable combat ensued between these two representatives of the two doctrines that were destined to divide Christendom—Tyndale the champion of Scripture, and More the champion of the church. More having called his book a *dialogue*, Tyndale adopted this form in his reply,[4] and the two combatants valiantly crossed their swords, though wide seas lay between them. This theological duel is not without importance in the history of the Reformation. The struggles of diplomacy, of sacerdotalism, and of royalty were not enough; there must be struggles of doctrine. Rome had set the hierarchy above the faith; the Reformation was to restore faith to its place above the hierarchy.

More. Christ said not, the Holy Ghost shall *write* but shall *teach*. Whatsoever the church says, it is the word of God, though it be not in Scripture.

Tyndale. What! Christ and the apostles not spoken of *Scriptures!* .... *These are written*, says St. John, *that ye believe, and through belief have life.* (1 John ii. 1; Rom. xv. 4; Matthew xxii. 29.)[1]

More. The apostles have taught by *mouth* many things they did not *write*, because they should not come into the hands of the heathen for mocking.

Tyndale. I pray you what thing more to be mocked by the heathen could they teach than the resurrection; and that Christ was God and man, and died between two thieves? And yet all these things the apostles *wrote*. And again, purgatory, penance, and satisfaction for sin, and praying to saints, are marvellous agreeable unto the superstition of the heathen people, so that they need not to abstain from writing of them for fear lest the heathen should have mocked them.[2]

More. We must not examine the teaching of the church by Scripture, but understand Scripture by means of what the church says.

Tyndale. What! Does the air give light to the sun, or the sun to the air? Is the church before the gospel, or the gospel before the church? Is not the father older than the son? *God begat us with his own will, with the word of truth*, says St. James (i. 18.) If he who begetteth is before him who is begotten, the *word* is before the *church*, or, to speak more correctly, before the *congregation*.

More. Why do you say *congregation* and not *church?*

Tyndale. Because by that word *church*, you understand nothing but a multitude of shorn and oiled, which we now call the spirituality or clergy; while the word of right is common unto all the congregation of them that believe in Christ.[3]

More. The church is the pope and his sect or followers.

Tyndale. The pope teacheth us to trust in holy works for salvation, as penance, saints' merits, and friars' coats.[4] Now, he that hath no faith to be saved through Christ, is not of Christ's church.[5]

More. The Romish church from which the Lutherans came out, was before them, and therefore is the right one.

Tyndale. In like manner you may say, the church of the Pharisees, whence Christ and his apostles came out, was before them, and was therefore the right church, and consequently Christ and his disciples are heretics.

More. No: the apostles came out from the church of the Pharisees because they found not Christ there; but your priests in Germany and elsewhere have come out of our church because they wanted wives.

Tyndale. Wrong.... these priests were

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[1] Foxe, iv. p. 689.

[2] Nisard, Hommes illustres de la renaissance. *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

[3] The Dialogue consisted of 250 pages, and was printed by John Rastell, More's brother-in-law. Tyndale's answer did not appear until later; we have thought it our duty to introduce it here.

[4] Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue.

[1] Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, p. 101.
[2] Ibid. p. 28, 29.
[3] Ibid. p. 12, 13
[4] Ibid. p. 40.
[5] Ibid. p. 39.

at first attached to what you call *heresies*, and then they took wives; but yours were first attached to the *holy* doctrine of the pope, and then they took harlots.[1]

More. Luther's books be open, if ye will not believe us.

Tyndale. Nay, ye have shut them up, and have even burnt them.[2]....

More. I marvel that you deny *purgatory*, Sir William, except it be a plain point with you to go straight to hell.[3]

Tyndale. I know no other purging but faith in the cross of Christ; while you, for a groat or a sixpence, buy some secret pills [indulgences] which you take to purge yourselves of your sins.[4]

More. Faith, then, is your purgatory, you say; there is no need, therefore, of works—a most immoral doctrine!

Tyndale. It is faith *alone* that saves us, but not a *bare faith*. When a horse beareth a saddle and a man thereon, we may well say that the horse only and alone beareth the saddle, but we do not mean the saddle empty, and no man thereon.[5]

In this manner did the catholic and the evangelical carry on the discussion. According to Tyndale, what constitutes the true church is the work of the Holy Ghost within; according to More, the constitution of the papacy without. The spiritual character of the gospel is thus put in opposition to the formalist character of the Roman church. The Reformation restored to our belief the solid foundation of the word of God; for the sand it substituted the rock. In the discussion to which we have just been listening, the advantage remained not with the catholic. Erasmus, a friend of More's, embarrassed by the course the latter was taking, wrote to Tonstall: "I cannot heartily congratulate More."[6]

Henry interrupted the celebrated knight in these contests to send him to Cambray, where a peace was negotiating between France and the empire. Wolsey would have been pleased to go himself; but his enemies suggested to the king, "that it was only that he might not expedite the matter of the divorce." Henry, therefore, despatched More, Knight, and Tonstall; but Wolsey had created so many delays that they did not arrive until after the conclusion of the *Ladies' Peace* (August 1529). The king's vexation was extreme. Du Bellay had in vain helped him to spend a *good preparatory July* to make him *swallow the dose*.[7] Henry was angry with Wolsey, Wolsey threw the blame on the ambassador, and the ambassador defended himself, he tells us, "with tooth and nail."[8]

By way of compensation, the English envoys concluded with the emperor a treaty prohibiting on both sides the printing and sale of "any Lutheran books."[1] Some of them could have wished for a good persecution, for a few burning piles, it may be. A singular opportunity occurred. In the spring of 1529, Tyndale and Fryth had left Marburg for Antwerp, and were thus in the vicinity of the English envoys. What West had been unable to effect, it was thought the two most intelligent men in Britain could not fail to accomplish. "Tyndale must be captured," said More and Tonstall.—"You do not know what sort of a country you are in," replied Hackett. "Will you believe that on the 7th of April, Harman arrested me at Antwerp for damages, caused by his imprisonment? If you can lay any thing to my charge as a private individual, I said to the officer, I am ready to answer for myself; but if you arrest me as ambassador, I know no judge but the emperor. Upon which the procurator had the audacity to reply, that I was arrested *as ambassador;* and the lords of Antwerp only set me at liberty on condition that I should appear again at the first summons.[2] These merchants are so proud of their franchises, that they would resist even Charles himself." This anecdote was not at all calculated to encourage More; and not caring about a pursuit, which promised to be of little use he returned to England. But the bishop of London, who was left behind, persisted in the project, and repaired to Antwerp to put it in execution.

Tyndale was at that time greatly embarrassed; considerable debts, incurred with his printers, compelled him to suspend his labours. Nor was this all: the prelate who had spurned him so harshly in London, had just arrived in the very city where he lay concealed....What would become of him? ....A merchant, named Augustin Packington, a clever man, but somewhat inclined to dissimulation, happening to be at Antwerp on business, hastened to pay his respects to the bishop. The latter observed, in the course of conversation: "I should like to get hold of the books with which England is poisoned."—"I can perhaps serve you in that matter," replied the merchant. "I know the Flemings, who have bought Tyndale's books; so that if your lordship will be pleased to pay for them, I will make sure of them all."—Oh, oh!" thought the bishop, "Now, as the proverb says, I shall have God by the toe.[3] Gentle Master Packington," he added in a flattering tone, "I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you. I intend to burn them at St. Paul's cross." The bishop, having his hand already on Tyndale's Testaments,

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[1] Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, p. 104.
[2] Ibid. p. 189. [3] Ibid. p. 214.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. p. 197.
[6] Thomæ Moro non admodum gratulor. Erasm. Epp. p. 1478.
[7] Juillet préparatoire pour lui faire avaler la médecine.
[8] Du bec et des ongles. Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, iii. p. 328.

[1] Herbert, p. 316.
[2] Hackett to Wolsey, Brussels, 13th April, 1529 Bible Annals, vol. i. p. 199.
[3] Foxe, iv. p. 670.

fancied himself on the point of seizing Tyndale himself.

Packington, being one of those men who love to conciliate all parties, ran off to Tyndale, with whom he was intimate, and said: "William I know you are a poor man, and have a heap of New Testaments and books by you, for which you have beggared yourself; and I have now found a merchant who will buy them all, and with ready money too."—"Who is the merchant?" said Tyndale.—"The bishop of London."—"Tonstall?....If he buys my books, it can only be to burn them." "No doubt," answered Packington; "but what will he gain by it? The whole world will cry out against the priest who burns God's word, and the eyes of many will be opened. Come, make up your mind, William; the bishop shall have the books, you the money, and I the thanks."....Tyndale resisted the proposal; Packington became more pressing. "The question comes to this," he said; "shall the bishop pay for the books or shall he not? for, make up your mind. ....he will have them." "I consent," said the reformer at last; "I shall pay my debts, and bring out a new and more correct edition of the Testament." The bargain was made.

Erelong the danger thickened around Tyndale. Placards, posted at Antwerp and throughout the province, announced that the emperor, in conformity with the treaty of Cambray, was about to proceed against the reformers and their writings. Not an officer of justice appeared in the street but Tyndale's friends trembled for his liberty. Under such circumstances, how could he print his translation of Genesis and Deuteronomy? He made up his mind about the end of August to go to Hamburg, and took his passage in a vessel loading for that port. Embarking with his books, his manuscripts, and the rest of his money, he glided down the Scheldt, and soon found himself afloat on the German Ocean.

But one danger followed close upon another. He had scarcely passed the mouth of the Meuse when a tempest burst upon him, and his ship, like that of old which bore St. Paul, was almost swallowed up by the waves. "Satan envying the happy course and success of the gospel," says a chronicler, "set to his might how to hinder the blessed labours of this man."[1] The seamen toiled, Tyndale prayed, all hope was lost. The reformer alone was full of courage, not doubting that God would preserve him for the accomplishment of his work. All the exertions of the crew proved useless: the vessel was dashed on the coast, and the passengers escaped with their lives. Tyndale gazed with sorrow upon that ocean which had swallowed up his beloved books and precious manuscripts, and deprived him of his resources.[1] What labours, what perils! banishment, poverty, thirst, insults, watchings, persecution, imprisonment, the stake!.....Like Paul, he was in perils by his own countrymen, in perils among strange people, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea. Recovering his spirits, however, he went on board another ship, entered the Elbe, and at last reached Hamburg.

Great joy was in store for him in that city. Coverdale, Foxe informs us, was waiting there to confer with him and to help him in his labours.[2] It has been supposed that Coverdale went to Hamburg to invite Tyndale, in Cromwell's name, to return to England;[3] but it is merely a conjecture, and requires confirmation. As early as 1527, Coverdale had made known to Cromwell his desire to translate the Scriptures.[4] It was natural that, meeting with difficulties in this undertaking, he should desire to converse with Tyndale. The two friends lodged with a pious woman named Margaret van Emmersen, and spent some time together in the autumn of 1529, undisturbed by the sweating sickness which was making such cruel havoc all around them. Coverdale returned to England shortly after; the two reformers had, no doubt, discovered that it was better for each of them to translate the Scriptures separately.

Before Coverdale's return, Tonstall had gone back to London, exulting at carrying with him the books he had bought so dearly. But when he reached the capital, he thought he had better defer the meditated *auto da fé* until some striking event should give it increased importance. And besides, just at that moment, very different matters were engaging public attention on the banks of the Thames, and the liveliest emotions agitated every mind.

Affairs had changed in England during the absence of Tonstall and More; and even before their departure, events of a certain importance had occurred. Henry, finding there was nothing more to hope from Rome, had turned to Wolsey and Campeggio. The Roman nuncio had succeeded in deceiving the king. "Campeggio is very different from what he is reported," said Henry to his friends: "he is not for the emperor as I was told; I have said somewhat to him which has changed his mind."[5] No doubt he had made some brilliant promise.

Henry, therefore, imagining himself sure of his two legates, desired them to proceed with the matter of the divorce without delay. There was no time to lose, for the king was informed that the pope was on

[1] Foxe, v. p. 120.

[1] Lost both his money, his copies.....Foxe, v. p. 120.

[2] Coverdale tarried for him and helped him. Ibid.

[3] Anderson's Annals of the Bible, i. p. 240.

[4] This is the date assigned in Coverdale's Remains (Park. Soc.), p. 490.

[5] Burnet, Records, p. xxxv.

the point of recalling the commission given to the two cardinals; and as early as the 19th of March, Salviati, the pope's uncle and secretary of state, wrote to Campeggio about it.[1] Henry's process, once in the court of the pontifical chancery, it would have been long before it got out again. Accordingly, on the 31st of May, the king, by a warrant under the great seal, gave the legates *leave* to execute their commission, "without any regard to his own person, and having the fear of God only before their eyes."[2] The legates themselves had suggested this formula to the king.

On the same day the commission was opened; but to begin the process was not to end it. Every letter which the nuncio received forbade him to do so in the most positive manner. "Advance slowly and never finish," were Clement's instructions.[3] The trial was to be a farce, played by a pope and two cardinals.

The ecclesiastical court met in the great hall of the Blackfriars, commonly called the "parliament chamber." The two legates having successively taken the commission in their hands, devoutly declared that they were resolved to execute it (they should have said, to elude it), made the required oaths, and ordered a peremptory citation of the king and queen to appear on the 18th of June at nine in the morning. Campeggio was eager to proceed *slowly;* the session was adjourned for three weeks. The citation caused a great stir among the people. "What!" said they, "a king and a queen constrained to appear, in their own realm, before their own subjects." The papacy set an example which was to be strictly followed in after-years both in England and in France.

On the 18th of June, Catherine appeared before the commission in the parliament chamber, and stepping forward with dignity, said with a firm voice: "I protest against the legates as incompetent judges, and appeal to the pope."[4] This proceeding of the queen's, her pride and firmness, troubled her enemies, and in their vexation they grew exasperated against her. "Instead of praying God to bring this matter to a good conclusion," they said, "she endeavours to turn away the people's affections from the king. Instead of showing Henry the love of a youthful wife, she keeps away from him night and day. There is even cause to fear," they added, "that she is in concert with certain individuals who have formed the horrible design of killing the king and the cardinal."[1] But persons of generous heart, seeing only a queen, a wife, and a mother, attacked in her dearest affections, showed themselves full of sympathy for her.

On the 21st of June, the day to which the court adjourned, the two legates entered the parliament chamber with all the pomp belonging to their station, and took their seats on a raised platform. Near them sat the bishops of Bath and Lincoln, the abbot of Westminster, and Doctor Taylor, master of the Rolls, whom they had added to their commission. Below them were the secretaries, among whom the skilful Stephen Gardiner held the chief rank. On the right hung a cloth of estate where the king sat surrounded by his officers; and on the left, a little lower, was the queen, attended by her ladies. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops were seated between the legates and Henry VIII., and on both sides of the throne were stationed the counsellors of the king and queen. The latter were Fisher, bishop of Rochester, Standish of St. Asaph, West of Ely, and Doctor Ridley The people, when they saw this procession defile before them, were far from being dazzled by the pomp. "Less show and more virtue," they said, "would better become such judges."

The pontifical commission having been read, the legates declared that they would judge without fear or favour, and would admit of neither recusation nor appeal.[2] Then the usher cried: "Henry, king of England, come into court." The king, cited in his own capital to accept as judges two priests, his subjects, repressed the throbbing of his proud heart, and replied, in the hope that this strange trial would have a favourable issue: "Here I am." The usher continued: "Catherine, queen of England, come into court." The queen handed the cardinals a paper in which she protested against the legality of the court, as the judges were the subjects of her opponent,[3] and appealed to Rome. The cardinals declared they could not admit this paper, and consequently Catherine was again called into court. At this second summons she rose, devoutly crossed herself, made the circuit of the court to where the king sat, bending with dignity as she passed in front of the legates, and fell on her knees before her husband. Every eye was turned upon her. Then speaking in English, but with a Spanish accent, which by recalling the distance she was from her native home, pleaded eloquently for her, Catherine said with tears in her eyes, and in a tone at once dignified and impassioned:

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[1] E quanto altro non si possa, forse si pensera ad avvocare la causa a se. Lettere di XIII. uomini illustri, 19th March 1529.

[2] Ut solum Deum præ oculis habentis. Rymer, Acta ad annum.

[3] Sua beatitudine ricorda, che il procedere sia *lento* ed in modo alcuno non si *venghi al giudicio.* To Card. Campeggio, 29th May 1529. Lett. di Principi.

[4] Se in illos tanquam judices suos non assentire, ad papum provocavit. Sanders, p. 32.

[1] Burnet's Ref. i. p. 54.

[2] The king's letter to his ambassadors at Rome, 23d June. Burnet's Ref., Records, p. liv.

[3] Personas judicum non solum regi devinctas verum et subjectas esse. Sanders, p. 35.

"Sir,—I beseech you, for all the love that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take some pity on me, for I am a poor woman and a stranger, born out of your dominions. I have here no assured friend, much less impartial counsel, and I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! Sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion have I given you of displeasure, that you should wish to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness, that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure. Never have I said or done ought contrary thereto, being always well pleased and content with all things wherein you had delight; neither did I ever grudge in word or countenance, or show a visage or spark of discontent. I loved all those whom you loved, only for your sake. This twenty years I have been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which yet hath been no default in me."

The judges, and even the most servile of the courtiers, were touched when they heard these simple and eloquent words, and the queen's sorrow moved them almost to tears. Catherine continued:—

"Sir,—When ye married me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid; and whether it be true or not, I put it to your conscience.....If there can be any just cause that ye can allege against me, I am contented to depart from your kingdom, albeit to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then let me remain in my former estate until death. Who united us? The king, your father, who was called the second Solomon; and my father, Ferdinand, who was esteemed one of the wisest princes that, for many years before, had reigned in Spain. It is not, therefore, to be doubted that the marriage between you and me is good and lawful. Who are my judges? Is not one the man that has put sorrow between you and me?[1].....a judge whom I refuse and abhor! Who are the counsellors assigned me? Are they not officers of the crown, who have made oath to you in your own council?.....Sir, I conjure you not to call me before a court so formed. Yet, if you refuse me this favour .....your will be done.....I shall be silent, I shall repress the emotions of my soul, and remit my just cause to the hands of God."

Thus spoke Catherine through her tears;[2] humbly bending, she seemed to embrace Henry's knees. She rose and made a low obeisance to the king. It was expected that she would return to her seat; but leaning on the arm of Griffiths, her receiver-general, she moved towards the door. The king observing this, ordered her to be recalled; and the usher following her, thrice cried aloud: "Catherine, queen of England, come into court." "Madam," said Griffiths, "you are called back." "I hear it well enough," replied the queen, "but go you on, for this is no court wherein I can have justice: let us proceed." Catherine returned to the palace, and never again appeared before the court either by proxy or in person.[1]

She had gained her cause in the minds of many. The dignity of her person, the quaint simplicity of her speech, the propriety with which, relying upon her innocence, she had spoken of the most delicate subjects and the tears which betrayed her emotion, had created a deep impression. But "the sting in her speech," as an historian says,[2] was her appeal to the king's conscience, and to the judgment of Almighty God, on the capital point in the cause. "How could a person so modest, so sober in her language," said many, "dare utter such a falsehood? Besides, the king did not contradict her."

Henry was greatly embarrassed: Catherine's words had moved him. Catherine's defence, one of the most touching in history, had gained over the accuser himself. He therefore felt constrained to render this testimony to the accused: "Since the queen has withdrawn, I will, in her absence, declare to you all present, that she has been to me as true and obedient a wife as I could desire. She has all the virtues and good qualities that belong to a woman. She is as noble in character as in birth."

But Wolsey was the most embarrassed of all. When the queen had said, without naming him, that one of her judges was the cause of all her misfortunes, looks of indignation were turned upon him.[3] He was unwilling to remain under the weight of this accusation. As soon as the king had finished speaking, he said: "Sir, I humbly beg your majesty to declare before this audience, whether I was the first or chief mover in this business." Wolsey had formerly boasted to Du Bellay, "that the first project of the divorce was set on foot by himself, to create a perpetual separation between the houses of England and Spain;"[4] but now it suited him to affirm the contrary. The king, who needed his services, took care not to contradict him. "My lord cardinal," he said, "I can well excuse you herein. Marry, so far from being a mover, ye have been rather against me in attempting thereof. It was the bishop of Tarbes, the French ambassador, who begot the first

[1] Qui dissensionem inter ipsam et virum suum. Polyd. Virg. p. 688.

[2] Hæc illa flebiliter dicente. Ibid. p. 686, and Cavendish

[1] Burnet, Records, p. 36. In this letter the king says: Both we and the queen appeared in person.

[2] Fuller, p. 173.

[3] Vidisses Wolseum infestis fere omnium oculis conspici. Polyd. Virg. p. 688.

[4] Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 186, 319.

scruples in my conscience by his doubts on the legitimacy of the Princess Mary." This was not correct. The bishop of Tarbes was not in England before the year 1527, and we have proofs that the king was meditating a divorce in 1526.[1] "From that hour," he continued, "I was much troubled, and thought myself in danger of God's heavy displeasure, who, wishing to punish my incestuous marriage, had taken away all the sons my wife had borne me. I laid my grief before you, my lord of Lincoln, then being my ghostly father; and by your advice I asked counsel of the rest of the bishops, and you all informed me, under your seals, that you shared in my scruples."—"That is the truth," said the archbishop of Canterbury.—"No, Sir, not so, under correction," quoth the bishop of Rochester, "you have not my hand and seal."—"No?" exclaimed the king, showing him a paper which he held in his hand; "is not this your hand and seal?"—"No, forsooth," he answered. Henry's surprise increased, and turning with a frown to the archbishop of Canterbury, he asked him: "What say you to that?" "Sir, it is his hand and seal," replied Warham.—"It is not," rejoined Rochester; "I told you I would never consent to any such act."—"You say the truth," responded the archbishop, "but you were fully resolved at the last, that I should subscribe your name and put your seal."—"All which is untrue," added Rochester, in a passion. The bishop was not very respectful to his primate. "Well, well," said the king, wishing to end the dispute, "we will not stand in argument with you; for you are but one man."[2] The court adjourned. The day had been better for Catherine than for the prelates.

In proportion as the first sitting had been pathetic, so the discussions in the second between the lawyers and bishops were calculated to revolt a delicate mind. The advocates of the two parties vigorously debated *pro* and *con* respecting the consummation of Arthur's marriage with Catherine "It is a very difficult question," said one of the counsel; "none can know the truth."—"But I know it," replied the bishop of Rochester."—"What do you mean?" asked Wolsey.—"My lord," he answered, "he was the very Truth who said: *What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder:* that is enough for me."—"So everybody thinks," rejoined Wolsey; "but whether it was God who united Henry of England and Catherine of Aragon, *hoc restat probandum*, that remains to be proved. The king's council decided that the marriage is unlawful, and, consequently, it was not God *who joined them together*." The two bishops then exchanged a few words less edifying than those of the preceding day. Several of the hearers expressed a sentiment of disgust. "It is a disgrace to the court," said Doctor Ridley, with no little indignation, "that you dare discuss questions which fill every right-minded man with horror." This sharp reprimand put an end to the debate.

The agitations of the court spread to the convents; priests, monks, and nuns were everywhere in commotion. It was not long before astonishing revelations began to circulate through the cloisters. There was no talk then of an old portrait of the Virgin that winked its eyes; but other miracles were invented. "An angel," it was rumoured, "has appeared to Elizabeth Barton, the maid of Kent, as he did formerly to Adam, to the patriarchs, and to Jesus Christ." At the epochs of the creation and of the redemption, and in the times which lead from one to the other, miracles are natural; God then appeared, and his coming without any signs of power, would be as surprising as the rising of the sun unattended by its rays of light. But the Romish Church does not stop there; it claims in every age, for its saints, the privilege of miraculous powers, and the miracles are multiplied in proportion to the ignorance of the people. And accordingly the angel said to the epileptic maid of Kent: "Go to the unfaithful king of England, and tell him there are three things he desires, which I forbid now and for ever. The first is the power of the pope; the second the new doctrine; the third Anne Boleyn. If he takes her for his wife, God will visit him." The vision-seeing maid delivered the message to the king,[1] whom nothing could now stop.

On the contrary, he began to find out that Wolsey proceeded too slowly, and the idea sometimes crossed his mind that he was betrayed by this minister. One fine summer's morning, Henry as soon as he rose, summoned the cardinal to him at Bridewell. Wolsey hastened thither, and remained closeted with the king from eleven till twelve. The latter gave way to all the fury of his passion and the violence of his despotism. "We must finish this matter promptly," he said, "we must positively." Wolsey retired very uneasy, and returned by the Thames to Westminster. The sun darted his bright rays on the water. The bishop of Carlisle, who sat by the cardinal's side, remarked, as he wiped his forehead: "A very warm day, my lord." "Yes," replied the unhappy Wolsey, "if you had been *chafed* for an hour as I have been, you would say it was a *hot* day." When he reached his palace, the cardinal lay down

[1] See Pace's letter to Henry in 1526. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 1. Pace there shows that it is incorrect to say: *Deuteronomium abrogare Leviticum* (Deuteronomy abrogates Leviticus), so far as concerns the prohibition to take the wife of a deceased brother.

[2] Cavendish's Wolsey, p. 223.

[1] She showed this unto the king. Letter to Cromwell in Strype, vol. i. p. 272.

on his bed to seek repose; he was not quiet long.

Catherine had grown in Henry's eyes, as well as in those of the nation. The king shrank from a judgment; he even began to doubt of his success. He wished that the queen would consent to a separation. This idea occurred to his mind after Wolsey's departure, and the cardinal had hardly closed his eyes before the earl of Wiltshire (Anne Boleyn's father) was announced to him with a message from the king. "It is his majesty's pleasure," said Wiltshire, "that you represent to the queen the shame that will accrue to her from a judicial condemnation, and persuade her to confide in his wisdom." Wolsey, commissioned to execute a task he knew to be impossible, exclaimed: "Why do you put such fancies in the king's head?" and then he spoke so reproachfully that Wiltshire with tears in his eyes, fell on his knees beside the cardinal's bed.[1] Boleyn, desirous of seeing his daughter queen of England, feared perhaps that he had taken a wrong course. "It is well," said the cardinal, recollecting that the message came from Henry VIII., "I am ready to do every thing to please his majesty." He rose, went to Bath Place to fetch Campeggio, and together they waited on the queen.

The two legates found Catherine quietly at work with her maids of honour. Wolsey addressed the queen in Latin: "Nay, my lord," she said, "speak to me in English; I wish all the world could hear you." "We desire, madam, to communicate to *you alone* our counsel and opinion." "My lord," said the queen, "you are come to speak of things beyond my capacity;" and then, with noble simplicity, showing a skein of red silk hanging about her neck, she continued: "These are my occupations, and all that I am capable of. I am a poor woman, without friends in this foreign country, and lacking wit to answer persons of wisdom as ye be; and yet, my lords, to please you, let us go to my withdrawing room."

At these words the queen rose, and Wolsey gave her his hand. Catherine earnestly maintained her rights as a woman and a queen. "We who were in the outer chamber," says Cavendish, "from time to time could hear the queen speaking very loud, but could not understand what she said." Catherine, instead of justifying herself, boldly accused her judge. "I know, Sir Cardinal," she said with noble candour, "I know who has given the king the advice he is following: it is you. I have not ministered to your pride—I have blamed your conduct—I have complained of your tyranny, and my nephew the emperor has not made you pope.....Hence all my misfortune. To revenge yourself you have kindled a war in Europe, and have stirred up against me this most wicked matter. God will be my judge....and yours!" Wolsey would have replied, but Catherine haughtily refused to hear him, and while treating Campeggio with great civility, declared that she would not acknowledge either of them as her judge. The cardinals withdrew, Wolsey full of vexation, and Campeggio beaming with joy, for the business was getting more complicated. Every hope of accommodation was lost: nothing remained now but to proceed judicially.

The trial was resumed. The bishop of Bath and Wells waited upon the queen at Greenwich, and peremptorily summoned her to appear in the parliament-chamber.[1] On the day appointed Catherine limited herself to sending an appeal to the pope. She was declared contumacious, and the legates proceeded with the cause.

Twelve articles were prepared, which were to serve for the examination of the witnesses, and the summary of which was, that the marriage of Henry with Catherine, being forbidden both by the law of God and the church, was null and void.[2]

The hearing of the witnesses began, and Dr. Taylor, arch-deacon of Buckingham, conducted the examination. Their evidence, which would now be taken only with closed doors, may be found in Lord Herbert of Cherbury's History of Henry VIII. The duke of Norfolk, high-treasurer of England, the duke of Suffolk, Maurice St. John, gentleman-carver to Prince Arthur, the viscount Fitzwalter and Anthony Willoughby, his cup-bearers, testified to their being present at the morrow of their wedding at the breakfast of the prince, then in sound health, and reported the conversation that took place.[3] The old duchess of Norfolk, the earl of Shrewsbury, and the marquis of Dorset, confirmed the declarations, which proved that Arthur and Catherine were really married. It was also called to mind that, at the time of Arthur's death, Henry was not permitted to take the title of prince of Wales, because Catherine hoped to give an heir to the crown of England.[4]

"If Arthur and Catherine were really married," said the king's counsellors after these extraordinary depositions, "the marriage of this princess with Henry, Arthur's brother, was forbidden by the divine law, by an express command of God contained in Leviticus, and no dispensation could permit what God had forbidden." Campeggio would never concede this argument, which

[1] Cavendish, p. 226

[1] In quadam superiori camera *the queen's dining chamber*, nuncupata, 26 die mensis junii. Rymer, Acta, p. 119.

[2] Divino, ecclesiastico jure.....nullo omnino et invalidum. Herbert, p. 263.

[3] Quod Arthurus mane postridie potum flagitaret, idque ut, aiebant, quoniam diceret se illa nocte in calida Hispaniarum regione peregrinatum fuisse. Sanders, p. 43.

[4] Foxe, v. p. 51.

limited the right of the popes; it was necessary therefore to abandon the *divine right* (which was in reality to lose the cause), and to seek in the bull of Julius II. and in his famous brief, for flaws that would invalidate them both;[1] and this the king's consel did, although they did not conceal the weakness of their position. "The motive alleged in the dispensation," they said, "is the necessity of preserving a cordial relation between Spain and England; now, there was nothing that threatened their harmony. Moreover, it is said in this document that the pope grants it at the prayer of Henry, prince of Wales. Now as this prince was only thirteen years old, he was not of age to make such a request. As for the brief, it is found neither in England nor in Rome; we cannot therefore admit its authenticity." It was not difficult for Catherine's friends to invalidate these objections. "Besides," they added, "a union that has lasted twenty years sufficiently establishes its own lawfulness. And will you declare the Princess Mary illegitimate, to the great injury of this realm?"

The king's advocates then changed their course. Was not the Roman legate provided with a decretal pronouncing the divorce, in case it should be proved that Arthur's marriage had been really consummated? Now, this fact had been proved by the depositions. "This is the moment for delivering judgment," said Henry and his counsellors to Campeggio. "Publish the pope's decretal." But the pope feared the sword of Charles V., then hanging over his head; and accordingly, whenever the king advanced one step, the Romish prelate took several in an opposite direction. "I will deliver judgment in *five* days," said he; and when the five days were expired, he bound himself to deliver it in six. "Restore peace to my troubled conscience," exclaimed Henry. The legate replied in courtly phrase; he had gained a few days' delay, and that was all he desired.

Such conduct on the part of the Roman legate produced an unfavourable effect in England, and a change took place in the public mind. The first movement had been for Catherine; the second was for Henry. Clement's endless delays and Campeggio's stratagems exasperated the nation. The king's argument was simple and popular: "The pope cannot dispense with the laws of God;" while the queen, by appealing to the authority of the Roman pontiff, displeased both high and low. "No precedent," said the lawyers, "can justify the king's marriage with his brother's widow."

There were, however, some evangelical Christians who thought Henry was "troubled" more by his passions than by his conscience; and they asked how it happened that a prince, who represented himself to be so disturbed by the possible transgression of a law of doubtful interpretation, could desire, after twenty years, to violate the indisputable law which forbade the divorce?.....On the 21st of July, the day fixed *ad concludendum*, the cause was adjourned until the Friday following, and no one doubted that the matter would then be terminated.

All prepared for this important day. The king ordered the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk to be present at the sitting of the court; and being himself impatient to hear the so much coveted judgment, he stole into a gallery of the parliament chamber facing the judges.

The legates of the holy see having taken their seats, the attorney-general signified to them, "that every thing necessary for the information of their conscience having been judicially laid before them, that day had been fixed for the conclusion of the trial." There was a pause; every one feeling the importance of this judgment, waited for it with impatience. "Either the papacy pronounces my divorce from Catherine," the king had said, "or I shall divorce myself from the papacy." That was the way Henry put the question. All eyes, and particularly the king's, were turned on the judges; Campeggio could not retreat; he must now say *yes* or *no*. For some time he was silent. He knew for certain that the queen's appeal had been admitted by Clement VII., and that the latter had concluded an alliance with the emperor. It was no longer in his power to grant the king's request. Clearly foreseeing that a *no* would perhaps forfeit the power of Rome in England, while a *yes* might put an end to the plans of religious emancipation which alarmed him so much, he could not make up his mind to say either *yes* or *no*.

At last the nuncio rose slowly from his chair, and all the assembly listened with emotion to the oracular decision which for so many years the powerful king of England had sought from the Roman pontiff. "The general vacation of the harvest and vintage," he said, "being observed every year by the court of Rome, dating from to-morrow the 24th of July, the beginning of the dog-days, we adjourn, to some future period, the conclusion of these pleadings."[1]

The auditors were thunderstruck. "What! because the *malaria* renders the air of Rome dangerous at the end of July, and compels the Romans to close their courts, must a trial be broken off on the banks of the Thames, when its conclusion is looked for so impatiently?" The people hoped for a judicial sentence, and they were answered with a jest; it was thus Rome made sport of Christendom. Campeggio, to disarm Henry's wrath, gave utterance to some noble sentiments; but his whole line of conduct raises legitimate doubts as to his

[1] Herbert gives them at length, p. 264–267.

[1] Feriæ generales messium et vindemiarum. Herbert, p. 278; Cavendish, p. 229.

sincerity. "The queen," he said, "denies the competency of the court; I must therefore make my report to the pope, who is the source of life and honour, and wait his sovereign orders. I have not come so far to please any man, be he king or subject. I am an old man, feeble and sickly, and fear none but the Supreme Judge, before whom I must soon appear. I therefore adjourn this court until the 1st of October."

It was evident that this adjournment was only a formality intended to signify the definitive rejection of Henry's demand. The same custom prevails in the British legislature.

The king, who from his place of concealment had heard Campeggio's speech, could scarcely control his indignation. He wanted a regular judgment; he clung to forms; he desired that his cause should pass successfully through all the windings of ecclesiastical procedure, and yet here it is wrecked upon the vacations of the Romish court. Henry was silent, however, either from prudence, or because surprise deprived him of the power of speech, and he hastily left the gallery.

Norfolk, Suffolk, and the other courtiers, did not follow him. The king and his ministers, the peers and the people, and even the clergy, were almost unanimous, and yet the pope pronounced his *veto*. He humbled the Defender of the Faith to flatter the author of the sack of Rome. This was too much. The impetuous Suffolk started from his seat, struck his hand violently on the table in front of him, cast a threatening look upon the judges, and exclaimed: "By the mass, the old saying is confirmed to-day, that no cardinal has ever brought good to England."[1]—"Sir, of all men in this realm," replied Wolsey, "you have the least cause to disparage cardinals, for if I, poor cardinal, had not been, you would not have a head on your shoulders."[2] It would seem that Wolsey pacified Henry, at the time of the duke's marriage with the Princess Mary. "I cannot pronounce sentence," continued Wolsey, "without knowing the good pleasure of his holiness." The two dukes and the other noblemen left the hall in anger, and hastened to the palace.[3] The legates, remaining with their officers, looked at each other for a few moments. At last Campeggio, who alone had remained calm during this scene of violence, arose, and the audience dispersed.

Henry did not allow himself to be crushed by this blow. Rome, by her strange proceedings, aroused in him that suspicious and despotic spirit, of which he gave such tragic proofs in after-years. The papacy was making sport of him. Clement and Wolsey tossed his divorce from one to the other like a ball which, now at Rome and now in London, seemed fated to remain perpetually in the air. The king thought he had been long enough the plaything of his holiness and of the crafty cardinal; his patience was exhausted, and he resolved to show his adversaries that Henry VIII. was more than a match for these bishops. We shall find him seizing this favourable opportunity, and giving an unexpected solution to the matter.

Wolsey sorrowfully hung his head; by taking part with the nuncio and the pope, he had signed the warrant of his own destruction. So long as Henry had a single ray of hope, he thought proper still to dissemble with Clement VII.; but he might vent all his anger on Wolsey. From the period of the *Roman Vacations* the cardinal was ruined in his master's mind. Wolsey's enemies seeing his favour decline, hastened to attack him. Suffolk and Norfolk in particular, impatient to get rid of an insolent priest who had so long chafed their pride, told Henry that Wolsey had been continually playing false; they went over all his negotiations month by month and day by day, and drew the most overwhelming conclusions from them. Sir William Kingston and Lord Manners laid before the king one of the cardinal's letters which Sir Francis Bryan had obtained from the papal archives. In it the cardinal desired Clement to spin out the divorce question, and finally to oppose it, seeing (he added) that if Henry was separated from Catherine, a friend to the reformers would become queen of England.[1] This letter clearly expressed Wolsey's inmost thoughts: Rome at any price.....and perish England and Henry rather than the popedom! We can imagine the king's anger.

Anne Boleyn's friends were not working alone. There was not a person at court whom Wolsey's haughtiness and tyranny had not offended; no one in the king's council in whom his continual intrigues had not raised serious suspicions. He had (they said) betrayed in France the cause of England; kept up in time of peace and war secret intelligence with Madam, mother of Francis I.; received great presents from her;[2] oppressed the nation, and trodden under foot the laws of the kingdom. The people called him *Frenchman* and *traitor*, and all England seemed to vie in throwing burning brands at the superb edifice which the pride of this prelate had so laboriously erected.[3]

Wolsey was too clearsighted not to discern the signs of his approaching fall. "Both the rising and setting sun (for thus

[1] Mensam quæ proponebatur magno ictu concutiens: Per sacram, inquit, missam, nemo unquam legatorum aut cardinalium quicquam boni ad Angliam apportavit. Sanders, p. 49.

[2] Cavendish, p. 233.

[3] Duces ex judicio discedentes, ut ipsi omnibus iracundiæ flammis urebantur. Sanders, p. 49.

[1] Edm. Campion *De divortio*. Herbert, p. 289.

[2] Du Bellay's Letters, Le Grand, Preuves, p. 374.

[3] Novis etiam furoris et insaniæ facibus incenderunt. Sanders, p. 49.

an historian calls Anne Boleyn and Catherine of Aragon) frowned upon him,"[1] and the sky, growing darker and darker around him, gave token of the storm that was to overwhelm him. If the *cause* failed, Wolsey incurred the vengeance of the king; if it succeeded, he would be delivered up to the vengeance of the Boleyns, without speaking of Catherine's, the emperor's, and the pope's. Happy Campeggio! thought the cardinal, he has nothing to fear. If Henry's favour is withdrawn from him, Charles and Clement will make him compensation. But Wolsey lost everything when he lost the king's good graces. Detested by his fellow-citizens, despised and hated by all Europe, he saw to whatever side he turned nothing but the just reward of his avarice and falseness. He strove in vain, as on other occasions, to lean on the ambassador of France; Du Bellay was solicited on the other side. "I am exposed here to such a heavy and continual fire that I am half dead," exclaimed the bishop of Bayonne;[2] and the cardinal met with an unusual reserve in his former confidant.

Yet the crisis approached. Like a skilful but affrighted pilot, Wolsey cast his eyes around him to discover a port in which he could take refuge. He could find none but his see of York. He therefore began once more to complain of the fatigues of power, of the weariness of the diplomatic career, and to extol the sweetness of the episcopal life. On a sudden he felt a great interest about the flock of whom he had never thought before. Those around him shook their heads, well knowing that such a retreat would be to Wolsey the bitterest of disgraces. One single idea supported him: if he fell, it would be because he had clung more to the pope than to the king: he would be the martyr of his faith. What a faith! what a martyr!

While these things were taking place, Anne was living at Hever Castle in retirement and sadness. Scruples from time to time still alarmed her conscience. It is true, the king represented to her unceasingly that his salvation and the safety of his people demanded the dissolution of a union condemned by the divine law, and that what he solicited several popes had granted. Had not Alexander VI. annulled, after ten years, the marriage of Ladislaus and Beatrice of Naples? Had not Louis XII., the father of his people, been divorced from Joan of France? Nothing was more common, he said, than to see the divorce of a prince authorized by a pope; the security of the state must be provided for before every thing else. Carried away by these arguments and dazzled by the splendour of a throne, Anne Boleyn consented to usurp at Henry's side the rank belonging to another. Yet, if she was imprudent and ambitious, she was feeling and generous, and the misfortunes of a queen whom she respected soon made her reject with terror the idea of taking her place. The fertile pastures of Kent and the gothic halls of Hever Castle were by turns the witnesses of the mental conflicts this young lady experienced. The fear she entertained of seeing the queen again, and the idea that the two cardinals, her enemies, were plotting her ruin, made her adopt the resolution of not returning to court, and she shut herself up in her solitary chamber.

Anne had neither the deep piety of a Bilney, nor the somewhat vague and mystic spirituality observable in Margaret of Valois; it was not feeling which prevailed in her religion, it was knowledge, and a horror of superstition and pharisaism. Her mind required light and activity, and at that time she sought in reading the consolations so necessary to her position. One day she opened one of the books prohibited in England, which a friend of the Reformation had given her: *The Obedience of a Christian Man*. Its author was William Tyndale, that invisible man whom Wolsey's agents were hunting for in Brabant and Germany, and this was a recommendation to Anne. "If thou believe the promises," she read, "then God's truth justifieth thee; that is, forgiveth thy sins and sealeth thee with his Holy Spirit. If thou have true faith, so seest thou the exceeding and infinite love and mercy which God hath shown thee freely in Christ: then must thou needs love again: and love cannot but compel thee to work. If when tyrants oppose thee thou have power to confess, then art thou sure that thou art safe.[1] If thou be fallen from the way of truth, come thereto again and thou art safe. Yea, Christ shall save thee, and the angels of heaven shall rejoice at thy coming."[2] These words did not change Anne's heart, but she marked with her nail, as was her custom,[3] other passages which struck her more, and which she desired to point out to the king if, as she hoped, she was ever to meet him again. She believed that the truth was there, and took a lively interest in those whom Wolsey, Henry, and the pope were at that time persecuting.

Anne was soon dragged from these pious lessons, and launched into the midst of a world full of dangers. Henry, convinced that he had nothing to expect henceforward from Campeggio, neglected those proprieties which he had hitherto observed, and immediately after the adjournment ordered Anne Boleyn to return to court; he restored her to the place she had formerly occupied, and even surrounded her with increased splendour. Every one saw that Anne, in the king's mind, was queen of England;

[1] Fuller, p. 176.
[2] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 15th June. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 324.

[1] Tyndale and Fryth's Works, vol. i. p. 295.
[2] Tyndale's Works, vol. i. p. 300.
[3] Wyatt's Memoirs, p. 438.

and a powerful party was formed around her which proposed to accomplish the definitive ruin of the cardinal.

After her return to court, Anne read much less frequently *The Obedience of a Christian Man* and the *Testament of Jesus Christ*. Henry's homage, her friends' intrigues, and the whirl of festivities, bade fair to stifle the thoughts which solitude had aroused in her heart. One day having left Tyndale's book in a window, Miss Gainsford, a fair young gentlewoman[1] attached to her person, took it up and read it. A gentleman of handsome mien, cheerful temper, and extreme mildness, named George Zouch, also belonging to Anne's household, and betrothed to Miss Gainsford, profiting by the liberty his position gave him, indulged sometimes in "love tricks."[2] On one occasion when George desired to have a little talk with her, he was annoyed to find her absorbed by a book of whose contents he knew nothing; and taking advantage of a moment when the young lady had turned away her head, he laughingly snatched it from her. Miss Gainsford ran after Zouch to recover her book; but just at that moment she heard her mistress calling her, and she left George, threatening him with her finger.

As she did not return immediately, George withdrew to his room, and opened the volume; it was the *Obedience of a Christian Man*. He glanced over a few lines, then a few pages, and at last read the book through more than once. He seemed to hear the voice of God. "I feel the Spirit of God," he said, "speaking in my heart as he has spoken in the heart of him who wrote the book."[3] The words which had only made a temporary impression on the preoccupied mind of Anne Boleyn, penetrated to the heart of her equerry and converted him. Miss Gainsford, fearing that Anne would ask for her book, entreated George to restore it to her; but he positively refused, and even the young lady's tears failed to make him give up a volume in which he had found the life of his soul. Becoming more serious, he no longer jested as before; and when Miss Gainsford peremptorily demanded the book he was, says the chronicler, "ready to weep himself."

Zouch, finding in this volume an edification which empty forms and ceremonies could not give, used to carry it with him to the king's chapel. Dr. Sampson, the dean, generally officiated; and while the choir chanted the service, George would be absorbed in his book, where he read: "If when thou seest the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, thou believest in this promise of Christ: *This is my body that is broken for you*, and if thou have this promise fast in thine heart, thou art saved and justified thereby; thou eatest his body and drinkest his blood. If not, so helpeth it thee not, though thou hearest a thousand masses in a day; no more than it should help thee in a dead thirst to behold a bush at a tavern door, if thou knewest not thereby that there was wine within to be sold."[1] The young man dwelt upon these words: by faith he ate the body and drank the blood of the Son of God. This was what was passing in the palace of Henry VIII.; there were saints in the household of Cæsar.

Wolsey, desirous of removing from the court everything that might favour the Reformation, had recommended extreme vigilance to Dr. Sampson, so as to prevent the circulation of the innovating books. Accordingly, one day when George was in the chapel absorbed in his book, the dean, who, even while officiating, had not lost sight of the young man, called him to him after the service, and rudely taking the book from his hands, demanded: "What is your name and in whose service are you?" Zouch having replied, the dean withdrew with a very angry look, and carried his prey to the cardinal.

When Miss Gainsford heard of this mishap, her grief was extreme; she trembled at the thought that the *Obedience of a Christian Man* was in Wolsey's hands. Not long after this, Anne having asked for her book, the young lady fell on her knees, confessed all, and begged to be forgiven.[2] Anne uttered not a word of reproach; her quick mind saw immediately the advantage she might derive from this affair. "Well," said she, "it shall be the dearest book to them that ever the dean or cardinal took away."

"The noble lady," as the chronicler styles her, immediately demanded an interview of the king, and on reaching his presence she fell at his feet,[3] and begged his assistance. "What is the matter Anne?" said the astonished monarch. She told him what had happened, and Henry promised that the book should not remain in Wolsey's hands. Anne had scarcely quitted the royal apartments when the cardinal arrived with the famous volume, with the intention of complaining to Henry of certain passages which he knew could not fail to irritate him, and to take advantage of it even to attack Anne, if the king should be offended.[4] Henry's icy reception closed his mouth; the king confined himself to taking the book, and bowing out the cardinal. This was precisely what Anne had hoped for. She begged the king to read the book, which he promised to do.

And Henry accordingly shut himself up in his closet, and read the *Obedience of a*

[1] Strype, i. p. 171.
[2] Ibid. p. 172. [3] Ibid.

[1] Tyndale and Fryth's Works, vol. i. p. 286.
[2] She on her knees told it all. Strype, vol. i. p. 172.
[3] Upon her knees she desireth the king's help for her book. Ibid.
[4] Wyatt's Memoirs, p. 441.

Christian Man. There were few works better calculated to enlighten him, and none, after the Bible, that has had more influence upon the Beformation in England. Tyndale treated of *obedience*, "the essential principle," as he terms it, "of every political or religious community." He declaimed against the unlawful power of the popes, who usurped the lawful authority of Christ and of his Word. He professed political doctrines too favourable doubtless to absolute power, but calculated to show that the reformers were not, as had been asserted, instigators of rebellion. Henry read as follows:—

"The king is in the room of God in this world. He that resisteth the king, resisteth God; he that judgeth the king, judgeth God. He is the minister of God to defend thee from a thousand inconveniences; though he be the greatest tyrant in the world, yet is he unto thee a great benefit of God; for it is better to pay the tenth than to lose all, and to suffer wrong of one man than of every man."[1]

These are indeed strange doctrines for *rebels* to hold, thought the king; and he continued:—

"Let kings, if they had leaver [rather] be Christians in deed than so to be called, give themselves altogether to the wealth [well-being] of their realms after the ensample of Jesus Christ; remembering that the people are God's, and not theirs; yea, are Christ's inheritance, bought with his blood. The most despised person in his realm (if he is a Christian) is equal with him in the kingdom of God and of Christ. Let the king put off all pride, and become a brother to the poorest of his subjects."[2]

It is probable that these words were less satisfactory to the king. He kept on reading:—

"Emperors and kings are nothing now-a-days, but even hangmen unto the pope and bishops, to kill whomsoever they condemn, as Pilate was unto the scribes and pharisees and high bishops to hang Christ."[3]

This seemed to Henry rather strong language.

"The pope hath received no other authority of Christ than to preach God's word. Now, this word should rule only, and not bishop's decrees or the pope's pleasure. *In præsentia majoris cessat potestas minoris*, in the presence of the greater the less hath no power.[4] The pope, against all the doctrine of Christ, which saith, *My kingdom is not of this world*, hath usurped the right of the emperor. Kings must make account of their doings only to God.[5] No person may be exempt from this ordinance of God; neither can the profession of monks and friars, or anything that the popes or bishops can lay for themselves, except them from the sword of the emperor or king, if they break the laws. For it is written, (Rom. xiii.) Let every soul submit himself unto the authority of the higher powers."[1]

"What excellent reading!" exclaimed Henry, when he had finished; "this is truly a book for all kings to read, and for me particularly."[2]

Captivated by Tyndale's work, the king began to converse with Anne about the church and the pope; and she who had seen Margaret of Valois unassumingly endeavour to instruct Francis I. strove in like manner to enlighten Henry VIII. She did not possess the influence over him she desired; this unhappy prince was, to the very end of his life, opposed to the evangelical reformation; protestants and catholics have been equally mistaken when they have regarded him as being favourable to it. "In a short time," says the annalist quoted by Strype at the end of his narrative, "the king, by the help of this virtuous lady, had his eyes opened to the truth. He learned to seek after that truth, to advance God's religion and glory, to detest the pope's doctrine, his lies, his pomp, and pride, and to deliver his subjects from the Egyptian darkness and Babylonian bonds that the pope had brought him and his subjects under. Despising the rebellions of his subjects and the rage of so many mighty potentates abroad, he set forward a religious reformation, which, beginning with the triple-crowned head, came down to all the members of the hierarchy." History has rarely delivered a more erroneous judgment. Henry's eyes were never opened to the truth, and it was not he who made the Reformation. It was accomplished first of all by Scripture, and then by the ministry of simple and faithful men baptized of the Holy Ghost.

Yet Tyndale's book and the conduct of the legates had given rise in the king's mind to new thoughts which he sought time to mature. He desired also to conceal his anger from Wolsey and Campeggio, and dissipate his *spleen*, says the historian Collyer; he therefore gave orders to remove the court to the palace of Woodstock. The magnificent park attached to this royal residence, in which was the celebrated bower constructed (it is said) by Henry VII. to conceal the fair Rosamond, offered all the charms of the promenade, the chase, and solitude.[3] Hence he could easily repair to Langley, Grafton, and other country-seats. It was not long before the entertainments, horse-races, and other rural sports began. The world with its pleasures and its grandeur, were at the bottom

[1] Tyndale's Works, edited by Russel, vol. i. p. 212.
[2] Ibid. p. 233. [3] Ibid. p. 274.
[4] Ibid. p. 243. [5] Ibid. p. 220.

[1] Tyndale's Works, p. 213.
[2] Strype, i. p. 172.
[3] The letters from the king's secretaries Gardiner and Tuke to Wolsey, dated Woodstock, run from 4th August to 8th September. State Papers, i. p. 335–347

the idols of Anne Boleyn's heart; but yet she felt a certain attraction for the new doctrine, which was confounded in her mind with the great cause of all knowledge, perhaps even with her own. More enlightened than the generality of women, she was distinguished by the superiority of her understanding not only over her own sex, but even over many of the gentlemen of the court. While Catherine, a member of the third order of St. Francis, indulged in trifling practices, the more intelligent, if not the more pious Anne, cared but little for amulets which the friars had blessed, for apparitions, or visions of angels. Woodstock furnished her with an opportunity of curing Henry VIII. of the superstious ideas natural to him. There was a place in the forest said to be haunted by evil spirits; not a priest or a courtier dared approach it. A tradition ran that if a king ventured to cross the boundary, he would fall dead. Anne resolved to take Henry there. Accordingly, one morning she led the way in the direction of the place where these mysterious powers manifested their presence (as it was said) by strange apparitions; they entered the wood; they arrived at the so much dreaded spot; all hesitated; but Anne's calmness reassured her companions; they advanced; they found.....nothing but trees and turf, and, laughing at their former terrors, they explored every corner of this mysterious resort of the evil spirits. Anne returned to the palace, congratulating herself on the triumph Henry had gained over his imaginary fears.[1] This prince, who could as yet bear with superiority in others, was struck with Anne Boleyn's.

Never too gay nor yet too melancholy,
A heavenly mind is hers, like angels holy.
None purer ever soared above the sky,
O mighty marvel, thus may every eye
See of what monster strange the humble serf am I;
Monster indeed, for in her frame divine
A woman's form, man's heart, and angel's head combine.[2]

These verses of Clement Marot, written in honour of Margaret of Valois, faithfully express what Henry then felt for Anne, who had been with Marot in the household of that princess. Henry's love may perhaps have deceived him as to Anne's excellencies.

While the court was thus taking its pleasure at Woodstock, Wolsey remained in London a prey to the acutest anguish. "This avocation to Rome," wrote he to Gregory Da Casale, "will not only completely alienate the king and his realm from the apostolic see, but will ruin me utterly."[1] This message had hardly reached the pope, before the imperial ambassadors handed to him the queen's protest, and added in a very significant tone: "If your holiness does not call this cause before you the emperor, who is determined to bring it to an end, will have recourse to *other arguments*." The same perplexity always agitated Clement: Which of the two must be sacrificed, Henry or Charles? Anthony de Leyva, who commanded the imperial forces, having routed the French army, the pope no longer doubted that Charles was the elect of Heaven. It was not Europe alone which acknowledged this prince's authority; a new world had just laid its power and its gold at his feet. The formidable priest-king of the Aztecs had been unable to withstand Cortez; could the priest-king of Rome withstand Charles V.? Cortez had returned from Mexico, bringing with him Mexican chiefs in all their barbarous splendour, with thousands of *pesos*, with gold and silver and emeralds of extraordinary size, with magnificent tissues and birds of brilliant plumage. He had accompanied Charles, who was then going to Italy, to the place of embarkation, and had sent to Clement VII. costly gifts of the precious metals, valuable jewels, and a troop of Mexican dancers, buffoons, and jugglers, who charmed the pope and the cardinal above all things.[2]

Clement, even while refusing Henry's prayer, had not as yet granted the emperor's. He thought he could now resist no longer the star of a monarch victorious over two worlds, and hastened to enter into negotiations with him. Sudden terrors still assailed him from time to time: My refusal (he said to himself) may perhaps cause me to lose England. But Charles, holding him in his powerful grasp, compelled him to submit. Henry's antecedents were rather encouraging to the pontiff. How could he imagine that a prince, who alone of all the monarchs of Europe had once contended against the great reformer, would now separate from the popedom? On the 6th of July, Clement declared to the English envoys that he *avoked to Rome* the cause between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon. In other words, this was refusing the divorce. "There are twenty-three points in this case," said the courtiers, "and the debate on the first has lasted a year; before the end of the trial, the king will be not only past marrying but past living."[3]

When he learned that the fatal blow had

[1] Foxe, v. p. 136; Miss Benger's Life of Anne Boleyn, p. 299.

[2] Jamais trop gay, ne trop mélancolique,
Elle a au chef un esprit angélique,
Le plus subtil qui onc au ciel vola.
O grand' merveille! on peut voir par cela
Que je suis serf d'un monstre fort étrange:
Monstre je dy, car pour tout vray elle a
Corps féminin cœur d'homme et tete d'ange.

[1] Non solum regium animum et totum hoc regnum a sedis apostolicæ devotione penitus abalienabit, ac me omnino perdet et funditus destruet State Papers, vii. p. 189.

[2] Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, book vii. chap. iv

[3] Fuller, p. 178.

been struck, Bennet, in a tone of sadness, exclaimed: "Alas! most holy father, by this act the Church in England will be utterly destroyed; the king declared it to me with tears in his eyes."[1] "Why is it my fortune to live in such evil days?" replied the pope, who, in his turn, began to weep;[2] "but I am encircled by the emperor's forces, and if I were to please the king, I should draw a fearful ruin upon myself and upon the church....God will be my judge."

On the 15th of July, Da Casale sent the fatal news to the English minister. The king was cited before the pope, and in case of refusal condemned in a fine of 10,000 ducats. On the 18th of July, peace was proclaimed at Rome between the pontiff and the emperor, and on the next day (these dates are important) Clement, wishing still to make one more attempt to ward off the blow with which the papacy was threatened, wrote to Cardinal Wolsey: "My dear son, how can I describe to you my affliction? Show in this matter the prudence which so distinguishes you, and preserve the king in those kindly feelings which he has ever manifested towards me."[3] A useless attempt! Far from saving the papacy, Wolsey was to be wrecked along with it.

Wolsey was thunderstruck. At the very time he was assuring Henry of the attachment of Clement and Francis, both were deserting him. The "politic handling" failed, which the cardinal had thought so skilful, and which had been so tortuous. Henry now had none but enemies on the continent of Europe, and the Reformation was daily spreading over his kingdom. Wolsey's anguish cannot be described. His power, his pomp, his palaces were all threatened; who could tell whether he would even preserve his liberty and his life. —A just reward for so much duplicity.

But the king's wrath was to be greater than even the minister's alarm. His terrified servants wondered how they should announce the pontiff's decision. Gardiner, who, after his return from Rome, had been named secretary of state, went down to Langley on the 3d of August to communicate it to him. What news for the proud Tudor! The decision on the divorce was forbidden in England; the cause avoked to Rome, there to be buried and unjustly lost; Francis I. treating with the emperor; Charles and Clement on the point of exchanging at Bologna the most striking signs of their unchangeable alliance; the services rendered by the king to the pope-dom repaid with the blackest ingratitude; his hope of giving an heir to the crown disgracefully frustrated; and last, but not least, Henry VIII., the proudest monarch of Christendom, summoned to Rome to appear before an ecclesiastical tribunal....it was too much for Henry. His wrath, a moment restrained, burst forth like a clap of thunder,[1] and all trembled around him. "Do they presume," he exclaim-l, "to try my cause elsewhere than in my own dominions? I, the king of England, summoned before an Italian tribunal!....Yes, ...I will go to Rome, but it shall be with such a mighty army that the pope, and his priests, and all Italy shall be struck with terror.[2]—I forbid the letters of citation to be executed," he continued; "I forbid the commission to consider its functions at an end." Henry would have desired to tear off Campeggio's purple robes, and throw this prince of the Reman church into prison, in order to frighten Clement; but the very magnitude of the insult compelled him to restrain himself. He feared above all things to appear humbled in the eyes of England, and he hoped, by showing moderation, to hide the affront he had received. "Let everything be done," he told Gardiner, "to conceal from my subjects these letters of citation, which are so hurtful to my glory. Write to Wolsey that I have the greatest confidence in his dexterity, and that he ought, by good handling, win over Campeggio[3] and the queen's counsellers; and above all, prevail upon them at any price not to serve these citatory letters on me." But Henry had hardly given his instructions when the insult of which he had been the object recurred to his imagination; the thought of Clement haunted him night and day, and he swore to exact a striking vengeance from the pontiff. Rome desires to have no more to do with England....England in her turn will cast off Rome. Henry will sacrifice Wolsey, Clement, and the church; nothing shall stop his fury. The crafty pontiff has concealed his game, the king shall beat him openly; and from age to age the popedom shall shed tears over the imprudent folly of a Medici.

Thus after insupportable delays, which had fatigued the nation, a thunderbolt fell upon England. Court, clergy, and people, from whom it was impossible to conceal these great events, were deeply stirred, and the whole kingdom was in commotion. Wolsey, still hoping to ward off the ruin impending over both himself and the papacy, immediately put in play all that dexterity which Henry had spoken of; he so far prevailed that the letters citatorial were not served on the king, but only the brief addressed to Wolsey by Clement VII.[4]

[1] Burnet, Records, ii. p. xxxvii.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ut dictum regem in solita erga nos benevolen-[a] retinere velis. Ibid. p. xxxviii.

[1] He became much incensed. Herbert, p. 287. Supra quam dici potest exanduit. Sanders, p. 50.
[2] He would do the same with such a mayn [great] and army royal, as should be formidable to the pope and all Italy. State Papers, vii. p. 194. Burnet, Records, p. xxxvii.
[3] Your grace's dexterity.....by good handling of the Cardinal Campeggio. State Papers, vol. i. p. 336
[4] Ibid. p. 343.

The cardinal, all radiant with this trivial success, and desirous of profiting by it to raise his credit, resolved to accompany Campeggio, who was going down to Grafton to take leave of the king. When the coming of the two legates was heard of at court, the agitation was very great. The dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk regarded this proceeding as the last effort of their enemy, and entreated Henry not to receive him. "The king will receive him," said some. "The king will not receive him," answered others. At length, one Sunday morning, it was announced that the prelates were at the gates of the mansion. Wolsey looked round with an anxious eye for the great officers who were accustomed to introduce him. They appeared, and desired Campeggio to follow them. When the legate had been taken to his apartments, Wolsey waited his turn; but great was his consternation on being informed that there was no chamber appointed for him in the palace. Sir Henry Norris, groom of the stole, offered Wolsey the use of his own room, and the cardinal followed him, almost sinking beneath the humiliation he had undergone.[1] He made ready to appear before the king, and summoning up his courage, proceeded to the presence-chamber.

The lords of the council were standing in a row according to their rank; Wolsey, taking off his hat, passed along, saluting each of them with affected civility. A great number of courtiers arrived, impatient to see how Henry would receive his old favourite; and most of them were already exulting in the striking disgrace of which they hoped to be witnesses. At last the king was announced.

Henry stood under the cloth of state; and Wolsey advanced and knelt before him. Deep silence prevailed throughout the chamber.....To the surprise of all, Henry stooped down and raised him up with both hands.....Then, with a pleasing smile, he took Wolsey to the window, desired him to put on his hat, and talked familiarly with him. "Then," says Cavendish, the cardinal's gentleman usher, "it would have made you smile to behold the countenances of those who had laid wagers that the king would not speak with him."

But this was the last ray of evening which then lighted up the darkening fortunes of Wolsey: the star of his favour was about to set for ever.....The silence continued, for every one desired to catch a few words of the conversation. The king seemed to be accusing Wolsey, and Wolsey to be justifying himself. On a sudden Henry pulled a letter out of his bosom, and showing it to the cardinal, said in a loud voice: "How can that be? is not this your hand?" It was no doubt the letter which Bryan had intercepted. Wolsey replied in an under-tone, and seemed to have appeased his master. The dinner hour having arrived, the king left the room, telling Wolsey that he would not fail to see him again; the courtiers were eager to make their profoundest reverences to the cardinal, but he haughtily traversed the chamber, and the dukes hastened to carry to Anne Boleyn the news of this astonishing reception.

Wolsey, Campeggio, and the lords of the council sat down to dinner. The cardinal, well aware that the terrible letter would be his utter ruin, and that Henry's good graces had no other object than to prepare his fall, began to hint at his retirement. "Truly," said he with a devout air, "the king would do well to send his bishops and chaplains home to their cures and benefices." The company looked at one another with astonishment. "Yea, marry," said the duke of Norfolk somewhat rudely, "and so it were meet for you to do also."—"I should be very well contented therewith," answered Wolsey, "if it were the king's pleasure to license me with leave to go to my cure at Winchester."—"Nay, to your benefice at York, where your greatest honour and charge is," replied Norfolk, who was not willing that Wolsey should be living so near Henry.—"Even as it shall please the king," added Wolsey, and changed the subject of conversation.

Henry had caused himself to be announced to Anne Boleyn, who (says Cavendish) "kept state at Grafton more like a queen than a simple maid." Possessing extreme sensibility, and an ardent imagination, Anne, who felt the slightest insult with all the sensibility of her woman's heart, was very dissatisfied with the king after the report of the dukes. Accordingly, heedless of the presence of the attendants, she said to him: "Sir, is it not a marvellous thing to see into what great danger the cardinal hath brought you with all your subjects?"—"How so, sweetheart?" asked Henry. Anne continued: "Are you ignorant of the hatred his exactions have drawn upon you? There is not a man in your whole realm of England worth one hundred pounds, but he hath made you his debtor." Anne here alluded to the loan the king had raised among his subjects. "Well, well," said Henry, who was not pleased with these remarks, "I know that matter better than you."—"If my lord of Norfolk, my lord of Suffolk, my uncle, or my father had done much less than the cardinal hath done," continued Anne, "they would have lost their heads ere this."—"Then I perceive," said Henry, "you are none of his friends."—"No, sir, I have no cause, nor any that love you," she replied. The dinner was ended; the king, without appearing at all touched, proceeded to the presence-chamber, where Wolsey expected him.

After a long conversation, carried on in a low tone, the king took Wolsey by the hand and led him into his private chamber

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[1] Cavendish, p. 237–245.

The courtiers awaited impatiently the termination of an interview which might decide the fate of England; they walked up and down the gallery, often passing before the door of the closet, in the hope of catching from Wolsey's looks, when he opened it, the result of this secret conference; but one quarter of an hour followed another, these became hours, and still the cardinal did not appear. Henry having resolved that this conversation should be the last, was no doubt collecting from his minister all the information necessary to him. But the courtiers imagined he was returning into his master's favour; Norfolk, Suffolk, Wiltshire, and the other enemies of the prime minister, began to grow alarmed, and hastened off to Anne Boleyn, who was their last hope.

It was night when the king and Wolsey quitted the royal closet; the former appeared gracious, the latter satisfied; it was always Henry's custom to smile on those he intended to sacrifice. "I shall see you in the morning," he said to the cardinal with a friendly air. Wolsey made a low bow, and, turning round to the courtiers, saw the king's smile reflected on their faces. Wiltshire, Tuke, and even Suffolk, were full of civility. "Well," thought he, "the motion of such weathercocks as these shows me from what quarter the wind of favour is blowing."[1]

But a moment after, the wind began to change. Men with torches waited for the cardinal at the gates of the palace to conduct him to the place where he would have to pass the night. Thus he was not to sleep beneath the same roof with Henry. He was to lie at Euston, one of Empson's houses, about three miles off. Wolsey, repressing his vexation, mounted his horse, the footmen preceded him with their links, and after an hour's riding along very bad roads he reached the lodging assigned him

He had sat down to supper, to which some of his most intimate friends had been invited, when suddenly Gardiner was announced. Gardiner owed every thing to the cardinal, and yet he had not appeared before him since his return from Rome. He comes no doubt to play the hypocrite and the spy, thought Wolsey. But as soon as the secretary entered, Wolsey rose, made him a graceful compliment, and prayed him to take a seat. "Master Secretary," he asked, "where have you been since your return from Rome?"—"I have been following the court from place to place."—"You have been hunting then? Have you any dogs?" asked the prime minister, who knew very well what Gardiner had been doing in the king's closet. "A few," replied Gardiner. Wolsey thought that even the secretary was a bloodhound on his track. And yet after supper he took Gardiner aside, and conversed with him until midnight. He thought it prudent to neglect nothing that might clear up his position; and Wolsey sounded Gardiner, just as he himself had been sounded by Henry not long before.

The same night at Grafton the king gave Campeggio a farewell audience, and treated him very kindly, "by giving him presents and other matters," says Du Bellay. Henry then returned to Anne Boleyn. The dukes had pointed out to her the importance of the present moment; she therefore asked and obtained of Henry, without any great difficulty, his promise never to speak to his minister again.[1] The insults of the papacy had exasperated the king of England, and as he could not punish Clement, he took his revenge on the cardinal.

The next morning, Wolsey, impatient to have the interview which Henry had promised, rode back early to Grafton. But as he came near, he met a numerous train of servants and sumpter-horses; and presently afterwards Henry, with Anne Boleyn and many lords and ladies of the court, came riding up. "What does all this mean?" thought the cardinal in dismay. "My lord," said the king, as he drew near, "I cannot stay with you now. You will return to London with cardinal Campeggio." Then striking the spurs into his horse, Henry galloped off with a friendly salutation. After him came Anne Boleyn, who rode past Wolsey with head erect, and casting on him a proud look. The court proceeded to Hartwell Park, where Anne had determined to keep the king all day. Wolsey was confounded. There was no room for doubt; his disgrace was certain. His head swam, he remained immovable for an instant, and then recovered himself; but the blow he had received had not been unobserved by the courtiers, and the cardinal's fall became the general topic of conversation.

After dinner, the legates departed, and on the second day reached Moor Park, a mansion built by Archbishop Neville, one of Wolsey's predecessors, who for high treason had been first imprisoned at Calais, and afterwards at Ham. These recollections were by no means agreeable to Wolsey. The next morning the two cardinals separated; Campeggio proceeded to Dover, and Wolsey to London.

Campeggio was impatient to get out of England, and great was his annoyance, on reaching Dover, to find that the wind was contrary. But a still greater vexation was in reserve. He had hardly lain down to rest himself, before his door was opened, and a band of sergeants entered the room. The cardinal, who knew what scenes of

[1] Burnet's Ref. vol. i. p. 59.

[1] Du Bellay to the Grand Master. Le Grand, Prouves p. 375; also Cavendish.

this kind meant in Italy, thought he was a dead man,[1] and fell trembling at his chaplain's feet begging for absolution. Meantime the officers opened his luggage, broke into his chests, scattered his property about the floor, and even shook out his clothes.[2]

Henry's tranquillity had not been of long duration. "Campeggio is the bearer of letters from Wolsey to Rome," whispered some of the courtiers; "who knows but they contain treasonable matter?" "There is, too, among his papers the famous *decretal* pronouncing the divorce," said one; "if we had but that document it would finish the business." Another affirmed that Campeggio "had large treasure with him of my lord's (Wolsey's) to be conveyed in great tuns to Rome,"[3] whither it was surmised the cardinal of York would escape to enjoy the fruits of his treason. "It is certain," added a third, "that Campeggio, assisted by Wolsey, has been able to procure your majesty's correspondence with Anne Boleyn, and is carrying it away with him." Henry, therefore, sent a messenger after the nuncio, with orders that his baggage should be thoroughly searched.

Nothing was found, neither letters, nor bull, nor treasures. The bull had been destroyed; the treasures Wolsey had never thought of intrusting to his colleague; and the letters of Anne and Henry, Campeggio had sent on before by his son Rodolph, and the pope was stretching out his hands to receive them, proud, like his successors, of the robbery committed by two of his legates.

Campeggio being reassured, and seeing that he was neither to be killed nor robbed, made a great noise at this act of violence, and at the insulting remarks which had given rise to it. "I will not leave England," he caused Henry to be informed, "until I have received satisfaction." "My lord forgets that he is legate no longer," replied the king, "since the pope has withdrawn his powers; he forgets, besides, that, as bishop of Salisbury, he is my subject; as for the remarks against him and the cardinal of York, it is a liberty the people of England are accustomed to take, and which I cannot put down." Campeggio, anxious to reach France, was satisfied with these reasons, and soon forgot all his sorrows at the sumptuous table of Cardinal Duprat.

Wolsey was not so fortunate. He had seen Campeggio go away, and remained like a wrecked seaman thrown on a desert isle, who has seen depart the only friends capable of giving him any help. His necromancy had forewarned him that this would be a fatal year.[1] The angel of the maid of Kent had said: "Go to the cardinal and announce his fall, because he has not done what you had commanded him to do."[2] Other voices besides hers made themselves heard: the hatred of the nation, the contempt of Europe, and, above all, Henry's anger, told him that his hour was come. It was true the pope said that he would do all in his power to save him;[3] but Clement's good offices would only accelerate his ruin. Du Bellay, whom the people believed to be the cardinal's accomplice, bore witness to the change that had taken place in men's minds. While passing on foot through the streets of the capital, followed by two valets, "his ears were so filled with coarse jests as he went along," he said, "that he knew not which way to turn."[4] "The cardinal is utterly undone," he wrote, "and I see not how he can escape." The idea occurred to Wolsey, from time to time, to pronounce the divorce himself; but it was too late. He was even told that his life was in danger. Fortune, blind and bald, her foot on the wheel, fled rapidly from him, nor was it in his power to stop her. And this was not all: after him (he thought) there was no one who could uphold the church of the pontiffs in England. The ship of Rome was sailing on a stormy sea among rocks and shoals; Wolsey at the helm looked in vain for a port of refuge; the vessel leaked on every side; it was rapidly sinking, and the cardinal uttered a cry of distress. Alas! he had desired to save Rome, but Rome would not have it so.

As Wolsey's star was disappearing in the West in the midst of stormy clouds, another was rising in the East, to point out the way to save Britain. Men, like stars, appear on the horizon at the command of God.

On his return from Woodstock to Greenwich, Henry stopped full of anxiety at Waltham in Essex. His attendants were lodged in the houses of the neighbourhood. Fox, the almoner, and Secretary Gardiner, were quartered on a gentleman named Cressy, at Waltham Abbey. When supper was announced, Gardiner and Fox were surprised to see an old friend enter the room. It was Thomas Cranmer, a Cambridge doctor. "What! is it you?" they said, "and how came you here?" "Our host's wife is my relation," replied Cranmer, "and as the epidemic is raging at Cambridge, I brought home my friend's sons, who are under my care." As this new personage is destined to play an important

[1] Le Grand, vol. ii. p. 156. Life of Campeggio, by Sigonius.

[2] Sarcinas excuti jussit. Sanders, p. 51.

[3] Cavendish, p 246. See also Le Grand, ii. p. 258.

[1] He had learnt of his necromancy that this would be a jeopardous year for him. Tyndale's Works, i. p. 480.

[2] Strype, i. p. 373.

[3] Herbert, p. 289.

[4] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 12th October. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 365.

part in the history of the Reformation, it may be worth our while to interrupt our narrative, and give a particular account of him.

Cranmer was descended from an ancient family, which came into England, as is generally believed, with the conqueror. He was born at Aslacton in Nottinghamshire on the 2d July 1489, six years after Luther. His early education had been very much neglected; his tutor, an ignorant and severe priest, had taught him little else than patiently to endure severe chastisement—a knowledge destined to be very useful to him in after-life. His father was an honest country gentleman, who cared for little besides hunting, racing, and military sports. At this school, the son learned to ride, to handle the bow and the sword, to fish, and to hawk; and he never entirely neglected these exercises, which he thought essential to his health. Thomas Cranmer was fond of walking, of the charms of nature, and of solitary meditations; and a hill, near his father's mansion, used often to be shown where he was wont to sit, gazing on the fertile country at his feet, fixing his eyes on the distant spires, listening with melancholy pleasure to the chime of the bells, and indulging in sweet contemplations. About 1504, he was sent to Cambridge, where "barbarism still prevailed," says an historian.[1] His plain, noble, and modest air conciliated the affections of many, and, in 1510, he was elected fellow of Jesus College. Possessing a tender heart, he became attached, at the age of twenty-three, to a young person of good birth, (says Foxe,) or of inferior rank, as other writers assert. Cranmer was unwilling to imitate the disorderly lives of his fellow-students, and although marriage would necessarily close the career of honours, he married the young lady, resigned his fellowship (in conformity with the regulations) and took a modest lodging at the Dolphin. He then began to study earnestly the most remarkable writings of the times, polishing, it has been said, his old asperity on the productions of Erasmus, of Lefevre of Etaples, and other great authors; every day his crude understanding received new brilliancy.[2] He then began to teach in Buckingham (afterwards Magdalene) College, and thus provided for his wants.

His lessons excited the admiration of enlightened men, and the anger of obscure ones, who disdainfully called him (because of the inn at which he lodged) *the hostler*. "This name became him well," said Fuller, "for in his lessons he roughly rubbed the backs of the friars, and famously curried the hides of the lazy priests." His wife dying a year after his marriage, Cranmer was re-elected fellow of his old college, and the first writing of Luther's having appeared he said: "I must know on which side the truth lies. There is only one infallible source, the Scriptures; in them I will seek for God's truth."[1] And for three years he constantly studied the holy books,[2] without commentary, without human theology, and hence he gained the name of the *Scripturist*. At last his eyes were opened; he saw the mysterious bond which unites all biblical revelations, and understood the completeness of God's design. Then without forsaking the Scriptures, he studied all kinds of authors.[3] He was a slow reader, but a close observer;[4] he never opened a book without having a pen in his hand.[5] He did not take up with any particular party or age; but possessing a free and philosophic mind, he weighed all opinions, in the balance of his judgment,[6] taking the Bible for his standard.

Honours soon came upon him; he was made successively doctor of divinity, professor, university preacher, and examiner. He used to say to the candidates for the ministry: "Christ sendeth his hearers to the Scriptures, and not to the church."[7] "But," replied the monks, "they are so difficult." "Explain the obscure passages by those which are clear," rejoined the professor. "Scripture by Scripture. Seek, pray, *and he who has the key of David* will open them to you." The monks, affrighted at this task, withdrew bursting with anger, and erelong Cranmer's name was a name of dread in every convent. Some, however, submitted to the labour, and one of them, Doctor Barrett, blessed God that the examiner had turned him back; "for," said he, "I found the knowledge of God in the holy book he compelled me to study." Cranmer toiled at the same work as Latimer, Stafford, and Bilney.

Fox and Gardiner having renewed acquaintance with their old friend at Waltham Abbey, they sat down to table, and both the almoner and the secretary asked the doctor what he thought of the divorce. It was the usual topic of conversation, and not long before, Cranmer had been named member of a commission appointed to give their opinion on this affair. "You are not in the right path," said Cranmer to his friends; "you should not cling to the decisions of the church. There is a surer and a shorter way which alone can give peace to the

[1] Fæda barbaries. Melch. Adam. Vitæ Theol. i.

[2] Ad eos non aliter quam ad cotem, quotidie priscam detergebat scabritiem. Melch. Adam. Vitæ Theol. i.

[1] Behold the very fountains. Foxe, viii. p. 4.

[2] Totum triennium Sacræ Scripturæ monumentis perlegendis impendit. M. Adam. p. 1.

[3] Like a merchant greedy of all good things. Foxe, viii. p. 4.

[4] Tardus quidem lector sed vehemens observator. M. Adams, p. 1.

[5] Sine calamo nunquam ad scriptoris cujusquam librum accessit. Ibid.

[6] Omnes omnium opiniones tacito secum judicio trutinabat. Ibid.

[7] Cranmer's Works, p. 17, 18.

king's conscience." "What is that?" they both asked. "The true question is this," replied Cranmer: "*What says the word of God?* If God has declared a marriage of this nature *bad*, the pope cannot make it *good*. Discontinue these interminable Roman negotiations. When God has spoken, man must obey." "But how shall we know what God has said?" "Consult the universities; they will discern it more surely than Rome."

This was a new view. The idea of consulting the universities had been acted upon before; but then their own opinions only had been demanded; now, the question was simply to know *what God says in his word*. "The word of God is above the church," was the principle laid down by Cranmer, and in that principle consisted the whole of the Reformation. The conversation at the supper-table of Waltham was destined to be one of those secret springs which an invisible Hand sets in motion for the accomplishment of his great designs. The Cambridge doctor, suddenly transported from his study to the foot of the throne, was on the point of becoming one of the principal instruments of Divine wisdom.

The day after this conversation, Fox and Gardiner arrived at Greenwich, and the king summoned them into his presence the same evening. "Well, gentlemen," he said to them, "our holidays are over; what shall we do now? If we still have recourse to Rome, God knows when we shall see the end of this matter."[1] "It will not be necessary to take so long a journey," said Fox; "we know a shorter and surer way." "What is it?" asked the king eagerly. "Doctor Cranmer, whom we met yesterday at Waltham, thinks that the Bible should be the sole judge in your cause." Gardiner, vexed at his colleague's frankness, desired to claim all the honour of this luminous idea for himself; but Henry did not listen to him. "Where is Doctor Cranmer?" said he, much affected.[2] "Send, and fetch him immediately. Mother of God! (this was his customary oath) this man has the right sow by the ear.[3] If this had only been suggested to me two years ago, what expense and trouble I should have been spared!"

Cranmer had gone into Nottinghamshire; a messenger followed and brought him back. "Why have you entangled me in this affair?" he said to Fox and Gardiner. "Pray make my excuse to the king." Gardiner, who wished for nothing better, promised to do all he could; but it was of no use. "I will have no excuses," said Henry. The wily courtier was obliged to make up his mind to introduce the ingenuous and upright man, to whom that station, which he himself had so coveted, was one day to belong. Cranmer and Gardiner went down to Greenwich, both alike dissatisfied.

Cranmer was then forty years of age, with pleasing features, and mild and winning eyes, in which the candour of his soul seemed to be reflected. Sensible to the pains as well as to the pleasures of the heart, he was destined to be more exposed than other men to anxieties and falls; a peaceful life in some remote parsonage would have been more to his taste than the court of Henry the VIII. Blessed with a generous mind, unhappily he did not possess the firmness necessary in a public man; a little stone sufficed to make him stumble. His excellent understanding showed him the better way; but his great timidity made him fear the more dangerous. He was rather too fond of relying upon the power of men, and made them unhappy concessions with too great facility. If the king had questioned him, he would never have dared advise so bold a course as that he had pointed out; the advice had slipped from him at table during the intimacy of familiar conversation. Yet he was sincere, and after doing every thing to escape from the consequences of his frankness, he was ready to maintain the opinion he had given.

Henry, perceiving Cranmer's timidity, graciously approached him. "What is your name?" said the king, endeavouring to put him at ease. "Did you not meet my secretary and almoner at Waltham?" And then he added: "Did you not speak to them of my great affair?"—repeating the words ascribed to Cranmer. The latter could not retreat: "Sir, it is true, I did say so." "I see," replied the king with animation, "that you have found the breach through which we must storm the fortress. Now, sir doctor, I beg you, and as you are my subject I command you, to lay aside every other occupation, and to bring my cause to a conclusion in conformity with the ideas you have put forth. All that I desire to know is, whether my marriage is contrary to the laws of God or not. Employ all your skill in investigating the subject, and thus bring comfort to my conscience as well as to the queen's."[1]

Cranmer was confounded; he recoiled from the idea of deciding an affair on which depended, it might be, the destinies of the nation, and sighed after the lonely fields of Aslacton. But grasped by the vigorous hand of Henry, he was compelled to advance. "Sir," said he, "pray intrust this matter to doctors more learned than I am." "I am very willing," answered the king, "but I desire that you will also give me your opinion in writing." And then summoning the earl of Wiltshire to his presence, he said to him: "My lord, you will

[1] God knows and not I. Foxe, viii. 7.
[2] Burnet, vol. i. p. 60.
[3] Ibid.

[1] For the discharging of both our consciences Foxe, viii. p. 8.

receive Doctor Cranmer into your house at Durham Place, and let him have all necessary quiet to compose a report for which I have asked him." After this precise command, which admitted of no refusal, Henry withdrew.

In this manner was Cranmer introduced by the king to Anne Boleyn's father, and not, as some Romanist authors have asserted, by Sir Thomas Boleyn to the king.[1] Wiltshire conducted Cranmer to Durham House (now the Adelphi in the Strand), and the pious doctor on whom Henry had imposed these quarters, soon contracted a close friendship with Anne and her father, and took advantage of it to teach them the value of the divine word, as *the pearl of great price*.[2] Henry, while profiting by the address of a Wolsey and a Gardiner, paid little regard to the men; but he respected Cranmer, even when opposed to him in opinion, and until his death placed the learned doctor above all his courtiers and all his clerks. The pious man often succeeds better even with the great ones of this world, than the ambitious and intriguing.

While Cranmer was rising notwithstanding his humility, Wolsey was falling despite his stratagems. The cardinal still governed the kingdom, gave instructions to ambassadors, negotiated with princes, and filled his sumptuous palaces with his haughtiness. The king could not make up his mind to turn him off; the force of habit, the need he had of him, the recollection of the services Henry had received from him, pleaded in his favour. Wolsey without the seals appeared almost as inconceivable as the king without his crown. Yet the fall of one of the most powerful favourites recorded in history was inevitably approaching, and we must now describe it.

On the 9th of October, after the Michaelmas vacation, Wolsey, desirous of showing a bold face, went and opened the high court of chancery with his accustomed pomp; but he noticed, with uneasiness, that none of the king's servants walked before him, as they had been accustomed to do. He presided on the bench with an inexpressible depression of spirits, and the various members of the court sat before him with an absent air; there was something gloomy and solemn in this sitting, as if all were taking part in a funeral; it was destined indeed to be the last act of the cardinal's power. Some days before (Foxe says on the 1st of October) the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, with other lords of the privy-council, had gone down to Windsor, and denounced to the king Wolsey's unconstitutional relations with the pope, his usurpations, "his robberies, and the discords sown by his means between Christian princes."[1] Such motives would not have sufficed; but Henry had stronger. Wolsey had not kept any of his promises in the matter of the divorce; it would even appear that he had advised the pope to excommunicate the king, and thus raise his people against him.[2] This enormity was not at that time known by the prince; it is even probable that it did not take place until later. But Henry knew enough, and he gave his attorney-general, Sir Christopher Hales, orders to prosecute Wolsey.

Whilst the heart-broken cardinal was displaying his authority for the last time in the court of chancery, the attorney-general was accusing him in the king's bench for having obtained papal bulls conferring on him a jurisdiction which encroached on the royal power; and calling for the application of the penalties of *præmunire*. The two dukes received orders to demand the seals from Wolsey; and the latter, informed of what had taken place, did not quit his palace on the 10th, expecting every moment the arrival of the messengers of the king's anger; but no one appeared.

The next day the two dukes arrived: "It is the king's good pleasure," said they to the cardinal, who remained seated in his arm-chair, "that you give up the broad seal to us and retire to Esher" (a country-seat near Hampton Court). Wolsey, whose presence of mind never failed him, demanded to see the commission under which they were acting. "We have our orders from his majesty's mouth," said they.—"That may be sufficient for you," replied the cardinal, "but not for me. The great seal of England was delivered to me by the hands of my sovereign; I may not deliver it at the simple word of any lord, unless you can show me your commission." Suffolk broke out into a passion, but Wolsey remained calm, and the two dukes returned to Windsor. This was the cardinal's last triumph.

The rumour of his disgrace created an immense sensation at court, in the city, and among the foreign ambassadors. Du Bellay hastened to York Place (Whitehall) to contemplate this great ruin and console his unhappy friend. He found Wolsey, with dejected countenance and lustreless eyes, "shrunk to half his wonted size," wrote the ambassador to Montmorency, "the greatest example of torture which was ever beheld." Wolsey desired "to set forth his case" to him; his thoughts were confused, his language broken, "for heart and tongue both failed him entirely;" he burst into tears. The ambassador regarded him with compassion: "Alas!" thought he, "his enemies cannot but feel pity for him." At last the unhappy cardinal recovered his

[1] Sanders, p. 57; Lingard, vol. vi. chap. iii. Compare Foxe, vol. viii. p. 8.

[2] Teque nobilis illius margaritæ desiderio teneri. Erasm. Epp. p. 1754.

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency, 22d October. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 377.

[2] Ranke, Deutsche Geschichte, iii. p. 140

speech, but only to give way to despair. "I desire no more authority," he exclaimed, "nor the pope's legation, nor the broad seal of England....I am ready to give up every thing, even to my shirt.[1]....I can live in a hermitage, provided the king does not hold me in disgrace." The ambassador "did all he could to comfort him," when Wolsey, catching at the plank thrown out to him, exclaimed: "Would that the king of France and madame might pray the king to moderate his anger against me. But above all," he added in alarm, "take care the king never knows that I have solicited this of you." Du Bellay wrote indeed to France, that the king and madame alone could "withdraw their affectionate servant from the gates of hell;" and Wolsey being informed of these despatches, his hopes recovered a little. But this bright gleam did not last long.

On Sunday the 17th of October, Norfolk and Suffolk reappeared at Whitehall, accompanied by Fitzwilliam, Taylor, and Gardiner, Wolsey's former dependant. It was six in the evening; they found the cardinal in an upper chamber, near the great gallery, and presented the king's orders to him. Having read them, he said: "I am happy to obey his majesty's commands;" then, having ordered the great seal to be brought him, he took it out of the white leather case in which he kept it, and handed it to the dukes, who placed it in a box, covered with crimson velvet, and ornamented with the arms of England,[2] ordered Gardiner to seal it up with red wax, and gave it to Taylor to convey to the king. Wolsey was thunderstruck; he was to drink the bitter cup even to the dregs: he was ordered to leave his palace forthwith, taking with him neither clothes, linen, nor plate; the dukes had feared that he would convey away his treasures. Wolsey comprehended the greatness of his misery; he found strength however to say: "Since it is the king's good pleasure to take my house and all it contains, I am content to retire to Esher." The dukes left him.

Wolsey remained alone. This astonishing man, who had risen from a butcher's shop to the summit of earthly greatness—who, for a word that displeased him, sent his master's most faithful servants (Pace for instance) to the Tower, and who had governed England as if he had been its monarch, and even more, for he had governed without a parliament—was driven out, and thrown as it were, upon a dunghill. A sudden hope flashed like lightning through his mind; perhaps the magnificence of the spoils would appease Henry. Was not Esau pacified by Jacob's present? Wolsey summonod his officers: "Set tables in the great gallery," he said to them, "and place on them all I have intrusted to your care, in order to render me an account." These orders were executed immediatcly. The tables were covered with an immense quantity of rich stuffs, silks and velvets of all colours, costly furs, rich copes and other ecclesiastical vestures; the walls were hung with cloth of gold and silver and webs of a valuable stuff named baudykin,[1] from the looms of Damascus, and with tapestry representing scriptural subjects or stories from the old romances of chivalry. The gilt chamber and the council chamber, adjoining the gallery, were both filled with plate, in which the gold and silver were set with pearls and precious stones; these articles of luxury were so abundant that basketfuls of costly plate, which had fallen out of fashion, were stowed away under the tables. On every table was an exact list of the treasures with which it was loaded, for the most perfect order and regularity prevailed in the cardinal's household. Wolsey cast a glance of hope upon this wealth, and ordered his officers to deliver the whole to his majesty.

He then prepared to leave his magnificent palace. That moment, of itself so sad, was made sadder still by an act of affectionate indiscretion. "Ah, my lord," said his treasurer, Sir William Gascoigne, moved even to tears, "your grace will be sent to the tower." This was too much for Wolsey: to go and join his victims!..... He grew angry, and exclaimed: "Is this the best comfort you can give your master in adversity? I would have you and all such blasphemous reporters know that it is untrue."

It was necessary to depart; he put round his neck a chain of gold, from which hung a pretended relic of the true cross; this was all he took. "Would to God," he exclaimed, as he placed it on, "that I had never had any other." This he said, alluding to the legate's cross which used to be carried before him with so much pomp. He descended the back stairs, followed by his servants, some silent and dejected, others weeping bitterly, and proceeded to the river's brink, where a barge awaited him. But, alas! it was not alone. The Thames was covered with innumerable boats full of men and women. The inhabitants of London, expecting to see the cardinal led to the Tower, desired to be present at his humiliation, and prepared to accompany him. Cries of joy hailing his fall were heard from every side; nor were the cruelest sarcasms wanting. "The butcher's dog will bite no more," said some; "look, how he hangs his head." In truth, the

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 371.

[2] In quadam theca de veluto crimisino. Rymer, Act. p. 138

[1] Baldekinum, pannus omnium ditissimus cujus utpote stamen ex filo auri, subtegmen ex serico textitur, plumario opere intertextus. Ducange's Glossary.

unhappy man, distressed by a sight so new to him, lowered those eyes which were once so proud, but now were filled with bitter tears. This man, who had made all England tremble, was then like a withered leaf carried along the stream. All his servants were moved; even his fool, William Patch, sobbed like the rest. "O, wavering and newfangled multitude," exclaimed Cavendish, his gentleman usher.[1] The hopes of the citizens were disappointed; the barge, instead of descending the river, proceeded upwards in the direction of Hampton Court; gradually the shouts died away, and the flotilla dispersed.

The silence of the river permitted Wolsey to indulge in less bitter thoughts; but it seemed as if invisible furies were pursuing him, now that the people had left him. He left his barge at Putney, and mounting his mule, though with difficulty, proceeded slowly with downcast looks. Shortly after, upon lifting his eyes, he saw a horseman riding rapidly down the hill towards them. "Whom do you think it can be?" he asked of his attendants. "My lord," replied one of them, "I think it is Sir Henry Norris." A flash of joy passed through Wolsey's heart. Was it not Norris, who, of all the king's officers, had shown him the most respect during his visit to Grafton? Norris came up with them, saluted him respectfully, and said: "The king bids me declare that he still entertains the same kindly feelings towards you, and sends you this ring as a token of his confidence." Wolsey received it with a trembling hand: it was that which the king was in the habit of sending on important occasions. The cardinal immediately alighted from his mule, and kneeling down in the road, raised his hands to heaven with an indescribable expression of happiness. The fallen man would have pulled off his velvet under-cap, but unable to undo the strings, he broke them, and threw it on the ground. He remained on his knees bareheaded, praying fervently amidst profound silence. God's forgiveness had never caused Wolsey so much pleasure as Henry's.

Having finished his prayer, the cardinal put on his cap, and remounted his mule. "Gentle Norris," said he to the king's messenger, "If I were lord of a kingdom, the half of it would scarcely be enough to reward you for your happy tidings; but I have nothing left except the clothes on my back." Then taking off his gold chain: "Take this," he said, "it contains a piece of the true cross. In my happier days I would not have parted with it for a thousand pounds." The cardinal and Norris separated: but Wolsey soon stopped, and the whole troop halted on the heath. The thought troubled him greatly that he had nothing to send to the king; he called Norris back, and, looking round him, saw, mounted on a sorry horse, poor William Patch, who had lost all his gaiety since his master's misfortune. "Present this poor jester to the king from me," said Wolsey to Norris; "his buffooneries are a pleasure fit for a prince; he is worth a thousand pounds." Patch, offended at being treated thus, burst into a violent passion; his eyes flashed fire, he foamed at the mouth, he kicked and fought, and bit all who approched him;[1] but the inexorable Wolsey, who looked upon him merely as a toy, ordered six of his tallest yeomen to lay hold of him. They carried off the unfortunate creature, who long continued to utter his piercing cries. At the very moment when his master had had pity on him, Wolsey, like the servant in the parable, had no pity on his poor companion in misfortune.

At last they reached Esher. What a residence compared with Whitehall!....It was little more than four bare walls. The most urgent necessaries were procured from the neighbouring houses, but Wolsey could not adapt himself to this cruel contrast. Besides, he knew Henry VIII.; he knew that he might send Norris one day with a gold ring, and the executioner the next with a rope. Gloomy and dejected, he remained seated in his lonely apartments. On a sudden he would rise from his seat, walk hurriedly up and down, speak aloud to himself, and then, falling back in his chair, he would weep like a child. This man, who formerly had shaken kingdoms, had been overthrown in the twinkling of an eye, and was now atoning for his perfidies in humiliation and terror, —a striking example of God's judgment.

During all this time everybody was in commotion at court. Norfolk and Suffolk, at the head of the council, had informed the Star Chamber of the cardinal's disgrace. Henry knew not how to supply his place. Some suggested the archbishop of Canterbury; the king would not hear of him. "Wolsey," says a French writer, "had disgusted the king and all England with those subjects of two masters who, almost always, sold one to the other. They preferred a lay minister." "I verily believe the priests will never more obtain it," wrote Du Bellay. The name of Sir Thomas More was pronounced. He was a layman, and that quality, which a few years before would, perhaps, have excluded him, was now a recommendation. A breath of Protestantism wafted to the summit of honours one of its greatest enemies. Henry thought that More, placed between the pope and his sovereign, would decide in favour of the interests of the throne, and of the independence of England. His choice was made.

More knew that the cardinal had been thrown aside because he was not a sufficiently docile instrument in the matter of

[1] Cavendish, Wolsey, p. 251.

[1] The poor fool took on, and fired so in such a rage. Cavendish, p. 257.

the divorce. The work required of him was contrary to his convictions; but the honour conferred on him was almost unprecedented; very seldom indeed had the seals been intrusted to a mere knight.[1] He followed the path of ambition and not of duty; he showed, however, in after-days that his ambition was of no common sort. It is even probable that, foreseeing the dangers which threatened to destroy the papal power in England, More wished to make an effort to save it. Norfolk installed the new chancellor in the Star Chamber. "His majesty," said the duke, "has not cast his eyes upon the nobility of the blood, but on the worth of the person. He desires to show by this choice that there are among the laity and gentlemen of England, men worthy to fill the highest offices in the kingdom, to which, until this hour, bishops and noblemen alone think they have a right."[2] The Reformation, which restored religion to the general body of the church, took away at the same time political power from the clergy. The priests had deprived the people of Christian activity, and the governments of power; the gospel restored to both what the priests had usurped. This result could not but be favourable to the interests of religion; the less cause kings and their subjects have to fear the intrusion of clerical power into the affairs of the world, the more will they yield themselves to the vivifying influence of faith.

More lost no time; never had lord-chancellor displayed such activity. He rapidly cleared off the cases which were in arrear, and having been installed on the 26th of October, he called on Wolsey's cause on the 28th or 29th. "The crown of England," said the attorney-general, "has never acknowledged any superior but God.[3] Now, the said Thomas Wolsey, legate *a latere*, has obtained from the pope certain bulls, by virtue of which he has exercised since the 28th of August 1523 an authority derogatory to his majesty's power, and to the rights of his courts of justice. The crown of England cannot be put under the pope; and we therefore accuse the said legate of having incurred the penalties of *præmunire*."

There can be no doubt that Henry had other reasons for Wolsey's disgrace than those pointed out by the attorney-general; but England had convictions of a higher nature than her sovereign's. Wolsey was regarded as the pope's accomplice, and this was the cause of the great severity of the public officer and of the people. The cardinal is generally excused by alleging that both king and parliament had ratified the unconstitutional authority with which Rome had invested him; but had not the powers conferred on him by the pope produced unjustifiable results in a constitutional monarchy? Wolsey, as papal legate, had governed England without a parliament; and, as if the nation had gone back to the reign of John, he had substituted *de facto*, if not in theory, the monstrous system of the famous bull *Unam Sanctam*[1] for the institution of *Magna Charta*. The king, and even the lords and commons, had connived in vain at these illegalities; the rights of the constitution of England remained not the less inviolable, and the best of the people had protested against their infringement. And hence it was that Wolsey, conscious of his crime, "put himself wholly to the mercy and grace of the king,"[2] and his counsel declared his ignorance of the statutes he was said to have infringed. We cannot here allege, as some have done, the prostration of Wolsey's moral powers; he could, even after his fall, reply with energy to Henry VIII. When, for instance, the king sent to demand for the crown his palace of Whitehall, which belonged to the see of York, the cardinal answered: "Show his majesty from me that I must desire him to call to his most gracious remembrance that there is both a heaven and a hell;" and when other charges besides those of complicity with the papal aggression were brought against him, he defended himself courageously, as will be afterwards seen. If, therefore, the cardinal did not attempt to justify himself for infringing the rights of the crown, it was because his conscience bade him be silent. He had committed one of the gravest faults of which a statesman can be guilty. Those who have sought to excuse him have not sufficiently borne in mind that, since the Great Charter, opposition to Romish aggression has always characterized the constitution and government of England. Wolsey perfectly recollected this; and this explanation is more honourable to him than that which ascribes his silence to weakness or to cunning.

The cardinal was pronounced guilty, and the court passed judgment, that by the statute of *præmunire* his property was forfeited, and that he might be taken before the king in council. England, by sacrificing a churchman who had placed himself above kings, gave a memorable example of her inflexible opposition to the encroachments of the papacy. Wolsey was confounded, and his troubled imagination conjured up nothing but perils on every side.

[1] It has been often asserted that Sir Thomas More was the first layman to whom the office of chancellor was intrusted; but there were no less than *six* between A. D. 1342 and 1410; viz. Sir Robert Boucher, knight; Sir Robert de Thorp, knight; Sir R. de la Scrope, knight; Sir M. de la Pole; R. Neville, Earl of Salisbury; and Sir T. Beaufort, knight.

[2] More's Life, p. 172.

[3] The crown of England, free at all times, has been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things. Herbert, p. 251. See also Articles of Impeachment, § 1.

[1] Since the 13th of Nov. 1302. Raynold ad ann. Uterque ergo gladius est in potestate ecclesiæ, spiritualis scilicet et materialis.

[2] Cavendish, p. 276.

While More was lending himself to the condemnation of his predecessor, whose friend he had been, another layman of still humbler origin was preparing to defend the cardinal, and by that very act to become the appointed instrument to throw down the convents in England, and to shatter the secular bonds which united this country to the Roman pontiff.

On the 1st of November, two days after Wolsey's condemnation, one of his officers, with a prayer-book in his hand, was leaning against the window in the great hall, apparently absorbed in his devotions. "Good-morrow," said Cavendish as he passed him, on his way to the cardinal for his usual morning duties. The person thus addressed raised his head, and the gentleman-usher, seeing that his eyes were filled with tears, asked him: "Master Cromwell, is my lord in any danger?"—"I think not," replied Cromwell, "but it is hard to lose in a moment the labour of a life." In his master's fall Cromwell foreboded his own. Cavendish endeavoured to console him. "God willing, this is my resolution," replied Wolsey's ambitious solictor; "I intend this afternoon, as soon as my lord has dined, to ride to London, and so go to court, where I will either make or mar before I come back again."[1] At this moment Cavendish was summoned, and he entered the cardinal's chamber.

Cromwell, devoured by ambition, had clung to Wolsey's robe in order to attain power; but Wolsey had fallen, and the solicitor, dragged along with him, strove to reach by other means the object of his desires. Cromwell was one of those earnest and vigorous men whom God prepares for critical times. Blessed with a solid judgment and intrepid firmness, he possessed a quality rare in every age, and particularly under Henry VIII.,—fidelity in misfortune. The ability by which he was distinguished, was not at all times without reproach: success seems to have been his first thought.

After dinner Cromwell followed Wolsey into his private room: "My lord, permit me to go to London, I will endeavour to save you." A gleam passed over the cardinal's saddened features.—"Leave the room," he said to his attendants. He then had a long private conversation with Cromwell,[2] at the end of which the latter mounted his horse and set out for the capital, riding to the assault of power with the same activity as he had marched to the attack of Rome. He did not hide from himself that it would be difficult to procure access to the king; for certain ecclesiastics, jealous of Wolsey, had spoken against his solicitor at the time of the secularization of the convents, and Henry could not endure him. But Cromwell knew that for tune favours the bold, and, carried away by his ambitious dreams, he galloped on, saying to himself: "One foot in the stirrup, and my fortune is made!"

Sir Christopher Hales, a zealous Roman-catholic, entertained a sincere friendship for him; and to this friend Cromwell applied. Hales proceeded immediately to the palace (2d November) where he found a numerous company talking about the cardinal's ruin. "There was one of his officers," said Hales, "who would serve your majesty well."—"Who is he?" asked Henry. —"Cromwell."—"Do not speak to me of that man, I hate him," replied the king angrily;[1] and upon that all the courtiers chimed in with his majesty's opinion. This opening was not very encouraging; but Lord Russell, earl of Bedford, advancing to the midst of the group around the king, said boldly:[2] "Permit me, Sir, to defend a man to whom I am indebted for my life. When you sent me privately into Italy, your majesty's enemies, having discovered me at Bologna, would have put me to death, had not Thomas Cromwell saved me. Sir, since you have now to do with the pope, there is no man (I think) in all England who will be fitter for your purpose."—"Indeed!" said the king; and after a little reflection, he said to Hales: "Very well then, let your client meet me in Whitehall gardens." The courtiers and the priests withdrew in great discomfiture.

The interview took place the same day at the appointed spot. "Sir," said Cromwell to his majesty, "the pope refuses your divorce.....But why do you ask his consent? Every Englishman is master in his own house, and why should not you be so in England? Ought a foreign prelate to share your power with you? It is true, the bishops make oath to your majesty, but they make another to the pope immediately after, which absolves them from the former. Sir, you are but half a king, and we are but half your subjects.[3] This kingdom is a two-headed monster. Will you bear with such an anomaly any longer? What! are you not living in an age when Frederick the Wise and other German princes have thrown off the yoke of Rome? Do likewise; become once more a king; govern your kingdom in concert with your lords and commons. Henceforward let Englishmen alone have any thing to say in England; let not your subjects' money be cast any more into the yawning gulf of the Tiber; instead of imposing new taxes on the nation, convert to the general good those treasures which have hitherto only served to fatten proud priests and lazy

[1] Cavendish, p. 280.
[2] Long communication with my lord in secret. Ibid. p. 270.

[1] The king began to detest the mention of him. Foxe, v. p. 366.
[2] In a vehement boldness. Ibid. p. 367.
[3] Ibid. See also Apol. Regin. Poli ad Car. i. p. 120, 121.

friars. Now is the moment for action. Rely upon your parliament; proclaim yourself the head of the church in England. Then shall you see an increase of glory to your name, and of prosperity to your people."

Never before had such language been addressed to a king of England. It was not only on account of the divorce that it was necessary to break with Rome; it was, in Cromwell's view, on account of the independence, glory, and prosperity of the monarchy. These considerations appeared more important to Henry than those which had hitherto been laid before him; none of the kings of England had been so well placed as he was to understand them. When a Tudor had succeeded to the Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet kings, a man of the free race of the Celts had taken on the throne of England the place of princes submissive to the Roman pontiffs. The ancient British church, independent of the papacy, was about to rise again with this new dynasty, and the Celtic race, after eleven centuries of humiliation, to recover its ancient heritage. Undoubtedly, Henry had no recollections of this kind; but he worked in conformity with the peculiar character of his race, without being aware of the instinct which compelled him to act. He felt that a sovereign who submits to the pope, becomes, like King John, his vassal; and now, after having been the second in his realm, he desired to be the first.

The king reflected on what Cromwell had said; astonished and surprised, he sought to understand the new position which his bold adviser had made for him. "Your proposal pleases me much," he said; "but can you prove what you assert?" "Certainly," replied this able politician; "I have with me a copy of the oath the bishops make to the Roman pontiff." With these words he drew a paper from his pocket, and placed the oath before the king's eyes. Henry, jealous of his authority even to despotism, was filled with indignation, and felt the necessity of bringing down that foreign authority which dared dispute the power with him, even in his own kingdom. He drew off his ring and gave it to Cromwell, declaring that he took him into his service, and soon after made him a member of his privy council. England, we may say, was now virtually emancipated from the papacy.

Cromwell had laid the first foundations of his greatness. He had remarked the path his master had followed, and which had led to his ruin,—complicity with the pope; and he hoped to succeed by following the contrary course, namely, by opposing the papacy. He had the king's support, but he wanted more. Possessing a clear and easy style of eloquence, he saw what influence a seat in the great council of the nation would give him. It was somewhat late, for the session began on the next day (3d November,) but to Cromwell nothing was impossible. The son of his friend, Sir Thomas Rush, had been returned to parliament; but the young member resigned his seat, and Cromwell was elected in his place.

Parliament had not met for seven years, the kingdom having been governed by a prince of the Roman Church. The reformation of the church, whose regenerating influence began to be felt already, was about to restore to the nation those ancient liberties of which a cardinal had robbed it; and Henry being on the point of taking very important resolutions, felt the necessity of drawing nearer to his people. Everything betokened that a good feeling would prevail between the parliament and the crown, and that "the priests would have a terrible fright."[1]

While Henry was preparing to attack the Roman church in the papal supremacy, the commons were getting ready to war against the numerous abuses with which it had covered England. "Some even thought," says Tyndale, "that this assembly would reform the church, and that the golden age would come again."[2] But it was not from acts of parliament that the Reformation was destined to proceed, but solely from the word of God. And yet the commons, without touching upon doctrine, were going to do their duty manfully in things within their province, and the parliament of 1529 may be regarded (Lord Herbert of Cherbury observes) as the first Protestant parliament of England.[3] "The bishops require excessive fines for the probates of wills," said Tyndale's old friend, Sir Henry Guilford. "As testamentary executor to Sir William Compton I had to pay a thousand marks sterling."...."The spiritual men," said another member, would rather see the poor orphans die of hunger than give them the lean cow, the only thing their father left them."[4] "Priests," said another, "have farms, tanneries, and warehouses, all over the country. In short, the clerks take everything from their flocks, and not only give them nothing, but even deny them the word of God."

The clergy were in utter consternation. The power of the nation seemed to awaken in this parliament for the sole purpose of attacking the power of the priest. It was important to ward off these blows. The convocation of the province of Canterbury, assembling at Westminster on the 5th of November, thought it their duty, in self-defence, to reform the most crying abuses. It was therefore decreed, on the 12th of

[1] Du Bellay to Montmorency. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 378, 380.

[2] Wolsey, i. p. 481.

[3] It was the first step, a great and bold sally towards that reformation. Herbert, p. 320.

[4] Rather than give to them the silly cow, if he had but only one. Foxe, iv. p. 611.

November, that the priests should no longer keep shops or taverns, play at dice or other forbidden games, pass the night in suspected places, be present at disreputable shows,[1] go about with sporting dogs, or with hawks, falcons, or other birds of prey, on their fist;[2] or, finally, hold suspicious intercourse with women.[3] Penalties were denounced against these various disorders; they were doubled in cases of adultery; and still further increased in the case of more abominable impurities.[4] Such were the laws rendered necessary by the manners of the clergy.

These measures did not satisfy the commons. Three bills were introduced having reference to the fees on the probate of wills, mortuaries, pluralities, non-residence, and the exercise of secular professions. "The destruction of the church is aimed at," exclaimed Bishop Fisher, when these bills were carried to the lords, "and if the church falls, the glory of the kingdom will perish. Lutheranism is making great progress amongst us, and the savage cry that has already echoed in Bohemia, *Down with the church*, is now uttered by the commons.....How does that come about? Solely from want of faith. My lords, save your country! save the church!" Sir Thomas Audley, the speaker, with a deputation of thirty members, immediately went to Whitehall. "Sir," they said to the king, "we are accused of being without faith, and of being almost as bad as the *Turks*. We demand an apology for such offensive language." Fisher pretended that he only meant to speak of the *Bohemians;* and the commons, by no means satisfied, zealously went on with their reforms.

These the king was resolved to concede; but he determined to take advantage of them to present a bill making over to him all the money borrowed of his subjects. John Petit, one of the members for the city, boldly opposed this demand. "I do not know other persons' affairs," he said, "and I cannot give what does not belong to me. But as regards myself personally, I give without reserve all that I have lent the king." The royal bill passed, and the satisfied Henry gave his consent to the bills of the commons. Every dispensation coming from Rome, which might be contrary to the statutes, was strictly forbidden. The bishops exclaimed that the commons were becoming schismatical; disturbances were excited by certain priests; but the clerical agitators were punished, and the people, when they heard of it, were delighted beyond measure.

The moment when Henry aimed his first blows at Rome was also that in which he began to shed the blood of the disciples of the gospel. Although ready to throw off the authority of the pope, he would not recognize the authority of Christ; obedience to the Scriptures is, however, the very soul of the Reformation.

The king's contest with Rome had filled the friends of Scripture with hope. The artisans and tradesmen, particularly those who lived near the sea, were almost wholly won over to the gospel. "The king is one of us," they used to boast; "he wishes his subjects to read the New Testament. Our faith, which is the true one, will circulate through the kingdom, and by Michaelmas next those who believe as we do will be more numerous than those of a contrary opinion. We are ready, if needs be, to die in the struggle."[1] This was indeed to be the fate of many.

Language such as this aroused the clergy: "The last hour has come," said Stokesley, who had been raised to the see of London after Tonstall's translation to Durham; "if we would not have Luther's heresy pervade the whole of England, we must hasten to throw it in the sea." Henry was fully disposed to do so; but as he was not on very good terms with the clergy, a man was wanted to serve as mediator between him and the bishops. He was soon found.

Sir Thomas More's noble understanding was then passing from ascetic practices to fanaticism, and the humanist turned into an inquisitor. In his opinion the burning of heretics was just and necessary.[2] He has even been reproached with binding evangelical Christians to a tree in his garden, which he called "the tree of truth," and of having flogged them with his own hand.[3] More has declared that he never gave "stripe nor stroke, nor so much as a fillip on the forehead," to any of his religious adversaries;[4] and we willingly credit his denial. All must be pleased to think that if the author of the *Utopia* was a severe judge, the hand which held one of the most famous pens of the sixteenth century never discharged the duties of an executioner.

The bishops led the attack. "We must clear the Lord's field of the thorns which choke it," said the archbishop of Canterbury to Convocation on the 29th of November, 1529; immediately after which the bishop of Bath read to his colleagues the list of books that he desired to have condemned. There were a number of works by Tyndale, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle,

[1] Quod non exerceant tabernas, nec ludant taxillis vel aliis ludis prohibitis; quod non pernoctent in locis suspectis; quod non intersint inhonestis spectaculis, &c. Convocatio prælatorum. Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 717.

[2] Canes venaticos loris ducere ac accipitres manibus. Ibid. p. 723.

[3] Mulierum colloquia suspecta nullatenus habeant. Ibid. p. 722.

[4] Et in cæteris carnis spurcitiis pœna crescat. Ibid. p. 721.

[1] The bishop of Norwich to Primate Warham, 14th May 1530. Cotton MSS. Cleopatra, E. v. folio 360; Bible Annals, i. p. 256.

[2] More's Works; A Dialogue concerning Heresies, p. 274.

[3] Strype's Mem. vol. i. p. 315; Foxe, iv. p. 698.

[4] Apology, ch. xxxvi. p. 901, 902.

Œcolampadius, Pomeranus, Brentius, Bucer, Jonas, Francis Lambert, Fryth, and Fish. The Bible in particular was set down. "It is impossible to translate the Scripture into English," said one of the prelates.[2]—"It is not lawful for the laity to read it in their mother tongue," said another.—"If you tolerate the Bible," added a third, "you will make us all heretics."—"By circulating the Scriptures," exclaimed several, "you will raise up the nation against the king." Sir T. More laid the bishops' petition before the king, and some time after, Henry gave orders by proclamation that "no one should preach, or write any book, or keep any school without his bishop's license;—that no one should keep any heretical book in his house;—that the bishops should detain the offenders in prison at their discretion, and then proceed to the execution of the guilty;—and, finally, that the chancellor, the justices of the peace, and other magistrates, should aid and assist the bishops."[3] Such was the cruel proclamation of Henry VIII., "the *father* of the English Reformation."

The clergy were not yet satisfied. The blind and octogenarian bishop of Norwich, being more ardent than the youngest of his priests, recommenced his complaints. "My diocese is *accumbered* with such as read the Bible," said he to the archbishop of Canterbury, "and there is not a clerk from Cambridge but *savoureth of the frying-pan*. If this continues any time, they will undo us all. We must have greater authority to punish them than we have."

Consequently, on the 24th of May, 1530, More, Warham, Tonstall, and Gardiner having been admitted into St. Edward's chamber at Westminster, to make a report to the king concerning heresy, they proposed forbidding, in the most positive manner, the New Testament and certain other books in which the following doctrines were taught: "That Christ has shed his blood for our iniquities, as a sacrifice to the Father.—Faith only doth justify us.—Faith without good works is no little or weak faith, it is no faith.—Labouring in good works to come to heaven, thou dost shame Christ's blood."[4]

Whilst nearly every one in the audience-chamber supported the prayer of the petition, there were three or four doctors who kept silence. At last one of them, it was Latimer, opposed the proposition. Bilney's friend was more decided than ever to listen to no other voice than God's. "Christ's sheep hear no man's voice but Christ's" he answered Dr. Redman, who had called upon him to submit to the church; "trouble me no more from the talking with the Lord my God."[1] The church, in Latimer's opinion, presumed to set up its own voice in the place of Christ's, and the Reformation did the contrary; this was his abridgment of the controversy. Being called upon to preach during Christmas tide, he had censured his hearers because they celebrated the festival by playing at cards, like mere worldlings, and then proceeded to lay before their eyes Christ's *cards*, that is to say, his laws.[2] Being placed on the Cambridge commission to examine into the question of the king's marriage, he had conciliated the esteem of Henry's deputy, Doctor Butts, the court physician who had presented him to his master, by whose orders he preached at Windsor.

Henry felt disposed at first to yield something to Latimer. "Many of my subjects," said he to the prelates assembled in St. Edward's hall, "think that it is my duty to cause the Scriptures to be translated and given to the people." The discussion immediately began between the two parties;[3] and Latimer concluded by asking "that the Bible should be permitted to circulate freely in English."[4] "But the most part overcame the better," he tells us.[5] Henry declared that the teaching of the priests was sufficient for the people, and was content to add, "that he would give the Bible to his subjects when they renounced the arrogant pretension of interpreting it according to their own fancies." "Shun these books," cried the priests from the pulpit, "detest them, keep them not in your hands, deliver them up to your superiors.[6] Or if you do not, your prince, who has received from God the sword of justice, will use it to punish you." Rome had every reason to be satisfied with Henry VIII. Tonstall, who still kept under lock and key the Testaments purchased at Antwerp through Packington's assistance, had them carried to St. Paul's churchyard, where they were publicly burnt. The spectators retired shaking the head, and saying: "The teaching of the priests and of Scriptures must be in contradiction to each other, since the priests destroy them." Latimer did more: "You have promised us the word of God," he wrote courageously to the king; "perform your promise now rather than to-morrow! The day is at hand when you shall give an account of your office, and of the blood that hath been shed with your sword."[7] Latimer well knew that by such language he hazarded his life; but that he was ready to sacrifice, as he tells us himself.[8]

[1] See the catalogue in Wilkins' Concilia, p. 713 to 720. Wilkins is of opinion (p. 717 note) that this document belongs to the year 1529. There are, however, some portions of these *statuta* which have evident reference to the year following.

[2] Tyndale's Works, vol. i. p. 1.

[3] Foxe, iv. p. 677, 678.

[4] Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 728–731.

[1] Latimer's Remains, p. 297.

[2] Sermons, p. 8.

[3] Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 736.

[4] Latimer's Remains, p. 305.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Wilkins, Concilia, iii. p. 736.

[7] Latimer's Remains, p. 308.

[8] I had rather suffer extreme punishment. Ibid. p. 298.

Persecution soon came. Just as the sun appeared to be rising on the Reformation, the storm burst forth. "There was not a stone the bishops left unremoved," says the chronicler, "any corner unsearched, for the diligent execution of the king's proclamation; whereupon ensued a grievous persecution and slaughter of the faithful."[1]

Thomas Hitton, a poor and pious minister of Kent, used to go frequently to Antwerp to purchase New Testaments. As he was returning from one of these expeditions in 1529, the bishop of Rochester caused him to be arrested at Gravesend, and put to the cruelest tortures, to make him deny his faith.[2] But the martyr repeated with holy enthusiasm: "Salvation cometh by faith and not by works, and Christ giveth it to whomsoever he willeth."[3] On the 20th of February 1530, he was tied to the stake and there burnt to death.[4]

Scarcely were Hitton's sufferings ended for bringing the Scriptures into England, when a vessel laden with New Testaments arrived at Colchester. The indefatigable Bayfield, who accompanied these books, sold them in London, went back to the continent, and returned to England in November; but this time the Scriptures fell into the hands of Sir Thomas More. Bayfield, undismayed, again visited the Low Countries, and soon reappeared, bringing with him the New Testament and the works of almost all the Reformers. "How cometh it that there are so many New Testaments from abroad?" asked Tonstall of Packington; "you promised me that you would buy them all." "They have printed more since," replied the wily merchant; "and it will never be better so long as they have letters and stamps [type and dies.] My lord, you had better buy the stamps too, and so you shall be sure."[5]

Instead of the stamps, the priests sought after Bayfield. The bishop of London could not endure this godly man. Having one day asked Bainham (who afterwards suffered martyrdom) whether he knew *a single individual* who, since the days of the apostles, had lived according to the true faith in Jesus Christ, the latter answered: "Yes, I know Bayfield."[6] Being tracked from place to place, he fled from the house of his pious hostess, and hid himself at his binder's, where he was discovered, and thrown into the Lollard's tower.[7]

As he entered the prison Bayfield noticed a priest named Patmore, pale, weakened by suffering, and ready to sink under the ill treatment of his jailers. Patmore won over by Bayfield's piety, soon opened his heart to him. When rector of Haddam, he had found the truth in Wickliffe's writings. "They have burnt his bones," he said, "but from his ashes shall burst forth a well-spring of life."[1] Delighting in good works, he used to fill his granaries with wheat, and when the markets were high, he would send his corn to them in such abundance as to bring down the prices.[2] "It is contrary to the law of God to burn heretics," he said; and growing bolder, he added: "I care no more for the pope's curse than for a bundle of hay."[3]

His curate, Simon Smith, unwilling to imitate the disorderly lives of the priests, and finding Joan Bennore, the rector's servant, to be a discreet and pious person, desired to marry her. "God," said Patmore, "has declared marriage unlawful for *all men;* and accordingly it is permitted to the priests in foreign parts."[4] The rector alluded to Wittemberg, where he had visited Luther. After his marriage Smith and his wife quitted England for a season, and Patmore accompanied them as far as London.

The news of this marriage of a priest—a fact without precedent in England—made Stokesley throw Patmore into the Lollards' tower, and although he was ill, neither fire, light, or any other comfort was granted him. The bishop and his vicar-general visited him alone in his prison, and endeavoured by their threats to make him deny his faith.

It was during these circumstances that Bayfield was thrust into the tower. By his Christian words he revived Patmore's languishing faith,[5] and the latter complained to the king that the bishop of London prevented his feeding the flock which God had committed to his charge. Stokesley, comprehending whence Patmore derived his new courage,[6] removed Bayfield from the Lollards' tower, and shut him up in the coal-house, where he was fastened upright to the wall by the neck, middle, and legs.[7] The unfortunate gospeller of Bury passed his time in continual darkness, never lying down, never seated, but nailed as it were to the wall, and never hearing the sound of human voice. We shall see him hereafter issuing from this horrible prison to die on the scaffold.

Patmore was not the only one in his family who suffered persecution; he had in London a brother named Thomas, a friend of John Tyndale, the younger brother of the celebrated reformer. Thomas had said that the truth of Scripture was at last reappearing in the world, after being hidden

[1] Foxe, vol. iv. p. 679.
[2] Dieted and tormented him secretly. Tyndale's Works, vol. i. p. 485.
[3] For the constant and manifest testimony of Jesus Christ and of his free grace and salvation. Ibid. p. 619.
[4] The bishops murdered him most cruelly. Tyndale, vol. i. p. 485.
[5] Foxe, vol. iv. p. 670.
[6] Ibid. p. 699. [7] Ibid. p. 681.

[1] Foxe, vol. v. p. 34.
[2] Ibid. vol. iv. p. 681. [3] Ibid.
[4] Yet it was in other countries beyond sea. Ibid
[5] Confirmed by him in the doctrine. Ibid. p. 681.
[6] Confirmed him in the doctrine. Ibid. p. 68.
[7] Ibid.

for many ages;[1] and John Tyndale had sent five marks to his brother William, and received letters from him. Moreover, the two friends (who were both tradesmen) had distributed a great number of Testaments and other works. But their faith was not deeply rooted, and it was more out of sympathy for their brothers that they had believed; accordingly, Stokesley so completely entangled them, that they confessed their "crime." More, delighted at the opportunity which offered to cover the name of Tyndale with shame, was not satisfied with condemning the two friends to pay a fine of £100 each; he invented a new disgrace. He sewed on their dress some sheets of the New Testament which they had circulated, placed the two penitents on horseback with their faces towards the tail, and thus paraded them through the streets of London, exposed to the jeers and laughter of the populace. In this, More succeeded better than in his refutation of the reformer's writings.

From that time the persecution became more violent. Husbandmen, artists, tradespeople, and even noblemen, felt the cruel fangs of the clergy and of Sir Thomas More. They sent to jail a pious musician who used to wander from town to town, singing to his harp a hymn in commendation of Martin Luther and of the Reformation.[2] A painter, named Edward Freese, a young man of ready wit, having been engaged to paint some hangings in a house, wrote on the borders certain sentences of the Scripture. For this he was seized and taken to the bishop of London's palace at Fulham, and there imprisoned, where his chief nourishment was bread made out of sawdust.[3] His poor wife, who was pregnant, went down to Fulham to see her husband; but the bishop's porter had orders to admit no one, and the brute gave her so violent a kick, as to kill her unborn infant, and cause the mother's death not long after. The unhappy Freese was removed to the Lollards' tower, where he was put into chains, his hands only being left free. With these he took a piece of coal, and wrote some pious sentences on the wall; upon this he was manacled, but his wrists were so severely pinched, that the flesh grew up higher than the irons. His intellect became disturbed; his hair in wild disorder soon covered his face, through which his eyes glared fierce and haggard. The want of proper food, bad treatment, his wife's death, and his lengthened imprisonment, entirely undermined his reason; when brought to St. Paul's, he was kept three days without meat; and when he appeared before the consistory, the poor prisoner, silent and scarce able to stand, looked around and gazed upon the spectators "like a wild man." The examination was begun, but to every question put to him, Freese made the same answer: "My Lord is a good man." They could get nothing from him but this affecting reply. Alas! the light shone no more upon his understanding, but the love of Jesus was still in his heart. He was sent back to Bearsy Abbey, where he did not remain long; but he never entirely recovered his reason.[1] Henry VIII. and his priests inflicted punishments still more cruel even than the stake.

Terror began to spread far and wide. The most active evangelists had been compelled to flee to a foreign land; some of the most godly were in prison; and among those in high station there were many, and perhaps Latimer was one, who seemed willing to shelter themselves under an exaggerated moderation. But just as the persecution in London had succeeded in silencing the most timid, other voices more courageous were raised in the provinces. The city of Exeter was at that time in great agitation; placards had been discovered on the gates of the cathedral containing some of the principles "of the new doctrine." While the mayor and his officers were seeking after the author of these "blasphemies," the bishop and all his doctors, "as hot as coals," says the chronicler,[2] were preaching in the most fiery style. On the following Sunday, during the sermon, two men who had been the busiest of all the city in searching for the author of the bills were struck by the appearance of a person seated near them. "Surely this fellow is the heretic," they said. But their neighbour's devotion, for he did not take his eyes off his book, quite put them out; they did not perceive that he was reading the New Testament in Latin.

This man, Thomas Bennet, was indeed the offender. Being converted at Cambridge by the preaching of Bilney, whose friend he was, he had gone to Torrington for fear of the persecution, and thence to Exeter, and after marrying to avoid unchastity (as he says),[3] he became schoolmaster. Quiet, humble, courteous to every body, and somewhat timid, Bennet had lived six years in that city without his faith being discovered. At last his conscience being awakened, he resolved to fasten by night to the cathedral gates certain evangelical placards. "Everybody will read the writing," he thought, and "nobody will know the writer." He did as he had proposed.

Not long after the Sunday on which he had been so nearly discovered, the priests prepared a great pageant, and made ready to pronounce against the unknown heretic the great curse "with book, bell and can-

[1] Foxe, v. p. 34.
[2] His name was Robert Lambe. Ibid.
[3] Fed with fine manchet made of sawdust, or at least a great part thereof. Ibid. iv. p. 695.

[1] Foxe, iv. p. 695. [2] Ibid. v. p. 19.
[3] Ut ne scortator aut immundus essem, uxorem duxi. Ibid. p. 19.

dle." The cathedral was crowded, and Bennet himself was among the spectators. In the middle stood a great cross on which lighted tapers were placed, and around it were gathered all the Franciscans and Dominicans of Exeter. One of the priests having delivered a sermon on the words: *There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel,*[1] the bishop drew the cross and pronounced the curse against the offender. He took one of the tapers and said: "Let the soul of the unknown heretic, if he be dead already, be quenched this night in the pains of hell-fire, as this candle is now quenched and put out;" and with that he put out the candle. Then taking off a second, he continued: "and let us pray to God, if he be yet alive, that his eyes be put out, and all the senses of his body may fail him, as now the light of this candle is gone;" extinguishing the second candle. After this one of the priests went up to the cross and struck it, when the noise it made in falling re-echoing along the roof so frightened the spectators that they uttered a shriek of terror, and held up their hands to heaven, as if to pray that the divine curse might not fall on them. Bennet, a witness of this comedy, could not forbear smiling. "What are you laughing at?" asked his neighbours; "here is the heretic, here is the heretic, hold him fast." This created great confusion among the crowd, some shouting some clapping their hands, others running to and fro; but owing to the tumult, Bennet succeeded in making his escape.

The excommunication did but increase his desire to attack the Romish superstitions; and accordingly, before five o'clock the next morning (it was in the month of October 1530), his servant-boy fastened up again by his orders on the cathedral gates some placards similar to those which had been torn down. It chanced that a citizen going to early mass saw the boy, and running up to him, caught hold of him and pulled down the papers; and then dragging the boy with one hand, and with the placards in the other, he went to the mayor of the city. Bennet's servant was recognised; his master was immediately arrested, and put in the stocks, "with as much favour as a dog would find," says Foxe.

Exeter seemed determined to make itself the champion of sacerdotalism in England. For a whole week, not only the bishop, but all the priests and friars of the city, visited Bennet night and day. But they tried in vain to prove to him that the Roman church was the true one. "God has given me grace to be of a better church," he said. —"Do you not know that ours is built upon St. Peter?"—"The church that is built upon a man," he replied, "is the devil's church and not God's." His cell was continually thronged with visiters; and in default of arguments, the most ignorant of the friars called the prisoner a heretic, and spat upon him. At length they brought to him a learned doctor of theology, who, they supposed, would infallibly convert him. "Our ways are God's ways," said the doctor gravely. But he soon discovered that theologians can do nothing against the word of the Lord. "He only is my way," replied Bennet, "who saith, *I am the way, the truth, and the life.* In his *way* will I walk;—his *truth* will I embrace;—his everlasting *life* will I seek."

He was condemned to be burnt; and More having transmitted the order *de comburendo* with the utmost speed, the priests placed Bennet in the hands of the sheriff on the 15th of January 1531, by whom he was conducted to the Liverydole, a field without the city, where the stake was prepared. When Bennet arrived at the place of execution, he briefly exhorted the people, but with such unction, that the sheriff's clerk, as he heard him, exclaimed: "Truly this is a servant of God." Two persons, however, seemed unmoved: they were Thomas Carew, and John Barnehouse, both holding the station of gentlemen. Going up to the martyr, they exclaimed in a threatening voice: "Say, *Precor sanctam Mariam et omnes sanctos Dei.*"—"I know no other advocate but Jesus Christ," replied Bennet. Barnehouse was so enraged at these words, that he took a furze-bush upon a pike, and setting it on fire, thrust it into the martyr's face, exclaiming: "Accursed heretic, pray to our Lady, or I will make you do it."—"Alas!" replied Bennet patiently, "trouble me not;" and then holding up his hands, he prayed: "Father, forgive them." The executioners immediately set fire to the wood, and the most fanatical of the spectators, both men and women, seized with an indescribable fury, tore up stakes and bushes, and whatever they could lay their hands on, and flung them all into the flames to increase their violence. Bennet, lifting up his eyes to heaven, exclaimed: "Lord, receive my spirit." Thus died, in the sixteenth century, the disciples of the Reformation sacrificed by Henry VIII.

The priests, thanks to the king's sword, began to count on victory; yet schoolmasters, musicians, tradesmen, and even ecclesiastics, were not enough for them. They wanted nobler victims, and these were to be looked for in London. More himself, accompanied by the lieutenant of the Tower, searched many of the suspected houses.[1] Few citizens were more esteemed in London than John Petit, the same who, in the house of commons, had so nobly resisted the king's demand about the loan. Petit was learned in history and in Latin literature; he spoke with eloquence, and for twenty years had worthily represented

[1] Joshua, vii. 13.

[1] Strype, i. p. 312.

the city. Whenever any important affair was debated in parliament, the king feeling uneasy, was in the habit of inquiring, which side he took? This political independence, very rare in Henry's parliaments, gave umbrage to the prince and his ministers. Petit, the friend of Bilney, Fryth, and Tyndale, had been one of the first in England to taste the sweetness of God's word,[1] and had immediately manifested that beautiful characteristic by which the gospel faith makes itself known, namely, charity. He abounded in almsgiving, supported a great number of poor preachers of the gospel in his own country and beyond the seas; and whenever he noted down these generous aids in his books, he wrote merely the words: "Lent unto Christ."[2] He moreover forbade his testamentary executors to call in these debts.

Petit was tranquilly enjoying the sweets of domestic life in his modest home in the society of his wife and two daughters, Blanche and Audrey, when he received an unexpected visit. One day, as he was praying in his closet, a loud knock was heard at the street door. His wife ran to open it, but seeing Lord-chancellor More, she returned hurriedly to her husband, and told him that the lord-chancellor wanted him. More, who followed her, entered the closet, and with inquisitive eye ran over the shelves of the library, but could find nothing suspicious. Presently he made as if he would retire, and Petit accompanied him. The chancellor stopped at the door and said to him: "You assert that you have none of these new books?"—"You have seen my library," replied Petit.—"I am informed, however," replied More, "that you not only read them, but pay for the printing." And then he added in a severe tone: "Follow the lieutenant." In spite of the tears of his wife and daughters, this independent member of parliament was conducted to the Tower, and shut up in a damp dungeon, where he had nothing but straw to lie upon. His wife went thither each day in vain, asking with tears permission to see him, or at least to send him a bed; the jailers refused her every thing; and it was only when Petit fell dangerously ill that the latter favour was granted him. This took place in 1530, sentence was passed in 1531;[3] we shall see Petit again in his prison. He left it, indeed, but only to sink under the cruel treatment he had there experienced.

Thus were the witnesses to the truth struck down by the priests, by Sir Thomas More, and by Henry VIII. A new victim was to be the cause of many tears. A meek and humble man, one dear to all the friends of the gospel, and whom we may regard as the spiritual father of the Reformation in England, was on the point of mounting the burning pile raised by his persecutors. Some time prior to Petit's appearance before his judges, which took place in 1531, an unusual noise was heard in the cell above him; it was Thomas Bilney, whom they were conducting to the Tower.[1] We left him at the end of 1528 after his fall. Bilney had returned to Cambridge tormented by remorse; his friends in vain crowded round him by night and by day; they could not console him, and even the Scriptures seemed to utter no voice but that of condemnation.[2] Fear made him tremble constantly, and he could scarcely eat or drink. At length a heavenly and unexpected light dawned in the heart of the fallen disciple; a witness whom he had vexed—the Holy Spirit—spoke once more in his heart. Bilney fell at the foot of the cross, shedding floods of tears, and there he found peace. But the more God comforted him, the greater seemed his crime. One only thought possessed him, that of giving his life for the truth. He had shrunk from before the burning pile; its flames must now consume him. Neither the weakness of his body, which his long anguish had much increased, nor the cruelty of his enemies, nor his natural timidity, nothing could stop him: he strove for the martyr's crown. At ten o'clock one night, when every person in Trinity Hall was retiring to rest, Bilney called his friends round him, reminded them of his fall, and added: "You shall see me no more....Do not stay me: my decision is formed, and I shall carry it out. My face is set to go to Jerusalem."[3] Bilney repeated the words used by the Evangelist, when he describes Jesus going up to the city where he was to be put to death. Having shaken hands with his brethren, this venerable man, the foremost of the evangelists of England in order of time, left Cambridge under cover of the night, and proceeded to Norfolk, to confirm in the faith those who had believed, and to invite the ignorant multitude to the Saviour. We shall not follow him in this last and solemn ministry; these facts and others of the same kind belong to a later date. Before the year 1531 closed in, Bilney, Bainham, Bayfield, Tewkesbury, and many others, struck by Henry's sword, sealed by their blood the testimony rendered by them to the perfect grace of Christ.

While many pious Christians were languishing in the prisons of England, the great antagonist of the Reformation was disappearing from the stage of this world. We must return to Wolsey, who was still detained at Esher.[4]

[1] Strype, i. p. 312. [2] Ibid. p. 314.
[3] Ibid. p. 312.

[1] Strype, i. p. 313.
[2] He thought that all the while the Scriptures were against him. Latimer's Sermons, p. 52.
[3] Foxe, iv. p. 642. See Luke ix. 51.
[4] Burnet and some modern historians are, in my

The cardinal, fallen from the summit of honours, was seized with those panic terrors usually felt after their disgrace by those who have made a whole nation tremble, and he fancied he saw an assassin lay hid behind every door. "This very night," he wrote to Cromwell on one occasion, "I was as one that should have died. If I might, I would not fail to come on foot to you, rather than this my speaking with you shall be put over and delayed. If the displeasure of my lady Anne be somewhat assuaged, as I pray God the same may be, then I pray you exert all possible means of attaining her favour."[1]

In consequence of this, Cromwell hastened down to Esher two or three days after taking his seat in Parliament, and Wolsey, all trembling, recounted his fears to him. "Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lady Anne perhaps, desire my death.[2] Did not Thomas à Becket, an archbishop like me, stain the altar with his blood?"....Cromwell reassured him, and moved by the old man's fears, asked and obtained of Henry an order of protection.

Wolsey's enemies most certainly desired his death: but it was from the justice of the three estates, and not by the assassin's dagger, that they sought it. The house of peers authorized Sir Thomas More, the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and fourteen other lords, to impeach the cardinal-legate of high treason. They forgot nothing: that haughty formula, *Ego et rex meus*, I and my king, which Wolsey had often employed; his infringement of the laws of the kingdom; his monopolizing the church revenues; the crying injustice of which he had been guilty—as for instance, in the case of Sir John Stanley, who was sent to prison until he gave up a lease to the son of a woman who had borne the cardinal two children; many families ruined to satisfy his avarice; treaties concluded with foreign powers without the king's order; his exactions, which had impoverished England; and the foul diseases and infectious breath with which he had polluted his majesty's presence.[3] These were some of the forty-four grievances presented by the peers to the king, and which Henry sent down to the lower house for their consideration.

It was at first thought that nobody in the commons would undertake Wolsey's defence, and it was generally expected that he would be given up to the vengeance of the law (as the bill of impeachment prayed), or in other words, to the axe of the executioner. But one man stood up, and prepared, though alone, to defend the cardinal: this was Cromwell. The members asked of each other, who the unknown man was; he soon made himself known. His knowledge of facts, his familiarity with the laws, the force of his eloquence, and the moderation of his language, surprised the house. Wolsey's adversaries had hardly aimed a blow, before the defender had already parried it. If any charge was brought forward to which he could not reply, he proposd an adjournment until the next day, departed for Esher at the end of the sitting, conferred with Wolsey, returned during the night, and next morning reappeared in the commons with fresh arms. Cromwell carried the house with him; the impeachment failed, and Wolsey's defender took his station among the statesmen of England. This victory, one of the greatest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence at that period, satisfied both the ambition and the gratitude of Cromwell. He was now firmly fixed in the king's favour, esteemed by the commons, and admired by the people: circumstances which furnished him with the means of bringing to a favourable conclusion the emancipation of the church of England.

The ministry, composed of Wolsey's enemies, was annoyed at the decision of the lower house, and appointed a commission to examine into the matter. When the cardinal was informed of this he fell into new terrors. He lost all appetite and desire of sleep,[1] and a fever attacked him at Christmas. "The cardinal will be dead in four days," said his physician to Henry, "if he receives no comfort shortly from you and lady Anne." "I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds," exclaimed the king. He desired to preserve Wolsey in case his old minister's consummate ability should become necessary, which was by no means unlikely. Henry gave the doctor his portrait in a ring, and Anne, at the king's desire, added the tablet of gold that hung at her girdle. The delighted cardinal placed the presents on his bed, and as he gazed on them he felt his strength return. He was removed from his miserable dwelling at Esher to the royal palace at Richmond, and before long he was able to go into the park, where every night he read his breviary.

Ambition and hope returned with life. If the king desired to destroy the papal power in England, could not the proud cardinal preserve it? Might not Thomas Wolsey do under Henry VIII. what Thomas á Becket had done under Henry II.? His see of York, the ignorance of the priests, the superstition of the people, the discontent of the great—all would be of service to him; and indeed, six years later, 40,000 men were under arms in a moment in

opinion, mistaken when they state that Wolsey was present in Parliament at the close of 1529. See State Papers, vol. i. p. 347 to 354.

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 351, mutilated by fire.

[2] Tiembat sibi damnum et periculum de corpore suo pere quosdam suos æmulos. Rymer, Fœdera, p. 139.

[3] Article vi. Herbert, p. 295.

[1] Cum prostratione appetitus et continuo insomnio. Wolsey to Gardiner; Cavendish, Appendix, p. 474.

Yorkshire to defend the cause of Rome. Wolsey, strong in England by the support of the nation (such at least was his opinion), aided without by the pope and the continental powers, might give the law to Henry, and crush the Reformation.

The king having permitted him to go to York, Wolsey prayed for an increase to his archiepiscopal revenues, which amounted, however, to four thousand pounds sterling.[1] Henry granted him a thousand marks, and the cardinal, shortly before Easter 1530, departed with a train of 160 persons He thought it was the beginning of his triumph.

Wolsey took up his abode at Cawood Castle, Yorkshire, one of his archiepiscopal residences, and strove to win the affections of the people. This prelate, once "the haughtiest of men," says George Cavendish, the man who knew him and served him best, became quite a pattern of affability. He kept an open table, distributed bounteous alms at his gate, said mass in the village churches, went and dined with the neighbouring gentry, gave splendid entertainments, and wrote to several princes imploring their help. We are assured that he even requested the pope to excommunicate Henry VIII.[2] All being thus prepared, he thought he might make his solemn entry into York, preparatory to his enthronization, which was fixed for Monday the 5th of November.

Every movement of his was known at court; every action was canvassed, and its importance exaggerated. "We thought we had brought him down," some said, "and here he is rising again." Henry himself was alarmed. "The cardinal, by his detestable intrigues," he said, "is conspiring against my crown, and plotting both at home and abroad;" the king even added, *where* and *how*.[3] Wolsey's destruction was resolved upon.

The morning after All Saints day (Friday, 2d November) the earl of Northumberland, attended by a numerous escort, arrived at Cawood, where the cardinal was still residing. He was the same Percy whose affection for Anne Boleyn had been thwarted by Wolsey; and there may have been design in Henry's choice. The cardinal eagerly moved forward to meet this unexpected guest, and impatient to know the object of his mission, took him into his bed-chamber, under the pretence of changing his travelling dress.[4] They both remained some time standing at a window without uttering a word; the earl looked confused and agitated, whilst Wolsey endeavoured to repress his emotion. But at last, with a strong effort, Northumberland laid his hand upon the arm of his former master, and with a low voice said: "My lord, I arrest you for high treason." The cardinal remained speechless, as if stunned. He was kept a prisoner in his room.

It is doubtful whether Wolsey was guilty of the crime with which he was charged. We may believe that he entertained the idea of some day bringing about the triumph of the popedom in England, even should it cause Henry's ruin; but perhaps this was all. But, an idea is not a conspiracy, although it may rapidly expand into one.

More than three thousand persons (attracted not by hatred, like the Londoners, when Wolsey departed from Whitehall but by enthusiasm), collected the next day before the castle to salute the cardinal. "God save your grace," they shouted on every side, and a numerous crowd escorted him at night; some carried torches in their hands, and all made the air re-echo with their cries. The unhappy prelate was conducted to Sheffield Park, the residence of the earl of Shrewsbury. Some days after his arrival, the faithful Cavendish ran to him, exclaiming: "Good news, my lord! Sir William Kingston and twenty-four of the guard are come to escort you to his majesty."—"Kingston!" exclaimed the cardinal, turning pale, "Kingston!" and then slapping his hand on his thigh, he heaved a deep sigh. This news had crushed his mind. One day a fortune-teller, whom he consulted, told him: *You shall have your end at Kingston;* and from that time the cardinal had carefully avoided the town of Kingston-on-Thames. But now he thought he understood the prophecy....Kingston, constable of the Tower, was about to cause his death. They left Sheffield Park; but fright had given Wolsey his death-blow. Several times he was near falling from his mule, and on the third day, when they reached Leicester abbey, he said as he entered: "Father abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;" and immediately took to his bed. This was on Saturday the 26th of November.

On Monday morning, tormented by gloomy forebodings, Wolsey asked what was the time of day. "Past eight o'clock," replied Cavendish.—"That cannot be," said the cardinal, "eight o'clock.....No! for by eight o'clock you shall lose your master." At six on Tuesday, Kingston having come to inquire about his health, Wolsey said to him: "I shall not live long."—"Be of good cheer," rejoined the governor of the Tower.—"Alas, Master Kingston," exclaimed the cardinal, "if I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs!" and then he added with downcast head: "This is my just reward." What a judgment upon his own life!

[1] State Papers, vol. i. p. 354.

[2] Hall, p. 773.

[3] Cosi mi disse el Re, che contra de S. M. el machinava nel regno e fuori, et m'a dètto dove e come. Le Grand, Preuves, p. 529.

[4] And there you may shift your apparel. Cavendish, p. 347

On the very threshold of eternity (for he had but a few minutes more to live) the cardinal summoned up all his hatred against the Reformation, and made a last effort. The persecution was too slow to please him: "Master Kingston," he said, "attend to my last request: tell the king that I conjure him in God's name to destroy this new pernicious sect the Lutherans." And then, with astonishing presence of mind in this his last hour, Wolsey described the misfortunes which the Hussites had, in his opinion, brought upon Bohemia; and then, coming to England, he recalled the times of Wickliffe and Sir John Oldcastle. He grew animated: his dying eyes yet shot forth fiery glances. He trembled lest Henry VIII., unfaithful to the pope, should hold out his hand to the Reformers. "Master Kingston," said he, in conclusion, "the king should know that if he tolerates heresy, God will take away his power, and we shall then have mischief upon mischief .....barrenness, scarcity, and disorder, to the utter destruction of this realm."

Wolsey was exhausted by the effort. After a momentary silence, he resumed with a dying voice; "Master Kingston, farewell! My time draweth on fast. Forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead ye shall peradventure understand my words better." It was with difficulty he uttered these words; his tongue began to falter, his eyes became fixed, his sight failed him; he breathed his last. At the same minute the clock struck *eight*, and the attendants standing round his bed looked at each other in affright. It was the 29th of November, 1530.

Thus died the man once so much feared. Power had been his idol. to obtain it in the state, he had sacrificed the liberties of England; and to win it or to preserve it in the church, he had fought against the Reformation. If he encouraged the nobility in the luxuries and pleasures of life, it was only to render them more supple and more servile; if he supported learning, it was only that he might have a clergy fitted to keep the laity in their leading-strings. Ambitious, intriguing, and impure of life, he had been as zealous for the sacerdotal prerogative as the austere Becket; and by a singular contrast, a shirt of hair was found on the body of this voluptuous man. The aim of his life had been to raise the papal power higher than it had ever been before, at the very moment when the Reformation was attempting to bring it down; and to take his seat on the pontifical throne with more than the authority of a Hildebrand. Wolsey, as pope, would have been the man of his age; and in the political world he would have done for the Roman primacy what the celebrated Loyola did for it soon after by his fanaticism. Obliged to renounce this idea, worthy only of the middle ages, he had desired at least to save the popedom in his own country; but here again he had failed. The pilot who had stood in England at the helm of the Romish church was thrown overboard, and the ship, left to itself, was about to founder. And yet, even in death, he did not lose his courage. The last throbs of his heart had called for victims; the last words from his failing lips, the last message to his master, his last testament had been.....Persecution. This testament was to be only too faithfully executed.

The epoch of the fall and death of Cardinal Wolsey, which is the point at which we halt, was not only important, because it ended the life of a man who had presided over the destinies of England, and had endeavoured to grasp the sceptre of the world; but it is of especial consequence, because then three movements were accomplished, from which the great transformation of the sixteenth century was to proceed. Each of these movements has its characteristic result.

The first is represented by Cromwell. The supremacy of the pope in England was to be wrested from him, as it was in all the reformed churches. But a step further was taken in England. That supremacy was transferred to the person of the king. Wolsey had exercised as vicar-general a power till then unknown. Unable to become pope at the Vatican, he had made himself a pope at Whitehall. Henry had permitted his minister to raise this hierarchical throne by the side of his own. But he had soon discovered that there ought not to be two thrones in England, or at least not two kings. He had dethroned Wolsey; and resolutely seating himself in his place, he was about to assume at Whitehall that tiara which the ambitious prelate had prepared for himself. Some persons, when they saw this, exclaimed, that if the papal supremacy were abolished, that of the word of God ought alone to be substituted. And, indeed, the true Reformation is not to be found in this first movement.

The second, which was essential to the renewal of the church, was represented by Cranmer, and consisted particularly in re-establishing the authority of holy Scripture. Wolsey did not fall alone, nor did Cranmer rise alone: each of these two men carried with him the systems he represented. The fabric of Roman traditions fell with the first; the foundations of the holy Scriptures were laid by the second; and yet, while we render all justice to the sincerity of the Cambridge doctor, we must not be blind to his weaknesses, his subserviency, and even a certain degree of negligence, which, by allowing parasitical plants to shoot up here and there, permitted them to spread over the living rock of God's word. Not in this movement, then, was found the Reformation with all its energy and all its purity.

The third movement was represented by the martyrs. When the church takes a

new life, it is fertilized by the blood of its confessors; and being continually exposed to corruption, it has constant need to be purified by suffering.[1] Not in the palaces of Henry VIII., nor even in the councils where the question of throwing off the papal supremacy was discussed, must we look for the true children of the Reformation; we must go to the Tower of London, to the Lollards' Towers of St. Paul's and of Lambeth, to the other prisons of England, to the bishops' cellars, to the fetters, the stocks, the rack, and the stake. The godly men who invoked the sole intercession of Christ Jesus, the only head of his people, who wandered up and down, deprived of every thing, gagged, scoffed at, scourged, and tortured, and who, in the midst of all their tribulations, preserved their Christian patience, and turned, like their Master, the eyes of their faith towards Jerusalem:—these were the disciples of the Reformation in England. The purest church is the church under the cross.

The father of this church in England was not Henry VIII. When the king cast into prison or gave to the flames men like Hitton, Bennet, Patmore, Petit, Bayfield, Bilney, and so many others, he was not "the father of the Reformation in England," as some have so falsely asserted; he was its executioner.

The church of England was foredoomed to be, in its renovation, a church of martyrs; and the true father of this church is our Father which is in heaven.

[1] 1 Peter iv. 17.—Plerumque ecclesia est cœtus exiguus sustinens varias et ingentes ærumnas. Melancthon, loci.

HENRY VIII.
FRANCIS I.
JOHN CALVIN
MARGUERITE DE NAVARRE.
CHARLES V.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION IN THE TIME OF JOHN CALVIN, IN *GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, ENGLAND AND ITALY.*

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EDITED AND ABRIDGED BY M. LAIRD SIMONS.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION,

IN THE TIME OF CALVIN.

BOOK I.

GENEVA AND THE FIRST HUGUENOTS.

ANCIENT TIMES—1526.

The Reformation and Modern Liberty—First Usurpations and First Struggles—A Bishop sent by the Pope to rob Geneva of its Independence—Opposition to the designs of the Duke, the Pope, and the Bishop—Berthelier and the Youth of Geneva aroused by the Bishop's Violence—The Opposing Parties prepare for Battle—Assembly, Agitation, and Joke of the Patriots—Pécolat Tortured and Berthelier Accused—Berthelier calls the Swiss to the Aid of Geneva; Huguenots and Mamelukes; the Bishop's Violence—Fresh Tortures; Pécolat's Despair and striking Deliverance—Berthelier Tried at Geneva; Blanchet and Navis Seized at Turin; Bonivard Scandalized at Rome—Blanchet and Navis Put to Death; their Limbs suspended to the Walnut tree near the Bridge of Arve—The Huguenots propose an Alliance with the Swiss, and the Mamelukes amuse themselves at Turin—The Huguenots demand an Alliance with Friburg: the Mamelukes oppose it. Berthelier is Acquitted—The People in General Council, vote for the Alliance; the Duke intrigues against it—The Canons join the Duke, and the People rise against them—The Duke at the head of his Army surrounds Geneva—The Army of Savoy in Geneva—Arrest of Bonivard and Berthelier—Philibert Berthelier the Martyr of Liberty. Terror and Oppression in Geneva—Struggles of Liberty. Luther. Death of the Bishop: his Successor—Charles desires to Seduce the Genevans. The Mysteries of the Canons and of the Huguenots—Aimé Lévrier a Martyr to Liberty and Right at the Castle of Bonne—Indignation against the Mamelukes; the Duke approaches with an Army; Flight of the Patriots—The Fugitives at Friburg and Berne. The Duke and the Council of Halberds at Geneva—The People and the Bishop defend the cause of the Fugitives—Geneva and the Swiss Allied—The Bishop, the Ducals, and the Canons Escape—Joy of the People.

FACTS alone do not constitute the whole of history, any more than the members of the body form the complete man. There is a soul in history as well as in the body, and it is this which generates, vivifies, and links the facts together, so that they all combine to the same end.

What was the soul of the Reformation of Geneva? Truly, salvation by faith in Christ, who died to save—truly, the renewal of the heart by the word and the Spirit of God. But the characteristic element of the Genevese Reform is liberty.

Three great movements were carried out in this city during the first half of the sixteenth century. The first was the conquest of independence; the second, the conquest of faith; the third, the renovation and the organization of the Church. Berthelier, Farel, and Calvin are the three heroes of these three epics.

Each of these different movements was necessary. The bishop of Geneva was a temporal prince like the bishop of Rome; it was difficult to deprive the bishop of his pastoral staff unless he were first deprived of his sword. The necessity of liberty for the Gospel and of the Gospel for liberty, is now acknowledged by all thoughtful men; but it was proclaimed by the history of Geneva three centuries ago. It is in this small republic that we find men remarkable for their devotion to liberty, for their attachment to law, for the boldness of their thoughts, the firmness of their character, and the strength of their energy.

What chiefly distinguishes the Reformation of Calvin from that of Luther is, that wherever it was established, it brought with it not only truth but liberty, and all the great developments which these two fertile principles carry with them. Political liberty, as we shall see, settled upon those hills at the southern extremity of the Leman lake where stands the city of Calvin, and has never deserted them since. And more than this: earthly liberty, the faithful companion of divine truth, appeared at the same time with her in the Low Countries, in England, in Scotland, and subsequently in North America and other places besides, everywhere creating powerful nations. The Reformation of

Calvin is that of modern times; it is the religion destined for the whole world. Being profoundly spiritual, it subserves also in an admirable manner all the temporal interests of man. It has the *promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.*

The people of Geneva and their great doctor have each left their stamp on the Reformation which issued from their walls: Calvin's was truth, the people's, liberty. But there was a second and more potent cause. Supreme among the great principles that Calvin has diffused is the sovereignty of God. He has enjoined us to *render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;* but he has added, "God must always retain the sovereign empire, and all that may belong to man remains subordinate. Obedience towards princes accords with God's service; but if princes usurp any portion of the authority of God, we must obey them only so far as may be done without offending God."

The great movements in the way of law and liberty effected by the people in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have certain relations with the Reformation of Calvin, which it is impossible to ignore.

As soon as Guy de Brès and many others returned from Geneva to the Low Countries, the great contest between the rights of the people and the revolutionary and bloody despotism of Philip II. began; heroic struggles took place, and the creation of the United Provinces was their glorious termination.

John Knox returned to his native Scotland from Geneva, where he had spent several years; then popery, arbitrary power, and the immorality of a French court made way in that noble country for enthusiasm for the gospel, liberty, and holiness.

Numberless friends and disciples of Calvin carried with them every year into France the principles of civil and political liberty; and a fierce struggle began with popery and despotism, to destroy the liberties for which the Huguenots shed their blood.

The Englishmen who, during the bloody persecution of Mary, had sought an asylum at Geneva, imbibed there a love for the gospel and for liberty. When they returned to England, a fountain gushed out beneath their footsteps, which afterwards became an impetuous roaring flood, whose insolent waves swept away the throne itself, and then sank into a smiling stream, bearing prosperity and life afar.

Lastly, Calvin was the founder of the greatest of republics. The "Pilgrims" who left their country in the reign of James I., and, landing on the barren shores of New England, founded populous and mighty colonies, are his sons, his direct and legitimate sons; and that American nation which we have seen growing so rapidly, boasts as its father the humble reformer on the shores of the Leman.

There are, indeed, writers of eminence who charge this man of God with despotism; because he was the enemy of libertinage, he has been called the enemy of liberty. Nobody was more opposed than Calvin to that moral and social anarchy which threatened the sixteenth century, and which ruins every epoch unable to keep it under control. This bold struggle of Calvin's is one of the greatest services he has done to liberty, which has no enemies more dangerous than immorality and disorder.

The sixteenth century is the greatest in Christian times; it is the epoch where (so to speak) everything ends and everything begins; nothing is paltry, not even dissipation; nothing small, not even a little city lying unobserved at the foot of the Alps.

In that renovating age, so full of antagonist forces and energetic struggles, the religious movements did not proceed from a single centre; they emanated from opposite poles. The Catholic focus was in Italy—in the metropolis of the ancient world; the evangelical focus in Germany was transferred from Wittemberg to the middle of European nations—to the smallest of cities—to that whose history I have to relate.

If the empire of Charles V. was the largest theatre in modern history, Geneva was the smallest. In the one case we have a vast empire, in the other a microscopical republic. But the smallness of the theatre serves to bring out more prominently the greatness of the actions: only superficial minds turn with contempt from a sublime drama because the stage is narrow and the representation devoid of pomp. To study great things in small is one of the most useful exercises. What I have in view—and this is my apology—is not to describe a petty city of the Alps, for that would not be worth the labor, but to study in that city a history which is in the main a reflection of the history of Europe,—of its sufferings, its struggles, its aspirations, its political liberties, and its rewards.

Modern liberties proceed from three different sources, from the union of three characters, three laws, three conquests—the Roman, the German, and the Christian. The combination of these three influences, which has made modern Europe, is found in a rather striking manner in the valley of the Leman. The three torrents from north, south, and east, whose union forms the great stream of civilization, deposited in that valley which the Creator hollowed out between the Alps and the Jura that precious sediment whose component parts can easily be distinguished after so many ages.

First we come upon the Roman element in Geneva. This city was for a long while part of the empire; "it was the remotest town of the Allobroges," says Cæsar.

In the fifth century the second element

of modern liberties appeared with the Germans. The Burgundians—being already converted to Christianity, poured their bands into the vast basin of the Rhone, and a spirit of independence, issuing from the distant forests of the north, breathed on the shores of the Leman lake. King Gondebald built a palace at Geneva; an inscription placed fifteen feet above the gate of the castle, and which remains to this day, bears the words, *Gundebadus rex clementissimus*, etc.

He repaired the breaches in the city walls, and having assembled his ablest counsellors, drew up those Burgundian laws which defended small and great alike, and protected the life and honor of man against injury.—The first kingdom founded by the Burgundians did not, however, last long. In 534 it fell into the hands of the Merovingian kings, and the history of Geneva was absorbed in that of France until 888, the epoch when the second kingdom of Burgundy rose out of the ruins of the majestic but ephemeral empire of Charlemagne.

But long before the invasion of the Burgundians in the fifth century, a portion of Europe, and Geneva in particular, had submitted to another conquest. In the second century Christianity had its representatives in almost every part of the Roman world. In the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius and of Bishop Irenæus (177) some persecuted Christians of Lyons and Vienne, in Dauphiny, wishing to escape from the flames and the wild beasts to which Rome was flinging the children of God, brought the Gospel thither, as other refugees, coming also from Gaul, and also fleeing their persecutors, were fourteen centuries later to bring the Reformation. It was not until two centuries later, in 381, that Geneva had a Bishop, Diogenes, and even this first Bishop is disputed.

Thus were commingled in this region the generating elements of modern institutions. Cæsar, Gondebald, and an unknown missionary represent, so to speak, the three strata that form the Genevese soil.

Geneva was at first nothing but a rural township, (*vicus*,) with a municipal council and an edile. Under Honorius in the fourth century it had become a city, having probably received this title after Caracalla had extended the rights of citizenship to all the Gauls. From the earliest times, either before or after Chalemagne, Geneva possessed rights and liberties which guaranteed the citizens against the despotism of its feudal lord. But did it possess political institutions? Was the community organized? Information is wanting on these points. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the Genevese claimed to have been free so long that *the memory of man runneth not to the contrary*. But this "memory of man" might not embrace many centuries.

Three powers in their turn threatened these liberties.

First came the Counts of Geneva. They were originally merely officers of the Emperor, but gradually became almost independent princes. As early as 1091 we meet with an Aymon, count of Genevois. Their rule soon extended over a wide and magnificent territory. In those days, the counts lived a solitary and turbulent life, such as characterized the feudal period. At one time they were shut up in their castles, begirt with fosses and drawbridges. At other times, they would sally forth with a numerous escort, either in pursuit of the chase among the Jura or the Alps; or maybe with the pious motive of visiting some place of pilgrimage; or not unfrequently to harass their neighbors, or their vassals. But during all these feudal agitations another power was growing in Geneva—humble at first, but whose mouth was to speak great things.

At the period of the Burgundian conquest Geneva possessed a bishop, and the invasion of the Germans soon gave this prelate considerable power. Gifted with intelligence far superior to that of the men by whom they were surrounded, respected by the barbarians as the high-priests of Rome, knowing how to acquire vast possessions by slow degrees, and thus becoming the most important personages in the cities where they resided, the bishops labored to protect the city from abroad and to govern it at home. Finally, they confiscated without much ceremony the independence of the people, and united the quality of prince with that of bishop.

The institution of bishop-princes, half religious and half political, was in the main a misfortune for the people of the middle ages, and particularly for Geneva; for what could be expected of prelates who turned their pastoral dwellings into fortified castles? The people of Geneva were the first who expelled him in modern times, and the last feudal throne of the bishops to fall will be that of Rome.

Although the bishops succeeded in curtailing the popular franchises, these rights, however, still subsisted, the prince-bishop being elected by the people. The prince even made oath of fidelity to the people. Occasionally the citizens opposed the prelate's encroachments, and refused to be dragged before the court of Rome.

Christianity was intended to be a power of liberty; Rome, by corrupting it, made it a power of despotism; Calvin, by regenerating it, set it up again and restored its first work.

But what threatened most the independence and liberty of Geneva, was not the bishops and counts, but a power alien to it, that had begun by robbing the counts of their towns and villages. The house of Savoy, devoured by an insatiable ambition, strove to enlarge its dominions with a skill

and perseverance that were crowned with the most rapid success. Geneva became the constant object of their desires: first, through ambition, because the possession of this important city would round off and strengthen her territory; and second, through calculation, because she discovered in this little State certain principles of right and liberty that alarmed her.

The terrible struggle began in the first half of the thirteenth century. The house of Savoy finding two powers at Geneva and in Genevois, resolved to take advantage of their dissensions to take their place. It declared first in favor of the bishop against the count, the more powerful of the two, in order to despoil him. Peter of Savoy, Canon of Lausanne, became in 1229, at the age of twenty-six, Provost of the Canons of Geneva; and having thus an opportunity of knowing the city, of appreciating the importance of its situation, and discovering the beauties that lay around it, he took a liking to it. Being a younger son of a count of Savoy, he could easily have become a bishop; but under his amice, the conon concealed the arm of a soldier and the genius of a politician. Peter seized the castle of Geneva in 1250, and held it as a security for 35,000 silver marks which he pretended the count owed him. He was now somebody in the city. Being a man of restless activity, and enterprising spirit, rare skill, and indefatigable perseverance, he conceived the design of annexing Geneva to his hereditary States, and promised to give the citizens all they wanted; the latter (two centuries and a half before the reformation) desiring to shake off the temporal yoke of their bishop, put themselves under his guardianship. But ere long they grew alarmed and feared the sword of the warrior more than the staff of the shepherd. In 1267 Peter was forced to declare by a public act that he refused to take Geneva under his protection, and he died the next year.

Twenty years latter Amadeus V., a man full of ambition and genius, and surnamed "the Great," boldly renewed the assault in which his uncle had failed. During a vacancy of the episcopal see, the canons were divided, and those who were hostile to Amadeus, having been threatened by some of his party, took refuge in alarm in the Château de l'Ile. This castle Amadeus seized; although this conquest gave him no authority in the city, yet Savoy was able more than once to use it for its ambitious projects. It was here in 1518, shortly after the appearance of Luther, that the most intrepid martyr of modern liberty was sacrificed by the bishop and the duke.

Amadeus could not rest satisfied with his two castles: in order to be master in Geneva, he claimed as the reward of his services the servile office of *vidame*, (*vice domini*,) which carried with it the power of inflicting the punishment of death. In vain did the bishop forbid Amadeus, "in the name of God, of the glorious Virgin Mary, of St. Peter, St. Paul, and all the saints, to usurp the office of lieutenant," the vulture held the vidamy in his talons and would not let it go. The citizens jeered at this soverign prince who turned himself into a civil officer. "A pretty employment for a prince—it is a ministry (*ministère*) not a magistry (*magistère*)—service not dominion." "Well, well," replied the Savoyard, "I shall know how to turn the valet into a master."

Amadeus soon undertook a second campaign as a liberal, and joined the citizens against the bishop in order to supplant him. He said to the citizens in 1285: "We will *maintain*, *guard*, and *defend* your city and goods, your *rights* and *franchises*, and all that belongs to you." The citizens, taking advantage of Amadeus' support, elected *rectors* of the city, voted taxes, and conferred the freedom of the city upon foreigners; thus a civic corporation was erected which thwarted all the plans of his successors.

In the fifteenth century the counts of Savoy, having become dukes, changed their tactics a third time. Duke Amadeus VIII., not content with the addition of Genevois, Bugéy, Verceil, and Piedmont, petitioned Pope Martin V. to confer on him, for the great advantage of the Church, the secular authority in Geneva. But the syndics, councillors, and deputies of the city, determined to resist the pope himself, if necessary, in the defence of their liberties; and placing their hands upon the Gospels, they exclaimed: "No alienation of the city or of its territory—this we swear." Amadeus withdrew his petition; but Pope Martin V., while staying three months at Geneva, on his return in 1418 from the Council of Constance, began to sympathize with the ideas of the dukes. There was something in the pontiff which told him that liberty did not accord with the papal rule. He was alarmed at witnessing the liberties of the city. The pope resolved to remedy this; not by increasing the power of the dukes of Savoy, but by confiscating Geneva to the Church's benefit. Heedless of the rights of the canons and citizens, he nominated Jean de Rochetaillée, Patriarch *in partibus* of Constantinople, Bishop and Prince of Geneva. Four years later, to gratify Henry V. of England, he placed Courte-Cuisse, bishop of Paris, on the throne of Geneva, and removed Rochetaillée to Paris. Thus were elections wrested by popes from a Christian people and their representatives.

It followed that with the connivance of Rome, the princes of Savoy might become princes of Geneva. But could they insure this connivance? Henceforth the court of Turin intrigued with the papacy to obtain the grant of the bishopric of Geneva for one of the princes or creatures of Savoy. Duke Amadeus VIII., who had

been rejected by the citizens a few years before, succeeded in an unexpected manner. In 1431 having abdicated in favor of his eldest son, he assumed the hermit's frock at Ripaille on the Lake of Geneva; and the Council of Basle having nominated him pope, he took the name of Felix V. and made use of his pontifical authority to create himself bishop and prince of Geneva. A pope making himself a bishop . . . strange thing indeed! Here is the key to the enigma: the pope was a prince of Savoy: the see was the see of Geneva, and Savoy desired to have Geneva at any price. However, he respected the franchises of his new possessions.

In 1451, Amadeus being dead, Peter of Savoy, a child eight or ten years old, grandson of the pope, hermit, and bishop, mounted the episcopal throne of Geneva; in 1460 came John Louis, another grandson, twelve years of age; and in 1482 Francis, a third grandson. To the Genevans the family of the pope seemed inexhaustible. These bishops and their governors were as leeches sucking Geneva even to the bones and marrow.

Their mother, Anne of Cyprus, had brought with her to Savoy a number of "Cypriote leeches" as they were called, and after they had drained the blood of her husband's states, she launched them on the states of her children. It was Bishop John Louis, the least wicked of the three brothers, who inflicted the most terrible blow on Geneva; and this episode gives a curious picture of old-time customs.

Duke Louis of Savoy was good-tempered, weak, and sometimes choleric; his wife, Anne of Cyprus, was ambitious, intriguing, and domineering; their fifth son, Philip-Monsieur, was a passionate, debauched, and violent young man. This Philip Lackland, (afterwards the father of Charles III., and grandfather of Francis I.,) had a bitter enmity against his mother, because deprived of his rights. He passed his time in continual quarrels, so that "all Savoy was in disorder, filled with murder, assault, and riot."—"As my father left me no fortune," he used to say, "I take my property wherever I can find it." Once, incited by his boon companions, he entered the chapel at Thonon during mass, killed his mother's steward, carried off his father's chancellor, and took him to Morges, "where he was drowned in the lake." Duke Louis was terrified, and sought safety at the hands of John Louis, another of his sons, a bishop who passed his time in "dicing, hawking, drinking, and wenching." John Louis listened favorably to his father's proposals. The Duke, Anne of Cyprus, and all the Cypriote officers arrived at Geneva in July, 1462; but none could venture outside the city without being exposed to the attacks of the terrible Lackland. The avaricious duchess trembled lest Philip should seize her treasures; to put them beyond his reach, she secreted them in the hollow of a number of large cheeses, and sent them off upon mules to Cyprus. Philip intercepted the caravan near Friburg, and took away the gold. With these proofs of the duchess' perfidy, he resolved to slake the hatred he felt towards her he would go to Geneva, denounce his mother to his father, obtain from the exasperated prince the Cypriote's dismissal, and receive at last the appanage of which this woman had so long deprived him. Philip obtained an entrance at the city gate, from the syndic in charge of the watch, at midnight on the 9th of October, under the plea that he desired to speak to his father the Duke about a matter of great importance. He proceeded straight to his Highness' lodging, knocked, and said to the chamberlain: "I am Philip of Savoy; I want to speak to my father for his profit." The duke replied: "Open to him in the name of all the devils, happen what may." As soon as he was come in, say the annals, "Philip bowed to his father, saying: 'Good day, father!' His father said: 'God give thee bad day and bad year! What devil brings thee here now?" To which Philip replied meekly: 'It is not the devil, my lord, but God who brings me here to your profit, for I warn you that you are robbed and know it not. There is my lady mother leaves you nothing, so that, if you take not good heed, she will not only make your children after your death the poorest princes in Christendom, but yourself also during your life.'" At these words Philip opened a casket which contained the gold intended for Cyprus, and "showed him the wherewithal," say the annals. But the duke, fearing the storm his wife would raise, took her part. Monsieur then grew angry: "You may bear with it if you like," he said to his father; "I will not. I will have justice of these thieves." With these words, he drew his sword and searched the room and lodging, hoping to find some Cypriotes there. Monsieur did not dare venture further, "for the people were against him," say the annals, "and for this cause he quitted his father's lodging and the town also without doing other harm."

The people flocked together, and as they prevented the Cypriotes from hanging the men who had opened the gate to Monsieur, the duke chose another revenge. He represented to the bishop that his son-in-law Louis XI. detested the Genevans, and coveted their large fairs to which people resorted from all the country round; thus he obtained from him the charters which gave Geneva this important privilege. The duke carried these documents to Lyons and gave them to Louis XI. The king immediately transferred the fairs first to Bourges and then to Lyons, forbidding the merchants to pass through Geneva. This was a source of great distress to all the city. Thus the catholic or episcopal power, which in the eleventh

century had stripped Geneva of her territory, stripped her of her wealth in the fifteenth. It needed the influx of the persecuted Huguenots and the industrial activity of Protestantism, to recover it from the blow that the Romish hierarchy had inflicted.

The poor tormented city enjoyed, however, a momentary respite. In the last year of the fifteenth century, Anthony Champion—a priest whom we may in some respects regard as a precursor of the Reformation—an austere man who pardoned nothing either in himself or others, obtained the episcopal chair. "I desire," he said, "to sweep the filth out of my diocese." He took some trouble to do so. On the 7th of May, 1493, five hundred priests convened by him met in synod in the church of St. Pierre. "Men devoted to God's service," said the bishop, with energy, "ought to be distinguished by purity of life: now our priests are given to every vice, and lead more execrable lives than their flocks. Some dress in open frocks, others assume the soldier's head-piece, others wear red cloaks or corselets, frequent fairs, haunt taverns and houses of ill fame, behave like mountebanks or players, take false oaths, lend upon pawn, and unworthily vend indulgences to perjurers and homicides." Thus spoke Champion, but he died eighteen months after the synod, and the priestly corruption increased.

In proportion as Geneva grew weaker, Savoy grew stronger. The duke had lately seen several provinces settled on different branches of his house, reunited successively to his own states, and had thus become one of the most powerful princes of Europe. La Bresse, Bugey, the Genevois, Gex, and Vaud, replaced under his sceptre, surrounded and blockaded Geneva on all sides. The poor little city was quite lost in the midst of these wide provinces, bristling with castles; and its territory was so small that, as they said, there were more Savoyards than Genevans who heard the bells of St. Pierre. The states of Savoy enfolded Geneva as in a net, and a bold stroke of the powerful duke would, it was thought, be sufficient to crush it.

But new times were beginning in Europe; God was touching society with his powerful hand. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, God was breathing upon the human race, and this divine breath worked strange revivals in religious belief, political opinion, civilization, letters, science, morals, and industry. The wind now changed, after blowing for nearly a thousand years in the same direction; God impressed on it a new, vivifying, and renovating course. There was a living force in Geneva. The ostentatious mitre of the bishop, the cruel sword of the duke, appeared to command there; and yet a new birth was forming within its bosom. The renovating principle was but a puny, shapeless germ, concealed in the heroic souls of a few obscure citizens; but its future developments were not doubtful. There was no power in Christendom able to stem the outbreak of the human mind, awakening at the mighty voice of the eternal Ruler.

Let us enter upon the history of the preparations for reform, and contemplate the vigorous struggles that are about to begin at the foot of the Alps between despotism and liberty, ultramontanism and the Gospel.

On the 13th of April, 1513, there was great excitement in Geneva. Men were dragging cannon through the streets, and placing them on the walls. The gates were shut and sentries posted everywhere. Charles de Seyssel, bishop and prince of Geneva, had just died on his return from a pilgrimage. He was, says the chronicler, "a great champion of both ecclesiastical and secular liberty." Duke Charles of Savoy, shortly before his death, said: "It was I who made you bishop, but I will unmake you, and you shall be the poorest priest in the diocese." And it is believed he got rid of him by poison.

When the news of this tragical and unexpected death reached Geneva, the citizens were alarmed; they argued that no doubt the secret intention of the duke was to place a member of his family on the episcopal throne, in order thus to obtain the seigniory of the city. The excited citizens gathered in groups in the streets, and impassioned orators, among whom was Philibert Berthelier, addressed the people. No man seemed better fitted to save Geneva. Just, generous, proud, decided, he was above all firm, true, and attached to what was right. The end he set before himself was not, properly speaking, the emancipation of his country, but the restoration of its franchises and liberties.

The patriots argued that if the pope had long since laid hands on the Church, the Duke of Savoy now desired to lay his upon the State. They accordingly resolved to close their gates against the influence of Savoy, and to elect a bishop themselves. They selected from among the canons of Geneva one Aimé de Gingins, abbot of Bonmont and dean of the chapter, aged forty-eight, "the best boon companion in the world, keeping open house and feasting joyously the friends of pleasure." The people named him bishop by acclamation, as he stood by the liberties of Geneva, and the chapter confirmed their choice. The citizens prayed the Swiss cantons to support it before the pope, and sent to Rome "by post both letters and agents."

Duke Charles understood the importance of the crisis. This prince who filled for half a century the throne of Savoy and Piedmont, was all his life the implacable enemy of Geneva. Weak but irritable, impatient of all opposition yet undecided,

proud, awkward, wilful, fond of pomp but without grandeur, stiff but wanting firmness, not daring to face the strong but always ready to be avenged on the weak, he had but one passion—one mania rather: to possess Geneva. For that he needed a docile instrument to lend a hand to his ambitious designs—a bishop with whom he could do what he pleased. Accordingly he looked around him for some one to oppose to the people's candidate, and he soon hit upon the man. He selected John, *the bastard of Savoy*, son of a wench of Angers by Francis of Savoy, who had been bishop of Geneva and afterwards of Angers.

This wretch was a little man, weak, slender, ill-made, awkward, vile in body but still more so in mind, without regard for his honor, inclined rather to do evil than good, and suffering under a disease the consequence of his debauchery. Charles sent for him. "Cousin," said he, "I will raise you to a bishopric, if in return you will make over the temporality to me." The bastard promised everything; it was an unexpected means of paying off his debts.

The duke without loss of time despatched John to Rome, under the pretext of bearing his congratulations to Leo X., who had just succeeded Julius II. The bastard and his companions travelled so fast that they arrived before the Swiss. At the same time the court of Turin canvassed all the cardinals, and omitted nothing to secure the possession of a city so long coveted. At this time Leo X., wishing to ally his family to one of the oldest houses in Europe, had determined to ask the hand of the Princess Philiberta of Savoy, youngest sister to the duke, for his brother Julian the Magnificent, lieutenant general of the armies of the church. Leo X. received the bastard of Savoy with the greatest honor, and this disagreeable person had the chief place at banquet, theatre, and concert. As for making him bishop of Geneva, that did not cause the least difficulty. "Let the duke give us his sister, and we will give you Geneva," said he to the graceless candidate. "You will then make over the temporal power to the duke . . . The court of Rome will not oppose it; on the contrary, it will support you." Everything was settled between the pope, the duke, and the bastard. "John of Savoy," says a manuscript, "swore to hand over the temporal jurisdiction of the city to the duke, and the pope swore he would force the city to consent under pain of incurring the thunders of the Vatican."

The Swiss envoys speedily arrived, and appeared before the pope to secure the confirmation of Dean de Bonmont as bishop; but they were harshly dismissed. Leo X. was not a lucky man. By the traffic in indulgences, and by the elevation of John the Bastard, he paved the way for the Reformation in Germany and in Geneva. The reign of the bishop was a miserable farce, a long scandal.

The news of this election filled the hearts of the Genevan patriots with sorrow and indignation. They assembled in the public places, and murmured. "Let us be masters at home," they said, "and shut the gates against the pope's candidate." But the canons of the cathedral, the servile priests, the rich merchants, and the interested friends of Savoy, carried the majority with them; and it was resolved to accept the bishop nominated at Rome. When the leaders of the independent party found themselves beaten, they appealed to Switzerland for shelter. On the 4th of July, 1513, Philibert Berthelier, Besançon Hugues, Jean Taccon, Jean Baud, N. Tissot, and H. Pollier petitioned Friburg for the right of citizenship *in order to secure their lives and goods*; and it was granted.

On the 31st of August, 1513, the new prince-bishop entered the city under a magnificent canopy, and was received with great pomp. A few citizens in bad humor shrugged their shoulders, and said: "He is truly as foul in body as in mind;" but many servilely excused themselves for having appeared to oppose him. John of Savoy, who had said to himself, "I will not spur the horse before I am firm in the saddle," answered only by a smile of his livid lips; both people and bishop were acting a part. At the cathedral the new prelate was met by the canons in their official robes, and standing before the altar, with an open missal before him, he made solemn oath to the syndics, in presence of the people, to maintain the liberties and customs of Geneva. When the bishop had entered the episcopal palace and taken his seat in the midst of a little circle of courtiers, he said to them: "Well, gentlemen, we have next to *savoyardise* Geneva. The city has been quite long enough separated from Savoy only by a ditch, without crossing it. I am commissioned to make her take the leap." These were almost the first words the bastard uttered after having sworn before God to maintain the independence of the city.

The bishop, naturally crafty and surrounded by counsellors more crafty still, resolved to attach to himself the most influential men of the party opposed to him, by conferring on them some striking mark of his favor. He found the name of Philibert Berthelier in every mouth, and he resolved to give him one of the most honorable charges at his disposal. When told, Berthelier concealed a rebellious and energetic mind under a trifling exterior, "Fear nothing," answered John; "he sings gaily and drinks with the young men of the town." It was true that Berthelier amused himself with the *Enfans de Genève*, but it was to kindle them at his fire. He possessed the two qualities necessary for great things: a popular spirit, and an heroic character; practical sense to act

upon men, and an elevated mind to conceive great ideas. The bishop conferred upon him the governorship of the Castle of Peney, two leagues from the city, which Berthelier reluctantly accepted, but with the firm intention of resigning it as soon as his principles required. Upon the bishop elect, M. de Gingins, whose place he had taken, John bestowed a pension. Believing he had thus won over his two principal adversaries, he used to joke about it to his courtiers, and they replied: "It is a bone in their mouths, which will prevent their barking."

The people had next to be won over. "Two features characterize the Genevans," said the partisans of Savoy to the bishop; "the love of liberty and the love of pleasure." The cue was accordingly given, and it was sought to destroy the former by an unlimited course of "junketing, dicing, dancing, and feasting." "They are doing as Circe did with the companions of Ulysses," said a man of wit; "and their enchanted draughts have no other object than to change men into swine." The thoughtless youths could not resist, and they forgot the liberties and the mission of their country.

Among the young men whom the courtiers of Savoy were leading into vice, were F. Cartelier of La Bresse, M. Guillet, seignior of Montbard, and Pierre Navis of Rumilly in Genevois; these were sons of rich Savoyards who were settled in Geneva. All of them played an important part in the approaching crisis. Andrew Navis, then twenty-three years old, rushed into every kind of enjoyment with the impetuosity of youth, and pleasure held the chief place in his heart. He spent in disorderly living his own money and that of his family; on two several occasions he stole horses and sold them. He was not, however, the only profligate in Geneva: the bishop and his courtiers were training up others; the priests and the monks whom John found at Geneva, also gave cause for scandal. It was these immoralities that induced the citizens to make early and earnest complaints to the bishop.

The opposition to the Bishop was shown in various ways, and came from different quarters. The magistrates, the young and new defenders of independence, and lastly (what was by no means expected) the cardinals themselves thwarted the plan formed to deprive Geneva of its independence. Opinion, "the queen of the world," as it has been called, overlooked worldliness in priests, but not libertinism. At the time when the Reformation began, there were certain articles of faith imposed in the Romish church, certain hierarchies, ceremonies, and practices; but of morality there was none. On the contrary, all this framework naturally tended to encourage Christians to do without it.

In the month of October, 1513, the complaints in the council were very loud: "Who ought to set the people an example of morality if not the priests?" said many noble citizens; "but our canons and our priests are gluttons and drunkards; they keep women unlawfully, and have bastard children as all the world knows." The Dominican monks even offered accommodation for the debaucheries of the town; they threw open for an entrance-fee the extensive gardens of their monastery for midnight orgies. What could be expected of a clergy at whose head were popes like Alexander VI., or Innocent VIII., who had sixteen illegitimate children when he assumed the tiara?

The magistrates of Geneva resolved to protest against these insupportable abominations. On Tuesday, the 10th of October, the Syndics formally complained to the episcopal council of the conduct of the priests; but no reform was made. However, the moral effect of the blow remained.

Francis Bonivard, a brilliant young scholar, of little faith and little morality, yet a favorite with priests and liberals alike for his good humor, was now destined to play in Geneva—by his liberalism, his information, and his cutting satires—a part not very unlike that played by Erasmus in the great Reformation. On the death of his uncle, John Aimé Bonivard, on the 7th of December, 1514, he inherited the priory of St. Victor. He thus became sovereign prince of a small territory within Geneva, and in his walls were held many of the conferences that prepared the way for the Reformation. He was also bequeathed four large culverins (which the old prior had once ordered to be cast at the expense of the Church in order to besiege the neighboring seigniory of Virz,) upon promising that he would immediately have them cast into bells for the church, to be employed in God's service. A close sympathy soon united Berthelier and Bonivard. The former had more energy, the latter more grace; and they promised to wage a merciless war against superstition and arbitrary power. Berthelier persuaded Bonivard to retain the culverins, promising him metal for the bells, and saying, "The church will be doubly served. There will be bells at St. Victor, which is the church, and artillery in the city, which is the church land." He laid the matter before the council, who voted all that Berthelier required.

The Duke of Savoy now claimed the guns from the monastery, and the Council of Fifty was convened to discuss the affair. Berthelier was eloquently sustained by Besançon Hugues, a mild yet intrepid citizen of twenty-five. "In the name of the people," he said, "I oppose the surrender of this artillery to his highness; the city cannot spare them." The four guns remained at Geneva; but Charles III. was angered at Berthelier, Hugues, and Bonivard. "I will be even with them," said he. Charles III., son of Philip Lackland,

had not his father's strong understanding, and was possessed with one single thought: to annex Geneva to Savoy. This was his whole policy, and in grasping after this city he lost his principalities

In 1515 everything seemed favorable to the plans of the prince. The marriage of the Princess Philiberta was about to take place in Rome, and Leo X. expended 15,000 ducats in the entertainments of unusual splendor which ensued. Diplomatists and priests now urged that the free institutions of Geneva threatened the temporal power of the bishop; and if that were destroyed, what would become of his spiritual power? Charles III. triumphed. "The Duke of Savoy," says a Catholic historian, "took advantage of this circumstance (the marriage) to procure a bull confirming the transfer of the temporal authority." "I am sovereign lord of Geneva in temporal matters," he told everybody; "I obtained it from our holy father, the reigning pope."

The whole city of Geneva was in commotion when this news arrived. "The power of the popes," said the citizens, "is not over principalities, but over sins—it is for the purpose of correcting vices, and not to be masters of sovereigns and peoples, that they have received the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

On the 25th of May, a deputation from the council waited on the bishop. "My lord," said the first syndic, "we conjure you to leave the community in the same state as your predecessor transmitted it to you, enjoying its rightful customs and ancient franchises." The bishop was embarrassed; he muttered a few words in reply. Urged by the people, the syndics returned to the bishop. "It is now a general rumor," said they; "protest, my lord, against these strange reports, so that the usurpation, although begun, may not be completed." The bishop looked at them, then fixing his hollow, sunken eyes upon the ground, preserved an obstinate silence. The syndics withdrew without obtaining anything.

But salvation came from an unexpected quarter. The sacred college judged it a dangerous precedent to deprive a bishop of his temporal principality. They resolved that it was necessary, "first, that subjects be in rebellion against their prince; second, that the prince be not strong enough to reduce them; third, that he should have a better recompense."

The object of the Duke was now to incite a rebellion, that he might be awarded the sovereignty over the city. Charles felt comforted, and sent his cousin fresh instructions. "Since I cannot have the tree," he said, "I wish at least to taste the fruit. Set about plundering right and left to fill my treasury."

The bishop, the humble servant of the duke, prepared to act according to his instructions. Charles had set a trustee over him, who allowed him only what was absolutely necessary for his bare maintenance. "The duke being very rapacious," says the chronicler, "John was forced to give the rein to his Highness' extortioners." They imposed excessive fines; and in turn, no prince ever made such efforts to suppress revolt as the bastard to foment it. He deprived syndics of their judicial functions; he threw men into prison to avenge private or imaginary offences. At length the people began to murmur, and one of his exploits nearly revolutionized the city.

Claude Vandel, a distinguished lawyer, a man of noble character and spotless integrity, enraged the prelate by defending a citizen unjustly prosecuted. Vandel's sons persuaded him to remove into the country for safety, and two remained with him to keep guard. While these were decoyed away by a false alarm, the bishop's bailiffs seized the republican Claude, bound him, took him into the city by a secret postern, and conducted him along a subterranean passage to the bishop's prison. The next morning Vandel's sons appealed to the people; the council assembled; the syndics went to the bishop and called upon him to let Vandel go, or else hand over to them, his lawful judges, the papers in his case. "My council," the bishop answered, "will examine whether this *arrest* is contrary to your liberties, in which case I will amend what is to be amended." Even the episcopal council decided for Vandel's discharge; but the bastard obstinately refused.

The anger of the people now grew fiercer against the citizens who had accepted the bishop's pensions. At eight o'clock that evening the council met, and the most eminent citizens thronged the hall. The syndics described the illegal act of the bishop; the sons of the prisoner called upon them to avenge their father; and Berthelier exclaimed: "To maintain the liberties of the city, we must act without fear; let us rescue the citizen whom traitors have seized." John Taccon, captain general, taunted the speaker with taking "a pension." Berthelier at once publicly tore his commission in pieces, saying: "Since I showed you the way to take them, I now show you the way to resign them." A cry of "No more pensions!" was raised; and all the pensioners agreed to follow this example. A portion of the people surrounded the bishop's palace, shouting, "Release the prisoner;" but the prelate did not appear. John Bernard was trying to batter down the tower-door of St. Pierre, in order to ring the bell for the general alarm; but other citizens stopped him with news of the flight of the bishop.

One thought consoled the bishop in all his terror: "Surely here is an argument that will convince the sacred college: my people are in revolt!" But the episcopal council thought differently: Vandel's ar

rest was illegal, and they restored him to liberty. From that hour the bishop's hatred grew more deadly against those who would not bend to his tyranny.

The bishop and his followers now sought to enervate this proud and resolute people by superstition and debauchery. They called to Geneva, in the commencement of 1517—the year when the reformation began in Germany—a barefooted friar named Thomas, who preached in Italian about the Virgin Mary, the saints, and the departed, and professed to work miraculous cures. Entertainments and debauchery were also added; the priests seconded this depravity, and a shameful wantonness prevailed. Philip Berthelier, a brave man, resolved to turn against Savoy these dissolute habits, and he mingled with the young in every entertainment. He attained his end; the assemblies of the Genevan youth changed in character, and became a school of liberty. When the Savoyard party put themselves without the law, the Genevan party did the same, and the war began.

As a new and powerful opposition was forming in Geneva, it became necessary for the duke and the bishop to unite more closely. About this time an incident of little importance was nearly setting them at variance, and thus accelerating the emancipation of the city.

One day as the gouty bastard, stretched on a couch, was suffering cruelly from his disease, he heard a noise in the street. "What is the matter?" he asked. "They are taking a thief to be hanged," replied the old woman that tended him, who added: "If your Lordship would but pardon him, he would pray for your health all the days of his life." The bishop eagerly answered: "Be it so, let them set him at liberty."

The order of release was sent to the vidame's deputy, who replied: "I am the servant of my most dread lord the Duke of Savoy, and I shall discharge the duty confided to me." The execution, however, was postponed, for the decision of the council as to the bishop's power in the matter. One of its members was Aimé Lévrier, judge in the criminal court, a serious, calm, just man, who obeyed his conscience in all things. He saw in this little incident the great question between the legitimate authority of the bishop and the usurpations of the duke. "The prince of Geneva," he said, "has the right to pardon a criminal, even if he is on the territory of Savoy and at the foot of the scaffold." And then, quitting the hall, he cut the bonds of the culprit and led him before the bishop, saying to him: "Give thanks to God and my lord."

The bishop trembled at these unforseen consequences, and the duke deeply incensed determined to have revenge. The seignior of La Val d'Isère, with two other commissioners, soon arrived at Geneva to execute his Highness' pleasure. Insolently addressing the bishop in his own palace, in loud tones: Wretched bastard! (he said) what did he want with pardoning a man they were going to hang? The poor prelate tremblingly excused himself: "It was one Lévrier, a judge and doctor of laws, who did it." From that hour Lévrier became odious to the court of Turin, and was doomed to destruction.

That evening, the ducal envoy, with one of his colleagues and the vidame, supped at the priory of St. Victor with his cousin Bonivard. He desired to make his cousin a devoted agent of Savoy in Geneva, and to employ him, by way of prelude, in the arrest of the recalcitrant judge. After supper, he privately communicated to him his plot. Aimé Lévrier went ordinarily to pay his devotions at the church of Our Lady of Grace, near the bridge of Arve. Bonivard would follow him, seize him the moment he came near the church, and, holding him by the throat, cross the bridge with him, and deliver him up to the ducal soldiers, who would be on the other side ready to receive him. "This will be an easy task for you, dear cousin," added the ambassador; "everybody knows your readiness and your prowess." Bonivard tried to decline the proposal without giving offence, and replied: "Handling the sword is no longer my business; I have changed it for my breviary." La Val d'Isère angrily said: "Well then I swear I will go myself to-night and take Lévrier in his bed, and carry him tied hand and foot into Savoy." Bonivard grasped his hand, and replied: "I know the people of Geneva; they are not indulgent, I warn you, and I shall go and set aside thirty florins to have a mass said for your soul to-morrow." The ambassador left in anger.

Bonivard disguised himself, and after nightfall warned Lévrier of his danger. The syndics ordered Berthelier to keep watch all night under arms. The deputies of Savoy became so alarmed by the passing and repassing of the troops with drums beating, that they galloped away by a secret door when it was scarcely light. The bastard, still more frightened, forgot his gout and hurried over the mountains to Turin, where he crouched at Charles' feet. "I will forget everything," said the prince, at length, "provided you assist me in bringing these republicans to reason. In your fold there are certain *dogs* that bark very loudly and defend your sheep very stoutly; you must get rid of them." In this way the princes of Savoy conspired the ruin of Geneva, and plotted the death of her best citizens. "Let us play the game seriously," said the duke; "we must have them dead or alive."

In Geneva, two friends saw the approaching struggle. Berthelier inclined to the revival of Geneva from democratic motives; Bonivard from a love of learning, philosophy, and light. Berthelier cor-

dially enlisted the youth of Geneva in the great campaign for independence; Bonivard—who, like Erasmus, laughed at everybody and everything except letters and liberty—overcame his antipathies about social equality, and gayly sat down at table with young Genevans to win them. "Have done with banquets and dances," said Berthelier to his friend; "we must organize young Geneva into a defensive league." "Yes, let us march onwards," replied Bonivard, "and God will give a good issue to our bold enterprise!" . . . Berthelier stretched out his hand. "Comrade," he said, "your hand." Then, as he held Bonivard's hand in his, he was touched with deep emotion; a cloud passed over his face, and he added: "But know that for the liberty of Geneva, you will lose your benefice, and I . . . I shall lose my head."—"He told me that a hundred times," added the prior of St. Victor, who has handed down this conversation to us. The gloomy foreboding was but too amply fulfilled.

Without delay, Berthelier entered upon the work to which he had sworn to devote his life. Wishing to prepare it carefully, he invited the most ardent of the young Genevans to confer with him on the salvation of the country. He took a hall in the principal square of the city, la Place du Molard, and about twilight one afternoon in 1516 (probably,) this important meeting was held. There were present with Berthelier about fifty citizens; a small meeting, yet did not all noble hearts in Geneva beat in harmony with those of the fifty patriots? Among the number were Amadeus de Joze, an honest and straightforward man, in the business of druggist and apothecary; Andrew Navis, son of the procurator-fiscal, who had reformed from his vices and enthusiastically enlisted as a liberal; and John Biderman, surnamed Blanchet, a young man of twenty-four, who "trotted up and down," and picked up all the news.

The citizens gathered in a circle about Berthelier. He eloquently reminded them that from remote times Geneva had been free, but that for several centuries Savoy had been trying to enslave it, and asked them if they wished to transmit to their children not liberty but . . . slavery? The citizens answered No, and demanded anxiously how the liberties of the city could effectually be saved? "How!" said Berthelier. "By being united, by forgetting our private quarrels, by opposing with one mind every violation of our rights. We have all the same franchises, let us all have the same heart. If the bishop's officers lay hands on one of us, let all the others defend him with their swords, their nails, their teeth!" Then he exclaimed: "*Who touches one, touches all.*" At these words they all raised their hands and said: "Yes, yes! one heart, one common cause! Who touches one, touches all!"—"Good," resumed Berthelier; "let this motto be the name of our alliance, but let us be faithful to the noble device. If the bishop's constables take one of us to prison, let us rescue him from their hands. If they indulge in criminal extortions, let us seek out the abominable plunder even in their houses." And then he repeated in a loud voice: "*Who touches one, touches all!*" One citizen feared Savoy would attack Geneva with a strong army. "Fear nothing," answered Berthelier sharply, "we have good friends;" and he added soon after: "I will go to the Swiss, I will bring back forces, and then . . . I will settle accounts with our adversaries."

From that time the consultations and debates became more and more frequent; men reminded each other of the customs and franchises of Geneva, and promised to be mutually faithful.

One day, Berthelier, Blanchet, Pécolat, and several others, while drinking at Magniers and talking freely, were overheard by a corrupt creature of the bishop's named Carmentrant. "The bishop," said one, "has sold Geneva to the duke." "We must let the bishop know," added Berthelier, "the resolution we have adopted to defend our independence. Let us mask ourselves; we may say hard things under our masks. Let us make a *momon* at the palace." The *momon* was a bet made by maskers when playing at dice. Pécolat did not seem convinced. "Leave that to me," said Berthelier; "I shall find a way of speaking to the prelate." Carmentrant afterwards asserted that Berthelier proposed attacking the bishop's life; thus a joke was magnified into high treason.

Bonivard, who then had a difference with the bishop about the right of fishing in the Rhone, was also watched. One day, when walking with Berthelier and other friends, he complained of the bishop's avarice, and laughingly said: "If ever I meet him near my fishery, one or other of us will catch an ugly fish!" This was made a principal charge against him; he wished to *drown* the bishop!

These light words would scarcely prove a revolt; but an "*emeute*" furnished the Savoyards with the arms they sought.

On the 5th of June, 1517, the only talk throughout the city was about Messire Gros's mule, which was dead. Its master, the judge, was one of those harsh magistrates who are hated by a whole people. That evening, Berthelier, Pécolat, with other citizens, and thirty young men—"children of Geneva,"—were present at a social supper. "Gentlemen," said Berthelier, "it is a long time since this merry company has had any fun. The mule of the respectable Claude Grossi is dead; that judge is a wretch, continually beating after us and our friends. Let us play him a trick; let us sell his mule's skin by auction to the highest bidder." The proposal was adopted by acclamation. With drawn

swords and a drummer at their head, the party marched through the streets, and this proclamation was frequently made by the *fool* of the Abbot of Boumont: "O yes, this is to give notice that whoever wishes to buy the skin of a beast, of the *grossest* ass in Geneva, and will call at the house situate between the keeper's and the Hôtel de Ville, it will be sold to the highest bidder." "Is not that where Judge *Gros* lives?" asked a bystander. "Yes, it's he that is the *gross* ass," replied another.

The next day the judge laid his complaint before the vidame and the episcopal council; and the guilty parties hid themselves for a season. "There is a conspiracy against my lord the bishop, prince of Geneva," exclaimed the partisans of Savoy; "he alone has the right of making proclamation." Charles hastened to Geneva, and said to his councillors, "You see the citizens of Geneva are in revolt; it needs *a stronger shepherd than a bishop* to bring them back to their duty." Claude de Seyssel, one of the first diplomatists of the age, replied: "This business of the mule is a mere practical joke. This story, however, will not be quite useless to us; we will employ it to sow dissension among our enemies." He summoned many of the band, and warned them to be seen no more among the disaffected; and they were delighted at getting out of the scrape on such terms. The bishop, the duke, and their friends now plotted to seize the head, Berthelier; but he was a member of council, in great repute, and skilfully baffled their attempts. "To catch this big partridge," said the bishop, "we must first trap a little decoy bird." The advice appeared excellent, and they determined to catch some friend of Berthelier's.

Among the best patriots of Geneva was John Pécolat, whom we have already met at the mule supper. He was a prey by turns to enthusiasm and fear, subject to the blackest melancholy or bits of the maddest humor; at once a hero and a jester. Several of his ancestors had been syndics; he was one of the council of fifty, well instructed, and yet a hosier by trade. It was not long before Pécolat so compromised himself as to furnish arms against the patriots of Geneva.

The Bishop of Maurienne, canon of Geneva, had invited to dinner among others the Abbot of Boumont and Pécolat. Maurienne, in especial, had no end of complaints against the bishop. "Pray, my lord," said Pécolat, "do not vex yourself about the bishop's injustice: *non videbit dies Petri:* he will not live as long as St. Peter!" This was a common saying; and Pécolat meant that the bishop, suffering under an incurable disease, could not live long. Two Savoyards, creatures of the duke and the bishop, who were of the party, reported this remark to the bastard. It was concluded that Pécolat announced the prelate's death as near at hand, by a conspiracy of the independents. This speech, however, was not enough for his trial; they waited for an act to serve as a pretence for the charge of assassination. This soon occurred.

Not long after, the bastard hastily accompanied the duke to Lyons, to present his homage to Queen Claude, of Brittany, whom Francis I. had just married. Some fish pasties, too stale for use, were furnished by his purveyor as provisions for the journey; several attendants who ate of these sickened, and it is asserted one died. This accident furnished a charge of poisoning against Pécolat, but so baseless that at first the vidame refused to prosecute. But as Pécolat was one who cried, "The skin of the gross beast!" a warrant was issued against him on the 27th of July, 1517.

His arrest was cautiously planned. First, the most determined young Genevans enrolled on the black book, were decoyed to Vouache, two leagues west, by a grand hunt of wild animals; then the bishop sought safety, "to enjoy a fresher air," at his castle of Thiez; and Pécolat was enticed into a walk to Pressinge, by one Maule, a secret agent of the vidame. The two were seized on the road and bound, by a party in ambuscade; but Maule was released when they reached the prison. On the 3d of April, Pécolat was removed to the torture room at the top of the castle, as the bishop had ordered him "to be examined and forced to speak the truth." The charges of the plots were too absurd to dwell upon; but evidence was sought against the leading citizens. Pécolat was tied by one hand to the rope, and as he refused to answer, was hoisted four feet from the floor. The next day, he was more cruelly tortured: the executioners tied his hands behind his back, and then pulled the rope so as to raise his arms above his head; lastly they lifted him five or six feet from the floor, which was enough to dislocate his shoulders. Pécolat suffered horribly, and he was not a Regulus. "Let me down! let me down!" he cried, "and I will tell all."

Terrified and frantic, to the falsest imputations against the noblest of his friends, he answered, "Yes, yes!" and the satisfied judges sent him back to his dungeon. In his cell, the fear of God's judgment surpassed all previous terrors. "Gentlemen," said he to those standing around him, "my declarations were extorted from me only by the fear of torture. If I had died at that moment, I should have been eternally damned for my lies."

In Geneva, the terror increased every day. People kept themselves indoors; the streets were deserted. The bishop now boldly sought to catch Berthelier, and the league was nearly dissolved when most needed. At eight o'clock in the evening of the 28th of July, 1517, the council was sitting, when the president, who was on

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the bishop's side, said: "It is my lord's pleasure that we take up one of his subjects against whom he possesses sufficient informations, which he will communicate in proper time and place; and that when the said subject is in prison, the syndics shall execute justice, if the affair requires it." Berthelier was absent, and the council answered they would take up the accused if the bishop maintained the liberties of Geneva.

Bonivard, with others of Berthelier's friends, urged him to escape by flight: "The sword is over your head," he said. "I know it," answered Berthelier; "yes, I know that I shall die, and I do not grieve at it." He was finally persuaded to escape in the company of some envoys from Friburg, disguised in a livery cloak. The bishop was exasperated at the delay. "Do you mean to give him time to escape?" he asked. The council immediately ordered a great display of force to seize the liberal leader. The gates were shut, and a six day's hunt was made for him without success. No one then doubted his escape: the liberals were delighted, but anger and vexation prevailed at the castle.

Berthelier's flight was more than a flight. He went to Switzerland; and from that day Switzerland turned towards Geneva, and held out the hand to her.

Disguised in the livery of an usher of the city of Friburg, the faithful citizen arrived there without hindrance. He was received into the house of Councillor Marty, governor of the hospital, and sat there sorrowful and motionless. The long conspiracy of Savoy against Geneva was on the point of succeeding. Switzerland alone, after God, could save it from the hands of the Savoyards. Geneva must become a canton, or at least an ally of Switzerland "For that," said Berthelier, "I would give my head." He told Marty he had come to pray Friburg to receive the Genevans into citizenship. The latter led him to the "abbeys" where the guilds were assembled, and warned him to veil his meaning while speaking from the duke's pensioners present. Berthelier at first spoke in ambiguous language; but remembering Geneva, he forgot all prudence, and made a great *lament* of the oppression under which the city groaned. His eloquent words were fruitful thoughts, cast into the hearts of the people of Friburg. At his request, some citizens of Friburg were sent to Geneva to see its misfortunes; and there they had cordial communings with Besançon Hugues, Vandel, and all the patriots.

These deputies complained to the council of the violation of the franchises of the city, and demanded a safe-conduct for Berthelier. Three councillors carried these complaints to the bastard at St. Joire, a few leagues away. "What! *I* violate the franchises!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment; "I had never even thought of it. A safe-conduct for Berthelier . . . why, he does not require one. If he believes himself innocent, let him come; I am a good prince . . . No, no, no! No safe-conduct!" On the 12th of August the syndics communicated this answer to the Friburgers. The Swiss were indignant: "Very well! we will get together all these grievances and see them remedied. Rest assured of this . . . we will risk our persons and our goods. We will come in such force that we will take his Highness' governor in the Pays de Vaud, the friends of Savoy in your city, and then—we will treat them as you have treated our friends." Thus the union between Geneva and Switzerland was, so to speak, accomplished before any public act had rendered it official and authentic.

Scarcely had the Friburg deputies left the city ere the duke's party, accosting the independent Genevans, and gallicising each in his own way the German word *Eidesgenossen* (confederates) which they could not pronounce, called after them *Eidguenots*, *Eignots*, *Eyguenots*, *Huguenots!* Until after the Reformation, this soubriquet had a purely political meaning, in no respect religious, and designated simply the friends of independence. The adherents of the duke had no sooner started the nickname than their opponents, repaying them in their own coin, called out: "Hold your tongues, you Mamelukes! . . . As the Mamelukes have denied Christ to follow Mahomet, so you deny liberty and the public cause to put yourselves under a tyranny." At the head of these Mamelukes were some forty rich tradesmen. They were very indignant at the term, and to them it was retorted: "If you do not like the name, since you gave up Geneva through avarice, we will call you Judases."

The bishop, proud of having tortured Pécolat, feared to return to Geneva, repeating to every one, "they would murder me!" The Genevans, conscientiously submissive to authority, sent an embassy to display their loyalty, and placed at the head of it syndic d'Orsières, an old man who had been six times elected chief magistrate. The bastard determined to gratify his hatred of the Genevans; and when the loyal deputation bent humbly before him at Thonon, he had the hoary-headed ambassador seized and thrown into a dungeon. The citizens of Geneva were justly incensed at this outrage; they immediately ran to arms, stretched chains across the streets, and shut the gates.

The duke was displeased at these mistakes of the bishop; moreover, the proceedings of the Friburgers disquieted him, for Geneva was lost to Savoy if the Swiss took up its cause. Eustace Chappuis, a learned diplomatist, was empowered by him to patch up the blunders committed by the bishop. Chappuis set out for Ge-

neva, and exerted all his skill to alienate the Genevans from the Swiss; but his fine words did not catch many. He then visited Berthelier at Friburg, and entreated him to return to Geneva, promising him a pardon.—"A pardon!" exclaimed the haughty citizen; "pardon does not concern good men but criminals. I demand absolution if I am innocent, and punishment if I am guilty."

Charles III. thereupon visited Friburg and Berne, and endeavored to win over the cantons, making the fairest promises in regard to the illegal arrest of Pécolat and Berthelier's exile. The bishop meanwhile released D'Orsières, but refused to do more. Accordingly, on the duke's return, the syndics complained: "Our franchises are infringed by the bishop." Whereupon, to give some little satisfaction to the Swiss and Genevans, Pécolat was transferred to Geneva, and shut up in the Chateau de l'Ile. But neither the duke nor bishop dreamt of letting him go.

Pécolat's condemnation became the chief business of the court of Turin in its relations with Geneva. Archbishop Seyssel, although not for despotism, hated republics, and wished by Pécolat's trial to crush the spirit of liberty in Geneva. He endeavored, under the subterfuge of a charge of high treason, to have him arraigned before the duke; but the syndics answered: "We have the power to take cognizance of every criminal case." However, the bishop was allowed delegates to sit and speak in court, but not to vote.

The judges—the elder Lévrier, Richardet, and Porral—with the six councillors sitting,—met in the Chateau de l'Ile, November 10th, 1517, surrounded by the attorneys and other partisans of Savoy. "The confessions I made at Thiez," said Pécolat, "were wrung from me by torture; the judge dictated the words, and I repeated them after him. I knew that if I did not say what they wanted, they would break my arms and maim me forever." The examination began, and the syndics soon declared they must acquit him as innocent. The bishop said: "Give him the question, and you will see clearly that he is guilty." The syndics refused, but submitted to the illegal appointment of four more judges by the bishop.

In the following examination, Pécolat was seriously ill, and had to be carried into court. The episcopal judges examined this living corpse and exclaimed: "He still affords some hold for the torture; he may be examined with *a few torments*." They tied his hands behind his back, and threatened him with the rack; but Pécolat answered with such frankness that two of the bishop's judges exclaimed: "We find no fault in him."

The duke and the bishop now resolved this innocent man should be tried by priests. They produced a forged letter that Pécolat was an *ordained clerk*, and had him transferred to the bishop's palace. Pécolat was so affrighted, his features were so distorted and his eyes haggard with terror, that his keepers thought he was possessed by a devil, and sent for a barber to shave off his rough beard, in which they thought lurked the demon. But the devil whom Pécolat feared was his own cowardice, tempting him to falsely accuse his friends. "It is better," he thought, "to cut off an arm, a foot, or even the tongue, than to fall into everlasting perdition." Watching his opportunity, he seized the razor, and raised it to his tongue; but his strength failed him, and he made only a gash. The barber and gaoler found him "coughing and spitting out blood in great quantities;" but his tongue was not severed. The bishop insisted on a renewal of the torture, saying, "let him write his answer;" but Lévrier would not gratify the inhuman request.

All Geneva pitied the unhappy man, and asked if no one could deliver him from his tormentors. Bonivard sought the advice of Lévrier, who said that the judges could not act without the bishop's consent. "There is however one means," added he. "Let Pécolat's relations demand justice of me; I shall refuse, alleging the prince's good pleasure. Then let them appeal, on the ground of denial of justice, to the metropolitan court of Vienne." Bonivard, full of imagination, of invention, of resources, heedless of precedents, and energetic, immediately resolved to try this course. The Archbishop of Vienne (he argued) being always jealous of the Bishop of Geneva, would be delighted to humble his powerful colleague.

The appeal was made in due form, and the archbishop with alacrity summoned the episcopal authorities of Geneva to Vienne for judgment; in the meanwhile he forbade the bishop to proceed against the prisoner under pain of excommunication. But who would serve this daring summons upon the bishop? Partly by promises and partly by threats, a poor clerk was persuaded to the act; with the fear of Bonivard's dagger before his eyes, he knelt and handed it to the bishop returning from mass, saying, "My lord, you are inhibited, as in the copy," and ran off. The bishop, as frightened as himself, swore to be even with Bonivard. On the 29th of January, 1518, Pécolat was transferred to the castle of Peney, contrary to the franchises of the city. The metropolitan now ordered the bishop to release Pécolat, under pain of excommunication; but the episcopal officers laughed at his threats. This was a fair illustration of the pretended unity of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century.

Anthony de la Colombière, official to the metropolitan of Vienne, reiterated these orders in Geneva, but without effect. On Good Friday following the metropolitan officers formally posted the terrible monition on the cathedral and the churches,

When the canons and priests approached for evening service, they were aghast at reading the placards, and quickly retired.

"We excommunicate," these ran, "the episcopal officers, and order that this excommunication be published in the churches, with bell, book, and candle. Moreover, we command, under pain of the same excommunication, the syndics and councillors to attack the castles and prisons wherein Pécolat is detained, and to liberate him by force. Finally we pronounce the interdict against all places wherein these excommunicates are found. And if, like the deaf adder, they persist in their wickedness, we interdict the celebration not only of the sacraments, but also of divine service, in the churches of St. Pierre, Notre Dame la Neuva, St. Germain, St. Gervais, St. Victor, St. Leger, and Holy Cross."

The agitation became general. No more services, no more masses, no baptisms, no marriages; divine worship suspended, the cross hidden, the altars stripped! All the diocese fancied itself excommunicated, and grew turbulent. The episcopal officers narrowly escaped drowning; and the syndics said to the episcopal council (the bishop being absent,) "Release Pécolat, or we cannot protect you against the anger of the people." The alarmed officers yielded, and wrote to the governor of Peney to release Pécolat forthwith.

As their messenger was leaving by the French gate, accompanied by a body of Genevans, a courier entered by the Savoy gate, bearing pontifical letters hastily obtained by the princes, by which the pope *annulled the censures of the metropolitan;* and another order from the bishop forbidding them *on their lives* to release Pécolat. The episcopal councillors were astounded, and "immediately with all diligence countermanded the release." The bearers of this new order were met half-way by a noisy and jubilant crowd returning from Peney, bringing the freed Pécolat in a peasant's cart. The episcopal officers imperatively demanded his surrender. Despite the *rogations* of the pope, the prelate and the messengers, the people carried Pécolat back in triumph to the city. The poor man, yet dumb, shattered by the torture, and wasted by his long imprisonment, looked silently around, and his heart was full. His friends took him to the convent of the Grey Friars of Rive, an asylum reputed inviolable, and left him in the cell of his brother, the monk Yvonnet. He was there visited constantly by citizens; and until his power of speech returned, "told the mystery of his sufferings with his fingers," says Bonivard. The abbot also records that "all the judges who condemned Pécolat to be tortured died this year, one after another."

The young men of Geneva trembled with indignation at these atrocities. Not knowing whom to blame, the episcopal officers imprisoned the governor of Peney for obeying their order, and actually planned to put him to death. Some timid citizens dared not go and see Pécolat, for fear of the bishop's vengeance. One of these was Blanchet, who had been present at the famous Molard meeting and the *momon* supper, and whom soon after the barbarous vengeance of the prelate doomed to a most cruel death.

No one embraced Pécolat with so much joy as Berthelier, who had returned to Geneva within this few days. In fact the duke, desirous to please the Swiss by any means, had given him, and also made the bishop give him, a safe-conduct which, bearing date February 24th, 1518, extended to Whitsunday, May 23d, in the same year. The favor shown the republican hero was not great, for permission was granted him to return to Geneva *to stand his trial;* and the friends of the prelate hoped that he would not only be tried, but condemned and put to death. Bonivard, brave and determined in spirit, returned to his city determined to accomplish the alliance of Geneva with the Swiss cantons. The action of the Genevans filled him with hope, for they elected syndics, three capable liberals, Ramel, Vandel, and Besancon Hugues; the premier syndic, Montzon, was the only "mameluke" chosen.

The duke, the bishop, the count, and Archbishop Seyssel, were plotting at Turin the enslavement of Geneva. But the middle ages were ending; the light of modern times was dawning. Geneva was the obstacle to the definite annihilation of the popular franchises; Berthelier was the strength of this obstacle; and it was resolved to get rid of this proud, unyielding man. Berthelier appeared before the syndics to be tried; the vidame Conseil and Peter Navis, the procurator-fiscal, managed the prosecution. "You have conspired," they said, "against the life of the prince-bishop."—"All lies," said Berthelier coldly; "lies extorted by the rack and retracted afterwards." The declarations of the traitor, Carmentrant, relative to the *momon* supper were urged, but withdrawn. Navis again and again demanded the forfeiture of the safe-conduct, and Berthelier's imprisonment; but the court refused these unjust prayers. Navis wrote to the duke and bishop for some good grievances. "You shall have them," they answered; "we have certain witnesses to examine here, this side the mountains." Little did Navis imagine one of these was his own son.

Blanchet becoming disgusted with Geneva, and his love for liberty cooling, had said, "I will seek patrons and fortune." He returned to Turin, and was there thrown into prison by the bishop. Andrew Navis had grown dreadfully weary of his father's law office, and followed an old mistress to Turin; he was warned of Blanchet's seizure, but imprudently remained and soon shared his fate. After

a preliminary hearing, these prisoners were transferred to the bishop at Pignerol. "Speak as we desire you," said the collateral of the council; "and then you will be in his Highness' good graces." As they were silent, they were put to the rack; then fastened to the rope, and raised an arm's length from the floor. Navis remorsefully accused himself of his profligate life; and when again tortured several weeks after, he condemned no one but himself.

The bishop meanwhile had heard that Bonivard had just passed through Turin on his way to Rome, and ordered him to be seized on his return. The latter so little suspected the impending danger, that he had visited Italy to solicit the prelate's inheritance, on the latter's approaching death. The shocking corruption of the papal court astounded him. "The Church," he said, "is so full of bad humors that it has become dropsical . . . . Everything is for sale at the court: red hats, mitres, judgeships, croziers . . . . Above all, do not trust to Leo the Tenth's word; for he maintains that since he dispenses others from their oaths, he can surely dispense himself." Bonivard was unsuccessful in his object, and returned to Turin. He was warned of his danger, yet remained a week, solicitous about his imprisoned friends; companions were always by his side to protect him from arrest. A letter of his to Blanchet and Navis was seized, and the bishop ordered his immediate seizure. The prior tranquilly told his acquaintances: "I shall stay a month longer at Turin, to enjoy myself with my old friends." Many invitations being given him, he accepted them all; but the next day, before it was light, he took horse and galloped off for Geneva.

The bastard was staggered when informed that Bonivard had escaped. He determined to revenge himself upon Navis and Blanchet, and to fill all Geneva with terror by means of their death. He pressed on the trial, and soon his specially constituted court declared Navis and Blanchet solemly convicted, first of having been present and conspiring at the meeting at the Molard with accomplices; secondly, of having proposed to flee to Switzerland, "abandoning thus the sovereignty of Savoy and the splendor of the white cross." They were condemned to be beheaded, and then quartered, according to the bishop's desire. The provost received the youths from the magistrates, and led them brave and composed to execution. When they had mounted the scaffold, Navis spoke:

"Wishing before all things to make amends for the evil we have done, we retract all that we have said touching certain of our countrymen, and declare that such avowals were extorted from us by the fear of torture. After proclaiming the innocence of others, we acknowledge ourselves guilty. Yes, we have lived in such a way that we justly deserve death, and we pray God, in this our last hour, to pardon our sins. Yet understand, that these sins are not those of which we are accused; we have done nothing contrary to the franchises and laws of Geneva; of that we are clean . . . The sins which condemn us are our debaucheries." Navis would have continued; but the provost ordered their immediate execution. The friends knelt down, the sword fell, and "thus they were beheaded and then quartered."

This little bishop, so frail, livid, hideous, reduced almost to a shadow, without genius and without will, had nevertheless the will and the genius of evil. Two of the quarters of the dead bodies he had exposed over the gates of Turin. The two other quarters with the heads he had pickled, and sent in barrels to Geneva, "to stir up and terrify the scoundrels;" they arrived there Saturday, October 2d, 1518. By his orders, they were secretly nailed that night to the branches of a fine walnut tree, near to the bridge of Arve, and opposite the Church of Our Lady of Grace, so as to attract all passers by. Underneath was the placard: "These are the traitors of Geneva;" and the white cross of Savoy above.

The day broke, the horrible sight was seen, and the news spread through the city. It was Sunday, and an immense crowd of men, women, and children soon gathered around the tree. "It is Navis!" they said; "it is Blanchet!"—"It is one of my lord bishop's messages come to us by the Turin post," said a Huguenot. Groans and weeping were heard in the crowd; women gave vent to their horror, and men to their indignation.—"Come," said they to Navis' father, "come and see the reward the bishop sends you for your faithful services: they have sent from Turin as your pay the head of your son!" The unhappy man bent his head in sullen silence; but his wife mourned loudly. The people were enraged. "The bishop," they said, "is a wolf under a shepherd's cloak. Would you know how he feeds his lambs, go to the bridge of Arve!" In that hour the Roman episcopacy in Geneva received its death blow. If a Mameluke and a Huguenot happened to pass the bridge together, the first, pointing to the walnut tree, would say to the second with a smile: "Do you recognise Navis and Blanchet?"—the Huguenot would coldly reply: "I recognise my bishop."

The popular agitation spread to the syndics, and they summoned the council. "This morning," they said, "before daybreak, two heads and two arms were fastened to a tree opposite the church of Our Lady of Grace. We know not by whose order." The mameluke magistrates strove in vain to excuse the act. It was resolved to send an ambassador to the princes to inquire whether this act had been perpetrated by their orders, and in that case to make remonstrance; but the mamelukes

succeeded in sending Savoyards as the agents. The duke received the deputation coldly in public, but welcomed them in private. The ambassadors returned in three days with an unmeaning answer.

The council wrote to the bishop, then at Pignerol. He replied from Turin, on the 15th of October: "You have never had prince or prelate with such good intentions as myself; the execution done the other side the bridge of Arve is to give those a lesson who desire to lead evil lives. Discharge your duty, so that when I am with you, there may be nothing to do but to make good cheer. If you should refuse, understand clearly that I shall pray my lord (the duke) and his brother (the count) to preserve my good rights; and I have confidence in them, that they will not let me be trampled upon; besides this, I will risk my life and my goods." This mild pastoral was signed: THE BISHOP of Geneva.

After the murder of Blanchet and Navis, the passion of independence became dominant. "From that time," said a magistrate of the seventeenth century, "the duke and bishop were looked upon in Geneva as two tyrants who sought only the desolation of the city."

The moment had come when men of decision were about to apply themselves to the work of opposing the encroaching designs of Savoy. Berthelier, "the great despiser of death," threw himself energetically into the midst of dangers. Despite the discouragements of Bonivard, he went from house to house, exhorting and stirring up the citizens "one by one." The remains of Navis and Blanchet were long left exposed, despite the appeals of Judge Navis; and the mangled fragments loudly told the citizens it was time to defend their ancient liberties. The great agitator said: "Let us help ourselves, and God will help us!" The young, the poor, and the generous listened; but the rich and great were afraid of losing their wealth. Those ducal adherents, dreading an outbreak, sent the same embassy again to Turin and to Pignerol, and the patriots indignantly asked: "What! you want to save the sheep, and yet select wolves to do it." The deputation arrived at Turin, and timidly stated their grievances to the duke. "It was not I who did it," said Charles; "it was my lord of Geneva; go to the bishop at Pignerol." Thither they went, and the bishop answered: "It was not I who did it; it was my lord the duke." Then, say the chronicles, "the bishop accordingly entertained them, treated, feasted, and made merry with them."

The whole party deliberated on the answer to be returned. The shrewd ambassadors dreaded the alliance of Geneva with the Helvetic republics, and urged harsh measures. A letter was drawn up in which the duke and the bishop informed the council "that they would hold them loyal subjects if they would assist in *unhesitatingly putting to death Berthelier and ten or twelve others*," whom they named. "We hand you this letter," said the duke and the bishop to the deputies; "but you will not deliver it to the syndics and council of Geneva unless they promise on their oaths (before reading it) to execute without delay the orders it contains." Never had monarch put forward such enormous pretensions; nor had such servile ambassadors.

The iniquity of the duke and bishop showed the Genevans more and more every day the necessity of independence. They resolved to take a decisive step. Berthelier, Bernard, Bonivard, Lévrier, Vandel, De La Mare, Besançon Hugues, and some others met in consultation. The brotherhood of St. George was revived; and at a meeting of sixty citizens of spirit and enterprise, an alliance with the Swiss was warmly espoused. A rumor of this decision reached Turin. They answered immediately, on the 13th of October, by ordering Berthelier to trial in the following month before the episcopal commissioners; this was delivering him to death. Councillor Marti, of Friburg, who dearly loved Berthelier, hastened to Geneva, and warned the Council of Fifty to do their duty: "Protect Berthelier as the liberties of your city require, or beware! Friburg has always desired your good; do not oblige us to change our opinion." The Council thanked Marti, but added that, before giving a decisive answer, they must wait the return of the deputies sent to the bishop and the duke. "Nevertheless," added the syndics, "as regards Berthelier we will maintain the liberties of the city."

The deputies soon arrived from Turin, with minds dazzled by the pomp and power of the Piedmontese court. On the 29th of November they appeared before the Council of State, and demanded for the lord bishop the adding to the Council of twenty leading citizens, and the making oath to reveal nothing communicated; these arbitrary orders were complied with. The ambassadors then advanced another step: "Here is the letter in which my lord makes known his sovereign will; but before it is opened, you must all swear to execute the orders it contains."

This strange demand was resisted firmly by the friends of independence, and the meeting broke up.

The general council was convened to hear the message of the ambassadors, on Sunday, December 5th; the cathedral bell tolled, and the large hall of Rive was quite filled with people. The deputies presented the letter, saying: "Our only instructions are, that before the council of Geneva open it, they shall swear to carry out its orders." The people were greatly agitated at these words, and taunted the bishop with the murder of Blanchet and Navis. "Gentlemen," said the more serious men, "we return you the letter un-

opened, and beg you will send it back to those who gave it you." The deputy Nergaz, annoyed, exclaimed bitterly: "I warn you that my lord of Savoy has many troops in the field; and that if you do not execute the orders contained in this letter, no citizen of Geneva will be safe in his states. I heard him say so."—"To the Rhone with the traitors! to the Rhone!" cried the indignant citizens. The three mamelukes trembled with fear, but Lévrier, Besançon Hugues and others quieted the spectators. Calm being restored, the councillors returned the prince's letter to Nergaz and his colleagues, saying: "We will not open it." They feared the influence of the creatures of Savoy, of whom there were many in the Great Council.

The cruel butchery of Navis and Blanchet, and the insolent sealed letter, were acts ruinous to those who had committed them. If the bishop had possessed only the spiritual power, he would not have been dragged into such measures; but by wishing to unite earthly dominion with religious direction, he lost both: a just punishment of those who forget the words of Christ: "My kingdom is not of this world." Two parties, both strangers to the Gospel, stood then face to face. On the one side were the bishop, the vicar and procurator-fiscal, the canons, priests, monks, and all the agents of the popedom; on the other were the friends of light, the friends of liberty, the partisans of law, the representatives of the people. The battle was between clerical and secular society, The epicurean hog, (if we may use an ancient phrase,) at once filthy and cruel, who from his episcopal throne trampled brutally under foot the holiest rights, was unconsciously preparing in Geneva the glorious advent of the Reformation.

The letter which demanded on behalf of Geneva an alliance with Friburg, was open, carried from house to house, and received three hundred signatures. As Berthelier could not leave the city to bear it, Besançon Hugues—a happy mean between Berthelier the man of action and Levrier the man of law—consented to go as a mere citizen; and the genial De la Mare was sent as his colleague. These two deputies were welcomed and honored at Friburg. The three hundred petitioners received the freedom of the city, with an offer to make the alliance general if the community desired it. When the proposal of alliance was presented to the general council of Geneva, the partisans of absolutism and those of the civic liberties grew so excited that an adjournment was made without any decision.

The ardent friends of independence were uneasy, but the more enlightened liberals urged them to be patient. Berthelier desired immediate action; and accompanied by a noble citizen, Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, he again re-animated the young Genevans with enthusiasm for independence. The two parties became more distinct every day: the huguenots wearing a cross on their doublets, and a feather in their caps, like the Swiss; the mamelukes carrying a sprig of holly on their heads. "Whoever touches me will be pricked," said they, insolently pointing to it. Quarrels were frequent.

The party of Savoy determined upon the death of Berthelier, and many timid men shunned him. His case was adjourned from week to week, till his friends demanded a general council. "All that I ask," said Berthelier, "is to be brought to trial; let them punish me if I am guilty; and if I am innocent, let them declare it." The general council ordered the syndics to do justice; and the latter, without effect, three times summoned the vidame and the procurator-fiscal to make out their charges. On the 24th of January, 1519, the Grand Council of one hundred and fifteen members delivered a judgment of acquittal.

Then Montyon, the premier-syndic, a mameluke yet a faithful observer of the law, said to him: "Philibert Berthelier, the accusations brought against you proceeding not from probable evidence but from violent and extorted confessions, condemned by all law human and divine, We, the syndics and judges in the criminal courts of this city of Geneva, having God and the Holy Scriptures before our eyes—making the sign of the cross and speaking in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—declare you, Philibert, by our definite sentence, to be in no degree attaint or guilty of the crime of conspiring against our prince and yours, and declare the accusations brought against you unreasonable and unjust. Wherefore you ought to be absolved and acquitted of these, and you are hereby absolved and acquitted."

If the joy among the huguenots was great, the consternation of the mamelukes was greater still. Berthelier's acquittal created a deep sensation at the court of Turin, as it compromised all the plans of Savoy. The duke determined, if possible, to prevent the alliance with Switzerland. Able ambassadors were sent by him to first cajole, and then to terrify the Genevans with threats of punishment for conspiracy; but they speedily returned, saying: "You will gain nothing by reasoning with these citizens. If you say you are their prince, they will maintain that you are their vassal."—"Well, then," said the duke, "let us settle the matter not with the pen but with the sword."

The Genevans knew what sort of report would be made of them at Turin; they therefore resolved to forestall the duke, and to conclude as soon as possible an alliance with the Swiss, which would permit them vigorously to repel the Savoyards. Nothing could be more lawful.

When the people met on Sunday, Feb-

ruary 6th, 1519, to elect four syndics for the year, Besançon Hugues in a few prudent words presented the letter from Friburg, which was read before all the assembly. "When it shall please the entire community of Geneva to join in friendship and citizenship with the people of Friburg," said the writer, "the latter will agree cheerfully, without prejudice either to the rights of the bishop and prince of Geneva, or to the liberties and franchises of the city, and neither of the parties shall pay tribute to the other."

When they heard this loyal and generous letter, the people were enraptured. The Swiss themselves were stretching out their hands to them. The joy was universal, and the loud cry arose: "A poll, a poll! citizenship with Friburg! A poll, a poll!" Hugues bravely proposed the alliance; the majority assented with uplifted hands, and the disconcerted mamelukes were silent. The nomination of the syndics, which came next, was the most huguenot election known. Three of the new syndics were devoted partisans of independence; namely, Stephen de la Mare, John Baud, and Louis Plongeon. Guiges Prévost, the premier-syndic, although related with the ducal party, was a man of good intentions. Ambassadors set off immediately to announce to Friburg that the people had voted the alliance.

Then burst forth one of those great transports that come over a whole nation when, after many struggles, it catches a glimpse of liberty. In all the city there were bonfires, cheering, songs, processions, and banquets. The adherents of Savoy in Geneva were bitterly hostile to this action, and organized their party. Francis Cartelier, syndic in 1516, a cunning but mean man, assembled its principal members. Montzon, Nergaz, the Messieurs de Brandis, the two de Fernex, Marin de Versonex, Percival de Pesmes, and others, met; they resolved to urge the duke to make every exertion to prevent the alliance being carried out. All these efforts were to prove useless. It is a strange thing that the city bearing on its flag the symbols of these two absolute powers—the key of the popes and the eagle of the emperors—raised this very significant banner, and thus proclaimed, as if in a spirit of contradiction, liberty in Church and State.

Men of the old times grew alarmed. Might not this emancipatory movement extend through Europe? At Geneva men talked of political liberty; at Wittemberg of religious reform: if these two streams should chance to unite, they would make a formidable torrent which would throw down the edifice of the dark ages and sweep away its ruins into the great abyss.

The duke, the count, and the bishop now regretted the imprudence of their rough policy, and determined upon other plans for retaining control of Geneva. First, they sought to break the alliance by means of their pensioners at Friburg; but the latter dreaded "the risk of a beating," and asked to be excused. The court of Turin then endeavored to win over the leaders of the opposition in Geneva. "Offer Berthelier silver and gold," said the prince to the Bishop of Maurienne; "in a word, do anything to attach him to my service." Berthelier answered the bishop coldly: "A vile interest will never make us render up an innocent people to the vengeance of your prince." The duke, seeing these efforts vain, made one more heroic effort. "Well, then," he said, "let us raise all Switzerland." His able ambassadors, Saleneuve, Chappuis, and Lambert, met the deputies of the cantons then sitting in diet at Berne, and complained bitterly of Geneva and Friburg. The diet declared in favor of the duke, and sent the Sieur d'Erlach to Geneva to support the ducal protest. The Friburgers did not desert the cause of independence, but sent John Fabri to Geneva on their behalf. The two deputies met almost about the same time on the shores of the Leman, one bringing peace, the other war.

The general council having met on the 1st of March, 1519, the generous Fabri, faithful to a desperate cause, spoke first. "Consider the matter and see for yourselves what ought to be done," he said. "As for us, we will preserve the alliance to the last drop of our blood." These words electrified the audience. "And we too!" they shouted all around. The deputy from the League was admitted next. D'Erlach spoke with an imperious voice: "Obey the duke. Be henceforward his faithful subjects; break off your alliance with Friburg. The League requires it from you under pain of their deep resentment; and as for Friburg, they command it." This short and rough speech amazed the Genevans. How long had they been the subjects of Savoy? . . . Had the Swiss League broken their own yoke only to impose it on others?

When the deputy from Berne had retired, the deputy from Friburg returned, and re-assured the people that Friburg would not abandon Geneva. "Declare frankly," he said, "whether you desire the alliance; say Yes or No." With a loud shout, the people exclaimed, "Yes; yes! Better see our wives and children slain, better die a thousand deaths ourselves, than cancel the alliance with Friburg!" The general council decreed that if any should propose the rupture of the alliance, he should be forthwith beheaded. The syndics returned answer to D'Erlach: "We will send a deputation to the next diet, when we will prove that we are not the duke's subjects, and that we have done nothing to his prejudice." At the meeting of the general council on the following day (March 2d, 1519) the alliance was confirmed: Hugues and Malbuisson started immediately for Friburg with instructions

to sign the engagement, which the Helvetic diet had just ordered to be cancelled. Such was the answer made by Geneva to the Swiss.

The duke hesitated no longer. Pacific and diplomatic means were exhausted; he must now draw the sword, and with its trenchant edge hew down the pride of Geneva. Nevertheless, to save appearances, he desired some influential body in Geneva to declare against the alliance. The duke instructed his agents to secure this protest from the chapter of St. Pierre, the bishop's natural council, and in his absence representing the catholic church. The canons, flattered by the importance which his Highness of Savoy attached to their opinion, hastily put on scapulary and amice, and assembled in chapter. The result of this ducal manœuvre could not be doubtful. All the canons were attached to the duke but De Gingins, abbot of Bonmont, and Bonivard, prior of St. Victor, who was the youngest of the chapter, and who had no vote because he was not in holy orders. Bonivard urged them to reply that their business did not extend to alliances and other like civil matters, but to spiritual things only, and warned them of the resistance of the people. The canons would not heed the protest, and peremptorily drew up their declaration against the Swiss alliance.

The decision of the canons was soon known in the city, and the people immediately assembled in great numbers in the Place Molard. It was proposed to pay these churchmen a visit, and to request them to mind their own affairs and leave state matters alone. The abbot of Bonmont sent in all haste for his friend the prior of St. Victor, that he might stop the people. Bonivard hated despotism, and was equally opposed to the disorders of the citizens. The moment was critical; the trembling canons expected to have the people fall upon them. Bonivard hastened to confront the multitude, and met them headed by Berthelier and Hugues. He stopped them, saying: "These reverend gentlemen have written, that they will not live under other protection than that of God and St. Peter; and that as for the alliance with Friburg, they do not mean either to accept or refuse it. The letter is not sent yet; you shall see it." Upon this Besançon Hugues checked the people. Bonivard hastily sent a messenger to the Bishop of Maurienne, instructing him to "change promptly the purport of the letter." Maurienne at once dictated a new despatch to his secretary, and showed it to Berthelier, Hugues, and Pécolat, on their arrival shortly after. They suspected the trick. "Oh no! the ink is still quite wet," they said. "Let the business be settled this once; but let us keep a kick in store for the other courtiers."—"I have inserted this," says Bonivard, "to caution all republics not to give credit or authority to people bred up in the courts of princes."

The duke was at the end of his resources, and the affair of the chapter had raised his indignation to its utmost. There had been comedy enough—it was time now to come to the tragedy. Everything must be prepared to crush Geneva and liberty.

The duke raised an army "this side the mountains (that is, in Savoy) as secretly as he could;" meanwhile amusing the Swiss cantons with the fine speeches of M. de Lambert. These forces were commanded by the Sieur de Montrotier, Bonivard's cousin; and the duke with his army of seven thousand soldiers encamped at St. Jullien, a league from Geneva, before anything was known of his intentions. Three thousand recruits came in from the country, and the ducal court was held with great pomp. Several of his boastful cavaliers said, "we must put them down with our riding whips." On the 15th of March, 1519, fifteen of these rode into Geneva, impudently entered the council-room and sat down rudely, saying: "My lord, desiring to enter this city, orders you to lay down your arms and open the gates." The Genevan senators moderately answered they would welcome the duke with his ordinary retinue: "In that case the arms we carry will be used only to guard him." The cavaliers replied: "My lord will enter the city with whom he pleases, and do in it as he pleases." "Then," said the syndics, "we will not let him enter." The fifteen rose, and before they left said: "We will enter in spite of your teeth, and we will do in your city whatever we please."

Many citizens fled from the city in alarm, but only to be confronted by the Savoy forces occupying every road. At three o'clock the patriots assembled, and resolved to send an embassy to Friburg to ask for a garrison, as the duke would not dare to resist the League. Besançon Hugues bravely volunteered, and departed.

On Friday, April 1st, the king-at-arms, Provena de Chablais, appeared before the council in full armor, and bearing a *gaule* (rod) in his right hand. Scornfully overlooking three polite invitations to be seated, he at length said: "Worshipful syndics and councillors, do not marvel if I did not sit down when you desired me, and if I sit down now without being invited; I will tell you the reason. I am here in behalf of my most dread prince and lord, the Duke of Savoy, my master and *yours*. It does not become you to tell him to sit down—it is his privilege to do so when and where he pleases:—not beside you but *above* you, as your sovereign prince; and as representing his person, I have done so myself. Now from my seat I unfold my commission, and it is this. My lord and yours charges and *commands* you to prepare his lodging in your hôtel-

de-ville, with the sumptuousness and magnificence that belong to such a prince. Likewise he orders that you will get ready provisions for him and his company, which will be ten thousand infantry without including cavalry; for his intention is to lodge here with his retinue, to administer justice in Geneva."

The council deliberated, and replied: . . . "We are his very humble servants; but we are neither his subjects, nor his vassals. . . . Let him please to come with his usual retinue; but ten thousand men and cavalry besides—we have not supplies for so many." As they refused to obey the duke's orders, the herald cast down his *gaule* and said: "On his behalf, then, I pronounce you rebellious to *your* prince, —and I declare war against you with fire and sword."

On his departure, the people forced even the mamelukes to join them in taking up arms. The gates were shut, the chains stretched across the streets, the artillery manned, the watch set. The peasants returning from market described these preparations to the Savoyards. Immediately the duke's fit of courage was succeeded by one of fear, and he asked, through M. de Lucinge, permission to come and sup in a friendly way, with his great suite and two or three hundred infantry only. The mamelukes urged that the gates be opened to the duke immediately; the syndics replied they would consult the general council on the morrow. Nearly forty of these disloyalists, including Montzon, Cartelier, and Nergaz, hastened out of the city to have a private interview with the duke. Cartelier encouraged the duke to persevere: "Enter Geneva, my lord, sword in hand." Before departing, a plot was concocted to betray the city.

On Sunday morning following, Councillor Marti, Berthelier's Swiss friend, entered Geneva with a herald. As he brought no soldiers, the huguenots coldly replied: "We want ambassadors in doublets, and not in long robes; not diplomats, but soldiers." Marti started for Gaillard, three-quarters of a league distant, where Charles had advanced his forces. The duke received him with many flattering words; but Marti plainly replied: "My lord, you have already told my friends so many lies, that I do not know if they will believe you any more." The duke sharply retorted: "I shall enter Geneva as a friend; or, if they do not like it, as an enemy. My artillery is all ready to lather the city in case of refusal." Marti, in alarm, demanded and obtained a truce for the night. He returned, and urged the city to trust the duke. It was agreed to convene the Great Council before daybreak, and the worn-out citizens were relieved to rest. At twelve o'clock the plotted signal of a torch displayed was given from a tower of St. Pierre, and the duke's cavalry advanced up to the very gates; but the alarm was sounded by a sentinel, the citizens aroused, and the attacking party, led by Philip of Genevois, retired discomfited.

The Grand Council met before daybreak, April 4th, and at Marti's entreaty the syndics started to meet the duke. The duke promised, with oaths, to enter Geneva with none but his ordinary retinue and five hundred footmen, and entrance was yielded. On the next morning, the duke set his army in motion, saying: "My people will only pass through Geneva" All the gates were opened, and the walled ones were broken down. The indignant huguenots resolved to remain. Bonivard prudently escaped into the Pays de Vaud; but the indomitable Berthelier would not flee to live.

The army of Savoy approached the St. Antoine gate; it was like a triumphal progress. Monarchy, according to politicians, was about to gain the victory over republicanism. First the cavalry, headed by the Count of Genevois in armor; then eight thousand infantry, headed by six Genevan mamelukes; lastly, the duke, in complete armor, followed by his guard. "Montrotier," he said to his principal captain, "I have sworn that I will only enter Geneva over the gates." At this hint, the St. Antoine gate and its wall were knocked down. All the army having passed the gate after the duke, marched through the city to parade its triumph in the streets and defy the citizens. Contrary to the stipulations, the whole army took up its quarters immediately in the city. The duke stopped in Bonivard's Maison de Nice; and the count, now appointed governor of the city, rested at the hôtel-de-ville. Geneva was taken, and many of its citizens thought their country forever lost.

These Savoyard princes behaved as in a city taken by assault. That evening the cannon were removed from the ramparts to the hôtel-de-ville, and loaded to quell any insurrection. The syndics were aroused before morning, and forced to surrender the keys of the gates, the ramparts, the arsenal, and the provision magazines. The disloyal mamelukes banded together, and soon wrenched off the staples and locks from the city gates, and even the clappers from the bells. These were carried as trophies to the duke, as a sign of the real transfer of the jurisdiction of the city.

The next morning the Savoy soldiers wantonly destroyed the feather beds they had slept upon, drank and spilled out all the wine in the cellars, and committed many outrages. Their depredations were finally quelled by means of a false alarm purposely given by the count.

The mamelukes in council drew up a proscription list, placing upon it the four syndics, the twenty-one councillors, and other notable citizens, so as to make up forty. They haggled with the executioner

about "how much he would take for forty heads," but could not come to terms. This rumor spread, and many were frightened; but the boldest huguenots girded on their swords, and walked proudly about. At the representations of Berthelier and his friends, Marti accused the duke of breaking his promise; but he was brutally ordered out from his presence. A general council was now summoned, and the mamelukes renounced, in the name of Geneva, the alliance with Friburg.

On Thursday April 7th, proclamation was made that "no one shall leave his house, whatever noise there might be, or even put his head out of the window, under pain of his life." But the proclamation was interrupted by the arrival of a Swiss courier, amid the rejoicings of the people. The appeals of Besançon Hugues for immediate aid to save the lives of the Genevans had been granted; and succor now came in a Swiss army, which mustered 13,000 when it occupied the Savoy town of Morges. The chiefs of Friburg had previously seized the Sire de Lullins, his Highness' governor of the Pays de Vand, and said to him: "Write to your master that he do no harm to our fellow-citizens; your head shall answer for theirs: besides, we are going to give him a treat at Geneva." This message it was that interrupted the proclamation, and also frightened the duke. He humbly urged Marti to prevail upon his lords to return; the latter replied: "Commission your own people to carry your lies." The duke, terrified, had it cried through the city "that no one should dare to do harm or displeasure to any person of Geneva, under pain of the gallows." The general council, at the duke's request, sent two mamelukes, Taccon and De Lestilley, to declare to the Friburgers that the duke would do no injury to Geneva. Everything was changed in Geneva. The huguenots attacked their guests with songs, epigrams, and sarcasms; and as it was Lent, they gave them only small fish called *bésolles* to eat. Hence this expedition was called "the Bésolles War."

At Morges, Besançon Hugues and Malbuisson urged the Friburg troops to advance; Taccon and De Lestilley urged them to retire. The deputies of the cantons arrived, and proposed a middle course: that Savoy should withdraw her troops, and Friburg her alliance. The huguenots, abandoned by the cantons, stood stupefied. "Renounce your alliance with Friburg," repeated the League, "*without prejudice to your liberties*." "But they would not," said Bonivard, "for they had the majority of votes." A general council of mamelukes consented to the proposition. The duke hastened to leave Geneva, and the plague took his place. The people trembled for their leaders; for the bishop wrote from Pignerol the same words as when he had put Navis and Blanchet to death: "Having recovered from my serious illness, I am thinking of passing the mountains, for the benefit and good of my city."

Neither the duke nor the bishop had exhausted their plans. The heads of Blanchet and Navis, suspended seven months before on the walnut tree, were there still, tossed by every wind, and telling the passers-by that the wrath of the princes was not yet appeased. The bishop dreaded that the liberty demanded in the state would soon be demanded in the Church, as in Wittemberg, where a doctor had just appealed from a pope to a general council. On his return from Turin he hastily passed through Geneva, dreading the plague, and abode near Dovaine. Here he was visited by the principal mamelukes, who said to him: "First, we require Berthelier's death, and pray, my lord, let the blow be prompt. Second, the rebellious councillors must be dismissed. Third, your grace must come into the city . . . with *good swords!*" The bishop responded: "Amen!"

The cruelties of the princes of Savoy had already fallen upon Bonivard. The prior, "disguised as a monk," had left Geneva the day the duke entered it, and was accompanied by two whom he trusted as friends—the Sieur de Voruz and the Abbot of Montheron. The latter looked longingly upon the priory of St. Victor, and agreed with his companion to betray Bonivard to the duke for that benefice; the former was to receive an annual pension of two hundred florins out of the stipend. At Montheron, after resting through the night, the perfidious Voruz said to his trusting companion: "Resign your priory of St. Victor in favor of the abbot."—"What!" exclaimed the startled Bonivard, "is it under a show of friendship that you lay these plots?"—"You are our prisoner," Voruz answered coldly; "all attempts to escape will be useless." Bonivard at first refused.—"The duke is going to put Berthelier and his companions to death; be careful. If you will not do what we tell you, we will deliver you into his hands, and there will be one huguenot the more for the scaffold. You are free; make your choice—resignation or death!" Bonivard had no wish to die, and he consented to everything. Instead of liberty, the prior had an imprisonment for two years in the duke's castle of Grolée, and afterwards a harsher and longer captivity in the castle of Chillon. The betrayers were rewarded as they had planned.

The bishop gathered a force of armed men, and on the 16th of August drew near the city. The syndics commended Geneva to his pastoral mercies. "Alas!" they said, "it is stricken with the double scourge of the plague and the sword." The bishop promised to enter with only a hundred and fifty footmen, "and protect each one in his rights." The people resolved to hide their discontent and fears, and the day of his entrance, Saturday, April 20th, 1519, was observed as a holiday. Six hundred rough

soldiers accompanied him, in violation of his pledges. The general council met by summons next day; the bishop appeared, and his official announced: "My lord, not having many days to live, desires that all things be put in order before his decease. He has therefore brought some soldiers with him that he may correct any who shall be mad enough to resist him."

The next two days the bishop was secluded in his palace, while his soldiers insulted the huguenots upon whom they were quartered. All the citizens were alarmed but Berthelier. He calmly waited for the death which he foresaw. In his opinion there could be no evil in life to him who has learned that the privation of life is not an evil. After the bishop's arrival he came and went just as before, and frequently visited a quiet meadow by the Rhone, without the city. As he strolled towards this spot, on Tuesday morning, August 23d, between six and seven o'clock, playing with a little weasel in his bosom, he saw a troop of soldiers ahead waiting for him, and "walked straight towards the armed men, as proudly as if he was going to take them." When arrested he would not sound his terrible whistle to collect enthusiastic defenders, but placidly handed his sword to the vidame, saying: "Take care what you do with this sword, for you will have to answer for it." The prisoner was hastily taken to the Chateau de l'Ile, and the vidame stationed guards everywhere, even in the secure chamber in Cæsar's tower.

As Berthelier saw death approaching, he said that all he had to do was to remove its mask, for underneath was the face of a friend. His soul grew agitated; but he quieted it with the hope that his death would lead to the deliverance of Geneva. Yet, without bravado, he smiled and caressed his pet weasel; to the soldiers around him he showed only a simple and candid soul. The guards, in sympathy, urged him to ask pardon of the duke. "He is not my prince," he said, "and if he were, I would not ask for pardon, because I have done no wrong. It is the wicked who should beg pardon, and not the good."—"He will put you to death, then," said the guards. Berthelier made no reply. But a few minutes after, he went up to the wall and wrote: "*Non moriar sed vivam et narrabo opera Domini*—I shall not die but live and declare the works of the Lord,"—a prediction relative to the Messiah, in the hundred and eighteenth psalm. Although not a protestant, Berthelier sought his last consolation in the Word of God; and the passage he wrote on the wall referred to the Saviour's resurrection. Did he hope, after this world, for a glorified world of imperishable felicity, the everlasting abode of the children of God?—We believe so.

The prisoner was diverted from these thoughts by the arrival of the officers of justice. Berthelier, according to the laws, ought to have been tried by the syndics; but the bishop arbitrarily issued a provost's commission to Jean Desbois, "formerly a tooth-drawer." Berthelier repudiated his authority. "When the syndics, who are my judges, question me," he said, "I will answer them; but not you, who have no right to do so." The provost left to tell the bishop of his ill success. The emotion was universal in Geneva. The friend of its liberties, the founder of the league *who touches one, touches all*, was about to pay with his life for his defence of his country. The bold spirits urged that the citizens should support the laws by rescuing Berthelier; but the magistrates preferred to send the syndics to the bishop. "My lord," said they, "Berthelier has been acquitted according to law; and now he is arrested without accuser, and without a preliminary information. If he is innocent, let him be set at liberty; if he is guilty, let him be tried by us; do not permit an infringement of the franchises in your city." But the bishop refused to let him go. The people were indignant. The bishop and his creatures, fearing an outbreak, resolved to rid themselves of their adversary.

Berthelier saw he was doomed, but his calmness never failed him. He remembered that the voluntary sacrifice which men make of their lives, out of love for their fellow countrymen, has a mysterious power to save them. But if Berthelier desired to save Geneva, Geneva longed to save him. Rumors of an intended rescue reached the ears of the bastard, and all his forces, aided by the mamelukes, were posted along the route to the place of execution.

Desbois entered the prison with a confessor and the headsman. Berthelier refused to answer, and the provost pronounced sentence: "Philibert Berthelier, seeing that thou hast always been rebellious against our most dread lord and thine, we condemn thee to have thy head cut off to the separation of the soul from the body; thy body to be hung to the gibbet at Champel, thy head to be nailed to the gallows near the the river Arve, and thy goods confiscated to the prince." The provost then introduced the confessor, "with whom Berthelier did not hold long discourse." After that the third personage, the headsman, came forward and pinioned him.

In every quarter of Geneva men's eyes were fixed on the Chateau de l'Ile. They saw the martyr led forth by his guards, his countenance showing the greatness of his soul, but were powerless to rescue him. Berthelier having advanced a few steps, found himself between the chateau and the river. "Say thy prayers," said the provost. The hero made "a short prayer," and as he rose to speak to the people, the provost ordered the executioner: "Make haste with your work."—"Kneel down,"

said the man to his victim. Berthelier fell on his knees, and exclaimed: "Ah! Messieurs of Geneva—!" That was all! and his head fell at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 23d, less than ten hours after his arrest. The lifeless body of the martyr was placed in a wagon, and the executioner accompanying it through the city, cried: "This is the head of the traitor Berthelier; let all take warning by it." A universal horror fell upon the people, and many, heart-broken at his fate, shut themselves up in their houses. The body of the father of Genevese liberty was suspended to the gibbet, and his head fastened on the bridge of Arve, by the side of those of Blanchet and Navis. Men's hearts were rent by that death so hurried, so illegal, so tragical, and many refused all consolation. Some proud citizens gave vent to maledictions. They were consoled to know that the blood thus shed would awaken with a terrible voice the Swiss league. There were many victims of religious liberty; but the noblest martyrs of political liberty, in modern times, have fallen at Geneva, and their death has not been useless to the universal cause of civilization.

A friend of Berthelier wrote this noble epitaph:

"Quid mihi mors nocuit? Virtus post fata virescit;
Nec cruce nec gladio, sœvi perit ilia tyranni."

(What harm has death done me? Virtue flourishes beyond the grave; it perishes neither by the cross nor the sword of the cruel tyrant.)

The bishop was now encouraged to revolutionize Geneva. His proclamation blasphemously said of the duke of Savoy: "If this illustrious prince had not been touched with compassion; if he had not surpassed by his clemency the charity of the Redeemer, we should all have been destroyed." The syndics were "more ready to yield the bishop their maces than their heads," and four mameluke syndics were appointed: P. Versonay, P. Montyon, P. de Fernex, and G. Danel. All huguenots were excluded from the general council, and citizens were forbidden to carry arms, or to assemble by night. Sorrow and dismay filled men's hearts. Ere long a few courageous spirits took counsel together, and the bishop began the persecutions afresh.

Amadeus de Joze, a friend of Berthelier, had contemptuously treated a famous black image of wood nearly three feet high, called St. Babolin; and he was tried September 7th, 1519, upon this charge, as well as for attendance at illegal meetings. He was a cripple, mild, weak and infirm; and when his judges ordered torture to be used, he replied only by groans and tears. As he was neither a hero nor a revolutionist, he was permitted to escape by night. Bonivard says: "They imprisoned, they beat, they tortured, they beheaded and hanged, so that it was quite pitiful." Geneva was crushed. The duke and bishop by proclamation restricted its liberties, banished young men from the council, and took from the people the electing of syndics. The general council accepted these articles in silence, September 3d. The sorrow was general; prophecies were made of the ruin of the people and of the coming judgments of God.

A poor girl for three days walked up and down the city, neither eating nor drinking, but crying everywhere as she went: *Le maz mugnier! le maz molin! le maz molu! . . . tout est perdu.* "Wicked miller! wicked mill! wicked meal! . . . All is lost!" The miller was the prince, the mill was the constitution, the meal was the people. This monotonous and doleful voice affected everybody, even the mamelukes; and the vidame dared not arrest the prophetess.

The prophetess was mistaken; the *meal* was good On a sudden the sky hitherto so dark cleared up, and there was a gleam of sunshine. The duke, who was thinking of marriage, returned to Turin; the bishop, who was seriously ill and needed a warmer air, withdrew to his abbey of Pignerol, and the huguenots, freed from their two oppressors, raised their heads. The leading huguenots demanded of the episcopal vicar, the prothonotary of the holy see, the revocation of the decrees contrary to the liberties of the city, and the liberation of all citizens imprisoned by the bishop, threatening to again appeal to the metropolitan see of Vienne. The vicar was alarmed, and hastily complied. The patriots, encouraged again, began to assemble; Aimé Lévrier, the judge, was especially courageous. Berthelier had been the man of action: Lévrier was the man of right "God made man free," he said; "ages have made Geneva free; no prince has the right to make us slaves. Let us petition the pope for the prelate's destitution." Lévrier was accordingly commissioned to go to Rome. In response, Leo X. ordered the bastard never to return to Geneva, and to select a coadjutor to replace him; this was a cruel disgrace to the prelate.

The Great Council, under the late illegal edict, now nominated the new syndics; but the people, in general assembly, boldly declared the election should take place according to the ancient franchises. The election was accordingly held next day, but the people, with great moderation, returned the same syndics as the Great Council had done. After having conquered absolutism, they conquered themselves. They did more: they attempted a reconciliation with the mamelukes, on the basis of all being Genevans in Geneva; but the latter finally referred the proposition to the bishop and the duke. A citation from Rome on the 30th of April, 1520, surprised Geneva, summoning the magistrates to give account at Rome for levying a tax upon the priests to help pay the expenses

of the war *des* Bésolles. The citizens were indignant that the indolent, debauched clergy should be thus shielded, while they were heavily oppressed; and "there was some rioting."

Some of the Genevans had heard Luther in Germany had appealed from the pope to a general council. Like Luther, they asked how it was that you could not find in all the Bible one word about the papacy, and that while the Scriptures often mention little things, they positively say nothing of what we are assured are the greatest in the church? . . . "We are no longer so frightened at the pope's bulls," said the Genevans, "and will not let ourselves be caught in his nets." Such was the first echo in Geneva of the cry uttered at Wittemberg.

The priests were alarmed at the name of the arch-heretic, and began to make long processions to avert the wrath of heaven. One of these spectacles greatly displeased the townspeople. "All the priests have gone out," said they; "let us profit by the opportunity to shut the gates of the city, and prevent them from returning." This startling prelude to the Reformation so frightened the monks and priests, that they made an arrangement to pay a portion of the expenses of the war.

Other events gave some hope to the persecuted Genevans: their greatest friend came out of prison, and their greatest enemy quitted this world. Bonivard, by the intercession of his influential relations, at length recovered his liberty but not his priory. The perfidious Abbot of Montholon, who was believed to have been poisoned by certain covetous ecclesiastics, by a deed left the priory to Bonivard; but Leo X. gave it to one of his cousins. Bonivard was left in poverty, till eventually he regained his priory for a short period. The bishop chose as his coadjutor Pierre de la Baume, bishop of Tarsus *in partibus*, who took his charge in Geneva in January, 1521. The mamelukes endeavored to gain this future bishop and prince to their side. Besançon Hugues, who desired to see Geneva catholic and episcopal, secured his confidence, and remained ever after his most confidential adviser.

The miserable John of Savoy lay at Pignerol on his death-bed. He suffered from the gout; he was covered with filthy ulcers; he was little more than skin and bone. He had lived for debauchery and oppression; he now received the wages of his iniquity. His coadjutor watched the progress of the disease with ill-dissembled satisfaction; and the hirelings around impatiently awaited the time when they might carry off the objects they coveted. When the priests presented the crucifix to the dying man, he rejected it with horror; blasphemy and insult mingled with the foam that whitened his trembling lips. Remorse succeded to despair, and he said to Pierre: "I wished to give the principality of Geneva to Savoy—and to attain my object, I have put many innocent persons to death."—"If you obtain this bishopric," continued he, "I entreat you not to tread in my footsteps. On the contrary, defend the franchises of the city . . . In the sufferings I endure, I recognize the vengeance of the Almighty . . . I pray to God for pardon from the bottom of my heart . . . In purgatory . . . God will pardon me" . . Unfortunately Pierre de la Baume did not profit by this solemn advice. The bastard died after horrible sufferings, "so withered that he did not weigh five and twenty pounds." The prophecy of Pécolat was fulfilled; his episcopacy lasted only nine years.

Geneva was about to change masters. Pierre de la Baume was weak, vain, and almost as servile as his predecessor; and he accelerated the approaching revolution in Geneva. The new bishop wrote to his charge at Geneva, February 7th, 1522, informing them that his predecessor had "made as holy an end as ever prelate did, calling upon his Creator and the Virgin Mary with his latest breath." He reminded them at the same time "of the great love and affection which John had felt while alive for them and for all his good subjects." . . . "Witness the chestnut-tree at the bridge of Arve," said some.

A year elapsed before the new bishop came to Geneva; probably he was delayed by his temporal occupations. At last, on the 11th of April, 1523, his solemn entry took place. He was cordially received at the bridge of Arve by the syndics, the councillors, and the people. More than a hundred horsemen, and four companies of soldiery accompanied him. He rode "on a mule beautifully harnessed and gilt, and wearing a green hat, after the fashion of the bishops of Rome." Dramas, farces, mysteries and games were given in the open air, and the Genevans were full of hope. But he had scarcely taken the oath to observe the franchises before he imprisoned a citizen unlawfully; and when the syndics humbly reminded him of their liberties, he exclaimed petulantly: "You always smell of the Swiss." However, he set the prisoner at large.

The duke, seeing that the Genevese commune was seriously weakened, had formed new plans for definitively seizing the sovereignty, and expelling both liberty and the tendencies towards Reformation, with which, according to Charles III. and Charles V., this restless city was infected. Magnificence, fêtes, grandeur, flattery, seduction and perfidy were all to be brought into play, and for that end Charles possessed new resources. He had just married Beatrice of Portugal, whose sister was about to be united to the Emperor Charles V. Beatrice, a woman of great beauty, proud, ambitious, and domineering, required everything to bend before her; Charles, a man of no will, found one in this princess; and the conspiracy of

Savoy against Genevan independence entered into a new phase, which threatened to be marked by great reverses. Besides, the duchess expected to be brought to bed in December; if she had a boy in Geneva, would not these worthy burgesses be happy, nay proud, to have for their prince a son of Savoy, born within their walls? Every means was set to work to carry out this court manœuvre; and the vain Genevans sought to have the pomps of the fête of welcome far surpass those of the bishop's reception.

At last the 4th of August arrived, and all the city hastened in procession to the banks of the Arve. First appeared a battalion of three hundred young and beautiful amazons of Geneva; they wore the colors of the duchess, blue and white. The duchess appeared, seated in a triumphal chariot drawn by four horses, and so covered with cloth of gold and jewels that all eyes were dazzled. The duke rode by her side on a mule richly caparisoned, and a multitude of noblemen followed them in magnificent attire, smiling and talking to one another; the good-humored simplicity of these republicans charmed them. The procession passed successively under six triumphal arches, before each of which Beatrice had to stop and hear a new compliment; but the haughty Portuguese woman would not even look at the ladies, and received the magnificently dressed *shop-keepers* with still greater contempt. The citizens were deeply offended, and the duke conjured his wife to make an effort to win back their hearts.

Doubts were beginning at this time to circulate concerning the attachment of Geneva to the papacy. The mamelukes and canons ashamed of these rumors, prepared a mystery-play to show the duke and duchess the Genevans thought more of seeking crosses and other relics than of finding the New Testament so long unknown. The triumphal car halted at the Place du Bourg de Four to witness a spectacle—"Invention of the Cross."

The first scene represents Jerusalem, where the Emperor Constantine and Helena, his mother, have arrived to make search for the precious relic. The Jews are put into prison; and this is a lesson to show what ought to be done to those who pay no respect to the wood that Helena had come to worship.

The next scene represents Golgotha. The Emperor, Helena, and their train follow a released Jew, who shows where the three crosses are buried. The true cross is discovered by the restoration to life of a dead body which it had touched.

CONSTANTINE *kneels and worships it.*
O cross of Christ how great thy power!
In this place I thee adore;
May my soul be saved by thee!

HELENA.
The cross hath brought to us God's grace,
The cross doth every sin efface.
Here's the proof. . . .

Thus, therefore, the Genevese believed in the miracles worked by the wood of the cross, and were free from heresy!

The procession at last arrived at the Dominican convent, where sumptuous apartments had been prepared, Charles as delighted as Beatrice was wearied. "The flies are caught by the honey," said the duke; "yet a few more fêtes, and these proud Genevans will become our slaves." A "round of great banquets, balls, and fêtes" were commenced by the duke; and Beatrice entertained the ladies with ballets, masquerades, and plays. The youth of Geneva contended in tournaments with the nobles of the court. "We have never been so well entertained since the time of the Duke Philibert," said the young Genevans. The allurements of gain to the shop-keeper was also added, through the liberal expenditure of money in the city. The ambitious were attracted by the hope of higher distinctions, and even the syndics humbled themselves. Everything led the politicians to expect complete success.

The calculations of the princes of Savoy were not, however, so correct as they imagined. A circumstance almost imperceptible might foil them. Whilst the cabinet of Turin had plotted the ruin of Geneva, God was watching over its destinies. Shortly before the entry of the bishop and the duke, another power had arrived in Geneva; that power was the Gospel. Lefévre published his French translation of the New Testament near the end of the year preceding 1522; and the persecutions of Christians in Paris, drove them into different provinces. In the sixteenth century, as in the second, the Gospel ascended the Rhone. "Some people called evangelicals came from France;" says a *Memoir to the Pope on the Rebellion of Geneva;* some Genevans "talked with them and bought their books." Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, a man bold to imprudence, but upright and generous, was one of the first of these; Robert Vandel, Syndic in 1529, and many besides read the Scriptures with astonishment. They sought but could find no Roman religion there—no images, no mass, no pope; but they found an authority and power above prelates and councils and pontiffs, and even princes themselves—a new authority, new doctrine, new life, new church . . . and all these new things were the old things which the apostles had founded. Priests and bigoted laymen looked with astonishment at this new spectacle. Was the victory to slip from their hands in the very hour of success?

The triumph of the Savoy party had exasperated the huguenots. They determined to add their dish to the entertainment of the duke and duchess, seasoning it however with a few grains of salt. Instead of the discovery of the cross by Helena, they resolved to perform a

mystery-play celebrating the discovery of the Bible by the Reformation. Jean Philippe, a wealthy citizen, generously provided for all the expenses, the young men learnt their parts, and the festival was held on a Sunday in fair time when many strangers were in the city. The Bishop of Maurienne, and many lords and ladies were present; neither the duke nor duchess attended, "because the performers are huguenots," said the former.

The huguenot who had composed the piece represented the state of the world under the image of a *disease*, and the Reformation as the *remedy* by which God desired to cure it; the subject and title of his drama was, *Le Monde Malade*, the Sick World, and everything was to appear—priests, masses, the Bible and its followers. The principal character, *Le Monde*, (the World,) had heard certain monks, terrified at the books which had lately come from France, announce that the last days were at hand, and that the World would soon perish. He trembled, his health declined, and he pined away. Each of his friends brought a remedy, but the World grew worse and worse. He decided to resort to the sovereign universal remedy of masses: the Romish worship, assailed by the Reformers, was now on its trial in the streets of Geneva. But neither long nor short masses were of any use. The wise *Le Conseiller* (the Counsellor) then recommended

> A thing which no man dares gainsay—
> The BIBLE.

The World will not have it at any price, but now calls in the Doctor, to give advice. The latter describes the clergy as "rogues and thieves:"

> Children still in their nurses' arms
> Made abbots and bishops and priors.
> For their pleasure they kill their brothers,
> Squander their own goods and seize another's.

To be well, the Doctor gives this prescription:

> Then think of abuses what a store
> Are daily committed by great and small,
> And *according to law* reform them all.

This was demanding a Reformation. The huguenots (*kidguenots*) applauded; the foreign merchants were astonished; the courtiers of Savoy, and even Maurienne himself smiled. The World resolved to live by the rules of his appetite; thereupon he put on a fool's dress, and the burlesque ends. The evangelicals had taken up their position; the text of the Bible was publicly declared "an irreproachable thing." This may be dated as the beginning of the Reformation in Geneva.

The Savoyards were now enraged, and avenged themselves by frequent quarrels with the citizens. Tradesmen were insulted and struck; but ere long every one armed himself, and crossed swords with these insolent lords. Complaints and recriminations ensued; the duke threatened "to pillage the place," but tranquillity was restored at the thought of the duchess. Aimé Lévrier, faithful interpreter of the laws, continually reminded the council that Charles was not sovereign in Geneva. John Lullin, a practical, energetic man, and landlord of the Bear inn, at every opportunity recklessly manifested his love of liberty. One day, when his stables were full, he refused to receive some horses said to be the duke's, saying: "First come, first served. I would rather lodge carriers than princes." Charles was then gathering six thousand men to be present in Geneva at his child's christening; he was incensed at this reply, and Lullin was sent to prison for three days by the council.

On the 2d of December, at noon, the duchess was delivered of a prince. Immediately the bells were rung, trumpets were sounded, and long processions were made. "As he was born in Geneva," said the courtiers, "the citizens cannot refuse him for their prince." The duke delightedly told the duchess: "Geneva shall be yours." Everything in Europe seemed to favor these designs of Savoy. Charles V. and Francis I. were about to fight in Lombardy; the pope and Luther were contending; the Swiss were divided against themselves. Bishop Pierre de la Baume was persuaded to travel to Italy for the emperor's service, instead of remaining to care for his flock. The dissipations were redoubled, and the Dominicans gave a vigil full of abominations. "God alone remained," said Bonivard; "but while Geneva slept, He kept watch for her."

There was one citizen in Geneva who greatly embarrassed the duke, and this was Lévrier. It was neither from pride, resentment, nor envy that he resisted the usurpations of the prince, but from an ardent love of justice and respect for the old charters of liberty. He had less spirit than Berthelier, but more gravity; less popularity, but severer manners; more prudence, and quite as much courage. He was reproached for his moderation by some; but Lévrier, firm in regard to law and right, was mild in regard to men. The duke had nominated as his vidamy of Geneva, Verneau, sire of Rougemont, one of his chamberlains. Charles now proposed to conquer the city by first taking possession of the courts of law, and secondly of the sovereignty. By way of beginning, the duke desired that the vidame should make oath to him and not to the bishop; although in Geneva the prince of Savoy was only an inferior officer of the bishop. Had it not been for Lévrier's bold remonstrances, the episcopal council would have yielded this vital principle in the bishop's absence; but Charles was irritated that his wishes were overruled.

The struggle between the duke and the judge threatened to become terrible, and could only be ended by the death of one of the combatants or the expulsion of the

other, Everything was favorable to the duke. "Who can hinder him," said his courtiers, "from becoming sovereign of Geneva?—The bishop? Although he may make a great fuss, he will easily be quieted; for he has benefices without number in his Highness' states.—Pope Clement? The duke is in alliance with him.—The emperor? His marriage with the duchess' sister is in progress.—The Swiss League? They are in great anxiety about the house of Austria, and they too are divided city against city on account of religion.—The people of Geneva? The court, by spending its money freely, has gained them.—Berthelier? He is dead.—The other huguenots? They were so roughly handled at the time of the former enterprise, that they are afraid of getting into hot water again. . . . What remains to prevent the duke from accomplishing his undertaking?"—"There remains but God," said the patriots.

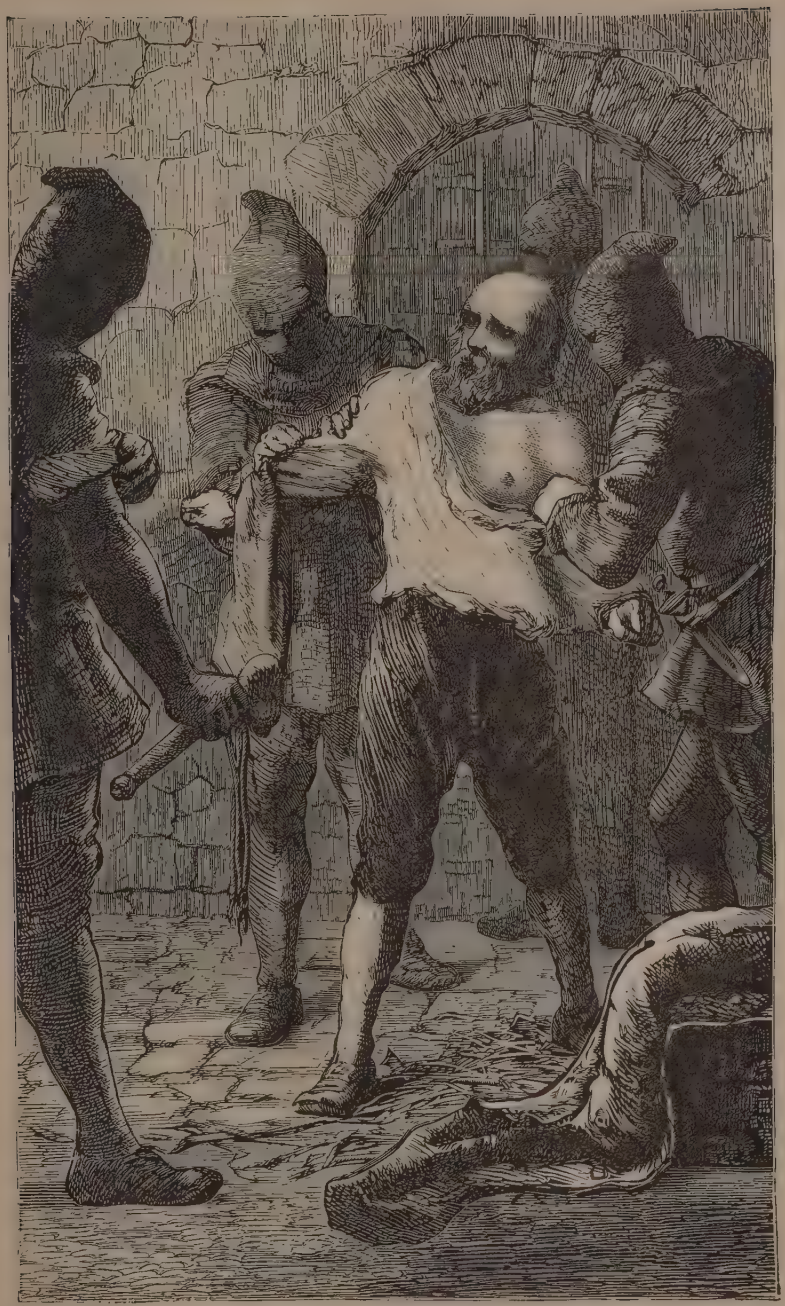
The duke sought to bend Lévrier to his will by beguilements. As a special mark of good will, the upright judge was invited to join the ducal party in an excursion to the castle of Bonne. "You know that I am sovereign lord of Geneva," insinuatingly said the duke in private to Lévrier; "and that you are my subject." "No, my lord," immediately replied the judge; "I am not your subject, and you are not sovereign of Geneva." The duke dissembled his anger, and Lévrier hastened back to Geneva. The duke soon informed the episcopal council of his firm intention to assume henceforward the rights of sovereignty. The weaker citizens thought their independence lost; but Lévrier openly declared "Neither the duke nor the senate of Savoy has any authority in Geneva. The jurisdiction belongs to the city and to its head, the bishop: the duke, when within our walls, is a vassal, and not a sovereign." An energetic opposition was aroused, and Claude Richardet, a determined huguenot, was elected syndic. Charles and his courtiers now preached in Geneva the necessity of separating Church and State: "Souls to the bishop, body and goods to my lord of Savoy." Yet a few more years, and this city will be enfranchised from both despotisms.

Tho next day the duke informed the new syndics that hereafter the episcopal officers should not interfere in profane matters. Gruet, the vicar, replied: "Your Highness is aware that my lord of Geneva is both bishop and prince; he possesses the two jurisdictions in this city." The irascible duke grew angry: "I intend that it shall be so no longer; and if the bishop pardons when my vidame has condemned, I will hang up with their letters of grace all to whom he grants them." Everybody trembled; the pusillanimous vicar held his tongue.

The duke had now resided eight months in Geneva, and he determined to remove at once the great obstacle to the annexation of the city. Lévrier's death was resolved upon. Charles summoned the episcopal council to meet him, and in Lévrier's absence savagely threatened them for disobeying his orders. "My lord," they said, "it is not our fault; it is Lévrier that has done it all; he maintains stoutly that Monsieur of Savoy has no authority in Geneva." The duke angrily ordered the citizen to be brought before him. Lévrier knew his life was at stake, but two days afterwards he calmly appeared with the episcopal council before the duke. The latter asked him in threatening tones: "Have you not said that I am not sovereign of Geneva?"—"My lord," he answered, "if I have said anything, it was in the council, where every one has the right to speak freely. You ought not to know of it, and I ought not to be molested about it."—"Go," said the duke, not heeding this just remark, "prepare to prove to me within three days that what you say is true. Otherwise I will not answer for your life . . . wherever I may be. Leave my presence!" And they all went out.

"Lévrier departed in great trouble," said Bonivard. The death with which he was threatened was inevitable. "He has set a condition upon my life," said Lévrier, "which it is impossible to fulfil. Do what I may, there is nothing left for me but to die." Bonivard urged him to escape for his life; but Lévrier went about the city as tranquilly as before.

The secret removal of Lévrier to the castle of Bonne for execution, was plotted between the prince and his steward Bellegarde, to occur upon the eve of the Sunday before Easter, 1524. On that day, this prince, fearing a popular uprising, stealthily left his apartments and removed nearer his own territory. Lévrier was seized as he quitted mass at the cathedral, clad in his long camlet robe and velvet cassock, and was stunned by a blow upon the head. He was dragged rapidly to Plainpalais, and put upon a wretched horse; his hands were tied behind his back, and his legs fastened below the belly of his steed. Thus vilely treated, he was taken to the castle of Bonne, and confined in a dark cell. On hearing of the success of his plot, Charles returned, joyful, to his lodging. The city was soon in great agitation at this outrage. The council assembled immediately, and had the bishop's council summoned; but these venal Savoyards refused to appear. The syndics next day urged Gruet, the bishop's vicar, to warn his Highness "he is trampling under foot both the sovereignty of the bishop and the liberties of the citizens; but the timid man refused to bear the message without his colleagues attended him. The Bishop of Maurienne was next appealed to: "Save Lévrier, or we are all lost!" The prelate agreed to mediate, and speedily brought back the duke's answer: "Full of clemency towards them, I ask for one



SCOURGING OF AIMÉ LÉVRIER.

thing only: let them acknowledge themselves my subjects, and I will give up Lévrier."

The syndics laid this answer before the council. "What! acknowledge ourselves the duke's subjects! If we do so, the duke will destroy our liberties forever."—"To save the life of a man, we cannot sacrifice the rights of a people."—"The duke calls for blood; let him have it; but that blood will cry out for vegeance before God, and Charles will pay for his crime."—The duke persisted in his cruel decision: "I must have the liberties of Geneva, or Lévrier's life."—Certain noble-hearted ladies now besought Beatrice: "Appease his Highness' wrath, Madam, and save this good man." But the Portuguese princess refused, and was soon driven by remorse out of Geneva "beyond the mountains."

Moreover, it would have been too late. On Sunday morning, the 11th of March, Bellegarde had Lévrier beaten with nine stripes for hatred-sake, and demanded his accomplices. "There are no accomplices where there is no crime," replied the noble citizen, with simplicity. Lévrier was then condemned to be beheaded, because he was "a lettered and learned man, able to prevent the success of the enterprise of Savoy." Lévrier was left alone. He had long looked death in the face: "Death will do me no evil," he said. He recalled the lines written upon the martyr Berthelier just after his death, and wrote them on his own prison wall:

"Quid mihi mors nocuit? Virtus post facta virescit;
Nec cruce nec saevi gladio perit illa tyranni."

The confessor soon entered, and mechanically performed his duty. Then appeared the executioner with a cord, at ten o'clock at night. Lévrier was led, surrounded by the provost's men, to the middle of the court-yard. Alone in the night, in those sublime regions of the Alps, surrounded by the barbarous figures of the Savoyard mercenaries, standing in that feudal court-yard which the torches illumined with a sinister glare, the heroic champion of the law raised his eyes to heaven and said: "By God's grace I die without anxiety, for the liberty of my country and the authority of St. Peter." The grace of God, liberty, authority—these main principles of the greatness of nations were his last confession. The sword was swung round by the executioner, the head rolled in the castle-yard, the remains were respectfully gathered in a coffin, "and his body was laid in earth in the parish church of Bonne, with the head separate."

These triumphs of brute force agitated, scandalized, and terrified men's minds. These bloody "stations" will be found glorious "stations" leading to the summit of right and liberty. Berthelier, Lévrier, and others, have hitherto been only Genevese heroes; they are worthier of being placed on a loftier pedestal, and of being hailed by society as heroes of the human race. The indignation was general in Geneva against the duke, and towards the faithless bishop. The citizens were disgusted with priestly government, and concluded it only served to ruin its subjects. The young worldlings who frequented the court were aghast at this murder, and forsook the place of their revellings. Those who studied the Scriptures took courage in their tears: "One single obstacle will check the duke, and that obstacle is God." Charles was uneasy at the excitement of the people. He bound the patriot Hugues under oath not to take part in the affairs of the city, and then hastened to depart. The Genevans breathed at last: the city was without either duke or bishop.

The duke had no sooner departed than there was a general burst of indignation against him, and against the mamelukes who had delivered up the greatest of the citizens to the sword. Bernard Boulet, the city treasurer, was one of the proudest of these ducal partisans, He had clandestinely appropriated the property of the State, and furnished no accounts; he owed the city at least 6,000 crowns, squandered in magnificent entertainments of his own. Syndic Richardet, a good patriot, courageous but hot-headed, entered the council one day determined to put an end to these manifest peculations. "I call upon the treasurer," he said, "to produce the accounts of his office." The embarrassed Boulet attempted to evade the question; but, being determined to make him give an account of his conduct, the syndic persisted. The mameluke, driven into a corner, exclaimed: "Are we to be governed by these *huguenots*?"—"He spoke thus from contempt," says Bonivard. The exasperated Richardet dealt him such a blow with his syndic staff that it flew to pieces. Great commotion ensued, and the syndic frankly apologized for his rash act. Boulet did all he could to exaggerate his injury. He bandaged his head, and carried his arm in a sling, although his only wound was a slight bruise on the latter. "I will make my complaint to the bishop," he said; "I will make it to the duke. Geneva shall pay dearly for it." He set out for Chambéry and reported the syndic's violence to the ducal council.

The Savoy bailiffs soon appeared, and fastened letters of citation around the city. The council of Geneva was summoned to appear before the council of Savoy. That was not all: the macers of the Savoyard council declared the possessions of the Genevans in Savoy confiscated, and consequently forbade the farmers and vinedressers to till the land or to grind at the mill. Meadows, fields, vineyards, all were to remain uncultivated. Hitherto it had pertained to God alone to send years of famine. Almost at the same time, other citizens were arrested on frivolous

pretexts, and thrown into one of the dungeons of Château Gaillard. A bailiff of Chambéry dared to post a "protection" on the door of Boulet's house, as if Geneva had been within his jurisdiction. Boulet had the audacity to show himself at a general council; but he there overheard references to his peculations which sent him flying again to the ducal council, to urge it to "vex" the Genevans. All this was threatening. By order of the syndics, prayers and masses were offered for the safety of the city.

The bishop was anxious to be on good terms with the house of Savoy, that it might aid him to obtain a cardinal's hat, as he did a little later. He was content for a red hat to abandon his sheep to the wolves; and lest they should offend the duke, he wrote them from Piedmont: "So conduct yourselves that *God and the world* may have reason to be satisfied." His epitome of wisdom was to satisfy *God and the world*. The oppressions of Savoy increased, and two leading syndics, Dumont and Aimé Girard, bore the Genevan complaints to De la Baume, then at St. Claude. The bishop promised to secure the pope's protection, but contented himself with sending Albalesta to the duke. The Genevese resolved to take their cause into their own hands, and they sought a new leader. Besançon Hugues, now thirty-four, has been called the Nestor, the Sully, the Washington of Geneva. He was mild and tender, fired with love for his country, of insinuating manners, bold, devoted, and of a rare discernment and wisdom which gave him an irresistible influence. He was now elected syndic, along with Montyon, Pensabin, and Balard; but he refused the office. "The duke," replied Hugues, "has forbidden me personally to meddle in city affairs; I have given him my promise. Lévrier's death has taught us what the duke's wrath can do. I would rather be a confessor than a martyr."—Some condemned him, but the majority felt: "He gives way now only to succeed better hereafter." The general council, on the 10th of January, 1525, resolved to appeal to the pope against the attacks of Savoy, and delegates were accordingly sent; but the court of Turin found means to stop them on the road. The bishop was given two hundred gold crowns to support their cause at Rome. He put the money in his pocket, and contented himself with sending a deputy to Chambéry. The deputy was contemptuously received by the ducal council, and had answer: "If within a month from this you do not make your submission, we will send you so many soldiers that you must e'en take the trouble to obey his Highness." The destruction of the liberties of Geneva seemed to be at hand. Again the Genevans paid the bishop to pass the Alps, and he said, "I will go;" but instead he went to Milan, where, as agent of Charles V., he plotted against Francis I.

The duke had now isolated the weak and proud city. He resolved to bring matters to an end, and drew near Geneva with his forces. Deputies sent to him were thrown into prison, and the supplies of the city were cut off, in violation of solemn treaties. Yet he feared the appeal to Rome, and on the 8th of September, sent by his vidame the following proposition to the council: "On the one hand you will withdraw the appeal from Rome; and on the other the duke will put an end to all the annoyances of which you complain." And then he demanded the superior jurisdiction in Geneva for the duke, as if it were mere surplusage. "Let us accept," answered the mamelukes; but the courageous patriots exclaimed: "If we love the good things of this life so much, our only gain will be to lose them and our liberty with them. The duke entices us to-day, only to enslave us to-morrow. Let us fear neither exile, nor imprisonment, nor the axe. Let us secure the independence of Geneva, though it be at the price of our blood."

A majority of eleven decided that the appeal of Geneva against the duke should be withdrawn. Charles determined to be rid of the forty-two huguenots who opposed his designs; he gave orders to move his army into the city and free it from the rebels. The mamelukes drew up proscription lists containing the names of many of the best citizens; and to prevent the free Genevans from escaping, the duke stationed soldiers on every road. Pierre de Malbuisson was seized at Seyssel; Beffant at Annecy; Bullon was arrested on Sunday (frightful sacrilege in the eyes of the catholics!) in the church of Our Lady of Grace, during high mass. "That matters not," said the ducal party; "there are cases where the privileges of the Church must give way to the interests of the State." During this time the patriots were boldly demanding a convocation of the people to annul the late mameluke majority.

At last the storm burst. On the 15th of September, the ducal forces were seen in the fields near by; messengers brought tidings of their murderous intentions, and the mamelukes guarded the ramparts of the city. "Make your escape," said some to the huguenot leaders; "if you delay an instant, you are lost."

The huguenots pursued by the sword of Savoy, could neither carry away what would be necessary during their exile, nor take leave of their friends; people in the streets had hardly time to enter their houses. All departed amid the tears of their wives and the cries of their children. The exodus began, not the exodus of a whole people, but of the flower of the citizens. There was Jean Baud, captain of the artillery, with his brother Claude, a zealous episcopalian, but a friend of independence; Girard, who had succeeded Boulet as treasurer of the city; Jean

Philippe, afterwards first syndic; the intrepid Jean Lullin, Hudriot du Molard, and Ami Bandière, who were syndics in the year of the Reformation, with many more, left the gates of the city. Others quitted Geneva secretly; some by day, some by night, in disguise, on foot or on horseback, "in great haste, by different roads, without consulting one another." Some crept along the edge of the lake; others hastened towards the mountains. Melancholy dispersion, sad calamity. Some hurried away to Friburg, by way of Lausanne; by means of by-roads some evaded the duke's forces, and were protected by a small force sent out from Friburg to their relief. Others set out for St. Claude, by way of the Jura; they endured great hardships, flung themselves into the woods, and scaled the rocks. They found the bishop absent, and no one would give them shelter. St. Claude they left by one gate as the Savoyard soldiers entered by another, and after much suffering greeted at Friburg their friends who had come by way of Lausanne.

Besançon Hugues, the most threatened of all, was sought by the huguenots in vain. His friend Messire Vuillet, commandant of Gex, visited him at his farm at Chatelaine, a little out of Geneva, on the evening of September 15th, intending to seize him next morning. Hugues divined his intention from the news he brought; so, when the commandant had retired, he galloped off on his guest's horse to St. Claude, intending to go to Friburg. Six days after the arrival of his friends, he was welcomed at Friburg with transport. "Ah!" said he, "it was not pleasant; for the archers of Monsieur of Savoy followed us as far as St. Claude, then from St. Claude to Besançon and beyond. . . . We were forced to journey day and night, through the woods, through the rain, not knowing where to find a place of safety."

A striking sight was that presented by the city founded by the Zœhringens. Strange men were wandering around the old cathedral and on the steep and picturesque banks of the Sarine. The people of Friburg looked at them with respect, for they knew that these citizens, the victims of the tyranny of a foreign power, had come to seek an asylum within their walls. They went to the windows to see them pass, and approached them with cordial affection.

Besançon Hugues and a number of the fugitives were received with distinction by the council. Hugues rose and said:

"Most honored lords, there is a town situated at the natural limits of Switzerland—a town entirely devoted to you, where you can come and go just as at home, where you can bargain, sell, and buy whatever you require, and which would be able to stop your enemies, if ever the League should be attacked from the south. This town, the complement of Helvetia, ought to be allied to the cantons. Did not the Swiss in the time of Cæsar extend as far as L'Ecluse? . . . If Geneva should fall into the hands of Savoy, the cannon that ought to defend you will be turned against you. . . . Gentlemen, time presses, the fatal moment is at hand. . . . Long, unjust and violent persecutions have placed our liberties on the brink of the abyss. The heroic Berthelier murdered at the foot of Cæsar's tower; the wise Lévrier beheaded in the castle-yard of Bonne; Malbuisson, Chabod, and many others recently flung into gloomy dungeons; all our friends remaining at Geneva in danger of losing their lives . . . and we, most honored lords, who are before you, obliged to abandon our property, our business, our families, our country, that we may not fall into the hands of a prince who has sworn our death: to such a state is our free and ancient city reduced. . . . One thing alone can save it . . . the strong hand of the Swiss League. . . . Most honored lords, hear our cries, behold our tears, and have compassion on our misery. For God's honor, give us aid and counsel."

His companions were deeply moved. The Friburgers touched with pity for Geneva and its exiles, and filled with indignation against Charles, replied; "No, we will not desert you."—The Genevans also called upon Berne and Soleure for assistance, and were received with great zeal by the Bernese. Evangelical citizens of Berne warmly espoused their cause, and taught them the lessons of the Gospel. Thus, by the wonderful providence of God, the blow aimed by Savoy to kill liberty and the approaching Reformation in Geneva, secured their existence and gave them a wider development.

Meanwhile the duke and his counsellors were staggered at the escape of the fugitives, and feared their return with the Swiss. The appeal to Rome against himself by a band of nobodies, had wounded his Highness deeply. On the 20th of September, his representative, M. de Balleyson, inquired of the general council: "Our lord the duke wishes to learn from the people of this city of Geneva whether they intend to prosecute a certain appeal before the court of Rome." The mamelukes, who were almost alone in the council, shouted out as if with one voice: "It is not our wish to prosecute the said appeal."

This matter ended, the duke entered the city, and found the servile mamelukes proud to have him for their "most dread lord." He now intrigued to get the sovereign authority handed over to him, and threatened Geneva with war fines of twenty thousand gold crowns. The syndics replied: "Monseigneur, the city is poor, and we can only offer you our hearts!"—On the 10th of October, the vidame said to the council: "The duke is vicar-imperial and sovereign of the cities included within his states; Geneva is so

included. Why do you not then acknowledge him as your master? Do not be afraid; he is a kind prince; he will respect the authority of the bishop and the franchises of the city, and you will enjoy a prosperity hitherto unknown." The vidame saw their unwillingness, and added: "If you do not accept the duke willingly, you will be made to acept him by force." The syndics referred the demand to the episcopal council, who in turn referred it to the bishop. Opportunely, Swiss ambassadors arrived in Geneva near the end of October. Seeing the council wavering, Gaspard de Mullinen, of Berne, said to the members: "Stand firm and fear nothing; our lords will support you in all your rights." The duke deceived these rude warriors and honest citizens by his diplomacy. First, the mamelukes were put forward to reiterate: "We desire to live under the protection of the duke and the bishop." Next, Charles declared he was willing to grant everything the cantons required. "The fugitives may return. Here is a safe-conduct for them; take it to them." The document was in Latin, and the unlearned ambassadors complacently departed with it to Friburg.

Hugues was a better Latin scholar, and at the last phrase smiled bitterly: *Dummodo non intrent civitatem, nec suburbia ejus*, said the safe-conduct; "which means," said Hugues to the deputies, "that we can return to Geneva provided we do not enter the city or the suburbs. . . . The duke will be within and we without. . . . The duke is laying a snare: it is a condition which nullifies the act.—The bird which the duke has sent us," he added, "has a fine head and beautiful plumage; but there is a tail at the end which spoils all the rest."—"This grace is a mere trap," said the indignant exiles.—"My lords," said the fugitives to the councils of Berne and Friburg, "the duke is a great traitor. He fears not God, but he fears men the more. For this reason, make us free of your cities; for if he knows that we are your allies, then only will he leave us in peace." At the same time the Genevans, wishing to show the duke what confidence they placed in his safe-conduct, sent for their wives and children. This was making an energetic answer to Savoy.

After a sad and difficult journey, the wives and children of the exiles arrived in Friburg; and the beggared Genevans were compelled to welcome them in the streets, not knowing where to shelter them. "We sent for our families," said they to the council; "but we can neither lodge them nor feed them. Permit them to enter the hospital." The request was granted. The exiles aroused themselves from a sad despondency, and went from Friburg to Berne, appealing publicly to the sympathy of the Swiss. Many of the tribes of the city of Berne and the majority of the Council of Two Hundred declared for the vanquished cause, and the conclusion of an alliance with Geneva semed near at hand.

The bishop was alarmed at this intelligence, and at the intrigues of the duke. He wrote to his flock: "Do you, on your part, so conduct yourselves that *God and the world* may have cause to be satisfied." His efforts came to nothing practical. These prince-bishops, John of Savoy and Pierre de la Baume, were nothing but selfish, intriguing, dissolute priests. The duke resolved to put an end to this episcopal power. He first allowed Treasurer Boulet to be condemned for his peculations, and promised some early amnesties to prisoners. The syndics and the bishop's vicar were then desired to call the people together in general council, but refused. The duke continued: "It is my council's advice that the people should assemble tomorrow, Sunday, at eight in the forenoon, in the cloister of St. Pierre. Have this published by sound of trumpet, and let the heads of families be informed by sending from door to door." Then turning to the vicar, he added: "You will be present with all the episcopal council."

The next day Sunday, December 10th, was held the *popular* "Council of Halberds." The duke appeared between nine and ten o'clock, accompanied by the bishop of Maurienne, the episcopal council, the chancellor of Savoy, and his chamberlain, with many other Savoy gentlemen; before and behind came the archers of Savoy. The liberals pretty generally kept away, and the mamelukes represented the people. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed in the city. The duke reclined upon the throne, while his chancellor dwelt upon the many kindnesses of the duke to Geneva, and thus concluded: "In return for so many benefits, this magnanimous prince asks but one thing . . . that you should recognize him as your sovereign protector. . . . Are you willing to live in obedience to your bishop and prince, and under the protection of my lord duke?"—The impatient mamelukes cried out, "Yes, yes!" whereupon pardon was granted to "all rebels—those excepted who have fled to Switzerland." The ducal party then went to mass, and syndic Montyon, by Charles' order, repeated to the people the chancellor's address. The halberdier's being away, the assent was no longer unanimous. Such was the *Council of Halberds*. It had given Geneva the Duke of Savoy for her *protector*, and had imposed on the citizens *obedience* towards that prince. The next day Charles demanded of the city jurisdiction in criminal matters, which was refused: and the procurator-fiscal, having sent from house to house to collect votes against the alliance with the Swiss, many flatly refused to give them. This violent but weak prince was frightened at these two refusals: and at the moment he should have profited by his victory, he fled precipitately into Pied-

mont. He quitted the city December 12th, 1525, and neither he nor his successors entered it again.

The servile mamelukes now sent letters to Friburg, saying: "The fugitives are deceiving you; the entire community desires to live under the protection of our most dread lord the Duke of Savoy." This accusation revived all the energy of the huguenots. The mamelukes charged them with lying. . . . From that hour they feared neither the dungeon nor the sword.—"Appoint a commissioner," said some of them; "let him come with us to Geneva, and we will tell you which of us two has lied—we, or the mamelukes."

John Lullin and two or three of his friends departed without a safe-conduct, accompanied by De Sergine, a Friburg notary, resolved to prove that Geneva desired to be free. The Genevans gathered around them with tenderness, and inquired after the exiles. "Alas!" said Lullin, "how can I tell of their misery and sorrow. . . . It is you that increases our sorrow—yes, you! . . . Is it thus the citizens defend the ancient rights handed down by their fathers?" Geneva awoke from her slumbers—"Friburg desires to know the real state of the city; come then with us to the council," said a few patriots to Sergine; "come and see for yourself." Ere long the *justification of the foreigners* took place with solemnity.

On the 22d of December, ten days after Charles' departure, crowds of citizens poured from every quarter towards the hôtel-de-ville. The syndics and the council, who were then sitting, were informed that certain persons desired to be admitted; the doors were opened, and the petitioners entered. At their head walked John Bandière, a man about sixty years old, whose son Ami (syndic in the Reformation year) was among the fugitives. He was accompanied by one hundred citizens, the flower of Geneva, and by children of the exiles.

"Most honorable lords," he said, "you see these children: do you not know their fathers? Are not these poor little ones orphans already, though their fathers are still alive?"—"Yes," exclaimed the councillors.—"Those citizens," continued Bandière, "who, for having defended the liberties of Geneva, were compelled, through a thousand dangers, to seek refuge in Germany yonder,—are not they good men?" . . . "They are," was the answer. "Are they not citizens of this city—the good men whose fathers, sons, and connections you have before you?"—It was cheerfully acknowledged.—The venerable Bandière continued: "These refugees, whom you acknowledge to be good men, are surprised that you should have disavowed them in letters sent to the League. For this reason, we who are here present declare boldly that we approve them, both in their words and in their acts, and count them to be faithful and devoted citizens. At the same time, most honorable lords, we protest against every encroachment attempted by a foreign power on the rights of our prince and the liberties of the city."

Bandière handed in his declaration in writing, but the syndics hesitated to give the letters-testimonial demanded. The Friburg notary then inquired: "Sirs, do you acknowledge those who are in the country of the Helvetians to be men worthy of all honor; and do you ratify all that may be done by them for the welfare of this illustrious city?" The astonished syndics and councillors were silent, but all the other citizens voted "Yes!" De Sergine withdrew with the people, and sitting down upon the steps of the hôtel-de-ville, he drew up the letters-testimonial. From noon to five, the citizens hastened to sign this document, which was to secure their alliance with Switzerland and the triumph of their liberties. It was sent about from house to house, and not a hundred refused their signatures.

The Christmas holidays were at hand, and the "children of Geneva" paraded, shouting, "Long live the huguenots!" The party of Savoy were enraged, and each side appealed to the absent bishop, saying: "Return speedily; without you we can do nothing." On Thursday, February 1st, 1526, Pierre de la Baume was escorted into the city by two huguenot horsemen; he was attended by Saleneuve and Balleyson, devoted servants of the duke. The next day, the bishop escaped from their surveillance to meet Robert Vandel in private. "Well, Robert," said the prelate rather sharply, "they tell me that you have made a declaration in the city contrary to my authority."—"You have been deceived," replied Vandel, who read him the protest of the hôtel-de-ville. "Well, well," said the prelate, "there is no great harm in that." Vandel urged him to save his diocese from the duke; and he won the bishop over by shrewdly promising the property of the mamelukes should be forfeited to his use, after an alliance with the Swiss was made. La Baume convened the council next day, and condemned them for withdrawing the appeal to the pope. "His Highness told me that he meant to have the sovereignty of Geneva, and asked me for a day to come to an understanding about it; but I answered immediately that although Pierre de la Baume is his humble subject, his Highness has no business in my city. . . . I am determined to maintain the rights of my church and the liberties of my city—until death." Then turning to the syndics: "As for those who have retired into Switzerland," he said, "I hold them to be honest people, and, saving the alliance, I approve of all they may do." The bishop became at once startled at his own boldness. He informed the fugitives: "If I write you the contrary, pay no attention

to it; I shall do so only through fear of the duke, and not to make him angry."

The council met on the 4th of February, and syndic Montyon nominated eight mameluke candidates from whom to elect four syndics; but the people refused to be muzzled by this arrangement of the duke's. "We will make Jean Philippe syndic," they replied; "and thus show that he and the others in Switzerland are good citizens." The bishop strove to alter their choice, but they politely answered: "We will make no choice that will be disagreeable to the bishop." Then, "without noise or murmur, were elected four huguenot syndics;" and only eleven votes were cast in opposition. The bishop in alarm ordered a general council next day to annul the election, and personally attended it; but the people confirmed their action. Not satisfied with this, the people repealed all statutes contrary to the liberties of Geneva passed under fear of Charles of Savoy. The bishop, frightened at these republican proceedings, exclaimed: "Is there nobody that wishes to maintain these ordinances?" No one answered. Everything fell, and the ancient constitution was restored. After having changed the laws, they elected only huguenots to office in the place of mamelukes.

Thus did liberty triumph. The Genevese people had restored their franchises, dismissed the mamelukes, rejected the cruel protectorate of Charles II., sought the alliance of Switzerland; and after all that, they gave God the glory.

This great news was sent to the fugitives by a commissioner appointed by the vacillating bishop. The patriots could hardly believe the glad tidings. "Up to the present time," said the avoyer, "I have invited Besançon Hugues alone, as your chief, to sit down at my side; now, Messire Jean Philippe take your seat above Besançon as syndic of Geneva." The alliance would no longer meet with obstacles. "We accept you as fellow-freemen," continued the avoyer, "without heed to those growlers and their threats, which do not last long now-a-days."

Then a step was taken without which the Reformation would never have been established in Geneva. In the morning of the 20th of February the representatives of Berne, Friburg, and Geneva resolved to conclude solemnly the alliance between the three cities, for which the people had sighed during so many years. They met, they gave their hands; affection and confidence were in every feature. "In the name of the most holy and most high Trinity," said the three free states, "in the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we reciprocally promise mutual friendship and intercourse, in order that we may be able to preserve the good that God has given us in justice, repose, and true peace. . . . And if hereafter one or many should wish to molest the syndics, councils, or freemen of the city of Geneva in their persons, honor, goods, or estate, we, the avoyers, councils, and freemen of the cities of Berne and Friburg, by virtue of our oath made and sworn—are bound to give the said city favor, aid, and succor, and to march out our armies . . . at their charge, however." The required formalities having been fulfilled: "Gentlemen," said Jean Philippe, "we will depart and carry this good news ourselves to our country." The councils of Berne and Friburg ordered that a number of deputies from each canton equal to that of the fugitives should accompany them, with power to seal the alliance at Geneva. All the exiles left on the same day. They arrived in Geneva on the 23d of February, and were received with great rejoicings. "They were sumptuously entertained at the hôtel-de-ville. A *morality on the said alliance* was performed, and a bonfire was lighted on the Place Molard."

The Council of Two Hundred was convened. This important council assembled, but instead of two hundred citizens, three hundred and twenty met together. This sitting was to be a festival; everybody desired to be present. Hugues recounted the sufferings of the patriots; he told them how Friburg and Berne would secure their liberties by receiving them into their alliance. He read the act of alliance in German, and added: "Sirs, my comrades and I here present promise you, on our lives and goods, that the said citizenship is such. Consider, sirs, if you will ratify and accept it." The assembly testified its approbation with thanks to God, and resolved to convoke a general council for the next day.

The bishop was alarmed, as the canons told him if Berne had its way in Geneva there would be no more bishop, no more prince. An attempt was made to prevent the ringing of the bell to assemble the great council, but the people overcame this effort. The bishop sought to overawe the council by attending in person; Hugues protested that "nothing be deduced from it prejudicial to our liberties." Thereupon Hugues proposed the alliance; Stephen de la Mare, formerly a patriot, resisted it. The people would not hear him. "Will you ratify this alliance!" asked first syndic G Bergeron. "Yes, yes!" was shouted on every side, and only six hands were lifted in opposition. The bishop irritated and confounded exclaimed: "I do not consent to this alliance; I appeal to our holy father the pope, and to his majesty the emperor." But the people shouted: "The Swiss and liberty!" Besançon Hugues assured the prelate that they had not exceeded their franchises, and he professed himself satisfied. Hugues would have maintained the prelate not only as bishop, but also as prince; but some citizens said: "The liberties of the people and the temporal lordship of the bishop cannot exist to-

gether; one or other of the two powers must succumb." They saw that where the bishop remained king, there were found no representative government, no liberty of the press, no religious liberty.

The alarm of the canons, priests, and friends of the papacy disturbed the bishop; for even Robert Vandel, the prelate's friend, openly defended the Reformation. These ideas became stronger every day, and the hostility of the rich clerics soon led to an outbreak. On the night of the 26th of February, the most fanatical priests, with the leading mamelukes, collected a quantity of arms at the house of De Lutry, to make use of them against the city, and a riot resulted, in which a few citizens were wounded. The conspiracy of the canons having thus failed, they thought only of escaping; and before morning they slipped out of the city in various disguises. The bishop-prince, alarmed both at the huguenots and the duke, fled to St. Claude. The next morning De Lutry's house was searched, and many weapons were seized, but the rioters had all escaped. The flight of the 26th of February was the counterpart of the 15th of September, save that in February the old times were departing forever. The Genevese rejoiced that these leeches had disappeared, leaving the senate and people masters of the city. The grateful citizens exclaimed: "The sovereignty is now in the hands of the council, without the interference of either magistrates or people. *Everything was done by the grace of God.*"

At the very time when the men of feudalism were quitting Geneva, those of liberty were arriving, and the great transition was effected. On the 11th of March, eight Swiss ambassadors entered the city in the midst of a numerous crowd and under a salute of artillery; they were the envoys from the cantons who had come to receive the oaths of Geneva and give theirs in return. The next day these freemen asked the general council: "Will you swear to observe the alliance that has been drawn up?" "Yes," exclaimed all the Genevans, without one dissenting voice. The Swiss ambasssdors raised their hands to heaven and pronounced the oath of alliance, and the citizens exclaimed with transport: "We desire it, we desire it!" Eight deputies were then sent to Berne and Friburg to make the same oath. The mamelukes sent deputies into Switzerland to break off the alliance; but Friburg and Berne replied: "For nothing in the world will we depart from what we have sworn."—"God is conducting our affairs," said Hugues. Then was Geneva intoxicated with joy and popular celebrations. The council meanwhile deliberated about restoring to Bonivard his priory of St. Victor. "I should not make it a serious matter of conscience to disobey the pope," slyly said Bonivard. "And as for us," said the syndics, "we do not care much about him." The council ordered a solemn service in memory of Berthelier, Lévrier, and others who died for the republic.

Geneva did not stand alone in feeling these aspirations for liberty. The mind of Europe awoke, insatiable of life, of knowledge, and of liberty. In the ninth, eleventh and twelfth centuries, humanity had tried to break its bonds; but each time it had wanted the necessary strength to complete the new birth, and fell once more into a deep slumber. Would it be the same now? Would this awakening of the sixteenth century be also like a watch in the night?

Certain men, elect of God, were to give this new movement the strength it needed. Let us turn towards that country whence Geneva would receive those heroes baptised with the Holy Spirit and with fire. It was France who gave Lefévre and Farel; France, too, gave Calvin. We shall no longer have to speak of a little nation whose greatest heroes are obscure citizens. We are entering a mighty empire where we shall be in the company of kings and queens, of great personages and famous courtiers. France gave to the world the Reformation of Calvin and of Geneva; it has no nobler title of renown. Perhaps she will not always disdain it, and after having enriched others she will enrich herself. It will be a great epoch for her future development, when her dearest children drink at those living fountains that burst from her bosom in the sixteenth century, or rather at that eternal fountain of the Word of God, whose waters are for the healing of the nations.

BOOK II.

FRANCE. FAVORABLE TIMES.

1525—1534.

A Man of the People and a Queen—Margaret Saves the Evangelicals and the King—Will the Reformation Cross the Rhine?—Death of the Martyrs: Return of the King—Deliverance of the Captives and Return of the Exiles—Who will be the Reformer of France?—Calvin's early Struggles and early Studies—Calvin's Conversion and Change of Calling—Berquin declares War against Popery—Efforts of Duprat to bring about a Persecution: Resistance of Francis I.—Fetes at Fontainebleau, and the Virgin of the Rue des Rosiers—Prisoners and Martyrs at Paris, and in the Provinces—John Calvin, a Student at the University of Orleans—Calvin, taught at Orleans of God and Man, Begins to Propagate the Faith—Calvin called at Bourges to the Evangelical work—Berquin, the most learned of the nobility, a Martyr for the Gospel—First Labors of Calvin at Paris—Margaret's Sorrows, and the Festivities of the Court—Diplomatists, Backsliders, Martyrs—Calvin's Separation from the Hierarchy: His first Work, His Friends—Smalkalde and Calais—A Captive Prince escapes from the hands of the Emperor—The Gospel Preached at the Louvre and in the Metropolitan Churches—Defeat of the Romish party in Paris, and momentary Triumph of the Gospel—Conference of Bologna: The Council and Catherine de Medici—Intrigues of Charles V., Francis I., and Clement VII., around Catherine—Storm against the Queen of Navarre and Her Mirror of the Soul—Triumph of the Queenof Navarre—Catherine de Medici given to France—Address of the Rector to the University of Paris—Conferences and Alliances between Francis I. and Philip of Hesse at Bar-Le-Duc—Triumph and Martyrdom—Wurtemberg Given to Protestantism by the King of France—Sitting at the Louvre for the Union of Truth and Catholicism—The Ghost at Orleans—Francis I. Proposes a Reformation to the Sorbonne.

THE Reformation was concerned both with God and man: its aim was to restore the paths by which God and man unite, by which the Creator enters again into the creature. This path, opened by Jesus Christ with power, had been blocked up in ages of superstition. The Reformation cleared the road, and re-opened the door. Take away the worship paid to the Virgin, the saints, and the host; take away meritorious, magical, and supererogatory works, and other errors besides, and we arrive at simple faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It is not the same when we come to the manner in which God enters again into man. In the place of this inward worship the Roman doctors substituted certain ecclesiastical formalities mechanically executed. The only means of recovering this royal road was to return to the apostolical times and seek for it in the Gospel. Three acts are necessary to unite man again with God. Religion penetrates into man by the depths of his conscience; thence it rises to the height of his knowledge, and finally pervades the activity of his whole life.

With Luther began the awakening of the human conscience. Terrified at the sin he discovered in himself, he found no other means of peace but faith in the grace of Christ Jesus.

To Zwingle belongs in an especial manner the work of the understanding. The first want of the Swiss reformer was to know God. He inquired into *the false and the true, the reason of faith.*

Calvin perfected the third work necessary for the Reformation. His characteristic is not, as the world imagines, the teaching of the doctrines to which he has given his name; his great idea was to unite all believers into one body, having the same life, and acting under the same chief. The Reform was essentially, in his eyes, the renovation of the individual, of the human mind, of christendom. By the very act of giving truth and morality to the believers, he gave them liberty.

God, by giving in the sixteenth century a man who, to the lively faith of Luther and the scriptural understanding of Zwingle, joined an organizing faculty and a creative mind, gave the complete reformer. If Luther laid the foundations, if Zwingle and others built the walls, Calvin completed the temple of God. We shall have to see how this doctor arrived at a knowledge of the truth. But we must first see what was the state of France at the time when the Reformer was brought to the Gospel.

The history of the Reformation in France, prior to the establishment of Calvin at Geneva, is divided into two parts; the first includes the favorable times, the second the unfavorable.

Two persons, a man and a woman, whose social position and character present the most striking contrasts, labored with particular zeal to propagate the Gospel in France at the epoch of the Reformation.

The woman appears first. She is the most beautiful and intelligent, the wittiest, most amiable and influential, and, with the exception of her daughter, the greatest of her age. Sister, mother of kings, herself a queen, grandmother of the monarch whom France (right or wrong) has

extolled the most, namely, Henry IV., she lived much in the great world, in great ceremonials, with great personages, among the magnificence of the Louvre, St. Germain, and Fontainebleau. This woman is Margaret of Angoulême, Duchess of Alençon, Queen of Navarre, and sister of Francis I.

The man who appears next, younger by seventeen years, is a man of the people, a Picardin; his grandfather was a cooper, his father was secretary to a bishop. Simple, frugal, poor, of a disposition "rather morose and bashful," such was Calvin—of great genius and strong will.

They both possess faith in the great truths of the Gospel, and labor for its extension; but while the man sometimes presumes on his manly strength, the woman truly belongs to the weaker sex. While Calvin sets up against the papacy *a forehead harder than adamant*, Margaret, even in the days of her greatest zeal, is careful not to break with Rome. At last, she yields outwardly to the awful pressure, and conceals her faith under the cloak of Romish devotion; while Calvin propagates the Gospel, in opposition to the powers of the world. While Calvin desires *truth* in the Church above all things, Margaret clings to the preservation of its *unity*, and seeks *to reform the Church without breaking it up*. But she was respected by the most pious reformers.

Let us enter upon the French Reformation.*

The defeat at Pavia had plunged France in mourning. Spain and its young emperor at Castile received the news (March 10th, 1525) with transports of joy. To become the master of Europe, to re-establish everywhere the tottering catholicism, to take Constantinople, and even to recover Jerusalem—such was the task which Charles prayed the Virgin to put him in a condition to carry through. Processions were made, and mass was attended with signs of great devotion.

The cruel Duke of Alva eloquently urged Charles V. not to release his rival until he had deprived him of all power to injure him. "Instead of a useless prisoner," humbly wrote Francis to Charles, "set at liberty a king who will be your slave for ever." Charles by deputies proposed to him a dismemberment of France on three sides. The Constable of Bourbon was to have Provence and Dauphiny; the king of England, Normandy and Guienne; the emperor, French Flanders, Picardy and Burgundy. "I would sooner die in prison than consent to such demands," Francis replied. He soon after visited Charles in Madrid, and was allotted the palace for his residence.—Margaret of Valois undertook the task of baffling the emperor's pernicious designs, and boldly travelled to Spain, disregarding hardships and her own afflictions. On Wednesday, September 19th, 1525, she was courteously received by Charles in the midst of his court, kissed upon the forehead, and conducted to the door of her brother's apartments. She found Francis a dying man, pale, worn, and helpless. She commanded his treatment to be changed, and watched prayerfully by his side. The faith of the sister gradually dispelled the brother's dejection: at her urging he celebrated the holy eucharist, and then fervently exclaimed: "God will heal my body and soul." Margaret feelingly answered: "Yes, God will raise you up again, and make you free."—"But for her I was a dead man," the king would often say. Margaret seeing her brother restored to life, thought only of restoring him to liberty. She departed to Toledo, and interceded with the emperor. He met her so coldly, that finally "she broke out into great anger." She would not consent to the cession of Burgundy, but appealed to Charles' clemency with such eloquence that even that dissembling monarch and his courtiers were filled with admiration. They could talk of nothing else, and extolled her sweetness, energies, and virtues.

The captive Francis was not Margaret's only sorrow. If her brother was a prisoner to the emperor, her brethren in the faith were prisoners to her mother. The parliament of Paris having issued a decree against the Lutherans, and the pope having on the 17th of March invested with apostolical authority the councillors authorized to proceed against them, the persecutors set vigorously to work. The regent Louisa of Savoy, mother of Francis I. and of Margaret, inquired of the Sorbonne: "By what means the *damnable doctrine* of Luther could be extirpated?" The fanatic Beda, syndic of that corporation, enchanted with such a demand, replied without hesitation on the part of the Faculties: "It must be punished with the utmost severity." Accordingly Louisa published letters-patent "*to extinguish the damnable heresy of Luther.*"

France began to seek in persecution an atonement for the faults which had lead to the defeat of Pavia. Many evangelical christians were either seized or banished. Marot, valet-de-chambre to the Duchess of Alençon, the best poet of his age, who never spared the priests, and translated the Psalms of David into verse, was arrested; Lefèvre, Roussel, and others had to flee; Caroli and Mazurier recanted the faith they had professed. "Alas!" said Roussel, "no one can confess Jesus any longer except at the risk of his life."—Berquin, a friend of Erasmus, of letters, and of Scripture, had been released in 1523 from an imprisonment on a charge of heresy, by the intercession of Margaret. In his native province of Artois, he intrepidly preached salvation by Christ alone,

* For an account of preceding times, see the *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*, vol. iii. bk. xii.

and denounced the dissensions in monasteries and among Catholic priests. He travelled through the towns in the see of Amiens, filling them with the Word of God. That bishop complained to the archbishop and the doctors of the Sorbonne. Unable to seize Berquin, they seized his books. The violent Beza read in them: "The Virgin Mary is improperly invoked instead of the Holy Ghost."—"Point against the accused," said Beda.—"There are no grounds for calling her a treasury of grace, our hope, our life: qualities which belong essentially to our Saviour alone."—Confirmation!—"Faith alone justifies."—Deadly heresy!—"Neither the gates of hell, nor Satan, nor sin can do anything against him who has faith in God."—What insolence! Beda made his report: "Of a truth," said his colleagues, "that is enough to bring any man to the stake." Berquin was arrested on his estate; he refused to allow his vassals to defend him, and was taken to the prison of the Conciergerie.

The Duchess of Alençon in Spain was touched deeply with this sad news of persecution. She distributed four thousand gold pieces among the fugitives, and persuaded Charles, "the father of letters," to command the parliament to adjourn until his return all proceedings against the evangelicals. "I intend," he added, "to give the men of letters special marks of my favor." The astonished Sorbonne paid no great attention to this letter, and continued the persecution. Margaret had now to save herself, as Charles V. plotted to seize her as soon as her safe-conduct had expired; and by a rapid flight she reentered France one hour before the termination of the truce, bearing the abdication of her brother.

Charles now relented, and made an agreement to restore Francis to liberty, and the latter scrupled not to break an oath. On the 14th of January, 1526, he swore before his domestics that he would not keep one of the articles which Charles wished to force upon him. When that was done Francis bound himself an hour after by an oath, with his hand upon the Scriptures, to do what Charles demanded. He renounced all claim to Italy; surrendered Burgundy to the emperor; restored Provence, which Charles ceded to the Constable of Bourbon, and thus France was laid prostrate. The treaty was communicated to the pope: "Excellent," he said, after reading it; "provided the king does not observe it." That was a point on which Clement and Francis were in perfect accord. Margaret had no hand in this disgraceful trick; her only thought had been to save the king and the evangelicals.

Margaret, who returned from Spain full of hope in her brother's deliverance, was determined to do all in her power for the triumph of the Gospel. While the men of the ultra-montane party, calling to mind the defeat of Pavia, demanded that heaven should be appeased by persecutions, Margaret thought, on the contrary, that humiliated France ought to turn towards Jesus Christ, in order to obtain from him a glorious deliverance.

During the eight or nine years following the return of Francis I., his actions were contradictory in religious matters, although he was mainly influenced by the entreaties of Margaret. During the years 1525-1534, many persons thought that the country of St Bernard and Waldo would not remain behind Germany, Switzerland, and England.

Nine years before the Reformation had begun in Germany: would it not cross the Rhine? Strasburg was the main bridge by which ideas were interchanged, and in 1521 the doctrines and writings of Luther were in every one's mouth at Strasburg. Zell, priest of St. Lawrence, was awakened; and his preaching that man is saved by grace made a deep impression. A nobleman of this city, Count Sigismond of Haute-Flamme, (in German Hohenlohe,) a friend and ally of the duchess, who called him her *good cousin*, was taught his need of a Saviour, and found one in Jesus Christ. Although a dignitary of the church and dean of the great chapter, he labored openly to propagate the truth. He especially did good work by translating each new work of Luther's into French, and sending the printed sheets into France. He composed and published the *Book of the Cross*, in which he set forth the death of Christ as the essence of the Gospel. His labors with the priests and nobles were not crowned with success, but the duchess warmly thanked him for his zeal and sympathy. He wrote to her on her return to France, and manifested a desire to go to Paris to advance the Reformation. The Duchess of Alençon desired a reformation that would restore to the church a sincere and living piety, preserving at the same time the bishops and the hierarchy. She wished to avoid the evils of an insurmountable opposition, and of a rupture of unity; she hoped to attain these ends by a union between France and Germany. But she could not succeed; for truth is proud, and will not walk in contact with error. She awaited impatiently the return of Francis I., and wrote to Hohenlohe: "Come in the middle of April; you will find all your friends assembled. . . . There will indeed be some trouble at first, but the word of truth will be heard. *God is God* . . . He is conqueror when the world thinks him conquered."

The king was still a prisoner; the regent and Duprat, urged on by the priests, had issued throughout France, in February, 1526, the following proclamation: "All persons are forbidden to put up to sale, or translate from Latin into French the epistles of St. Paul, the Apocalypse, and *other books*. Henceforward no printer shall

print any of the books of Luther. No one shall speak of the ordinances of the Church or of images, otherwise than holy Church ordains. All books of the Holy Bible, translated into French, shall be given up by those who possess them, and carried within a week to the clerks of the court. All prelates, priests, and their curates shall forbid their parishioners to have *the least doubt* of the Catholic faith." Translations, books, explanations and even doubts were prohibited.

This proclamation afflicted Margaret very seriously; she was only consoled by the fact that the king declared in favor of Berquin, still imprisoned in the Conciergerie. The Sorbonne threatened to burn his books, and him also, unless he recanted his errors; although Erasmus said of his propositions: "I find nothing impious in them." Berquin replied: "I will not yield a single point." The duchess wrote to the king, and fell at her mother's knees. Louisa of Savoy yielded, and ordered the pope's delegates to suspend matters till after the king's return. The haughty delegates twice disobeyed her orders, saying "*Non possumus;*" and only yielded when the king wrote threatening to hold the first president personally responsible for Berquin's life.

Margaret feared the coming struggle; but a staff seemed at hand provided for her support. Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre—king by right, if not in fact—at that time twenty-four years old, was at court; a lively, brave, handsome prince, deeply attached to Francis—whose captivity he had shared for a time, until his own escape from the castle of Pizzighitone—and ardently in love with Margaret. He courted her hand, but she did not at first accept his homage. In turn, he took up the defence of the pious men persecuted, while Margaret was absorbed in the thoughts of their danger, and of her brother's imprisonment.

We shall see that the pope and the Sorbonne had more influence in France than the regent and the king.

At the very moment when the duchess, the Count of Hohenlohe, and others were indulging in the sweetest hopes, the darkest future opened before their eyes. Margaret had dreamt of a new day, illumined by the bright sunshine; but all of a sudden the clouds gathered, the light was obscured, the winds rose, and the tempest burst forth.

William Joubert, a licentiate of laws, about twenty-eight years of age, son of the king's advocate at La Rochelle, while in Paris became converted, and was overheard to say that "neither Genevieve nor even Mary could save him, but the Son of God alone." He was arrested and condemned as a heretic, despite his father's entreaties. February 17th, 1526, he was led to execution, and bravely refused to recant. His tongue was pierced; he was then strangled, and his body burnt.—A young man of Meaux took Luther's part in Paris, and spoke out boldly: "We need not take holy water to wash away our sins; the blood of Christ alone can cleanse us from them. We need not pray for the dead, for immediately after death their souls are either in paradise or in hell; there is no purgatory; I do not believe in it." He was threatened with the stake; in his terror, he publicly confessed that some books he had translated were false and damnable, and was then put in prison to feed upon bread and water. A fuller, also of Meaux, suffered a like punishment.—Picardy, in the North of France, whose inhabitants were taught from the Scriptures by the Vaudois, (Waldenses,) furnished the next victim. It was the *Vaudery*, the monks taught the common people, who used enchantments and worshipped Satan in the form of a goat with a monkey's head! A young cleric of Thérouanne, in Picardy, was imprisoned for declaring there was no other saviour but Jesus Christ. On Christmas eve, 1525, with a lighted torch in his hand and stripped to his shirt, he "asked pardon of God and of Mary before the church of Notre Dame." He was sentenced to be confined on bread and water for seven years; there he repented of his recantation, and proclaimed the Gospel to every visitor. He was speedily burnt, and others underwent the same punishment.—Young Pierre Toussaint, prebendary of Metz, who had fled to Basle, returned to France and proclaimed the Gospel. He was arrested, and thrown by the Abbot of St. Antoine into a horrible dungeon, full of stagnant water and filth. Toussaint's strength declined; he was so mild and harmless that the abbot knew not how to justify his death. Toussaint was removed to the abbot's room, and commanded to write to Basle for his books and papers. He at first hesitated, divining they sought a pretext for his death, but yielded, at length, and was then sent back to his pestilential den.

Suddenly a cry of joy was heard, which, uttered in the Pyrenees, was re-echoed even to Calais by the evangelicals. On the 21st of March, Francis again set his foot on French ground. He mounted an Arab horse, and waving his cap and plume in the air, exclaimed: "Once more I am a king." These *most pious Gauls*, as Zwingle calls them, petitioned the monarch, on behalf of the prisoners and exiles, and Margaret uttered a cry in favor of the miserable; but Francis, though full of regard for his sister, could not hide a secret irritation against Luther and the Lutherans. His profane character, his sensual temperament, made him hate the evangelicals, and policy demanded great reserve.

The duchess of Alençon asked his permission for the Count of Hohenlohe to come to Paris; but the king replied: "Not yet." Hohenlohe was distressed at this delay. When Margaret afterwards

repeated the request, Francis evaded by referring to his sons given as hostages to the emperor: "Do you wish, then, for my sons to remain in Spain?"—Francis caused his sister another grief. She had begun to return the love of the King of Navarre, but Francis opposed her following the inclination of her heart. During his captivity the emperor had demanded Margaret's hand of the regent; but Francis, who was to marry, contrary to his wishes, the duke's sister, gained over Cardinal Wolsey to tell Henry VIII. there was not in all Europe a woman worthier of the crown of England than Margaret of France. But, fortunately for the princess, she was not compelled to take the place of Catharine of Arragon; yet it was a misfortune, perhaps, for the kingdom over which she would have reigned. From 1526 to 1533, Margaret was free from her earlier mysticism, and from her later outward yielding to catholicism; she was herself. Many of her religious poems were then written, and it was likely that then she wrote her poem of the *Prisoner*.

There was an instinctive feeling in christendom that up to this time its society had been but fragmentary, a great disorder, an immense chaos. It felt an earnest want of that social unity, of that supreme order, and of that all-ruling idea which the papacy had not been able to give. By proclaiming a new creation, the Reformation was about to accomplish this task. The isolation of nations was to cease; all would touch each other; reciprocal influences would multiply from generation to generation. . . The Reformation prepared the way for the great unity in the midst of the world.

Evangelical Christians desired that France should be in the front rank of the defenders of Reformation, as the emperor had put himself at the head of its enemies. For a while, Francis resisted the entreaties of the Duchess of Alençon to recall to France the men who would bring to it the true light. At last he yielded, mainly through the exigencies of his political plans, and the gates of the prisons were opened.

Berquin was still a prisoner in bonds for the Gospel; but the king had him removed to a spacious chamber, saying to his parliament, April 1st, 1526: "I will not suffer the person or goods of this gentleman to be injured; I will inquire into the matter myself." Berquin now began to plan for the extension of the truth. Clement Marot, formerly Margaret's secretary, was released. The duchess gave Michael of Aranda, once her almoner and a zealous preacher, the bishopric of Trois-Chateau in Dauphiny, with the advice: "Go and evangelize your diocese." Pierre Touissant, the young prebendary of Metz, was still in his frightful den; but the papers had not arrived to secure his condemnation. Margaret warmly pleaded his cause to the king, and he was released in July 1526, thin, weak, and pale. His timid friends would not shelter him, but sent him to Paris to seek an asylum at the court of the Duchess of Alençon. The famous Cornelius Agrippa was among the refugees at Strasburg, but his zeal for the Gospel seemed strictly proportioned to its success. At the house of Capito used to assemble the aged Lefèvre, the first translator of the Bible, who had escaped the stake only by flight; the pious Roussel, Vedastes, Simon, and Farel, who had arrived from Montbéliard. These friends of the Reformation concealed themselves under assumed names: Lefèvre passed as Anthony Peregrin; Roussel as Tolnin; but they were known by everybody, even by the children in the streets. They often met Bucer, Zell, and the Count of Hohenlohe, and edified one another. Margaret undertook to bring them all back to France, and they were recalled with honor.

Lefèvre and Roussel hastened to their protectress, and were lodged in the castle of Angoulême. The intercourse at Strasburg had borne fruit. The energetic Farel, the learned Lefèvre, the spiritual Roussel, gifted with such opposite natures, had reacted upon each other. Farel had become more gentle, Roussel more strong; contact with iron had given an unusual hardness to a metal by nature inclined to be soft. Roussel there studied Hebrew. He used to say: "The purity of religion will never be restored unless we drink at the springs which the Holy Ghost has given us." The christian activities of the refugees were employed to the advantage of France. Roussel went to Blois in June, and labored to make this a stronghold of the Gospel. Lefèvre, Chapelain, physician to the duchess, and Dr. Cop were also there; the former had charge of the education of the king's third son, and the care of the castle library. Cornelius Agrippa returned to Lyons. He published a book on marriage and against celibacy, which, much to his surprise and disgust, excited great clamor.

It was thought that Francis would now openly espouse the evangelical cause, and decide this great controversy on the battle-field. Margaret travelled to Paris to hasten on this happy revival of the Holy Spirit in France. Toussaint was received with great kindness by the princess; he was charmed with her piety, and wrote: "I hope that the Gospel will soon reign in France." He had long and frequent conversations with Margaret on the means of propagating the Gospel everywhere. "God, by the light of his Word," he said, "must illumine the world, and by the breath of his Spirit must transform all hearts. The Gospel, alone, Madame, will bring into regular order all that is confused."—"It is the only thing that I desire," replied Margaret. She believed in the victory of truth, and said the king

would secure the progress of the Gospel. Noble illusions! Francis was then busied with his gallantries. Toussaint delightedly wrote to Œcolampadius: "This illustrious princess is so taught of God, and so familiar with Holy Scripture, that no one can ever separate her from Jesus Christ."

Toussaint found the halls of the palace of St. Germain filled with the most distinguished personages of the kingdom, eager to do homage to the sister of Francis I. Cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastics of every order sought to secure preferments from her by hypocritical professions of love for the Scriptures; when away from her presence, they ranked the Roman Church very high, and the Word of God very low. Toussaint would exclaim: "Alas! they speak well of Jesus Christ with those who speak well of him; but with those who blaspheme, they blaspheme also." Toussaint urged Lefèvre and Roussel to expose these hypocrites and boldly preach the Gospel to the court. "Patience!" answered they. "Do not let us spoil anything; the time is not yet come." "I cannot restrain my tears," he said. "Yes; be wise after your fashion; wait, put off, dissemble as much as you please; you will acknowledge, however, at last, that it is impossible to preach the Gospel without bearing the cross. The banner of divine mercy is now raised, the gate of the kingdom of heaven is open. God does not mean us to receive his summons with supineness. We must make haste, for fear the opportunity should escape us and the door be shut."

Toussaint told Margaret: "Lefèvre is wanting in courage; may God help and strengthen him." The duchess strove to retain the ardent young evangelist at her court, but he rejected magnificent offers, and was sent by her to Madame de Contraigues, who received him in her chateau of Malesherbes in the Orléanais. The young Metzger foresaw a terrible struggle. He prayed that France would show herself worthy of the Word, and that the Lord would send to this people an apostle of truth and devotedness, who would lead it in the new paths of life.

Many evangelical christians thought as Toussaint did. They felt that France had need of a reformer, but could see no one who answered to their ideal. A man of God was wanted, who, possessing the fundamental truths of the Gospel, could set them forth in their living harmony; who, while exalting the divine essence of christianity, could present it in its relations to human nature; who was fitted not only to establish sound doctrine, but also by God's grace to shed abroad a new life in the Church; a servant of God, full of courage, full of activity, as skilful in governing as in leading. A Paul was wanted, but where could he be found?

Would it be Lefèvre? He had taught plainly the doctrine of justification by faith, even before Luther; but Lefèvre was old and courted repose; pious but timid, a scholar of the closet rather than the reformer of a people. Would it be Roussel? Possessing an impressionable and wavering heart, he longed for the good, but did not always dare to do it. He preached frequently at the duchess' court before the most distinguished men of the kingdom; but he did not proclaim the whole counsel of God. The most decided christians saw his incompetence. It needed, they thought, a man of simple soul, intrepid heart, and powerful eloquence; and then they remembered Farel. At that time this reformer was the greatest light of France. What love, what boldness, what eloquence, what perseverance, he had for the cause of Christ! But neither Francis nor Margaret would recall him from Strasburg; and the heroic, aggressive preacher was overwhelmed with sorrow. "Oh! if the Lord would but open a way for me to return and labor in France!" he exclaimed. His wish bid fair to be gratified.

The two sons of Prince Robert de la Marche, of a principality now forming the departments of Creuse and Haute Vienne, paid their respects to the king's sister. Margaret said to Roussel: "Speak to those two young princes; seize, I pray, this opportunity of advancing the cause of Jesus Christ." The chaplain obeyed. De Saucy and De Giminetz heard him gladly, and he sought to send Farel with the Gospel to their subjects: "I know but one man fitted for such a great work; it is William Farel; Christ has given him an extraordinary talent for making known the riches of his glory. Invite him." The proposition delighted the young princes. "We desire it still more than you," they said; "our father and we will open our arms to him." They undertook to set up a printing press to circulate evangelical truth. Roussel and Toussaint wrote to Farel, urging his immediate acceptance.

Margaret led many others to love the Word of life. She feared the young noblemen would only be half converted, and thus wrote, earnestly urging the necessity of a real and moral christianity:

Who would be a christian true
  Must his Lord's example follow
Every worldly good resign
  And earthly glory count but hollow;
Honor, wealth, and friends so sweet
He must trample under feet:—
But, alas! to few 't is given
Thus to tread the path to heaven

With a willing joyful heart
  His goods among the poor divide;
Others' trespasses forgive;
  Revenge and anger lay aside.
Be good to those who work you ill;
If any hate you, love them still:—
But, alas! to few 't is given
Thus to tread the path to heaven!

He must hold death beautiful,
And over it in triumph sing;
Love it with a warmer heart
Than he loveth mortal thing.
In the pain that wrings the flesh
Find a pleasure, and in sadness;
Love death as he loveth life,
With a more than mortal gladness:—
But, alas! to few 't is given
Thus to tread the path to heaven!

Many could see nothing but intellectual truth in the doctrine of Jesus Christ, whereas the Reformation always began with the awakening of the conscience. Farel would have been the man fitted for this work. His simple, serious, earnest tones, and the strength of his convictions, would have made him the needed reformer. The letter of invitation reached Strasburg in December, 1526. Before its arrival, Berthold Haller, the reformer of Berne, invited Farel to Switzerland. The Bernese possessed certain districts in Roman Switzerland, where a missionary speaking the French language was necessary. The invitations of the pious Haller were repeated. If France is shut, Switzerland is opening: Farel can hesitate no longer; God removes him from one of these countries and calls him to the other, he will obey. Farel, disheartened that his country rejected him, was journeying from Strasburg on foot when the messengers of Toussaint and Roussel arrived. His friends sent the letters after him, and he received them while acting as an humble school-master at Aigle. It was too late to change his mind, and this reformer was lost to France.

Berquin, whom some called her Luther, still remained to France—in prison. After an eight months' struggle, Margaret secured his release in November, 1526, and she gratefully wrote to the king: "He for whom he suffered will take pleasure in the mercy you have shown his servant and yours for your honor; and the confusion of those who have forgotten God will not be less than the perpetual glory which God will give you." Berquin's release was in his eyes a call to duty, and he rejoiced with his friends that God had brought him forth from prison in order to set him at the head of the Reform in France.

Another joy was in store for Margaret. Francis perce ved at last that Henry VIII. preferred Anne Boleyn to his illustrious sister, whose maid of honor she had formerly been. From that hour he no longer opposed the wishes of the King of Navarre, and in November consented to his union with Madame of Alençon. On the 24th of January, 1527, at the chapel of the palace of St. Germain, the marriage of the king's sister was brilliantly solemnized. For a week there were magnificent tournaments, and Francis promised Henry: "I will summon the emperor to restore your kingdom of Navarre; and if he refuses, I will give you an army to recover it." But not long after, this prince, when drawing up a diplomatic paper by which he bound Charles V. to restore his two sons, then hostages at Madrid, inserted this clause: "*Item*, the said king promises not to assist or favor the King of Navarre in recovering his kingdom, although he has married his beloved and only sister."

The queen soon found that her lot was not all sunshine, and that Henry d'Albret's humor was not always the same. Her husband's weakness led her to seek more earnestly "the heavenly lover." By her marriage she acquired more liberty to protect the Reform; and she rejoiced at seeing men of learning and morality pronounce daily more strongly in favor of the truth. The world was at one of the great turning points of its history. Placed between the middle and the modern age, it was thought Francis I. would make the new times replace the old in everything. Gothic architecture was giving way to the Renaissance; the study of classic authors superseded the scholasticism of the universities: would the church alone remain closed against the light? But where was the man who would give to the world, and especially wherever the French language was spoken, that strong and salutary impulse? It was not Lefèvre, Roussel, Farel, or Berquin. . . . Who was it then?

It is time that we should learn to know him.

The tendencies of an epoch are generally personified in some man whom it produces; but who soon overrules these tendencies and leads them to the goal which they could not otherwise have reached. To the category of these eminent personages, of these great men, at once the children and the masters of their age, the reformers have belonged. But whilst the heroes of the world make the forces of their epoch the pedestal of their own greatness, the men of God think only how they may be made to subserve the greatness of their Master. The Reformation existed in France, but the reformer was still unknown. A greater than Farel was about to appear, and we shall proceed to watch his first steps in the path along which he was afterwards to be the guide of many nations.

In the classes of the college of La Marche in Paris there were, in the year 1526, a professor of about fifty, and a scholar of seventeen; they were often seen together. The scholar, instead of playing with his class-fellows, attached himself to his master during the hours of recreation, and listened eagerly to his conversation. They were united as a distinguished teacher and a pupil destined to become a great man sometimes are. Their names were Mathurin Cordier and John Calvin. The former thought it no derogation to his great intellect to devote his life to the training of children. Shortly before Calvin's arrival in Paris, he voluntarily resigned the first-class and descended to the

fourth, in order to lay the foundations well. Calvin entered his school in 1523, fourteen years old, thin, pale, diffident, but serious, and of great intelligence. He soon learned to enjoy the instructions of the master. "as a singular blessing from God." Master and pupil were equally strangers to evangelical doctrine, devout observers of the Romish worship. Calvin so exceeded his class-mates in scholarship that the director of the college removed him to a higher form; but Calvin bitterly regretted a promotion that separated him from Cordier, except in the interval of his lessons.

John Calvin had now to enter a college appointed for the training of learned priests, as his father planned his son would attain high dignity in the Church. In 1526 he parted from Cordier with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and entered the Montaigu College, in preference to the Sorbonne. A Spanish professor, whose reserved, grave mien concealed an affectionate heart, became an intimate friend. He carefully studied his pupil, and exclaimed: "What a wonderful genius." He was an ardent papist, and hoped the young man would be a shining light in the Church. Calvin eagerly studied the classic authors of antiquity, and soon outstripped all his comrades. He entered the class of philosophy earlier than the required age; the study of logic, dialectics, and philosophy soon possessed for him an indescribable charm. Calvin soared above his fellow-collegians by the morality of his character. "It is not the act alone," he said, subsequently, "but the look, and even the secret longing, which make men guilty." He was a faithful reprover of the faults and follies of his comrades. Beda, the bigoted principal, noted he never missed a fast, a retreat, a mass, or a procession. The austere exercises of a devotee's life were the schoolmaster that brought Luther, Calvin, and Farel from the Papal Church to Christ. Absorbed in his studies, Calvin often forgot the hours for meals, and even for sleep. In theology he was enraptured with Scotus, Bonaventura, and Thomas Aquinas. Scholastics appeared to him the queen of science, only that he might eventually become its terrible adversary.

His father, secretary to the diocese of Noyon, was successful in obtaining the living of St. Martin of Marteville for his son John in 1527. Thus, Calvin had a parish at eighteen, although he was not yet in holy orders. All men were now talking of the Holy Scriptures, of Lefèvre, of Luther, of Melancthon, of the passing events in Germany, and Calvin heard of these movements of the Gospel, but the young scholar was at first a most inflexible adversary of the Reformation. His cousin of Noyon, Pierre Robert Olivétan, was a student of the Scriptures in the original Greek and Hebrew, and subsequently gave the people a famous translation in French. He boldly raised his voice in favor of the Gospel, and each of the cousins labored to convert the other to his own views. "O my dear friend," said Olivétan, "leave off shouting out with the papists: 'The fathers! the doctors! the Church!' and listen instead to the prophets and apostles. Study the Scriptures."—"I will have none of your doctrines," answered Calvin; "their novelty offends me." Calvin prayed the saints to intercede for this misguided soul, and Olivétan prayed to Christ.

Yet Calvin's conscience was troubled and made uneasy by these controversies. He sought his little room and prayed: "O Lord, I have been taught to worship Thee as my only God; But I am ignorant of the true worship I ought to give . . . where shall I find the light that I need? . . . O God, illumine me with thy light!" His superiors sought to strengthen him in the Roman faith. "The highest wisdom of Christians," they said, "is to submit blindly to the Church, and their highest dignity is the righteousness of their works."—"Alas!" replied Calvin, who was conscious of the guilt within him, "I am a miserable sinner!"—"That is true," answered the professors, "but there is a means of obtaining mercy; it is by satisfying the justice of God. . . . Confess your sins to a priest, and ask humbly for absolution. . . . Blot out the memory of your offences by your good works, and, if anything should still be wanting, supply it by the addition of solemn sacrifices and purifications."

Calvin was subdued; he confessed his sins to the priest, asked for absolution, and humbly accepted the penances imposed. "O God!" he said, "I desire by my good works to blot out the remembrance of my trespasses." But, alas! his peace was not of long duration. "God is a strict judge who severely punishes iniquity," now said the priest. "Address your prayers to the saints first." Calvin sought the aid of these "false intercessors," but found no peace. With alarm he cried: "Every time that I descend into the depths of my heart, every time, O God, that I lift up my soul to Thy throne, extreme terror comes over me. I see that no purification, no satisfaction, can heal my disease. My conscience is pierced with sharp stings." In despair, Calvin resolved to take no further pains about his salvation; he sought to divert his thoughts by mingling with his fellow-pupils and friends in their amusements. Will the work of God begun in his heart remain unperfected? This year an event took place which could not fail to stir the depths of Calvin's soul.

"The kingdom of Christ is strengthened and established more by the blood of martyrs than by force of arms," said the doctor of Noyon one day. At this period

he experienced the truth of this statement. One day, in the year 1527, Nicholas Doullon, aged thirty-six, of ecclesiastical rank, prothonotary, and holding several benefices, was accused of uttering blasphemy against the Virgin Mary, and of denying that the host was very Christ. In the absence of the king, four days sufficed the clergy for his condemnation. He was led, stripped of his official robes, with a rope about his neck and a taper in his hand, to apologize to the Virgin before an immense concourse in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame. He remained firm in his faith, and was burnt alive at the Grève. The execution of a priest of some dignity made a great sensation. New disciples were ready to take the place of those evangelicals who had fallen.

A consoling thought entered Calvin's heart. "A new form of doctrine has risen up," he said. "If I have been mistaken . . . if Olivétan, if my other friends, if those who give their lives to preserve their faith are right . . . if they have found in that path the peace which the doctrines of the priests refuse me?" . . . He began to pay attention to the things that were told him; he began to examine into the state of his soul. A ray of light shone into it and exposed his sin. A great trembling came over him; he paced his room as Luther had his cell at Erfurth; he uttered deep groans, and shed floods of tears, exclaiming, "Oh God, I condemn with tears my past manner of life, and transfer myself to thine. Poor and wretched, I throw myself on the mercy which thou hast shown us in Jesus Christ; I enter that only harbor of salvation." Following Olivétan's advice, Calvin applied himself to the Bible, and everywhere he found Christ.

Calvin had a further struggle about the authority of the Church: but he understood at last that the unity of the Church cannot and ought not to exist except in the truth. His friends now spoke bodly and, as he tells us, "demolished by the Word of God the princedom of the pope and his exceeding elevation." Calvin "searched the Scriptures thoroughly," and was convinced. "I see quite clearly," he said, "that the true order of the Church has been lost; that the keys which should preserve discipline have been counterfeited; that christian liberty has been overthrown; and that when the princedom of the pope was set up, the kingdom of Christ was thrown down." Thus fell the papacy in the mind of the future reformer; and Christ became to him the only king and almighty head of the Church.

What did Calvin then? Theodoze Beza, his most intimate friend, says, "he began to hold the teachings of the Roman Church in horror, and had the intention of renouncing its communion." Calvin felt the immense importance of this step, and wrote: "If to have peace, I must purchas it by denying the truth, I would rather submit to everything than condescend to such an abominable compact" Calvin's conversion at the age of nineteen had been long and slowly ripening; and yet, in the sense of the obedience of his heart, the change was instantaneous. Thus was this memorable conversion accomplished, which by saving one soul became for the Church, and we may even say for the human race, the principle of a great transformation. Human will is not sufficient to explain the changes manifested in conversion; there, if anywhere, is found something mysterious and divine, the work of God. Calvin did not immediately make his conversion publicly known; he retired to commune with God alone.

The news of his heretical opinions reached his father in Picardy. The ambitious episcopal notary renounced the hope of seeing his son vicar-general, bishop, and perhaps cardinal. He promptly decided that by making his son study the law, he might perhaps shake off these new ideas, and advance by as sure a road to attain wealth and high station. Thus, while the son had a new faith and a new life, the father had a new plan. The young man submitted with joy to this order. As Luther first studied the law at Erfurth, so did Calvin likewise prepare himself better for the career of a reformer.

Conversion is the fundamental act of the Gospel, and of the Reformation. That spiritual quickening of the sixteenth century, like the Gospel of the first (to employ the words of Christ,) "is like unto leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, *until the whole was leavened.*" The three great nations on earth have already tasted of this heavenly leaven It is fermenting, and soon all the "lump" will be leavened.

Will the reformer whom God is now preparing for France, find in Francis I. the support which Luther found in Frederick the Wise? Since his return from captivity in Spain, the king, as we have seen, appeared to yield to the influence of his sister and to the movement of the age. Slightly touched by the new breath, he sometimes listened to the sermons of the evangelicals, and read fragments of the Holy Scriptures with Margaret. One day, when the beauty of the Gospel had spoken to his heart, he exclaimed: "It is infamous that the monks should dare to call that *heresy* which is the very doctrine of God!" But the Reformation could but please him; liberty, which was one of its elements, clashed with the despotism of the prince; and holiness, another principle, condemned his irregularities. Opposition to popery had a certain charm for him, but political motives will never cause a real Reformation Hence Francis I. by his policy propagated superstition instead of truth, servility for liberty, and licentiousness in the place of morality.

While the king was trifling with the Reform, other powers in France remained

its irreconcilable enemies. The members of the parliament made themselves the champions of the laws of the realm against the law of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne, dreading the two-fold authority of Holy Scripture and conscience would ruin theirs, desperately opposed the substitution of the religious for the clerical element. Beda, its general, "a many-headed monster, breathing poison from every mouth," said to himself that Berquin would be the Luther of France, and against him he directed all his attacks.

Louis de Berquin, who was liberated by the king, in November, 1526, from the prison in which the Bedists had thrown him, had formed the daring plan of rescuing France from the hands of the pope. He was then thirty years of age, and possessed a charm in his character, a purity in his life, which even his enemies admired; he had unwearied application in study, indomitable energy, obstinate zeal, and firm perseverance for the accomplishment of his work.

Berquin did not move forward at hazard; he had calculated everything. He had said to himself that in a country like France the Reformation could not be carried through against the king's will; but he thought that Francis would allow the work to be done, if he did not do it himself. Berquin did not wait wholly on the support of princes; he was ready to lay down his own life for the triumph of truth. He wrote to Erasmus that the Reformers must "boldly brand the Sorbonne, Rome, and all their hirelings, with impiety." Erasmus cowardly dissuaded him, saying: "O my friend! live in retirement, taste the sweets of study, and let the priests rage at their leisure." He tempted Berquin to flee France under the pretext of an embassy; but the latter felt it better to be a martyr on the Grève for the love of the Saviour. His decision was strengthened by a day's imprisonment of Beda, syndic of the Sorbonne, for exciting the king's wrath by publishing a refutation of the "Paraphrases and Annotations" of Erasmus.

The Sorbonne, thought Berquin, represents the papacy; it must be overthrown. He extracted from the writings of Beda, twelve propositions "manifestly impious and blasphemous" in the opinion of Erasmus; and the king replied; "I will interdict Beda's polemical writings." At the king's encouragement, he proposed to reveal "in the acts and papers of the Sorbonne certain secrets of importance to the State—some mysteries of iniquity." Everything seemed to favor Berquin's design. On the 12th of July, 1527, the king ordered the Bishop of Bazas to have examined the twelve famous propositions by doctors of divinity and the four assembled faculties. Berquin reported this good news to Erasmus, who in alarm replied: "Beware! even should your cause be holier than that of Christ himself, your enemies have resolved to put you to death." Berquin was grieved at this letter. If Erasmus, Francis I., and Berquin act in harmony, no one can resist them; France, and perhaps Europe, will be reformed. But what can be done without Erasmus? The Sorbonne, meanwhile, little heeding the king's opposition, forbade the "Colloquies" of Erasmus to be read in the colleges. "The time is come," now wrote Berquin to the illustrious scholar; "let us pull off the mask behind which these theologians hide themselves." Erasmus shrank back, and answered: "I would rather see all my books condemned to the flames, than go fighting at my age." Berquin undertook the fight unaided, saying: "Erasmus admires in the Gospel a certain harmony with the wisdom of antiquity, but he does not adore in it the foolishness of the cross: he is a theorist, not a reformer." The catholic party grew alarmed, and resolved to oppose a vigorous resistance to these attacks. They could confront Berquin with adversaries whose power seemed irresistable. These adversaries were a princess and a statesman.

A woman reigned in the councils of the king. Inclined at first to ridicule the monks, she had after the defeat of Pavia gone over to the side of the priests. Louisa of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, mother of Francis I., worthy predecessor of Catherine de' Medici, was a clever woman, a free-thinker, a dissolute woman, who all her life preserved an almost sovereign authority over her son. By her maids of honor she introduced dissoluteness of language and act into the court of France; and she gathered together a body of intelligent, crafty men, without religion, morality, or scruples, at whose head was Duprat. Upon the latter the Sorbonne relied. He was enterprising, slavish and tyrannical, an intriguer and debauchee. Archbishop of Sens and cardinal, he sold offices, oppressed the people, and sent remonstrants to the Bastile.

These two sought to induce the king to oppose the Reformation. Francis hesitated: he professed to be a patron of letters, in which he included the Gospel. He yielded willingly to the persuasions of his sister. He detested the arrogance of the priests, dreaded the encroachments of the papal power, and was pleased to see Berquin expose the vain assumptions of the clergy. He may also have seen new forces at work in the Reformation, fulfilling the promise of *the gathering of the people;* but he soon suffered his passions to overcome the dictates of his reason The king had to provide for the heavy charges which the treaty of Madrid imposed upon him, and he had no money. The clergy furnished 1,300,000 livres, and demanded through Duprat that his Majesty "should extirpate the damnable and insupportable Lutheran sect which sometime since had secretly crept into the kingdom." Margaret suc-

ceeded in preventing this promise, although Francis retained the money

Yet Margaret did not feel secure. The aged Lefèvre, who was translating the Bible and the homilies of St. Chrysostom on the Acts of the Apostles, and teaching his young pupil, the Duke of Angoulême, to learn the Psalms of David by heart, with his failing voice strengthened her in the faith. "Do not be afraid," he said; "the election of God is very mighty."—"Let us pray in faith," said Roussel; "the main thing is that faith should accompany our prayers." Erasmus also wrote a letter of encouragement. Margaret was then at Fontainebleau, expecting the birth of that daughter who became the most remarkable woman of her age. Reverting to Him who held the chief place in her heart, she wrote:

O truth, unknown save to a few,
No longer hide thyself from view
Behind the cloud, but bursting forth
Show to the nations all thy worth.
Good men thy coming long to see,
And sigh in sad expectancy.
Descend, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And brighten up this darkling gloom;
Show us how vile and poor we are,
And take us, Saviour to thy care.

The time of her confinement drew near. In October, 1527, the King and Queen of Navarre set out for their possessions in the Pyrenees; on the 7th of January succeeding, Jeanne d' Albret was born. Immediately on her departure for Bearn, Duprat and the Sorbonne sought to carry out their cruel plans. De la Tour, a nobleman of Poitou who had "sowed many Lutheran errors" in Scotland when John Stuart, Duke of Albany, was regent there, was indicted in Paris, with his servant, for heresy. On the 27th of October, the poor servant was flogged so severely that he declared he "repented," and had his tongue cut out, while De la Tour was burnt alive. Immediately on receipt of this sad news, although her confinement was scarcely over, this weak and delicate princess set out on her return to Paris.

It was time; for at a provincial council at Paris, opened on the 28th of February, 1528, the Sorbonne sought "the extirpation of heresy." The cardinal-archbishop announced that "a terrible pestilence, stirred up by Martin Luther, has destroyed the orthodox faith;" and further complained that laymen "discuss the catholic faith with women and fools." Thus liberty, not heresy, was condemned. The council decreed that the bishops and their parishioners should denounce all the Lutherans of their acquaintance. Duprat appealed to the king for his sanction: "If you wish to obtain salvation; if you wish to preserve your sovereign rights intact; if you wish to keep the nations submitted to you in tranquility: manfully defend the catholic faith, and subdue all its enemies by your arms." The king remained deaf, although other councils in the provinces supported these demands.

Parliament and Duprat had been at variance. The chancellor who was president of parliament in the life-time of his wife, had entered the church on her death, seized upon the archbishopric of Sens,—although he received but one vote out of twenty-three,—forcibly appropriated the rich abbey of St. Benedict, and imprisoned the monks who resisted his authority. The parliament then ordered his appearance before them; but their officer was beaten to death. Mutual recrimination ensued: but after this lapse of time a reconciliation was now concocted, and both parties united to destroy the Reformers.

Everything appeared in France to incline towards peace and joy. The court was at Fontainebleau, where Francis I. and the Duchess of Angoulême, the King and Queen of Navarre, and all the most illustrious of the nobility, had assembled to receive the young Duke of Ferrara, who had just arrived (20th of May, 1528) to marry Madame Renée, daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. It was a time of rejoicing. Francis I., whose favorite residence was Fontainebleau, had erected a splendid palace there; concerts, amusements, excursions in the forest, and sumptuous banquets had drawn many foreign visitors. But nothing so attracted the attention of the latter as the gifted and pious Queen of Navarre.

The princess, who was compelled to take part in every entertainment, sought to call all her associates to Jesus Christ. She had the tenderest compassion for the frail maids of honor, and thus urged her "dears" not to be "caught by pleasure," but to flee to the cross:

Farewell my dear!
The court I flee
To seek for life
Beneath the tree.

If that my prayer
Could influence thee,
Thou shouldst not linger,
After me.

Stay not, my dear,
But come with me,
And seek for life
Beneath the tree.

The young lords were absorbed with the sport of hunting boars and deer with Francis I.; the queen smilingly called these gay youths "bad sportsmen," and exhorted them "to go a hunting after better game." She wrote a dialogue poem on this subject, which thus closes:

THE YOUNG HUNTER.

With earnest faith my heart is filled;
All my worldly thoughts I yield
At the voice of my Saviour Christ Jesu!

MARGARET.

Yes, now you are a hunter true!

MANUFACTORY OF ROMAN GRAVEN IMAGES.

These little ballads were read by everybody at court, and the queen's "tracts" led to many conversions. The festivities were suddenly interrupted by news on hearing which "the king wept hard with vexation and anger," and departed at once for Paris.

The festival of Pentecost (Whitsunday) had been celebrated with great pomp in Paris, on the 30th of May, 1528; especial adoration was paid to the Virgin and her images. An image of the Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms, stood in the quarter of St. Antoine, and was worshipped all day with such titles as "Author of the righteousness which cleanses away our sins!" On Monday morning, passers-by found that both the heads and the Virgin's robe had been cut off and thrown under foot. Men, women, and children surrounded the mutilated figure—some weeping, others groaning, all cursing the sacrilege. The authors of this mutilation were never known, although diligent search was made, and a reward of a thousand crowns offered for the discovery of the perpetrators. Some charge it upon the priests, who wished to use the deed as a weapon against the Lutherans; others attribute it to some hot-headed evangelical, exasperated at the flagrant worship of these idols. However, the fanatical party profited well by this sacrilege. Constant processions were made by the clergy and students to the scene of outrage. Learning and the Gospel were forgotten; men thought only of honoring the Holy Virgin.

On Corpus Christi Day, the 11th of June, a long procession of the different guilds, supreme courts, bishops, ambassadors, high officers of the crown, and princes of the blood, marched from the palace of the Tournelles to this ill-omened spot.

> The canopy was carried
> By the good King of Navarre,
> And by Vendôme, and by Longueville,
> And the proud Duke of Ferrare.
>
> Then last of all there followed
> The king with head all bare;
> The taper in his hand was wrapped
> In velvet rich and rare.

At the fateful corner, the king knelt and prayed; then he piously set up a small silver-gilt statue of the Virgin in the room of the former, and placed his taper before the image as a testimony of his faith. The others did likewise. The mutilated image was removed to the Church of St. Germain, and worked miracles. A still-born infant placed before it (it is said) changed color; it was baptized, and after it had returned its soul to God, was buried. The miracle, it is clear, did not last long. Francis was now irritated and inflamed against the Reformation. The persecution began.

There lived in Paris one of those poor christians of Meaux known as *christaudins*, or disciples of Christ. This man had been driven from his native city by persecution, and had become a waterman on the Seine. One day a stranger entered his boat, and extolling the power of the "mother of God," offered a picture of Mary to his conductor. The boatman could not contain himself, and said, sharply: "The Virgin Mary has no more power than this bit of paper," which he tore in pieces and threw into the river. The exasperated catholic denounced the author of this sacrilege, and the poor *christaudin* was burnt on the Grève at Paris.

Denis, a pious native of Rieux, was astounded at christians putting their trust in ceremonies, instead of placing it wholly in Christ. One day he said: "To desire to be reconciled with God by means of a mass, is to deny my Saviour's passion." For these words he was confined in the prison at Meaux. Briçonnet, the backslidden bishop, was requested to bring him back to the fold: "If you retract," he said, falteringly to Denis, "we will set you at liberty, and you shall receive a yearly pension." Denis indignantly replied: "Would you be so base as to urge me to deny my God?" Without saying another word, the conscience-stricken prelate fled from the dungeon, and Denis was condemned to be burnt alive. On the 3d of July he was bound to the hurdle, his arms pinioned, and a wooden cross mockingly placed in his hands; he patiently said: "O, my friends, be converted to the true cross." In crossing a swollen stream he struggled, the cross fell, and "went sailing down the stream" beyond recovery. "Gently," said the priests at the stake, "kindle only a small fire, a very small fire, in order that it may last the longer." Denis was bound to a balanced pole and three times, when nearly insensible, was hoisted into the air and then lowered for the flames to consume him anew. "Yet all the time he called upon the name of God." At last he died.

A precious shrine, full of mysterious relics, hung from the arched roof of the principal church of the small town of Annonay. On Ascension Day the *holy virtues* were reverently borne through the city; then all the prisoners but Lutherans were liberated. Martyr after martyr fell for protesting against this idolatrous shrine. A gray friar, a doctor of divinity, called Stephen Machopolis, first proclaimed warmly the virtues of the Saviour, and inveighed against the *holy virtues*. The priests tried to seize him, but he escaped. Stephen Renier, his disciple, boldly undertook to convert these ignorant people from their faith in "dead men's bones" to the living and true God. He was cast into prison, and burnt alive. Jonas, a pious and learned schoolmaster, courageously witnessed to the truth. As he made "a good and complete" profession of faith after his arrest, he was only locked up.

"All who had received the word of God, now rose up and proclaimed it." The Archbishop of Vienne ordered their seizure: twenty-five were cast into his prison, where many died of bad treatment.

Berquin and the leading evangelicals were taunted at every step. "What tyrannical madness! what plutonic rage!" called out the mob as they passed. "Rascally youths! imps of Satan! brands of hell! *vilenaille* brimful of Leviathans! venomous serpents! servants of Lucifer!" This was the usual vocabulary.

Berquin was silent before the tempest. Beda and his party urged on his death. "See," they said, "to what our toleration of heresy leads! Unless we root it up entirely, it will soon multiply and cover the whole country."—"Make your escape," urged Erasmus and his friends. "With God's help," said Berquin, "I shall conquer the monks, the university, and the parliament itself." Such confidence exasperated the Sorbonne. Francis I. was puzzled, staggered, and annoyed. At last he yielded a little; he consented only that an inquiry should be opened against Berquin. His adversaries already anticipated his death. A strange blindness is that of popery. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," proclaimed Turtullian, and history verifies this.

But at the very moment when the enemies of the Reform imagined they had crushed it by getting rid of Berquin; at the moment when the irritation of the king allowed the servants of Christ to be dragged on hurdles, and when he authorized torture, imprisonment, and the stake; at the moment when all seemed destined to remain mute and trembling—the true Reformer of France issued unnoticed from a college of priests, and was about to begin, in an important city of the kingdom, that work which for three centuries has not ceased, and never will cease, to grow.

Calvin, whom his father's wishes and his own convictions urged to abandon the priestly career, for which he was preparing, had left Paris in the autumn of 1527, in order to go to Orleans and study jurisprudence under Pierre de l'Etoile, who was teaching there with great credit. "Reuchlin, Aleander, and even Erasmus, have professed in this city," said his pupils; "but the Star (Etoile) eclipses all these suns." He was regarded as the prince of French jurists. Calvin was naturally timid, and kept himself apart from the boisterous students; but he found a friend in Nicholas Duchemin, who was preparing himself for a professorship in the faculty of letters. The latter was modest, temperate, of cautious, equitable judgment, of great mildness, and slow in movement; Calvin was vivacious, ardent, severe, and active. Calvin was glad to lodge in his house, and grew ardently attached to him. "Dear Duchemin," he said, "my friend, you are dearer to me than life."

The scholar of Noyon was surprised to find many of the students cared but little for learning. At one time he would meet in the streets a young lord showily attired, of haughty manners, followed by a servant; farther on came a turbulent band of the sons of wealthy tradesmen. Ten nations, afterwards reduced to four, composed the university. Calvin's small person and sallow face were in strong contrast with the ruddy features and imposing stature of Luther's countrymen. "The university," said he, delighted, "is quite a republican oasis in the midst of enslaved France." In fact, the only undisputed authority in Orleans, was that of Pierre de l'Etoile. The great doctor combined an eminently judicial mind with an affectionate heart; he was inflexible as a judge, and tender as a mother. His manner of teaching possessed an indescribable charm. Although opposed to his young scholar's religious opinions, he was proud of having him as his pupil and was his friend to the last. From him Calvin imbibed principles whose justice no one at that time disputed. "The prosperity of nations," said Pierre de l'Etoile, "depends upon obedience to the laws. If they punish outrages against the rights of man, much more ought they to punish outrages against the rights of God. What! shall the law protect a man in his body and goods, and not in his soul and his most precious and eternal inheritance? . . . A thief shall not be able to rob us of our purses, but a heretic may deprive us of heaven!" During the sixteenth, and even the seventeenth century, almost all enlightened minds found it impossible to throw off these legal prejudices, which had been accepted for over a thousand years.

Calvin's society was soon courted; he was received into the Picard nation. "I swear," he said, "to guard the honor of the university and of my nation." One day he carved his name CALVIN on the pillar of the hall, and there it long remained—insulted by the devout, but respected by many. The Picards honored him with the highest post in the nation—that of proctor; he had the front rank in processions and assemblies of the university, convened meetings, signed diplomas, etc. Instead of giving convivial banquets, he paid the treasurer that amount unexpended, and presented books to the university library. It was an old custom for the little town of Beaugency to present to the proctor yearly a piece of gold, called *maille de Florence*, of two crowns' weight, as a witness to the alleged cures made upon the Finding the Body of St. Firmin, January 13th, 687! As this tribute was delayed, Calvin marched his comrades to the town and received it on his demand.

Calvin preferred study to excesses, and had applied to the law with his whole

heart. The power of his wit, memory, and style of expression, soon made him distinguished by the professors. Every day he had a serious conversation with Duchemin, and talked with a pious German room-mate, formerly a grey friar, who had learned of the Gospel in Germany. The curator, Philip Laurent, and the family of Francis Daniel, an influential lawyer who had a knowledge of the truth, made his chief associates. Coiffard, a lively, intelligent, but selfish student from Paris, Calvin met but liked little. Calvin learned to esteem Melchior Wolmar, an illustrious teacher, who "solicited him to devote himself to a knowledge of the Greek classics." Calvin yielded: "I will study Greek; but as it is you that urge me, you also must assist me." He made most rapid progress in Greek literature. The professor loved him above all his pupils. In this way he was placed in a condition to become the most illustrious commentator of Scripture. "His knowledge of Greek," adds Beza, "was of great service to all the Church of God." What Cordier had been to him for Latin, Wolmar was for Greek.

Calvin was to receive something more from Wolmar; he was about to begin, under his guidance, the work of all his life —to learn and to teach Christ. The knowledge which he acquired at the university of Orleans, philosophy, law, and even Greek, could not suffice him. The moral faculty is the first in man, and ought to be the first in the university also. The object of the Reformation was to found, not an intellectual, but a moral empire; it was to restore holiness to the Church. This empire had begun in Calvin; his conscience had been stirred; he had sought salvation and found it; but he had need of knowledge, of increase in grace, of practice in life, and these he was about to strive after.

The most intimate confidence and the freest communication were established between the professor and the scholar. Melchoir spoke to Calvin of Germany and the Reformation; he read the Greek Testament with him, set before him the riches of Christ announced therein, and, when studying the Epistles of St. Paul, explained to him the doctrine of imputed righteousness which forms the essence of their teaching. Calvin, seated in his master's study, listened in silence, and respectfully embraced that mystery so strange and yet so profoundly in harmony with the righteousness of God! . . . "By faith," said Wolmar, "man is united to Christ and Christ to him, so that it is no longer man whom God sees in the sinner, but his dearly beloved Son himself; and the act by virtue of which God makes the sinner an inheritor of heaven, is not an arbitrary one. The doctrine of justification," added Wolmar, "is in Luther's opinion the capital doctrine, *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ.*" ("The touch-stone of a standing or of a falling Church.")

But Calvin's chief teacher was God. He often meditated on the Psalms. "This book," said he, "is an anatomy of all the parts of the soul. There is no affection in man which is not here represented as in a glass. Of the many infirmities to which we are subject, and of the many vices of which we are full, not one ought to be hidden." These reflections quieted him when he was told: "You are a schismatic; you are separating from the Church." The leaders of the Reformation were men who opened their hearts to the light of the Holy Spirit, believed in the Word of God, found Jesus Christ, esteemed everything in comparison with him as loss, lived the life of God, and desired that "all hiding-places should be laid open," and men's hearts cleansed of all hypocrisy.

The conversion of Calvin, begun at Paris, was completed at Orleans. In Paris he had heard the divine voice awakening his conscience to eternal life; at Orleans by the Scriptures he became "learned in the knowledge of salvation;" and now day by day his christian life became more spiritual and more active. Calvin was not a cold, abstract theologian. Instead of composing his doctrine chapter by chapter, he, thirsting for righteousness and peace, found it in Christ.

There came a moment when Calvin, desirous of possessing God alone, renounced the world, which, from that time, has never ceased to hate him: "I have not sued thee by my love, O Christ," he said; "thou hast loved me of thy free will. . . . I come to thee naked and empty. . . . And what I find in thee is not a trifling vulgar gain: I find everything there." Thus lifting up his hands to God, Calvin offered the sacrifice of a heart burning with love. He made this grand thought the design on his seal, a hand presenting a heart in sacrifice; he wrote round it: *Cor meum velut mactatum Domino in sacrificium offero*— "O Lord, I offer unto thee as a sacrifice my heart immolated to thee." Such was his device—such was his life.

The eyes of many began already to be turned upon him with admiration. The surprising clearness of his mind, the powerful convictions of his heart, the energy of his regenerated will, the strength of his reasoning, the luminous flashes of his genius, and the severe beauties of his eloquence—all betokened in him one of the great men of the age. He was indefatigable in labor; thus he "laid the foundation of those sufferings and frequent illnesses which shortened his days." He made such remarkable proficiency in jurisprudence that the professors often employed him as their substitute. To knowledge he joined communion. Every one of his words appropriately spoken, struck home to gainsayers. "Nobody can withstand him," they said, "when he has the Bible

in his hand." Students and townspeople begged him to teach them. He was abashed. "I am but a poor recruit, and you address me as if I were a general." In vain he sought privacy to read, meditate, and pray. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "all my hiding-places are turned into public schools."

Several citizens opened their houses to him, saying: "Come and teach openly the salvation of man." Calvin shrank back. "Let no one disturb my repose," he said; "leave me in peace."—"A repose of darkness!" replied the most ardent; "an ignoble peace! Come and preach!" Calvin remembered the saying of St. Chrysostom: "Though a thousand persons should call you, think of your own weakness, and obey only under constraint."—"Well, then, we constrain you," answered his friends. "O God! what desirest thou of me?" Calvin would exclaim at such moments. "Why dost thou pursue me?" He however yielded, and preached the Gospel in the houses of his friends. He explained the Scriptures with an admirable simplicity, a piercing vitality, and a holy majesty, which captivated the heart. "While at Orleans," said his friend, Theodore Beza, "Calvin, chosen from that time to be an instrument of election in the Lord's work, wonderfully advanced the kingdom of God in many families."

Thus the young doctor, growing in knowledge and acting in love, refuted the objections of the gainsayers, and led to Christ the humble souls who thirsted for salvation. A domestic event suddenly withdrew him from this pious activity.

One day, probably at the beginning of April, 1528, about the Easter holidays, Calvin received a letter from Noyon. He opened it: it contained sad news! his father was seriously ill. He went at once to Duchemin in great agitation: "I must depart," he said. "I promise you to return shortly." Calvin, therefore, bade farewell to his cherished studies, to his beloved friends, and those pious families in which he was advancing the kingdom of God, and returned to Picardy.

We have but few particulars of his sojourn at Noyon, except that the weak condition of the episcopal secretary was prolonged, without any appearance of imminent danger. At first the doctors held out hopes of his recovery; but at length they said: "There is no longer any hope of a cure; your father's death cannot be very far off." Calvin wrote of this to Duchemin (May 14th, 1528) and added: "Happen what may, I will see you again." According to Theodore Beza, Gerard Cauvin died while his son was at Bourges, nine or ten months later. On the 5th of December, 1528, Beza, the son of Pierre de Beza, bailli of Vezelay, then a boy of eight or nine years, entered Melchior Wolmar's house, in Orleans. This lad, who one day became Calvin's best friend, first met the latter at the university of Bourges, whither Wolmar had been invited by Margaret of Valois, who was Duchess of Berry.

Calvin, set at liberty by the apparent restoration of his father's health, desired to study under the famous Alciati, in that evangelical city. Returning, therefore, to Orleans, he made known his intention of going to Bourges, and the professors of the university where he had studied, and even taught with credit, unanimously offered him the degree of doctor. It would appear that his modesty did not permit him to accept it.

There were fewer resources at Bourges than at Orleans. "As we cannot live as we wish," said the students, "we live as we can." Everything was dear: board alone cost one hundred francs a year. But the Noyon student cared little for the comforts of life; intellectual and spiritual wealth satisfied him. He was anxious to hear Alciati, and was surprised to find him a tall corpulent man, with no very thoughtful look. Mingling literature with his explanation of the laws, and substituting an elegant style for barbarism of language, Calvin was led to listen with admiration to this famous professor from Milan.

During the week, evangelical truth was taught in the university, and on Sunday students and citizens crowded the two churches where Chaponneau and Michel preached. Calvin found the christian truth fairly set forth for the times. But nothing attracted Calvin like Wolmar's house. The German doctor communicated to the young student the writings of Luther, Melancthon, and other evangelical men beyond the Rhine, and invited him distinctly to enter upon the career of a reformer. Wolmar, modest and gentle, seems to have been to Calvin what Staupitz was to Luther. The professor asked him: "What do you propose doing, my friend? Shall the Institutes, the Novels, the Pandects absorb your life? Is not theology the queen of all sciences, and does not God call you to explain his Holy Scriptures?" What new ideas then started up before Calvin! At Paris he had renounced the priesthood, and at Bourges Wolmar urged him to the ministry. . . . What should he do? More than once in his retirement, he had already asked himself: "Shall I not preach Christ to the world?" But he had always shrunk away humble and timid from this ministry. "All men are not suited for it," he said; "a special vocation is necessary, and no one ought to take it upon himself rashly."

Several families at Bourges invited Calvin to their houses to edify them, and he soon extended his christian activities throughout the city; but his first answer was: "I am quite amazed at seeing those who have a desire for pure doctrine gather round me to learn, although I have only just begun to learn myself." He was called to preach at Berry and at Lignières.

"Upon my word," said the lord of the latter to his wife, "Master John Calvin seems to me to preach better than the monks, and he goes heartily to work too." The priests cried out against this young evangelist. "While he was at Bourges his father died," says Theodore Beza. "and he was obliged to return to Noyon." The death was very sudden.

Bourges did not fall into darkness after Calvin's departure. Michel Simon, a venerable doctor, boldly maintained that in the public disputations every proposition must be established by the text of Scripture. The next Sunday the priests tried to prevent his sermon by singing chants, but the people drove them away in great disorder.

When Calvin passed through the capital on his way from Bourges to Noyon, on the occasion of his father's death, he might have remarked a certain agitation among his acquaintances. In fact, the Sorbonne was increasing its exertions to destroy Berquin, who, forsaken by almost everybody, had no one to support him but God and the Queen of Navarre.

Margaret, who was at St. Germain-en-Laye, enjoyed but little repose. The brilliant court of Francis I. filled the noble palace with their pastimes. Her husband sometimes indulged in gaming, and resented his wife's remonstrances. Her mother, Louisa of Savoy, whose morality was more than doubtful, had leagued herself with the "hypocrites black, white and grey," (as she had called the priests, in 1522,) while the king was beginning to give them his support. Margaret walked sadly in the park, saying:

But God, God only is my hope;
I know that he is all in all,
Dearer than husband to the wife—
My father, mother, friend, my all!
He is my hope,
My resting-place,
My strength, my being, and my trust,
For he hath saved me by his grace.

Father and mother I have none;
Brother and sister—all are gone,
Save God, in whom I trust alone,
Who rules the earth from his high thro

Erasmus was now uneasy. He feared that Francis I., would fall, and thus give the victory to the Sorbonne. Accordingly he wrote the king, warning him of their intrigues: "If a prince resists them, they call him a favorer of heresy, and say that it is the duty of the Church (that is to say of a few apocryphal monks and false doctors) to dethrone him. What! shall they be permitted to scatter their poisons everywhere, and we be forbidden to apply the antidote?"

The Sorbonne were enraged at this exposure, and in revenge demanded the trial of Berquin. Duprat, Louisa of Savoy, and Montmorency supported their petition; twelve judges were accordingly nominated by the pope and the king. William Budæus, "the prodigy of France," was the only friend of the accused; but the righteous life of Berquin convinced his judges of his innocence. Berquin now resolved to address the king, and to get Margaret to support him. Margaret wrote to the king: "I fear not to entreat that you will be pleased to have pity upon him. He will convince you that these heretic-finders are more slanderous and disobedient towards you than zealous for the faith. He knows, Monseigneur, that you desire to maintain the rights of every one, and that the just man needs no advocate in the eyes of your compassion. For this cause I shall say no more." But the Sorbonne increased their exertions to prevent his escape, and in March, 1529, Berquin was arrested and taken to the Conciergerie.

Thus was "the most learned of the nobles" thrown into prison, in despite of the queen. The captive dreaded the seizure in his room of certain books which were condemned at Rome, and sent a note touching them to a christian friend by a domestic, saying to him: "My life is at stake." The servant departed trembling, and his fright so increased that he fainted before the image of Our Lady, at the Pont au Change. The note was found in his possession, and Berquin was soon ordered to "be closely confined in a strong tower." From that hour his case was desperate.

On Friday, the 16th of April, 1529, the inquiry was finished, and at noon Berquin was brought into court. "Louis Berquin," said the president, "you are convicted of belonging to the sect of Luther, and of having written wicked books against the majesty of God and of his glorious mother. Wherefore we condemn you to do public penance, bareheaded and with a lighted taper in your hand, in the great court of our palace, asking pardon of God, of the king, and of justice, for the offence you have committed. You shall then be taken, bareheaded and on foot, to the Grève, where you shall see your books burnt. Next you shall be led to the front of the Church of Notre Dame, where you shall do penance to God and the glorious Virgin, his mother. Afterwards you shall have your tongue pierced—that instrument of unrighteousness by which you have so grievously sinned. Lastly, you shall be taken to the prison of Monsieur de Paris, (the bishop,) and be shut up there all your life between four walls of stone; and we forbid you to be supplied either with books to read, or pen and ink to write."

Berquin was startled at this atrocious sentence; but he firmly replied: "I appeal to the king."—"Take care," answered his judges; "if you do not acquiesce in our sentence, we will find means to prevent you from ever appealing again." This was clear. Berquin was sent back

to prison. That afternoon Maillard, the lieutenant-criminal, entered the prisoner's cell to execute the sentence; but he withdrew when Berquin replied. "I have appealed to the king." Budæus, his friend, hastened to his cell in alarm. "Pray do not appeal!" said he; "a second sentence is all ready, and it orders you to be put to death. If you accept the first, we shall be able to save you eventually. Pray do not ruin yourself!" Berquin, a more decided man than Budæus, would rather die than make any concession to error.

Three whole days were spent by Budæus in the most energetic efforts to save his distinguished friend. "O my dear friend," said Budæus, "there are better times coming, for which you ought to preserve yourself." Then he stopped, and added in a more serious tone: "You are guilty towards God and man if by your own act you give yourself up to death." Berquin was touched at last by the perseverance of this great man; he began to waver; his sight became troubled. "All that we ask of you is to beg for pardon. Do we not all need pardon!" Berquin consented to ask pardon of God and the king in the great court of the palace of justice. Budæus departed with joy; but on his return, Berquin, who had struggled in prayer, said: "I will retract nothing; I would rather die than by my silence countenance the condemnation of truth." Budæus withdrew, pale and frightened, to his colleagues.

Beda and his friends arbitrarily revised their sentence, and condemned the nobleman to be strangled, and then burnt on the Grève. Margaret wrote to the king, who was at Blois with Madame ——: "Be pleased, sire, to have pity on poor Berquin, who is suffering only because he loves the Word of God and obeys you." But Francis gave no signs of life. Meanwhile, the judges determined to have the sentence carried out the very day it was delivered, "*in order that he might not be helped by the king.*"

On the morning of the 22d of April, 1529, the officers of parliament entered the gloomy cell where Berquin was absorbed in prayer. The latter arose, calm and firm, and followed them. At noon the escort of the lieutenant-criminal and his sergeants began to move, bearing in their ranks the prisoner on a wretched tumbrel. He wore a cloak of velvet, a doublet of satin and damask, and golden hose, says the Bourgeois of Paris, who probably saw him pass. The king of heaven having invited him to the wedding, Berquin had joyfully put on his finest clothes. "Alas!" said many as they saw him, "he is of noble lineage, a very great scholar, expert and quick in learning . . . and yet he has gone out of his mind!" There was nothing in the looks and gestures of the reformer which indicated the least confusion or pride. He neither braved nor feared death: he approached it with tranquillity, meekness, and hope, as if entering the gates of heaven. Men saw peace unchangeable written on his face.

When the tumbrel reached the place of execution, Berquin alighted, and the crowd clustered about him. The sentence was read by an officer, "with a husky voice;" and at its conclusion Berquin uttered a few christian words to the crowd around. The agents of the Sorbonne immediately began to shout, the soldiers clashed their arms, "and so great was the uproar that the voice of the holy martyr was not heard in the extremity of death." When Berquin found that these clamors drowned his voice, he held his peace. A Franciscan friar, who had accompanied him from the prison, eager to extort from him one word of recantation, redoubled his importunities at this last moment; but the martyr remained firm. At length the monk was silent, and the executioner drew near. Berquin meekly stretched out his head; the hangman passed the cord round his neck and strangled him. "Truly," said the grand penitentiary Merlin, "so good a christian has not died these hundred years and more." The dead body was thrown into the flames and consumed. "Did Berquin acknowledge his error?" asked a spectator of the Franciscan confessor. "Yes, certainly," answered the monk; "and I doubt not that his soul departed in peace."—Erasmus, on hearing this, retorted: "I do not believe a word of it. It is the usual story which those people invent after the death of their victims, in order to appease the anger of the people."

"Alas!" spoke some sorrowfully, "there never was a more virtuous man." The pious said: "It is only through the cross that Christ will triumph in this kingdom." Throughout France the news of this tragedy caused the deepest sorrow. Other christians also suffered. Philip Huaut was burnt alive, after having his tongue cut out; and Francis Desus had both hands and head cut off. "We too, are ready," said the christians, "to meet death cheerfully, setting our eyes on the life that is to come." The Queen of Navarre mourned these deaths and called to mind the promise: "*Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?*" At this time Calvin once more took up his abode in Paris, not far from the spot where his friend had been burnt. Rome thought she had put the reformer to death; but he was about to rise again from his ashes, more spiritual, more clear, and more powerful, to labor at the renovation of society and the salvation of mankind.

Calvin had never before returned to Noyon in such deep emotion. The death of Berquin, the death of his father, the future of the Church and of himself—all oppressed him. He found consolation in the affection of his family, and especially in the devoted attachment of his brother Anthony and of his sister Mary, who were

one day to share his exile. Bowed down by so many afflictions, he would have sunk under the burden, "like a man half dead, if God had not revived his courage while comforting him by his Word."

His father—that old man with mind so positive, with hand so firm,—had designed him for the law; but Calvin, released from his obligations of duty, now thought only of preaching the Gospel. Far from repelling him, his former patrons endeavored to bind him still closer to them. That noble friend of his boyhood, Claude de Hangest of Momor, now abbot of St. Eloy, offered to give him the living of Pont l'Evêque in exchange for that of St. Martin of Marteville. Calvin, seeing in this offer the opportunity of preaching in the very place where his ancestors had lived, accepted; and then resigned, in favor of his brother Anthony, the chapel of La Gésine, of which he had been titulary for eight years. The act is dated the 30th of April, 1529.

The same persons encouraged Calvin to preach. Everybody wanted to hear the son of the episcopal secretary, the cooper's grandson, and the church was thronged. At last a young man, of middle height, with thin pale face, whose eyes indicated firm conviction and lively zeal, went up into the pulpit and explained the Holy Scriptures to his fellow-townsmen. The effects of Calvin's preaching were various. Many persons rejoiced to hear at last of a living Gospel; but the priests exclaimed: "They are setting wolves to guard the sheep."

Calvin only stayed two or three months at Noyon, and departed to Paris, attracted there by the recent establishment of professorships for teaching Latin, Greek and Hebrew. The journey was a painful one, and Calvin arrived in Paris about the end of June, quite worn out with fatigue. He did not leave his room for four days, and during that time his friends and admirers never left his apartment empty. All the agitation of the schools seemed to be transported hither. Coiffard, his fellow-collegian at Orleans, brought his father to see him, and they urged him to make his home at their house. Calvin had but one object—study. "I would accept your offer with both hands," he said, "but that I intend to follow Danès' Greek course, and his school is too far from your house." The father and son went away greatly disappointed. Calvin was also visited by Nicholas Cop, professor at St. Barbe, whose father was physician to the king. These young men were close friends; and the latter listened attentively to the former's counsel.

Calvin had been entrusted with a delicate mission in Paris. The custom of shutting up in convents the young persons who had any tendency towards the Gospel had already begun. "Our friend Daniel the advocate," said Calvin to Cop, "has a sister in a nunnery at Paris; she is about to take the veil, and Daniel wishes to know if it is with her full consent."—"I will accompany you," said the professor, and on the following Sunday, the two friends set out for the convent. While Cop engaged the abbess in conversation, Calvin unobservedly said to Daniel's sister: "Are you taking this yoke upon you willingly, or is it placed on your neck by force? Do not fear to trust me with the thoughts that disturb you." The girl looked at Calvin with a thoughtless air, and answered him with much volubility: "The veil is what I most desire, and the day when I shall make my vow can never come too soon." The future reformer was astonished: he warned her of the responsibility of her rash undertaking, but in vain. "Every time she spoke of her vows," said Calvin, "you might have fancied she was playing with her doll." On the 25th of June, he wrote to Daniel an account of this visit to the convent.

But ere long the summons from on high sounded louder than ever in Calvin's heart. His conscience cried to him that he ought to study the Bible, and all his evangelical friends begged him to devote himself to the Gospel. Thus urged from within and from without, he yielded at last. "I renounce all other sciences," he said, "and give myself up entirely to theology and to God." This news spread among the secret assemblies of the faithful, and all were filled with great satisfaction. The time he now spent in Paris was his apprenticeship. He studied theology with enthusiasm. "The science of God is the mistress science," he said; "the others are only her servants." He excited young and noble minds to pursue these studies. He did more. Unchecked by the alarm created by Berquin's death, he joined the secret assemblies which met under the shadow of night in remote quarters, where he explained the Scriptures with a clearness and energy of which none had ever heard the like. These meetings were held more particularly on the left bank of the Seine, in that part of the city which the catholics afterwards termed *Little Geneva*, and which, on the other hand, is now the seat of Parisian catholicism. "The Word of Christ is always a fire," said his hearers; "but when he explains it, this fire shines out with unusual brilliancy."

"He was wholly given up to divinity and to God, to the great delight of all believers." He already showed, in some features, the character of chief of the Reform. By his large correspondence, he kept himself and others informed of all that was passing in the christian world. He collected papers and documents relating to the most recent facts of the Reformation, and transmitted them to his friends, with commentaries of his own added. A close student, an indefatigable evangelist, this young man of twenty was, by his far-seeing glance, almost a reformer. He did not confine his labors to

Paris, Orleans, Bourges, or Noyon; the city of Meaux occupied his attention. Lefèvre, Farel, and Leclerc, the first martyr, had been welcomed there, and it still possessed Briçonnet. Calvin sought to win the latter back to the Gospel; but the timid bishop replied: "I cannot walk with those people; I cannot conform my manners to theirs." Calvin, however, did not fail to propagate the Gospel at Meaux. Luther took Plautus and Terence into the convent with him, Calvin wrote to Daniel for his own copy of the *Odyssey* of Homer. He soon returned to Paris, which opened a wider field of labor to him, and sought fresh strength from Christ in all his trials.

Meanwhile the Sorbonne, proud of its late triumph over Berquin, decided to pursue its triumphs. Beda did not attack so low as Calvin; he aimed at the doctors whom Francis had invited to Paris for the advancement of learning. He cited Danes, Vatable, and others before the parliament for neglecting Aristotle, and studying the Holy Scriptures only. The professors ably retorted against their craft and sophistry, and the charges were dismissed; but the Sorbonne condemned the study of the Scriptures in Greek and Hebrew. Calvin noted this struggle, and saw that the renewal of the church must be done by faith and by Scripture. But his hour was not yet come. When that student, so thin, pale, and obscure, in appearance so mean, in manner so timid, passed down the street of St. Jacques or of the Sorbonne; when he crept silently past the houses, and slipped unobserved into one of them, bearing with him the Word of life, there was not even an old woman that noticed him. And yet the time was to come when Francis I., with his policy, conquests, priests, court, and festivities, would only call up frivolous or disgusting recollections; while the work which this poor scholar was by God's grace then beginning, would increase day by day for the salvation of souls and prosperity of nations, and would advance calmly but surely to the conquest of the world.

When was France to turn herself towards the Word of God? At the time of her brother's return from his Spanish captivity, Margaret had solicited him to grant liberty of preaching the gospel, and the king had deferred the matter until his sons were restored to freedom. That moment seemed to have arrived. In order to recover his children, Francis had sacrificed at Cambray, (June, 1529,) in the *Ladies' Peace*, the towns he had conquered, the allies who had been faithful to him, and two millions of crowns besides. It was not, however, until ten months later that the children returned. All the royal family hurried to the Spanish frontier to receive them, except Margaret, who was detained at Blois by her approaching confinement. She loved the king's children dearly, and was overjoyed at their recovery. Margaret now strove to put an end to all the divisions among the evangelicals, and commanded Bucer to act as a peacemaker. He was deeply attached to the queen, and without delay informed Luther of the princess' injunctions. "If our opinions are compared with yours," he said, "it will be easily seen that they are radically the same, although expressed in different terms. Let us not furnish our enemies with a weapon with which to attack truth." He added: "Christ will soon be publicly confessed over the whole kingdom."

Great joy and great anguish now distracted the thoughts of the Queen of Navarre. A son was born to her about a fortnight after the return of the children of France; but the child died on Christmas day, 1530, at the age of five months and a-half. The queen felt as if her life had been torn from her, her strength was exhausted; her heart bled, but God consoled her. "I place him," she said, "in the arms of his father;" and as she felt the necessity of giving glory to God publicly, she sent for one of her principal officers, and, with a voice stifled by tears and sighs, ordered that the child's death should be posted up in the principal quarters of the city, and that these words should be at the foot of the notice:

THE LORD GAVE, AND THE LORD HATH TAKEN AWAY.

The pious mother ordered a *Te Deum* to be sung. Francis, who had lately lost two daughters, wrote to his sister: "It is the third of yours and the last of mine, whom God has called away to his blessed communion, acquired by them with little labor, and desired by us with such great travail."

Margaret soon had to quit Alençon for St. Germain, where preparations were making for the marriage of Francis to Queen Eleanor, the Emperor's sister. The court had never been more brilliant. The less happiness there was in this marriage, the more pomp the king desired to display; joy of the heart was replaced by the sound of the fife and drum and of the hautboy. The dresses were glittering, the festivities magnificent. Princes, archbishops, bishops, barons, knights, gentlemen of parliament, and the magistrates of the city, were assembled for this illustrious marriage; scholars and poets were not wanting.

In the midst of all these men of letters was

Margaret, the fairest flower
That ever grew on earth.

The poor mother strove to recall a wandering sheep from the midst of this worldly agitation, and said:

"Come to my fountain pure and free
Drink of its stream abundantly.
Hasten, sinners, to the call
Of your God, who speaks to all:

Come and drink—it gives relief
To every form of mortal grief;
Come and drink the draught divine,
Out of this new fount of mine.
Wash away each mortal stain
In the blood of Jesu slain.
No return I seek from thee
But works of love and charity."

These appeals were not unavailing. Margaret was the evangelist of the court and of the king. Yet not to these alone did she devote the attentions of her ardent charity. Louisa of Savoy was taken seriously ill at Fontainebleau, and Margaret hurried to her side. Never had mother so depraved and daughter so virtuous felt such love for each other. In the midst of all these mournful occupations, the princess kept watch over the friends of the Gospel, and gave an asylum to Lefèvre at Nerac in her own states. Louisa, feeling a little better, travelled from Fontainebleau to Grey, but could go no farther. Margaret prayed earnestly for her mother; she sat by her and spoke to her of the Saviour. "Madame," she said, "I entreat you to fix your hopes elsewhere. Strive to make God propitious to you." This woman, so ambitious, clever, false, and dissolute, whose only virtue was maternal love, does not appear to have opened her heart to her daughter's voice. She breathed her last on the 29th of September, 1531, in the arms of the Queen of Navarre.

Margaret soon became engrossed in plans to achieve a reform which should leave catholicity intact. To set before herself a universal transformation of the church, was certainly a noble and a christian aim; but Calvin, Luther, Farel, and others saw that it could only be attained at the expense of truth.

The royal trio was now broken up. Margaret, knowing well that her mother had always influenced her brother in favor of popery, hoped to profit by an event that had cost her so many tears, and immediately attempted to incline him to the side of the Reform. But the Sorbonne, the bishops, Montmorency, and even the emperor endeavored to set Francis against the evangelicals. Noircarmes, the envoy of the latter, gave utterance to all the usual calumnies against the Reformation, and the king while yet excited bore them to his sister. "Madame," said he angrily, "do you know that your friends the protestants preach the community of goods, the nullity of the marriage tie, and the subversion of thrones? Noircarmes says that if I do not destroy Lutheranism, my crown will be in danger." "Sire," she answered, "the reformers are righteous, learned, peaceful men, who have no other love than that of truth, no other aim than the glory of God, and no other thought than to banish superstition and to correct morals."

Margaret called upon the protestants of Germany to contradict these charges, and this they did immediately. Matthew Reinhold, a devoted evangelical and a clever diplomatist, delivered to the king in April, 1531, a letter from the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and their allies, disclaiming these charges. The king read it graciously, and after several days returned answer: "In order to heal the sores of the christian republic, there must be a council; provided the Holy Ghost, who is the lord of truth, has the chief place in it." Then he added: "Do not fear the calumnies of your enemies." The first step was taken.

The grand idea of the counsellors of Francis I., and of the king himself, was, at this time, to substitute for the old policy of France a new and more independent policy, which would protect it against the encroachments of the papacy. Melancthon was charmed at the king's letter. "The Frenchman answered us in the most amiable manner," he said, "A council guided by the Spirit of God was precisely what the German protestants demanded." Gervais Waim was commissioned as embassador to the German States; but unfortunately he was an upholder of ancient things, and full of prejudices against the Reformation. He was treated with great consideration in Wittemberg, but soon alienated the people by declaring: "You have neither church, nor magistrate, nor marriage."—"This man," said Melancthon, "is a great enemy of our cause."

Margaret, believing that the triumph of the good cause was not far off, struck out of her prayer-book all the prayers addressed to the Virgin and to the saints. This she laid before the king's confessor, William Petit, Bishop of Senlis. "Look here!" she said; "I have cut out all the most superstitious portions of this book." "Admirable!" exclaimed the courtier; "I should desire no other." The queen took the prelate at his word; "Translate it into French," she said, "and I will have it printed with your name." The courtier-bishop did not dare withdraw; and it appeared under the title of *Heures de la Royne de Marguerite* ("Queen Margaret's Prayer-book.")

Nor did the Queen of Navarre stop here. At this time a curé named Lecoq, a man of talent who leaned to the evangelical cause because it appeared to be in favor, by his preaching drew great crowds to St. Eustache. The king was pursuaded to attend, and the curé was informed of his intention. The coming Sunday found an immense congregation. Gradually the sermon grew warmer, and words full of life were heard. "Seek *those things which are above.* Do not confine yourselves during mass to what is upon the altar; raise yourselves by faith to heaven, there to find the Son of God. After he has consecrated the elements, does not the priest

cry out to the people: *Sursum corda!* lift up your hearts! These words signify: Here is the bread, and here is the wine, but Jesus is in heaven. For this reason, sire," continued Lecoq, boldly turning to the king, "if you wish to have Jesus Christ, do not look for him in the visible elements; soar to heaven on the wings of faith. *It is by believing in Jesus Christ that we eat his flesh*, says St. Augustin. If it were true that Christ must be touched with the hands and devoured with the teeth, we should not say *sursum*, upwards! but *deorsum*, downwards! sire, it is to heaven that I invite you. Hear the voice of the Lord: *sursum corda*, sire, *sursum corda!*"

The king was impressed, and invited the priest to a private interview; but Lecoq advanced his doctrines so zealously that the king ordered him to be examined as a heretic by a Romish doctor, "and to be admitted to prove his assertions by the testimony of Holy Scripture." The cardinals of Loraine and Tournon speedily arranged a conference, and said to Lecoq: "The Church has spoken; submit to her decrees." Frightened and soothed by turns, the curé of St. Eustache at last retracted what he had preached. Lecoq had none of the qualities of a martyr.

Happily there were in France firmer christians than he. Toulouse was at this period filled with images, relics, and "other instruments of Romish idolatry." "The bloody parliament" said to their officers: "Keep an eye upon the heretics. If any man does not lift his cap before an image, he is a heretic. If any man, when he hears the *Ave Maria* bell, does not bend the knee, he is a heretic. If any man takes pleasure in the ancient languages and polite learning, he is a heretic. . . . Do not delay to inform against such persons. . . . The parliament will condemn them, and the stake shall rid us of them."

The licentiate Jean de Caturce, a professor of laws, and a native of Limoux, visited his native town at the Epiphany, 1532, to openly proclaim the mercy of the Saviour whom he loved. It was the custom to have a grand supper, at which the king of the feast was proclaimed with boisterousness. Caturce resolved this should not pass off in the usual manner. They were about to celebrate the new royalty by the ordinary toast: *The king drinks!* when Caturce stood up. "There is only one king," he said, "and Jesus Christ is he. It is not enough for his name to flit through our brains—he must dwell in our hearts. He who has Christ in him wants for nothing. Instead, then, of shouting *the king drinks*, let us say this night: *May Christ, the true king, reign in all our hearts!*" Many sympathized, at least by their silence, with the new toast. Caturce continued: "My friends, I propose that after supper, instead of loose talk, dances, and revelry, each of us shall bring forward in his turn one passage of Holy Scripture." The proposal was accepted, and the noisy supper was changed into an orderly christian assembly.

The report of this supper led to the arrest of the licentiate at the university; but in the discussion that followed, he silenced the most learned theologians by pertinent quotations from Scripture, and was sent back to prison. He was tempted to sign a recantation, but refused, saying: "It is a snare of the evil one." Thereupon he was declared a heretic, condemned to be burnt alive, and taken to the square of St. Etienne. In the presence of a great crowd, his academical robes were taken off, and the costume of a merry-andrew was put on him. A Dominican monk now essayed to preach "the sermon of the catholic faith," and read his text: "*The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils.*" Caturce cried out with a clear voice: "Read on." The Dominican, who felt alarmed, stopped short, upon which Caturce himself completed the passage: "*Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe.*" The monks were confounded; the students and other friends of the licentiate smiled. "We know them," continued the energetic professor, these deceivers of the people, who, instead of the doctrines of faith, feed them with trash. In God's service there is no question of fish or of flesh, of black or of grey, of Wednesday or Friday. . . . It is nothing but foolish superstition which requires celibacy and abstaining from meats. Such are not the commandments of God." The poor Dominican could not preach his sermon, and Caturce was led back to the court to be condemned. When the sentence was pronounced, he indignantly exclaimed in Latin: "Thou seat of iniquity! Thou court of injustice!" He was now led to the stake, and died exhorting the people to know Jesus Christ. His death brought forth much fruit, especially among the students. Certain preachers backslided at this time; among them were the prothonotary of Armagnac, the cordelier Des Noces, and his companion the youthful Melchior Flavin. A grey friar at Marcii, awakened by the death of Caturce, sealed with his blood at Toulouse the doctrines he had been taught to faithfully proclaim.

Lecoq had been caught in the snares of the world; Caturce had perished in the flames; some elect souls appeared to be falling into a third danger—a sort of Christianity, partly mystical, partly worldly, partly Romanist. But there was a young man among the evangelical who was beginning to occasion some uneasiness in the lukewarm. Calvin was successively attacked on these three sides, and yet he remained firm. He did more than this, for

every day he enlarged the circle of his christian activity. An advocate, a young *frondeur*, a pious tradesman, a catholic student, a professor of the university, and the Queen of Navarre—all received from him at this time certain impulses which carried them forward in the path of religious duty.

The advocate Daniel loved him dearly, and sought to keep him in the Romish communion. A new bishop of Orleans was appointed in 1532, and Daniel insinuated that Calvin might be appointed official. Had he been made vicar-general at so early an age, he would not have stopped there; that office often led to the highest dignities, and his brilliant genius, his great and strong character, would have made him a bishop. cardinal, who can say? . . . perhaps pope. Instead of freeing the Church he would have enslaved it; and instead of being plain John Calvin he might perhaps have been the Hildebrand of his age. But Calvin chose the rougher road, and gave himself to God alone.

Calvin looked with love upon the martyrs and their burning piles, and sought to speak in behalf of the innocent victims. He had finished his commentary upon Seneca's treatise on Clemency, written in the time of the first persecutions of the christians, and determined to publish it in hopes that it might influence the king. These are the words of Seneca, which, thanks to Calvin, were now heard in the capital of the kings of France: "Clemency becomes no one so much as it does a king —You spare yourself, when you seem to be sparing another. We must do evil to nobody, not even to the wicked; men do not harm their own diseased limbs. It is the nature of the most cowardly wild beasts to rend those who are lying on the ground, but elephants and lions pass by the man they have thrown down. To take delight in the rattling of chains, to cut off the heads of citizens, to spill much blood, to spread terror wherever he shows himself—is that the work of a king? If it were so, far better would it be for lions, bears, or even serpents to reign over us!"

As the booksellers would not print this work, Calvin issued it at his own expense. "Upon my word," said he, "it has cost me more money than I had imagined." On the title page he wrote his name in Latin, *Calvinus;* from this Calvin was derived, which has replaced his family name Cauvin. Calvin was concerned about the good his book would do, and about the repayment of his outlay by its sale, as all his money was spent. He showed great activity in making it known, and begged several of the professors to use his book in their public lectures. It is not certain whether the king read the treatise; at any rate, Calvin was not more fortunate with Francis I. than Seneca had been with Nero. At this time Daniel had commissioned his friend to purchase some Bibles; but he found great difficulty in procuring them, as the Sorbonne had prohibited the sale of editions in French. "I have executed your commission about the Bibles," he wrote to Daniel, "and it cost me more trouble than money." He offered to send his friend a hundred copies of his treatise, if he would lecture upon it.

A fellow student of Calvin's now called forth his sympathy. He was a christian, but retained some remnants of a proud spirit. One day he said to his friends. "I cannot bend my neck beneath the yoke to which you so willingly submit. Farewell! I am going to Strasburg, and renounce all intention of returning to France." Strasburg did not satisfy him, and he was continually in hot discussions. One day his adversary accused him of being an anabaptist. This dreadful reproach cut him off from all sympathy, and falling into great poverty he was compelled to beg his way back to Noyon. Calvin espoused his cause, and warmly defended him from his accusers.

Calvin now returned to Paris. Guidacero, a layman of Venice, had angered the Sorbonne by publishing comments on the *Song of Solomon*, and the *Sermon on the Mount*. Some students acted in a burlesque entitled: "The university of Paris is founded on a monster." Beda was enraged: "They mean me," he exclaimed. But the inquisitors had the good sense not to press a prosecution. Calvin every day attended religious meetings privately held, and kept himself free from the jeering attacks on the priests. One of his intimate associates at this time was Stephen de la Forge, a merchant most liberal to succor the poor, and to propagate the Gospel. Of him Calvin exclaimed in Geneva: "O holy martyr of Jesus Christ! thy memory will always be sacred among believers." Louis du Tillet was another of his friends. He was a gentle, moderate christian, who was continually fluctuating between Calvin and his own relatives, between Scripture and tradition, between God and the world.

Calvin, thanks to the numerous friends who saw him closely, began to be appreciated even by those who calumniated his faith. "This man at least leads an austere life," they said: "he is not a slave to his belly; from his youth he has abhorred the pleasures of the flesh; he indulges neither in eating nor drinking. . . . Look at him . . . his mind is vigorous; his soul unites wisdom with daring. . . But his body is thin and spare; one clearly sees that his days and nights are devoted to abstinence and study."—"Do not suppose that I fast on account of your superstitions," said Calvin. "No! it is only because abstinence keeps away the pains that disturb me in my task."

During the time when the piety of the Queen of Navarre was the purest, a mutual respect and affection united these two noble characters. "I conjure you,"

said Margaret to Calvin, "do not spare me in anything wherein you think I can be of service to you. Rest assured that I shall act with my whole heart, according to the power that God has given me."—"A man cannot enter the ministry of God," says Calvin, "without having been proved by temptation." Would he be led to become Margaret's chaplain, like Roussel? "I should be pleased to have a servant like you," she told him one day. But the simple and upright man replied: "Madame, I am not fitted to do you any great service; the capacity is wanting, and also you have enough without me." He took advantage of the opportunity, and nobly conjured Margaret to speak out more frankly in favor of the Gospel. She declared herself ready to move forward.

An opportunity soon presented itself of realizing the plan she had conceived of renewing the universal church without destroying its unity; but the means to be employed were not such as Calvin desired. They were about to have recourse to carnal weapons. "Now the only foundation of the kingdom of Christ," he said, "is the humiliation of man. I know how proud carnal minds are of their vain shows; but the arms of the Lord, with which we fight, will be stronger, and will throw down all their strongholds, by means of which they think themselves invincible."

Luther now appears again on the scene; and on this important point Luther and Calvin are one.

France, or at least the king and the influential men, appeared at this time to be veering towards a moderate reform Francis I. seemed to have some liking for his sister's religion; but there were other motives inclining him to entertain these ideas. Finding himself without allies in Europe, he endeavored to gain the friendship of the protestants, hoping that with their help he would be in a condition to oppose the emperor and restore the French preponderance in Italy. One man in particular set himself the task of directing his country into a new path; this was William du Bellay, brother to the bishop of Paris, and "one of the greatest men France ever had," says a catholic historian. A skilful, active, and prudent diplomatist, Du Bellay thought that the sixteenth century would substitute for the papacy of the middle ages a form of christianity, catholic of course, but more in conformity with the ancient Scriptures and the modern requirements. From that hour his dominant idea was to unite catholic France to protestant Germany. Bearing the instructions of Francis I., Du Bellay crossed the Rhine in April, 1532. At Schweinfurth-on-the-Maine, between Wurtzburg and Bamberg, he found an assembly composed of a few protestant princes on one side, and a few mediators on the other, among whom was the elector-archbishop of Mayence.

After the great diet of Augsburg in 1530, everything betokened the bursting of a storm in the next spring. The party of prudence wished the evangelical states to seek powerful alliances, and prepare to meet the emperor by force of arms; the party of piety called to mind that the Reformation had triumphed at Augsburg by faith, and added that from faith all its future triumphs were to be expected. "If war breaks out," said Luther, "I call God and the world to witness that the Lutherans have in no wise provoked it; that they have never drawn the sword, never thrown men into prison, never burnt, killed, and pillaged, as their adversaries have done; and, in a word, that they had never sought anything but peace and quietness." On the 29th of March, 1531, the deputies of the protestant states met at Smalcald, in the electorate of Hesse. They were disappointed in their hope of seeing Denmark, Switzerland, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania join them. Nevertheless, they did not hesitate, notwithstanding their weakness, to assert their rights against the power of Charles V. Nine princes and eleven cities entered into an alliance for six years "to resist all who should try to constrain them to forsake the Word of God and the truth of Christ." Some persons proposed, with a view of making the alliance closer, to introduce into all the evangelical churches a perfect uniformity both of worship and ecclesiastical constitution; but energetic voices exclaimed that this would be an infringement of religious liberty under the pretence of upholding it. When the deputies met again at Frankfort, on the 4th of June, these generous men said boldly: "We will maintain diversity for fear that uniformity should, sooner or later, lead to a kind of popery." They understood that the inward unity of faith is better than the superficial unity of form.

After various negotiations the evangelicals met at Schweinfurth to receive the proposals of their adversaries; and it was during this conference (April and May, 1532) that the ambassador of the King of France arrived. When the protestants saw him appear they were rather embarrassed; but still they received him with respect. He soon found out in what a critical position the men of the confession of Augsburg were placed. True, the mediators offered them peace, but it was on condition that they made no stipulations in favor of those who might embrace the Gospel hereafter. This proposal greatly irritated the Landgrave of Hesse, his chancellor Feig, and the other members. Luther was not at Schweinfurth, but he kept on the lookout for news. To presume to save the faith with protocols was almost blasphemous in his eyes, and he wrote to the conference, asking: "Is not God as mighty now as then? Does the Almighty want us to vote

the aid that we mean to give him in future by our human stipulations?" These words of Luther caused general consternation, and the deputies said: "The great man is not quite right in his mind in his advice against treaties." But Luther began to agitate Wittemberg, and drew up an opinion in which he said: "I will never take upon my conscience to provoke the shedding of blood, even to maintain our articles of faith. It would be the best means of destroying the true doctrine, in the midst of the confusion of war." The reformer thought that if the Lutherans and the Zwinglians, the Germans and the Swiss united, they would feel so strong that they would assume the initiative and draw the sword—which he wished to avert by all means in his power.

But the politicians were not more inclined to give way than the theologians. The protestant deputies withdrew to the little town of Königsberg in Franconia, and resolved themselves into secret committee to receive the ambassador of France. Du Bellay stated: "My august master, desirous of avoiding further delay, has commissioned me to say that you will find him ready to assist you. Though his brother of England (which he does not believe) were to refuse; though the emperor should march his armies against you, the king will not abandon you." But the pacific ideas of Luther prevailed over those of Francis I. The Elector of Saxony sided with the reformer, and it was agreed to name in the act of alliance only the princes and cities that had already adhered to the confession of Augsburg. The Landgrave of Hesse complained: "The future will show whether they have acted wisely in this matter." Du Bellay skilfully adverted to the vexed question of Wurtemberg, whose government was now usurped by Ferdinand, brother of the emperor, to the despoilment of the protestant Duke Ulrich. "As for the Duke of Wurtemberg, the king my lord will heartily undertake to serve him to the utmost of his power, without infringing the treaties."

A mixed assembly of catholics and protestants having met at Nuremberg in the month of May, the protestants demanded a council in which everything should be decided "according to the pure Word of God." The members of the Roman party, as the Turks were threatening the empire, reluctantly agreed that, while waiting for the next free and general council, the *status quo* should be preserved. During this first religious peace, on the 14th of August, 1532, the venerable Elector John of Saxony, "the Father of the German land," was struck with apoplexy and died, saying: "God help me." Du Bellay, desirous of emancipating France from Rome, accepted the conditions of the protestants, and the two parties signed a sort of agreement.

Francis I. having heard Du Bellay's experience, sent him instantly to England to give Henry VIII. a full account of these negotiations with the protestant princes. Articles of alliance were drawn up with Henry on the 23d of June, 1532, when that prince was most out of humor with the court of Rome. Francis I. was not ready to break with Rome; but he sought to ally himself with Germany and England that were separating from the pope, to shake off the supremacy of Charles V. The two kings determined to have an interview, and they had a four days' meeting at Boulogne. They each had "great complaints and grievances" against Clement VII., and resolved to "take from the pope the obediance of their kingdoms." Francis desired to begin with milder means, and Henry consented that France should forward his grievances to Rome. Grand entertainments were given by Henry at Calais, and at a masked ball there Francis was charmed with Anne Boleyn, Marchioness of Pembroke, who died as one of the wives of Henry VIII. The princes agreed to raise an army of 65,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, apparently against the Turks.

Wishing to make a last effort before determining to break with the pope, Francis summoned Cardinals de Tournon and de Gramont, men devoted to his person, and said to them: "You will go to the holy father and lay before him in confidence both our grievances and our dissatisfaction. You will tell him that, in accord with other christian princes, we shall assemble a council without him, and that we shall forbid our subjects in future to send money to Rome. You will add—but as a secret and after taking the pope aside—that in case his holiness should think of censuring me and forcing me to go to Rome for absolution, I shall come, but *so well attended* that his holiness will be only too eager to grant it me."

Such were the proud words France sent to Rome. The two kings separated. A young prince, held captive by Charles V., gave them the first opportunity of acting together against both emperor and pope.

The news of the meeting of Francis I. and Henry VIII., alarmed Germany, Italy, and all Europe; but nobody was more alarmed than the pope. Already he saw France, like England, throwing off the yoke of Rome. On leaving Boulogne, Francis went to Paris, and the priests in their new uneasiness, granted the king nearly six hundred thousand ducats on his request. An unexpected event furnished the opportunity of employing the priests' money in favor of the Reformation.

The haughty Soliman had invaded Hungary with numerous hordes in July, 1532; but ere long Charles forced the magnificent barbarian to retire. The emperor hastened to pass the Alps in the summer of 1532, as he desired to join the pope in combating projects which threatened them both from the alliance of England and France. In his train was a young prince of eighteen, Christopher, son of Duke Ulrich, of

Wurtemberg. When his father was expelled from his duchy by the Austrians, this boy of five years was torn from his parents and his country. In his early life at Innsbruck, his dress was neglected, and he was often half-starved. Michael Tifernus, a faithful follower, was appointed his tutor, and under his care the prince became an accomplished young man. At the diet of Augsburg, Christopher was struck with the fidelity and courage of the protestants; there he saw Ferdinand invested with the duchy of Wurtemberg, and he determined to recover his inheritance and give his support to the Reformation. Watching a favorable opportunity in crossing the Alps into Italy, he lagged behind with his follower until sheltered by a turn in the road, and then set off at full gallop for Salzburg. It was believed the two young men had been murdered by brigands among the mountains; and Christopher kept himself in concealment under the protection of his near relatives, the dukes of Bavaria. The Austrians were confident of his death until, in November, 1532, a document bearing his name and claiming his inheritance, was suddenly circulated all over Germany. This paper caused great joy in Wurtemberg, and all Protestant Germany.

We must now return to the country of Margaret of Navarre, and see how this princess began to realize her great project of having the pure Gospel preached in the bosom and under the forms of the Roman Catholic Church.

The alliance with England, and the hope of being able, sooner or later, to triumph over Charles V., filled the king of France with joy; and accordingly the carnival of the year 1533 was kept magnificently at Paris. The court was absorbed in entertainments, balls, and banquets. As soon as the carnival was ended, Francis started for Picardy, leaving the King and Queen of Navarre at Paris. Margaret had been compelled, willingly or unwillingly, to take part in all the court fêtes; and she now determined to make up for it by organizing a great evangelical preaching instead of the "bacchanalia." Was not Francis holding out his hand to the King of England and to the protestants of Germany? The opportunity should be seized of preaching the new doctrine boldly.

The Queen of Navarre sent for Roussel and communicated her intention to him. She will open the great churches of the capital, and from their pulpits the inhabitants of Paris shall hear the mighty summons. The poor almoner was dismayed, and he begged the queen to find some other person; but he was at last prevailed on to preach. This obstacle having been surmounted, Margaret met with another. It was the custom of the Sorbonne to appoint the preachers, and despite the influence of the Queen of Navarre, the pulpits of the capital were closed against the almoner. But nothing could stop the Queen, and she opened to Roussel the palace of the king. The largest halls in the Louvre, with the galleries and adjoining rooms, were thronged every day in Lent, to hear these Lutheran sermons. Nobles, lawyers, men of letters, merchants and trades-people, to the number of four or five thousand hearers, crowded daily around Roussel. The King and Queen of Navarre were in the chief places. The Scriptures were read, and in simple but touching language, Roussel proclaimed the salvation obtained by a living faith. Instead of attacking the Roman religion, he appealed to the conscience; and this preaching of the Gospel won, instead of irritating men's minds. The satisfaction was general. Some of his hearers wrote in their admiration to Melancthon, who informed Luther, Spalatin, and others of it. Germany rejoiced to see France begin to move at last.

Margaret resolved to prosecute her work, and win the prize of the contest by opening the churches to the Gospel. She therefore began to work upon the king, and, as he was thinking only of his alliances with Henry VIII. and the protestants, she obtained from him an order authorizing the Bishop of Paris to appoint whom he pleased to preach in his diocese. The prelate, who was a brother of the diplomatist Du Bellay, at Margaret's request named two evangelical Augustine monks—Courault and Berthaud. "Strange!" said the public voice; "here are men of the order to which Luther belonged going to preach the doctrine of the great reformer in the capital of France." All the evangelicals were overjoyed and wrote to their friends everywhere that "Paris was supplied with three excellent preachers, announcing the truth . . . with a little more boldness than was customary."

Couralt, a sincere scriptural christian, attacked unsparingly the errors of the Church, and the vices of the professors; in after years, a blind exile in Switzerland, he was Calvin's colleague. Berthaud, the other preacher named by the bishop, subsequently deserted the Gospel and died a canon of Besançon. These evangelical preachings were important facts, and were attentively watched by the Sorbonne. "Let the preachers be seized and put to death like Berquin," urged Beda. According to his advice, Roussel was denounced to the king. The doctors were referred first to Duprat, who sent them to the bishop; but the liberal Du Bellay only laughed at them, and the first president gave them no support. "They are at the end of their tether and cannot succeed," said Sturm; "for those who can help them will not, and those who will cannot."

The doctors of the Sorbonne now lost all moderation. "The king," said they, "who publicly supports the heretics, his sister and the Archbishop of Paris, who protect them, are as guilty as they."

Orders were sent through all the camp: every pulpit became a volcano. Furious declamations, superstitious sermons, scholastic discourses, violent and grotesque speeches—the supporters of Rome made use of all. Le Picard, a bachelor of divinity, professor of the college of Navarre, in his sermon invoked the Virgin, and bluntly accused the king of heresy. "Stir up the people by your discourses," said Beda to his orators. "Though the monarch deserts the papacy, agitate, still agitate!" It was a critical moment: it was in the balance whether France would remain catholic or become heretic. The mendicant friars, who had access to every family were set to work to whisper in the people's ears: "The pope is above the king. If the king favors the heretics, the pope will free us from our oaths of fidelity." These incendiary discourses and a series of bigoted practices ordered in honor of St. James, succeeded in exciting the people to gather in crowds and cry out: "The pope forever! down with his enemies!"

But even that was not sufficient. There was still wanting a theological decision from the first academical authority of christendom, which should place Roussel in the same rank as the arch-heretic Luther. The Sorbonne, wishing to strike a decisive blow, published a certain number of the so-called pernicious and scandalous doctrines imputed to Roussel, and condemned them as being similar to the errors of Luther. The alarm and agitation were now at their height; the people fancied they could see the monk of Wittemberg breathing his impious doctrines over Paris. Rome fought boldly, and everything was in confusion. But Calvin was undaunted.

Margaret and her husband, with the Bishop Du Bellay, alarmed at the storm, resolved to lay their complaints before Francis I. The kingly authority was threatened: these hot-headed "wallet-bearers" were the predecessors of those who instigated the murders of Henry III. and Henry IV. The King of Navarre and the Bishop of Paris laid before their sovereign an alarming picture of the state of the capital. "The blood of Berquin does not satisfy these fanatics," they said; "they are calling for fresh acts of cruelty. . . . And who will be their victims now? . . . They are planning a crime, a revolt." But while Francis was listening to his sister's denunciations with one ear, he was receiving those of the Sorbonne in the other. "Sedition!" said one party. "Heresy!" cried the other. "Sire," repeated the theologians incessantly, "shut the pulpits against Roussel and his colleagues." Thus pulled in different directions, the king, puzzled which to believe, resolved to punish both parties alike. "I will confine them all to their houses," he said; "Beda with his orators on one side, and Gerard Roussel with his preachers on the other. We shall then have some peace, and be able at our leisure to examine these contradictory accusations." Thus, at the same moment, Beda, Maillard, Ballue, and Bouchigny of the church party, and Roussel, Courault, and Berthaud of the evangelical party, received orders not to leave their houses.

The theologians were indignant at being placed in the same rank with the Lutherans. The turbulent Beda made light of the King's commands, and frequently rode into the city on his mule to aid his agents in arousing the fanatical passions of the populace. In some respects this defender of the pope was stronger than the king. A riot seemed about to break out. The friends of learning and of the king were alarmed. The king, who was at Meaux, gave way to a paroxysm of anger. He ordered Cardinal Duprat and the Bishop of Senlis to make all haste to Paris, stop the intrigues of the Sorbonne and the promenades of Beda, and also arrest Le Picard. "As for the inquiry about heresy," said the king, "I reserve that for myself." Heresy was treated with more tenderness than the first catholic faculty of christendom. Scarcely had the two prelates left Meaux, when a deputation from the Sorbonne arrived. The theologians desired, if possible, to win the king by meekness; but soon they irritated him by declaring it was the prerogative of the Sorbonne, and not of the prince, to give their opinion in a matter of heresy. Still he contained himself, until the doctors, coming to threats of revolt, and shouting their loudest, reminded him of the possibility of a deposition of kings by the popes. Then, aroused to a terrible fit of anger, he drove the reverend fathers from his presence, saying: "Get about your business, you donkeys!" The Sorbonne now placed their hope in the cardinal. But Duprat served his master before all things, and he could not hide from himself that the hot-headed catholics were threatening the king's crown. He resolved to strike heavily.

As soon as he reached Paris, he had Le Picard arrested, as being the most compromised, and had him interrogated by the advocate-general. He was condemned to be shut up in the abbey of St. Magloire, and forbidden to teach. Nor did Duprat stop there. He was shocked that the paltry priests should dare to speak against that royal majesty of Francis I. for which he, a cardinal and chancellor, had nothing but humble flatteries. He summoned some of the mendicant friars before him and demanded sternly: "Who permitted, or who authorized you to insult the king and excite the people?" The terrified priests replied: "It was with the consent and the good pleasure of our reverend masters?" The theologians of Sorbonne were now summoned in their turn. In their affright, they managed to take shelter behind certain clever reservations: they had *hinted*

the insult, but they had not *commanded* it. The Sorbonne thought themselves safe, but the vigilant Duprat informed the king of the result.

Francis had never been so angry with the catholics, and he determined on severe measures to convince his protestant allies of the sincerity of his professions. On the 16th of May, 1533, the indefatigable Beda, the fiery Le Picard, and the zealous friar Mathurin, the three most intrepid supporters of the papacy in France, appeared before the parliament. An event so extraordinary filled both university and city with surprise and emotion. Devout men raised their eyes to heaven; devout women redoubled their prayers to Mary; but Beda and his two colleagues, proud of their Romish orthodoxy, appeared before the court, and compared themselves with the confessors of Christ standing before the proconsuls of Rome. They were amazed and terrified when the president pronounced their sentence: "Reverend gentlemen, you are banished from Paris, and will henceforward live thirty leagues from this capital; you are at liberty, however, to select what residences you please, provided they be at a distance from each other. You will leave the city in twenty-four hours. If you break your ban, you will incur the penalty of death. You will neither preach, give lessons, nor hold any kind of meeting, and you will keep up no communication with one another, until the king has ordered otherwise." As if the king wished to show the triumph of evangelical ideas, he cancelled the injunction against Roussel; and Margaret's almoner was able once more to preach the Gospel in the capital. "If you have any complaint against him," said the king to the Sorbonne, "you can bring him before the lawful tribunals."

The doctors of the Sorbonne were seized with a fit of terror, and sent deputies to the king; but Francis rejected every demand. All the city was in commotion, some being against the decree, others for it. The friends of learning leaped for joy. Some of the most intelligent men imagined that France was about to be regenerated and transformed. The friends of the Reform indulged in transports, and, as it were, a universal shout welcomed the opening of a new era. But alas! France was still far distant from it; she was not judged worthy of such happiness. Instead of seeing the triple banner of the Gospel, morality, and liberty raised upon her walls, that great and mighty nation was destined, owing to Romish influence, to pass through centuries of despotism and wild democracy, frivolity and licentiousness, superstition and unbelief.

A student of Alsace, who called himself *Siderander*, "*a man of iron*," an amiable but particularly curious young man, has left some interesting notes of the times. He records his disappointment at not seeing the great papists going into banishment on the appointed day, as the government dreaded a riot. The next morning, at an early hour, the four culprits, Beda, Le Picard, Mathurin, and a Franciscan, came forth under guard and without noise. The doctors, humiliated at being led out of the city like malefactors, did not even raise their heads. But the precautions of the police were useless: many people were on the look-out, the news spread in a moment through the quarter, and a crowd of burgesses, monks, and common people filled the streets to see the celebrated theologians pass, dejected, silent, and with downcast eyes. The glory of the Sorbonne had faded; even that of Rome was dimmed; and it seemed to many as if the papacy was departing with its four defenders.

The disciples of the Gospel did not confine themselves to words. While the Sorbonne bent its head, the Reformation was looking up. In every quarter of Paris, the evangelists boldly proclaimed the truth revealed of Jesus Christ in the Word of God. The friends of the Gospel, transported with joy, exclaimed: "At last Christ is preached publicly in the pulpits of the capital, and all speak of it freely. May the Lord increase among us day by day the glory of his Gospel!"

Unfortunately the Reformation had less upright auxiliaries in the sixteenth century. The students, especially, did not spare satire. They posted up a long placard, written carefully with ornamented letters in French verse, in which the four theologians were described in the liveliest and most fantastic colors. Two of their colleagues were also introduced, and also Pierre Cornu, who was especially notorious for his curious begging sermons, full of bad French and bad Latin. The Sorbonne, however, had friends who replied to these jests by bursts of passion. "The man who wrote these verses is a heretic," they exclaimed. From insults they passed to threats; from threats they came to blows, and the placard was soon torn down. Two days after another placard was posted up, containing some rude rhymes which in time became the motto of the catholic party. Pierre Siderander copied them, and thus they were handed down to our times:

To the stake! to the stake! with the heretic crew,
That day and night vexes all good men and true.
Shall we let them Saint Scripture and her edicts
defile?
Shall we banish pure science for Lutherans vile?
Do you think that our God will permit such as these
To imperil our bodies and souls at their ease?

O Paris, of cities the flower and the pride,
Uphold that true faith which these her'tics deride;
Or else on thy towers storm and tempest shall fall..
Take heed by my warning; and let us pray all
That the King of all kings will be pleased to confound
These dogs so accursed, where'er they be found,
That their names, like bones going fast to decay,
May from memory's tablets be clean wiped away.

To the stake! to the stake! the fire is their home!
As God hath permitted, let justice be done.

Other placards stirred up the people, and Roussel was mentioned by name as one who deserved to be burnt. The zeal of the Sorbonne displayed itself on every side. "Justice! justice," they exclaimed; "let us punish these detestable heretics, and pluck up Lutheranism root and branch." The whole city was excited.

In the midst of all this agitation the Reformation was advancing quietly but surely. While the Queen of Navarre boldly professed her living piety in the palace, and preachers proclaimed it from their pulpits to the believing crowd, evangelical men, still in obscurity, were modestly propagating around them a purer and mightier faith. At this period Calvin spent four years in Paris, (1529–1533,) where he at first engaged in literature, and then devoted himself to the service of God. He felt the necessity of a time of silence and christian meditation; but now he displayed great activity, visited the different quarters of Paris where secret assemblies were held, and there proclaimed a more scriptural, a more complete, and a bolder doctrine. He usually ended his discourses, we are told, with these words: "*If God be for us, who can be against us.*" All persons rendered the strongest testimony to his piety and his faithfulness.

These christians were full of hope, and even Calvin entertained the bold idea of winning the king, the university, and indeed France herself, over to the Gospel. Paris was in suspense. Every one thought that some striking and perhaps sudden change was about to take place in one direction or another. Will Rome or will the Reformation have the advantage? Public attention was particulary turned towards the Sorbonne, where it was known that the heads of the Roman party were holding council. The inquisitive Siderander often asked the sons of the celebrated Budæus what their father was planning. "He is much with the bishop," answered they, "but he is planning nothing." The Sorbonne, the religious orders, and all fervent catholics, being convinced that the innovators, by exalting Jesus Christ and his Word, were humbling the Church and the papacy, were determined to wage a deadly war against them. They thought that if they first struck down the most formidable of their adversaries, they could easily disperse the rest of the rebel army. But against whom should the first blow be aimed? This was the subject of deliberation in those councils which the curious Siderander desired so much to overhear.

Before we learn what was preparing at the Sorbonne, we must enter more illustrious council-chambers, and transport ourselves to Bologna.

The emperor, having descended the Italian slopes of the Alps and crossed the north of Italy, arrived at Bologna on the 5th of December, 1532, somewhat annoyed at the disappearance of Duke Christopher. The pope had arrived in that city; princes, nobles, prelates, and courtiers filled its numerous palaces. The emperior desired a conference with the pope, with the intention of uniting closely with him, and through him with the other catholic princes against France and the Reformation. But Charles was mistaken if he thought to find himself alone with the pope at Bologna. He was to meet with opponents who would hold their own against him; a struggle was about to begin around Clement VII., between France and the empire. Francis I., who had just had a conference with Henry VIII., did not care, indeed, to meet Charles; but his place in Italy was to be supplied by men who would do his work better than he could do it himself. On the 4th of January, 1533, Cardinals de Tournon and de Gramont, sent by Francis to Clement to threaten him with a certain "great injury," which he might have cause to regret forever, arrived in this city. Would the presence of the two cardinals thwart Charles' plans?

The first point which the emperor desired to carry was the convocation of a general council. A grave man and always occupied with business, he possessed a soul greedy of dominion. He had planned to unite Germany under his patronage, if not under his sceptre, and he was humiliated to see it divided into two pieces in his hands. He had gone to the diet of Augsburg to crush the Reformation, and had been forced to recognize it. Other means must be resorted to, to bring the schism to an end. But Clement VII., feared a council as much as Charles desired it, and he cunningly determined to put off this assembly indefinitely, although always promising it. "They would want to redress grievances," he said to his confidants, "and reform abuses, quite as much as to extirpate heresy." While the emperor recognized the inefficiency of temporal arms, the pope felt still more keenly the inefficiency of spiritual arms. Each of these two personages distrusted the power of which he had most experience. The humble Gospel of the reformers intimidated both Church and Empire. These two potentates met in conference in the palace of Bologna, and each tried unsuccessfully to convert the other to his views. The papacy in the sixteenth century was active enough as a political power, but as a spiritual power it was nothing. Clement reduced Charles to despair by his evasions, and the latter induced the cardinals to decide for an immediate convocation of a council. A second consistory was called, and coincided with the pope.

Charles meditated the formation of a defensive Italian league against Francis, and communicated his plan reservedly to the pope. Clement dreaded the confeder-

ation, but professed himself charmed; at the same time he informed the ambassador of Venice of the proposition. The pontiff had always two faces and two meanings. "Clement determined to move cautiously," said Du Bellay, "temporizing, quibbling, waiting, and stopping to see what the French cardinals would bring him." They arrived just at this critical moment. Cardinal de Tournon, the able accomplice of the Guises in after years, was the more hierarchial of the two; his colleague, Cardinal de Gramont, afterwards Archbishop of Toulouse, was the more politic; both had the interests of their master Francis at heart. Their mission was difficult, but they were skilful. To win the pope from Charles V. and give him to Francis I., to save catholicism in France, and to lay the kingdom at the pope's feet, were their aims. "Let us carry out our instructions," they said, "by beginning with the last article. Instead of employing severity first and mildness last, we will do just the contrary."

The cardinals were received with great respect by the pontiff, and tried to make him understand that, for the good of the holy see, he ought to preserve the goodwill of the most christian king. They therefore proposed an interview with Francis, and even with the King of England, that prince being eager to put an end to the difficulties of the divorce. "Finally," they added, laying a slight stress upon the word, "certain proposals, formerly put forward in the king's name, might be carried out." "These proposals," says Du Bellay, "would lead, it must be understood, to the great exaltation of the pope and his family." The last argument was the decisive stroke which gained Clement VII.

Francis, after great hesitation, now proposed to the pope, by a special ambassador, the Duke of Albany, the marriage of his son Henry, Duke of Orleans, with a girl of fourteen, a relative of the pope's, and who was named Catherine de Medici. This was a scheme which would fill all Europe with surprise: a deplorable combination which by uniting the pope, indissolubly as it appeared, to the interests of the Valois, was sooner or later to separate France from England, change the channel that divides them into a deep gulf, infuse Florentine blood into the blood of France, introduce the vilest Machiavellism into the hearts of her kings, who boasted of their chivalrous spirit, check the spread of learning, turn back on their hinges the gates that were beginning to open to the sun, confine the people in darkness, and install an era of debauchery, persecution, and assassination both private and public.

Catherine was the daughter of Lorenzo II. de Medici, nephew of Leo X., and invested by his uncle in 1516 with the duchy of Urbino. On the death of her father she had been left a portionless orphan. Clement was transported with delight at the prospect of placing a Medici on the throne of France. Francis in turn demanded for his son Henry a fine Italian state composed of Parma, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, Modena, Urbino and Reggio; besides (said the secret articles) the duchy of Milan and the lordship of Genoa. Clement agreed to these terms, with no intention of ever fulfilling them. In their stead France was to receive the imbecile Francis II., the sanguinary Charles IX., the abominable Henry III., the infamous Duke of Anjou, and that witty, dissolute woman who became the wife of Henry IV. The pope rejoiced at this good luck from heaven, which secured to him France and her king, and released him from entering the Italian league.

Charles had heard something about this marriage sometime before; but the ridiculous story had only amused him. The King of France unite himself with the merchants of Florence! . . . And Clement can believe this! . . . "Hence Charles V., thinking," as Du Bellay tells us, "that the affair would never be carried out, had advised the pope to consent."

Meanwhile Francis lost no time. He had commissioned Du Bellay, the diplomatist, to communicate his intentions to his good brother the King of England, who had a claim to this information, as he was godfather to the future Henry II.—worthy godfather and worthy godson. The self-conceit of the Tudor was still more hurt than that of the Valois. Henry, however, consented that Francis should deal with the pope about his godson; he only wished that he might be sold dear. His own full restoration to the favor of the court of Rome after his marriage with Anne Boleyn, would have made Henry willing to restore England to the Roman Church.

When the emperor was informed of these matters, he began to knit his brows. A flash of light revealed to him the ingenious plans of his rival, and he took immediate steps to prevent the dangerous union. Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII., and the pope, were all in commotion at the thought of this marriage, and little Catherine was the Briseis around whom met and contended the greatest powers of the world.

At first the emperor endeavored to instil into the pope's mind suspicions of the good faith of the King of France. That was no difficult matter. Clement, who always tried to deceive, was naturally inclined to believe that the king was doing the same. Charles then shrewdly asked the young lady's hand for Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan. Clement replied: "It is a great offer; but I cannot listen to any other proposal without offending the king." Clement maintained Francis was sincere in his offer. Charles replied: "Ask the two cardinals to procure immediately from France the powers necessary

for settling the marriage contract. You will soon see whether his proposal is anything better than base money which they want to palm off upon you." Clement assented. "Nothing is more easy," said Tournon and Gramont, who wrote to their master without delay. Francis I. was startled at this dispatch, and would have liked to proceed slowly; but he dared not allow Charles to triumph by his refusal. The king's ambition was stronger than his vanity; he had the full powers drawn up, signed, and sent off.

They arrived at Bologna about the middle of April, and the pope immediately communicated them to the emperor. Charles could not believe it, and said: "The king has only sent this document for a show; if you press the ambassadors to go on and conclude the treaty, they will not listen to you." The cardinals replied to the pope: "We offer to stipulate forthwith the clauses, conditions, and settlements that are to be included in the contract." The pope was overjoyed, and told the emperor that the terms of the contract were being drawn up.

Charles sought a last means of breaking up "this detestable cabal," and required the insertion in the contract of four articles by the pope. "You promised me," said Charles, "first, that the king should bind himself to alter nothing in Italy; second, to confirm the treaties of Cambray and Madrid; third, to consent to a council; and fourth, to get the King of England to promise to make no innovations in his country until the matter of his divorce was settled in Rome." The King of France would never agree to such conditions; the pope was dismayed. "I made no such promises," he exclaimed eagerly; but he probably had for form sake. The emperor, a master in dissimulation, tried to conceal his vexation, but without success; this unlucky marriage baffled all his plans. Francis had been more cunning than himself. . . . Who would have thought it? The King of France had sacrificed the honor of his house, but he had conquered his rival.

Another circumstance gave him hope of embroiling the pope and the King of France. The emperor had asked for a general council, in order "to bring back the heretics to union with the holy faith." The pope, who thought much more of himself and of his family, had rejected this demand. Clement never troubled himself about the Gospel; Machiavelli was the gospel of the Medici. The policy of the King of France was as interested, but more frank and honest. He had, like Henry VIII., the intention of emancipating kings from the pontifical supremacy, and desired to make the secular instead of the papal element predominate in christian society. He enunciated a third policy most original and bold, which filled the emperor with astonishment, and the pope with alarm. "Let all the christian potentates, whatever be their particular doctrine, (the King of England and the protestant princes of Germany and the other evangelical states, were therefore included,) first communicate with one another on the subject, and then let each of them send to Rome as soon as possible ambassadors provided with ample powers to discuss and draw up by common accord all the points to be considered by the council. They shall have full liberty to bring forward anything that they imagine will be for the unity, welfare, and repose of christendom, the service of God, the suppression of vice, the extirpation of heresy, and the uniformity of our faith. No mention shall be made of the remonstrances of our holy father, or of the decisions of former councils; which would give many sovereigns an opportunity or an excuse for not attending." Whatever states did not agree in council with the others, would thus be openly condemned.

It was very near the end of February when the emperor received at Bologna this singular opinion of the French King, as he was busy forming the Italian league, and preparing to leave for Spain. Charles instinctively felt the encroachment of modern times in this project of Du Bellay's. "That," said he, "would be depriving the council of its authority by a single stroke." Francis' proposal did not succeed, but in 1562, in the council at Trent, his scheme was partially realized.

Clement resolved to give Charles the trifling satisfaction of signing a league whose object was to exclude Francis I. from Italy, although he was stipulating directly the contrary with the French King. The first articles were signed on the 28th of February, the day of the emperor's departure. Charles then demanded a cardinal's hat for three of his prelates; but the pope granted one hat only. The French ambassador then demanded one for the Bishop of Orleans, which was granted, and one *on behalf of the King of England.* "This request of a hat for England," exclaimed Charles, "displeases me more than if the ambassador of France had asked *four* for his master." The emperor departed "evil contented."

Francis now arranged that the pope, who had waited for the emperor in Italy, should come and seek him in his own kingdom. The pope thus showed him greater honor than he had shown Charles—on which point he was very sensitive. Marseilles was accordingly agreed upon. The pope was at the summit of happiness, and the bride's eyes sparkled with delight. The die was cast; Catherine de Medici would one day sit on the throne of France; the St. Bartholomew was in store for that noble country, the blood of martyrs would flow in torrents down the streets of Paris, and the rivers would roll through the provinces long and speechless trains of

corpses, whose ghastly silence would cry aloud to heaven.

But that epoch was still remote; and just now Paris presented a very different spectacle. It is time to return thither.

The Romish party would not be comforted under its defeat. Beda, Le Picard, and Mathurin in exile; evangelical sermons freely preached in the great churches of the capital; the new doctrines carried through Paris from house to house; and the Queen of Navarre seated, as it were, upon the throne during her brother's absence, protecting and directing this Lutheran activity—it was too much! The anxiety and alarm of the ultramontanists increased every day, and they held numerous conferences. "The queen," they said, "is the modern Eve by whom the new revolt is entering into the world."—"It is the Queen of Navarre who supports the disciples of Luther in France; she has placed them in schools; she alone watches over them with wonderful care, and saves them from all danger. Either the king must punish her, or she must publicly recant her errors." The ultramontanists did not restrict themselves to words: they entered into a diabolical plot to ruin the pious princess. This was not easy, as the king loved her, all good men revered her, and all Europe admired her. But they sought to destroy her through the influence of the grand-master Montmorency, in whom she trusted, but who was irritated at her sentiments.

An opportunity occurred for beginning the attack, and the Sorbonne caught at it. In 1533 the Queen of Navarre published a new edition of her christian poem—without the author's name, and without the authorization of the Sorbonne—first issued two years before, entitled: *The Mirror of the Sinful Soul, in which she discovers her Faults and Sins, as also the Grace and Blessings bestowed on her by Jesus Christ her Spouse.* The poem was mild, spiritual, inoffensive; but the essential doctrine of the Reformation, salvation by Jesus Christ alone, was strongly impressed upon it, and it made a great sensation. The alarmed Sorbonne cried out—"heresy!" The censor Beda, who had not then been banished, devoured it, and at last declared he had "literal, clear, complete proofs that the Queen of Navarre was really a heretic." "What!" he exclaimed, "what! no more auricular confessions, indulgences, penance, and works of charity!" The Sorbonne assembled, and Beda read out to his colleagues the most flagrant passages, full of pure theology of the heart, not of the schools:

Jesus, true fisher thou of souls!
My only Saviour, only advocate!
Since thou God's righteousness has satisfied,
I fear no more to fall at heaven's gate.
My Spouse bears all my sins, though great they be,
And all his merits places upon me, . .
Come, Saviour, make thy mercies known. . .
Jesus for me was crucified:
For me the bitter death endured,
For me eternal life procured.

Satan, where is now thy tower?
Sin, all withered is thy power.
Pain or death no more I fear,
While Jesus Christ is with me here.
Of myself no strength have I,
But God, my shield, is ever nigh.

"Observe the foolish assurance," said the syndic, "into which the new doctrine may bring souls:"

Not hell's black depth, nor heaven's vast height,
Nor sin with which I wage continual fight,
Me for a single day can move,
O holy Father, from thy perfect love.

How beautiful is death,
That brings to weary me the hour of rest!
Oh! hear my cry and hasten, Lord, to me,
And put an end to all my misery.

Some one having observed that the Queen of Navarre had not append d her name to the title of her work, her accuser replied: "Wait until the end; the signature is there;" and then he read the last line:

The good that he has done to me, his Margaret.

In a short time insinuations and accusations against the sister of the king were heard from every pulpit.

Margaret did not love the monks, and desired to see monastic life with its manifold corruptions abolished. She wrote for private circulation several tales describing faithfully, unaffectedly, and sometimes too broadly, the avarice, debauchery, pride, and grovelling character of their lives, and opposed to their practices the simple, severe, and spiritual teaching of the Gospel. We acquit the author as regards her intentions, but we condemn her work. Several of these copies fell into the hands of the ecclesiastics, and added fuel to their rage. The priest Leclerq was ordered to seize *The Mirror of the Sinful Soul* in all the bookstores, and he returned to the Sorbonne laden with his spoils. The Faculty next deliberated what to do. "Let us have less ceremony," exclaimed a grey friar; "put the Queen of Navarre into a sack and throw her into the river" Margaret supported these insults with admirable calmness, and wrote confidingly to Montmorency, saying: "I rely upon you." The society, without pretending to know the author, declared the *Mirror of the Sinful Soul* prohibited, and put it in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum.*

This was not enough. The theologians composed a drama to render the queen hateful and ridiculous, and induced the students to act it at the college of Navarre, on the 1st of October. A great crowd attended at the representation, and the curtain rose.

A queen, magnificently dressed and sitting calmly on the stage, was spinning,

and seemed to be thinking of nothing but her wheel. "It is the king's sister," said the spectators; "and she would do well to keep to her distaff." Next a strange character appeared: it was a woman dressed in white, carrying a torch and looking fiercely around her. Everybody recognized the fury Megæra, and saw her gradually divert the attention of the queen by her torch. Megæra has conquered, and in exchange for the distaff she places the Gospel in the queen's hand. The effect is magical: in a moment the queen is transformed. She was meek, she becomes cruel; she forgets her former virtuous habits; she rises, and, glaring around with savage eyes, takes up a pen to write out her sanguinary orders, and personally inflicts cruel tortures on her wretched victims. Scenes still more outrageous than these follow. The sensation was universal! "Such are the fruits of the Gospel!" said some of the spectators. "It entices men away to novelties and folly; it robs the king of the devoted affection of his subjects, and devastates both Church and State."

At last the play was ended. The Sorbonne exulted; the Queen of Navarre, who had formerly lashed the priests and monks, was now scourged by them in return.

Montmorency now lent himself to the intrigue to secure the banishment of Margaret. He spoke cautiously to the king about the dangers of heresy, and then added hesitatingly: "It is true, sire, that if you wish to extirpate the heretics, you must begin with the Queen of Navarre." And here he stopped. Margaret did not hear at once of this perfidy; but to check the impertinence of the monks, she demanded of her brother that the condemnation by the theological faculty should be rescinded, and the college of Navarre called to account.

Calvin watched the whole business very closely; it might almost be said, after reading his letter, that he had been among the spectators. He severely censured the behavior of both scholars and masters.

Francis was not at Paris when the storm broke out against his sister, but in the city of Toulouse. It was by letter, therefore, that he heard of what was taking place. All were asking what he would do. His better self gained the upper hand; his hatred of the absurdities of the monks was aroused; his great susceptibility made him take the affronts offered to his sister as if they had been offered to himself; and one after another he gave Margaret's enemies a forcible lesson.

The first whom he taught his place was Montmorency. When the latter endeavored to instil his perfidious insinuations into the king's mind, Francis silenced him: "Not a word more about it," he said, "she is too fond of me to take up with any religion that will injure my kingdom." Margaret was informed subsequently of the attempt of the grand-master, "whom she never liked more."

The second to feel the king's hand was the prior of the Franciscans who had proposed to sew Margaret in a sack and throw her into the Seine. "Let him suffer the punishment he desired to inflict upon the queen," he exclaimed. But the queen interceded for the wretch: he was simply deprived of his ecclesiastical dignities and sent to the galleys for two years.

The play represented against the queen, as well as the priests who had composed it and superintended the representation, next engaged the king's attention; he resolved not to spare them, and at the least to put them in a terrible fright. Calvin relates that the lieutenant of police surrounded the college of Navarre with a hundred archers, searched ineffectually for the author, and after a stout resistance seized the actors, and compelled them to repeat before him what they had said on the stage. The "great-master Lauret" was taken to the house of a commissary; Master Morin was kept to his room; and the students were sent to prison.

The most important affair still remained —the decision come to by the Sorbonne against Margaret's poem. The king, wishing to employ gentle means, simply ordered the rector to ask the faculty if they had really placed the *Mirror* in the list of condemned books, and in that case to be good enough to point out what they saw to blame in it. The rector chanced to be Nicholas Cop, a particular friend of Calvin's, who had been elected a few days before. He convened the four faculties on the 24th of October, 1532; full of the ardor of a recent conversion, he delivered a long and severe speech, confounding the conspirators who were plotting against the Word of God. He warned the faculty of theology: "Do not mix yourselves up in a matter so full of danger, or beware of the terrible anger of the king." The four faculties basely abandoned Le Clerq, cure of St. André, who had only carried out a general resolution, and disavowed the act. Le Clerq was very indignant; yet he prudently began to extol the justice of the king, and the "august princess whose morals are so holy, whose religion is so pure. . . I consider such obscene productions as *Pantagruel* ought to be prohibited; but I place the *Mirror* simply among the suspected books, because it was published without the approbation of the faculty. If that is a crime, we are all guilty - you, gentlemen," he said to his colleagues, "you as well as myself, although you disavow me."

This speech, so embarrassing to the doctors of the faculty, secured the triumph of the queen. "Sirs," said the king's confessor, "I have read the inculpated volume, and there is really nothing to blot out of it, unless I have forgotten all my theology. I call, therefore, for a decree

that shall fully satisfy her majesty." The rector replied: "The university neither recognizes nor approves of the censure passed upon this book. We will write to the king, and pray him to accept the apology of the university." Thereupon the meeting broke up.

Thus did Margaret, the friend of the reformers, come out victorious from this attack of the monks.

An astonishing change was taking place in France. Calvin and Francis appeared to be almost walking together. The fanatical doctors are in exile; the most influential men both in Church and State are favorable to the reform. The Bishop of Senlis, confessor to the king; John du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, who possesses the king's entire confidence; his brother William, one of the greatest men in France, seem all to be placing themselves at the service of evangelical truth. As Berquin was no more, and Calvin had hardly appeared, it was Du Bellay, in their opinion, who would reform France. "O that the Lord would raise up many heroes like him!" said the pious Bucer. If Francis I. had turned to the Gospel, the noblest minds would have followed him, and France would have enjoyed days of peace and marvellous prosperity. Calvin did not place his hope in the powers of the world. "Our wall of brass," he said, "is to have God propitious to us. *If God be for us*—that is our only support. Having him for our defender, we need fear no evil." And yet the blows warded by the king from the head of the queen, were to fall upon Cop and Calvin himself. But before we come to these persecutions, we must follow the king, who, quitting Toulouse and Montpellier, proceeded to Marseilles to meet the pope.

This interview of the pope with the king might be more injurious to the Gospel than all the attacks of the Sorbonne. If Clement united sincerely with Francis against Charles; if Catherine de Medici became the pledge of union between Rome and France; would not the Reformation soon be buried by the mournful glare of the pale torches of this fatal marriage? Yet men still hoped that the projected interview would not take place. In fact, Henry VIII. and the emperor did all they could to prevent Francis from meeting the pope. But Clement cared naught for the emperor or the king of England; and in April, 1533, he convoked a sacred college at Rome to whom he communicated his plans. "It is for *holy opportunities*," he told them. The Spanish cardinals met in June, and protested: "Such a journey would be dangerous, *considering the extreme heat of Provence.*" "Never mind that," cunningly answered the pope; "I shall not start until after the first rains." Charles next demanded that justice should be done to his aunt, the late queen of Henry VIII., as that king had married Anne Boleyn, thus hoping to secure delay. Clement hastily assembled a consistory, and pronounced against Henry VIII. all the censures which Charles V. demanded. He ended by saying: "Gentlemen, if any of you desire to make the voyage with me, you must hold yourselves in readiness for departure."

Immediate preparations were made for fitting up the galleys of Rhodes, in which the pope was to sail; but the imperialists demanded they should be sent to defend the Greek city of Corun against the Turks. . . The pope understood; it was difficult to beat him in cunning. "Well, well," said he, "make haste; fly to the help of christendom. . . . I will lend you the said galleys, and will add my own . . . and . . . I will make the passage on board the galleys of France." Then the emperor turned to the Swiss to unite them into the Italian league; but the money of Francis I. kept them quiet. As a last resort, the pope was frightened with the dread of Moorish pirates; but at length he decided to go "solely for the interests of christendom." He begged the Duke of Albany to escort *their common relative* to Nice, where she should wait for further orders. "There is the real cause of the strange journey of a pope to France," said the people, pointing to the ship in which sailed Catherine. She was a young creature, of middle stature, with sparkling eyes and bell-like voice, who appeared to possess some supernatural power, and singularly fascinated every one that came near her. Her enchantments and her philtres were the subtle poison on which the papacy relied for destroying heresy. This child, between thirteen and fourteen years of age, skipped with joy about the stately ship. "I am going to be the daughter-in-law of the glorious King of France," she said to herself.

The papal fleet, all fluttering with banners, sailed on the 4th of October, and had a smooth passage. Clement could without interruption meditate on a thousand different projects. Marry Catherine to the son of the King of France; free himself, thanks to the support of this prince, from the patronage of the emperor whom he detested; put off indefinitely the council which Charles had been so bold as to promise to the protestants; and finally crush the Reformation, both in France and elsewhere. He had with him a bull against the heretics, which he purposed to have executed by Francis, as a wedding present.

The papists in Marseilles received the pope with great joy. "Behold the real representative of Christ," they said; "the father of all christians; the only man who can at will give new laws to the Church; the man who has never been mistaken and never will be; whose name is alone in the world, *vice-God* upon earth." Clement smiled; in Italy he had never heard such exclamations or witnessed such enthusi-

asm. Francis secretly paid a nocturnal visit to Clement, and retired apparently satisfied. The next day the pope was borne with great pomp into the city. The Bishop du Bellay delivered the address of welcome as prepared by the pope, so as to give the emperor no offence.

The conferences began. Francis was inexhaustible in his demands, and Clement equally so in his promises, as he intended to give nothing; at last the youthful Catherine was sent for. The bull of excommunication next followed, in spite of the opposition of Du Bellay; but the king considered it as only a papal form. The wedding ceremony was soon conducted with great magnificence. The bride advanced, young, brilliant, radiant with joy, with smiling lips and sparkling eyes, her head adorned with gold, pearls, and flowers; and in her train . . . Death . . . Death! who was always her faithful follower, who served her even when she would have averted his dart; who, by striking the dauphin, was to make her the wife of the heir to the crown; by striking her father-in-law, to make her queen; and by striking down successively her husband and all her sons, to render her supreme controller of the destinies of France. In gratitude, therefore, to her mysterious and sinister ally, the Florentine woman was, forty years later, and in a night of August, to give him a magnificent entertainment in the streets of Paris, to fill a lake with blood that he might bathe therein, and organize the most terrible festival that had ever been held in honor of death. Catherine approached the altar, trembling a little, though not agitated. The pope officiated, desirous of personally completing the grandeur of his house, and tapers without number were lighted. The King and Queen of France, with a crowd of courtiers dressed in the richest costumes, surrounded the altar. Catherine de Medici placed her cold hand in the faithless hand of Henry of Valois, which was to deprive the Reform of all liberty, and France herself, in the *Unhappy Peace*, of her glory and her conquests. Clement gave his pontifical blessing to this tragic pair.

Clement's joy was incredible, and before his departure he gave four hats to four French bishops. In his turn, Francis made a pretence of proceeding against the heretics. The pope returned to Rome worn out, and feeling that his end was near. His only consolation, the approaching destruction of the protestants, seemed to fail him in his last days. Even during his interview with the pope, Francis was secretly intriguing to unite with the most formidable of the enemies of Rome. In the space of two months he had two interviews as opposite as possibly could be. This modern Janus had a head with two faces. But before we follow the King of France in his oscillation towards Germany and the protestants, we must return to Calvin. In October, 1533, Francis and Clement had met at Marseilles; and on the 1st of November, while those princes were still diplomatizing, a great evangelical demonstration took place at Paris.

Calvin had not quitted Paris. He knew that the cause of God in general advances painfully; but he believed that He who is the Head of the Church would help it to overcome all its enemies. "Only," he said, "those who bear its standard must mount to the assault with unflinching courage." Calvin, thinking that the time for the assault had come, desired that in the university itself, from that pulpit which all Europe respected, the voice of truth should be heard after centuries of silence. A very natural opportunity occurred in November, 1533.

It was the custom of the university for the rector to deliver an inaugural address in Latin on All Saints' Day, in one of the churches of Paris. Calvin urged Cop to take advantage of this opportunity to proclaim the Gospel boldly in the face of France; Cop consented to deliver the address which Calvin should write, bearing the academic name of *Christian Philosophy*. Mathurins' church was thronged on All Saints' Day; many monks attended to note the discourse, and apart sat Calvin—a young man of humble appearance, calm, modest, and attentive. The discourse praised the excellence of Christian philosophy, which taught the will of God. "And what is the hidden will that is revealed to us here? It is this: *The grace of God alone remits sins. . . . The holy Ghost, which sanctifies all hearts and gives eternal life, is promised to all christians.*"

The rector then announced he would explain the Gospel of the day, the beatitudes pronounced by Jesus on the mountain. "But first of all," he said, "unite with me in earnest prayer to Christ, who is *the true and only intercessor with the Father*, in order that by his fertilizing Spirit he may enlighten our understandings, and that *our discourse may praise him, savor of him, be full of him, and reflect his image, so that this divine Saviour, penetrating our souls, may water them with the dew of his heavenly grace!*" Then he explained the happiness of those who are *poor in spirit*, who *mourn*, who *hunger and thirst after righteousness*.

The university had never heard the like. An admirable proportion was observed throughout the address; it was academical and yet evangelical—a thing not often seen. Calvin had discovered that tongue of the wise which useth knowledge aright. But the enemies of the Gospel were not deceived. The Sorbonne was filled with anger and alarm To select the day of the festival of *All Saints*, in order to proclaim that there is *only one* intercessor! Such a crime must not remain unpunished. The rector was not inclined to give way to the monks. On the 19th of November he

convoked the four faculties, and having undertaken the defence of his address, complained bitterly, the university "has been insulted by this denunciation of its chief to the parliament, and these impudent informers must give satisfaction for the insult." Great confusion ensued at the meeting. "The Gospel, philosophy, and liberty!" cried one party! "Popery, tradition, and submission!" said the other. The faculties of letters and medicine were for Cop's proposition, while law and divinity were against it; Cop would not cast the deciding vote.

The rector's address, and the discussions to which it gave rise, made a great noise at the court as well as in the city; but no one took more interest in it than the Queen of Navarre. The question of her poetry had been the first act; Calvin's address was the second. Margaret knew that he was the real author of the discourse, and for him she anticipated the highest destinies. The Queen of Navarre summoned Calvin to court, and heard him with great pleasure. The two finest geniuses which France then possessed were thus brought face to face—the man of the people and the queen, so different, but yet both animated with an ardent desire to see the triumph of the Gospel. Calvin, notwithstanding the persecution, was full of courage, and the queen promised to use all her influence to calm the storm.

The rector now received a message from the sovereign court summoning him to appear before it, and Cop, strengthened by his friend's words, determined to attend before parliament at its bidding. He put on his academical robes, and preceded by beadles and apparitors, with their maces and gold-headed staves, set out with great ceremony for the Palace of Justice. He was going to his death. The parliament had sent a company of archers to arrest him, but an evangelical member of the court warned him by a trusty messenger while on the road: "Beware of the enemy; they intend shutting you up in the Conciergerie; Berquin's fate awaits you; I have seen the officers authorized to seize you; if you go farther you are a dead man." . . . What was to be done? . . . If it had been Calvin instead of Cop, he would perhaps have gone on. Cop, overtaken by this news of death at the very moment he fancied he was marching to victory, lost his presence of mind, stopped the procession, was suddenly surrounded by several friends, and, the disorder being thus augmented, he escaped and hastily returned home. There he flung off his academical dress, and set off stealthily for Basle. Parliament offered three hundred crowns for his capture, *dead or alive;* but the rector finally reached Switzerland in safety.

The Roman party consoled themselves a little for this escape by saying that Cop was only a puppet, and that the man who had pulled the strings was still in their power. "It is Calvin," they said, "whom we must seize. He is a daring adventurer, a rash, determined man. If he is permitted to live, he will be the Luther and the firebrand of France." The parliament ordered the lieutenant-criminal to seize the reformer and shut him up in the Conciergerie. Calvin, trusting to his obscurity and, under God, to the protection of the Queen of Navarre, was sitting quietly in his room in the college of Fortret, when warned that the sergeants were before the college to seize him. While several students engaged the attention of the officers for a few minutes, others remaining with Calvin twisted the bed-clothes into a rope, and fastened them to the window. Calvin, leaving his manuscripts scattered about, caught hold of the sheets and lowered himself down to the ground. He was not the first of Christ's servants who had taken that road to escape death. These letters and documents were at once seized; they exposed Calvin's friends to great danger, and even to death.

Calvin, having landed in the street of the Bernardins, entered that of St. Victor, and then proceeded towards the suburb of that name. At the extremity of this suburb, not far from the open country, (a catholic historian informs us,) dwelt a vine-dresser, a member of the little church of Paris; with him he exchanged clothes, and placing a hoe on one shoulder, and a wallet with provisions on the other, he started off again. A canon whom he knew met and recognized him. He knew what was the matter, for all Paris was full of it. The canon immediately remonstrated with him: "Change your manner of life; look to your salvation, and I will promise to procure you *a good appointment.*" But Calvin, "who was hot-headed," replied: "I shall go through with it to the last." Calvin was then beginning an exodus which has gone on unceasingly for three centuries. The disciples of the Gospel in France, summoned to abjure Christ, have fled from their executioners by thousands, and under various disguises. For some time Calvin remained in hiding at the chateau of the Sieur de Hasseville, situated beyond Versailles. The king was angry at Cop and Calvin, and ordered a persecution of their adherents; many compromised evangelicals left Paris. The greater part of the friends of the Gospel remained in France, and Margaret succeeded in appeasing the storm.

The Queen of Navarre, exhausted by all these shocks, disgusted with the dissipations of the court, distressed by the hatred of which the Gospel was the object among all around her, turned her face towards the Pyrenees. Her health was not strong, and she desired to pass the winter at Pau. But, above all, she sighed for solitude, liberty, and meditation; she had need of Christ. She therefore bade farewell to the brilliant court of France, and departed for the quiet Béarn.

Almost about the same time, Francis bent his steps towards the Rhine. The establishment of the Reform throughout Europe depended, as many thought, on the union of France with protestant Germany. This union would emancipate France from the papal supremacy, and all christendom would then be seen turning to the Gospel. The king was preparing to hold a conference with the most decided of the protestant princes of Germany. Rarely has an interview between two sovereigns been of so much importance. Francis I. had hardly parted from the pope at Marseilles and arrived at Avignon, ere he assembled the council, (November 25th, 1533,) and communicated to it the desire for an alliance which the German protestants had proposed to him. The opportunity seemed to him unprecedented; in fact, he could at one stroke gain the protestants to his cause, and inflict an immense injury on Austria and Charles V.

The young Prince of Wurtemberg who had lately escaped across the Alps, chiefly occupied the attention of Francis at Avignon. "Sire," wrote Christopher himself, "during the great and long calamity of my father and myself, what first made hope spring up in our hearts was the thought that you would interpose your influence to put an end to our misery. . . . Your compassion for the afflicted is well known. I doubt not that, by your assistance, we shall soon be restored to our rights." Francis did not conceal his intention to aid the Prince. "But," he added, "I would do it under so *colorable a pretext*, that I may affirm that I have infringed no treaty." To humble the emperor and to exalt the protestants, without appearing to have anything to do with it, was what Francis desired.

William Du Bellay also urged the king to return the duke a favorable answer; for he was a friend of independence and sound liberty. As a diet was about to be held at Augsburg, Du Bellay said: "Let us send an ambassador to support the claims of the dukes of Wurtemberg, and Austria must either restore these princes to their states, or arouse the hostility of all Germany against it." The king ordered Du Bellay to proceed to Augsburg forthwith. His minister was satisfied. He wished for more than the king did; he desired to emancipate France from the papal supremacy, and with that object to draw Francis and protestantism closer together. He departed, taking the road through Switzerland. Du Bellay desired to induce the protestant cantons of Switzerland, bordering on Wurtemberg, to unite their efforts with those of protestant Germany, if necessary, in wresting that duchy from the Austrian rule; but he failed. When Du Bellay arrived at Augsburg, he met the young Duke Christopher; this prince, so amiable, but at the same time so firm, was his man. The first thing was to restore him to his throne. The balance was at that time pretty even in Germany between Rome and the Gospel, and the restitution of Wurtemberg would make it incline to the side of the Reformation. Du Bellay paid a visit to the delegates from Austria, and said: "It is time to restore the son to the father, the father to the son, and to both of them the states of their ancestors. If entreaties are not sufficient," added Du Bellay firmly, "the king my master will employ all his power."

Christopher appeared before the diet on the 10th of December, 1533. He was supported by the delegates of Saxony, Prussia, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Luneberg, Hesse, Cleves, Munster, and Juliers, while the King of Hungary pleaded his cause in person. The Austrian commissioners began to temporize, and proposed that Christopher should accept as compensation some town of small importance. He refused, saying: "I will never cease to claim simply and firmly the country of my fathers." Du Bellay now warmly seconded his claim: "The Dukes of Wurtemberg are of high descent. Their punishment has been permitted, but not their destruction. Help this innocent youth, (Christopher,) receive this penitent, (Ulrich,) and reëstablish them both in their former dignity." The Austrians held firm. The deputies of Saxony, Hesse, Prussia, Mecklenburg, and the other states, now made up their minds to oppose Austria. Du Bellay openly denounced the oppression and injustice of the latter. He assured the prince: "Duke Christopher, rely upon it, the Most Christian King will do all that he can in your behalf, without injury to his faith, his honor, and the ties of blood?" The cause was won: the Swabian league, the creature of Austria and the enemy of the Reformation, was not to be renewed. Du Bellay left Augsburg, continued his journey through Germany, and endeavored to form a new confederation against Austria which Francis I. and Henry VIII. could join.

Francis I., after leaving Avignon, travelled in the east of France; in January, 1534, he reached Bar-le-Duc, thus gradually drawing nearer to the German frontier. He desired to meet the Landgrave of Hesse, one of the leading princes of the Reformation in talent, strength, and activity, although in purity and godliness of life he was far from being a pattern. The landgrave was anxious to take away Wurtemberg from Austria; he had the men at hand, but he lacked the money. Du Bellay promised him a subsidy from the contributions raised by the clergy of France; and endeavored to bring together Francis and Philip of Hesse. But the theologians of the Reformation detested these foreign alliances and wars. Luther and Melancthon, encouraged by the elector, travelled from Wittemberg to Weimar to dissuade Philip from an alliance with the King of France. "This war," they said,

"will ruin the cause of the Gospel, and fix on it an indelible stain. Pray do not disturb the peace." At these words the prince's face grew red; he did not like opposition, and gave the two divines an angry answer. "They are people who do not understand the affairs of this world," he said; and returning to Hesse, he pursued his plans with vigor. The King of France now invited him to come and meet him, "without forgetting to bring Melancthon." Philip set off gladly, and met Francis at Bar-le-Duc, in January, 1534. Politics and religion immediately occupied their attention. The king expressed himself strongly in favor of the ancient liberties of the Germanic empire, which Austria threatened, and pronounced distinctly for the restoration of the dukes of Wurtemberg. Coming then to the grand question, he said: "Pray explain to me the state of religious affairs in Germany; I do not quite understand them." The landgrave explained the evangelical principles, and the king listened to what he would not hear from Zwingle or Calvin. Francis delighted Philip by answering: "I refused my consent to a council in Italy; I desire a neutral city, and instead of an assembly in which the pope can do what he pleases, I demand a free council."

The secret conference being ended: "Now," said Francis to the landgrave, "pray present Melancthon to me." Philip having answered that Melancthon was not with him: "Impossible!" exclaimed the king, and all the French nobles echoed the word. "Impossible! you will not make us believe that Melancthon is not with you!"—"Everybody wishes to convince us that we had Philip with us," said the landgrave.—"Show him to us," they exclaimed, "almost using violence towards us." It was indeed a great disappointment. Melancthon was the most esteemed representative of the Reformation; and some had looked to hear him give a detailed explanation of the doctrines of the Reformation.

A pretext was now sought under which to covertly supply funds for a war against Charles V. It was agreed Duke Ulrich should sell Montbeliard to France for 125,000 crowns, with the privilege of buying it back in three years, which condition was subsequently fulfilled. The landgrave went back into Germany, and the King of France to the interior of his states.

The consequences of the meeting at Marseilles were to be felt at Paris. After Calvin's flight, the Queen of Navarre had succeeded in calming the storm; and yet the evangelical cause had never been nearer a violent persecution. The prisons were soon to be filled; the fires of martyrdom were soon to be kindled. During the year 1533, *Lutheran* discourses had greatly multiplied in the churches. "What!" exclaimed the doctors of the Sorbonne, "the king is uniting with the pope at Marseilles, and in Paris the churches are open to heresy! Let us make haste to close them." Du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, yielded to their entreaties. The pious Roussel, the energetic Couralt, the temporizing Berthaud, and others besides, were forbidden to preach, and one morning the worshippers found the church doors shut.

Great was their sorrow and agitation. Many went to Roussel and Couralt, and loudly expressed their regret; but soon the ministers took courage, and turned their meetings into lectures at private houses. The Sorbonne declared they "disliked these lectures still more than the sermons." By means of spies, the meeting places were discovered, the pastors seized, and the flocks dispersed. The latter exclaimed: "Since our guides are taken away from us here, let us seek them elsewhere." Many French evangelicals fled into foreign countries.

The Sorbonne loudly demanded the return of Beda and the other exiles. The demand was granted by Cardinal Duprat, and Beda's first use of his liberty was to "accuse the king's readers in the university of Paris" to the parliament. "Their interpretations of the text of Scripture," continued Beda, "throw discredit on the Vulgate, and propagate the errors of Luther. I demand that they be forbidden to comment on the Holy Scriptures." Beda, Le Picard and their followers now entered the pulpits, and denounced the heretics as enemies of the altar and the throne. "It is not enough to put the Lutheran evangelists in prison," said they; "we must go a step further and burn them." The parliament of Paris decreed that whoever was convicted of Lutheranism on the testimony of two witnesses, should be burnt forthwith. Beda demanded the decree should be enforced against the evangelists Couralt, Berthaud, and Roussel; but the Sorbonne dared not act thus without the consent of the king. The inoffensive Lutherans were now seized in all directions. The alguazils of the Sorbonne lodged about three hundred prisoners in the Conciergerie.

At last the king returned to the capital, whereupon Beda, through his confidants, begged that Roussel and his friends might be burned. But how could that prince send the Lutherans of France to the stake at the very time he was seeking an alliance with the Lutherans of Germany? "Nobody is condemned in France," he said, "without being tried. Beda wishes to have Roussel and his friends burnt; very well! let him first go to the Conciergerie and reduce them to silence." Beda with great reluctance essayed the task; but the meek Roussel overwhelmed him with shame by the use of the Scriptures of God. While Beda was thus disputing, the king in the Louvre had picked up a little book, elegantly bound, which some one had laid

near to his hand. It was a work published by Beda in his exile, full of insults and slanders. He opened and read: "Francis I. regards neither the pope nor Medici: in his eyes, the chief infallibility is always his own."—"Send those wretches to prison," he exclaimed; and immediately Beda, Le Picard and Le Clerq were shut up in the bishop's prison on a charge of high treason.

And now the chiefs of both causes were in confinement; Gerard Roussel, Courault, and Berthand on one side; Beda, Le Picard, and Le Clerq on the other. Would any one dare affirm that the King of France did not keep the balance even between the two schools? Margaret, believing the time to be critical, displayed indefatigable activity, and the king yielded. In the month of March, 1534, he published an ordinance vindicating the evangelical preachers from the calumnies of the theologians, and setting them at liberty. Both the city and the Sorbonne were deeply excited; the evangelists, on the contrary, were delighted.

Surprising news now came from Lyons, where an invisible preacher kept the whole population in suspense. The Friar De la Croix, had fled as an evangelical from Paris to Geneva; from that city he was banished as a heretic, and he soon sought to preach the Gospel in Lyons, assuming the name of Alexander. He was prompt in his decisions, full of spirit in his addresses, ingenious in his plans. He preached constantly from house to house. The priests endeavored to seize him; but his friends, at the conclusion of his sermon, always surrounded him, and conducted him to a safe hiding-place. The evangelist was everywhere and nowhere, he proclaimed the Gospel loudly, and yet he was invisible. He even dared once to enter the bishop's dungeons, and exhort the brethren imprisoned for the Gospel.

The Queen of Navarre determined that on the approaching Easter festival the Gospel should be preached in Notre Dame by Roussel, and the king assented. The priests became enraged; they so excited the people that an immense crowd gathered about the cathedral, and the Lutherans could not get in. A few weeks after, a prisoner loaded with chains was brought to the Conciergerie. It was Alexander Canus, once Father Laurent de la Croix; he had been seized at Lyons while preaching openly on Easter Monday. He was at once condemned to death; but he appealed to the king, and was transferred to Paris. So godly was his conversation that "the captain was converted while taking him to Paris."—"Wonderful thing!" says the chronicler, "he was more useful at the inns and on the road than he had ever been before."

This remarkable prisoner was soon talked of in many quarters of Paris. The case was a very serious one. "A friar, a Dominican, an inquisitor," said the people, "has gone over to the Lutherans, and is striving to make heretics everywhere." The monks of his own convent made the most noise. The king, who detained Beda in prison, desired to preserve the balance by giving some satisfaction to the catholics, and he suffered Alexander to be brought before a court of parliament. "He was severely tortured several times to great extremity of cruelty," and his left leg was crushed by "the boot?" He appealed to Budæus for clemency, and the latter said: "It is enough, he has been tortured too much; you ought to be satisfied."—"The executioners lifted up the martyr and carried him to his dungeon a cripple." He was soon brought before the court again, and was condemned to be burnt alive. A flash of joy suddenly lit up his face. "Truly," said the spectators, "is he more joyful than he was before." The sacerdotal degradation now began; his head was shaved, his priestly dress stripped off, and a garment of coarse cloth put on him. When the pious martyr caught sight of it, he exclaimed, "O God, is there any greater honor than to receive this day the livery which thy Son received in the house of Herod?" He was now led to execution in a cart used to carry mud and dirt. As he spoke to the people of the Gospel, one of the monks said to him coarsely: "Either recant, or hold your tongue." Alexander turned round and said to him with firmness: "I will not renounce Jesus Christ. . . Depart from me, ye deceivers of the people!"

At the scaffold, Alexander asked permission to say a few words to the people, and he was permitted to speak. Then, seized with an holy enthusiasm, he earnestly confessed the Saviour whom he loved so much, and for whom he was condemned to die. "Yes," he exclaimed, "Jesus, our only redeemer, suffered death to ransom us to God his Father. I have said it, and I say it again, O ye christians who stand around me, pray to God that, as his Son Jesus Christ died for me, he will give me grace to die now for him." Having thus spoken, he said to the executioner: "Proceed." The officers of justice approached; they bound him to the pile, and set it on fire. In the midst of the flames he exclaimed: "O Jesus Christ, have pity on me! O Saviour receive my soul! . . . My Redeemer!" he repeated, "O my Redeemer!" At last his voice was silent. The people wept; the executioners said to one another: "What a strange criminal!" and even the monks asked: "If this man is not saved, who will be?" Many beat their breasts and said: "A great wrong has been done to that man!" And as the spectators separated, they went away thinking: "It is wonderful how these people suffer themselves to be burnt in defence of their faith."

The idea of correcting the errors of the

Church without changing its government, was not new in France. By the Pragmatic Sanction in 1269, St. Louis had founded the liberties of the Gallican Church; and the great idea of reform had been widely spread since the time of the council of Constance, (1414,) of Clemengis, and of Gerson. The two Du Bellays, with many priests, scholars, and noblemen, thought it was the only means of calming down the agitations of christendom, and Margaret of Valois had made it the great business of her life.

William du Bellay, on his way back from Augsburg, where he had delivered such noble speeches in favor of the protestant dukes of Wurtemberg, had stopped at Strasburg, and had several meetings with the pacific Bucer. "It is a greater work," he said to Bucer, "than this union of Zwinglians and Lutherans which has hitherto been your sole and constant occupation. We wish to effect a fusion between catholicism and the Reformation. We shall maintain the *unity* of the former; we shall uphold the *truth* of the latter." Bucer was in ecstasies, and the encouraged counsellor of Francis hastened to Paris to carry out his plan. Everything seemed favorable. Melancthon had said: "Preserve all the old ceremonies that you can: every innovation is injurious to the people." Margaret warmly praised this great and good man to her brother. "Melancthon's mildness," she said, "contrasts with the violent temper of Zwingle and Luther."

Francis listened. To be king both in Church and State, to imitate his dear brother of England, who at heart was more catholic than himself,—this was his desire. Du Bellay, noticing this disposition, labored vehemently to introduce the Melancthonian ideas into France. The king resumed the reading of the Bible, and often used it as a weapon to enable him to gain a victory over the emperor. Francis desired to remain in union with Rome for form's sake, if it were only by a thread. But Rome is not contented with a thread. He hoped that the protestants of Germany would now enter upon a war in which the empire and the papacy would fall beneath their blows.

The landgrave prepared everything for the great blow he was about to strike. He personally secured the assistance of the Elector of Trèves and the elector-palatine, by promising to have Charles' brother recognized as King of the Romans if Wurtemberg was restored to its lawful princes. The agent of the Waywode (hospodar) of Wallachia, who had also been dispossessed by Austria, was cordially recived by Francis I. at the Louvre on Easter Monday, 1534. The other evangelical princes and doctors did all they could to thwart an enterprise which would, in Philip's opinion, secure their triumph. "The restoration of the Duke of Wurtemberg," said the wise Melancthon, "will engender great troubles. Even the Church will be endangered by them. You know my forebodings. All the kings of Europe will be mixed up in this war. It is a matter full of peril, not only to ourselves, but to the whole world." Astrology interfered in the matter, and spread terror among the people, by predicting the overthrow of France. Ferdinand of Austria dreaded the approaching attack, and appealed to the pope for aid. Clement recollected the sack of Rome by the imperialists in 1527, and was not sorry to see the emperor punished by an heretical scourge. He promised everything, but did nothing. Charles V. was taking his ease in Spain, and the pope took courage to do the same. The judgments of God were about to be executed. Melancthon was grieved that war was at hand; but the theologians of the Reformation said to themselves at times: "Still . . . if Philip takes up arms, it is to restore legitimate princes to the throne of their fathers, and secure a free course to the Word of God."

At the beginning of May everything was astir in Hesse, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Brunswick, Westphalia, and on the banks of the Rhine; the landgrave was preparing to march against Austria. Almost all the soldiers and a great many of the officers belonged to the evangelical confession. It was, alas! the first politico-religious army of the sixteenth century, and this campaign was the first Germanico-European opposition to the house of Austria. The soldiers of Austria marched to Laufen on the Neckar, and there waited for the enemy. The landgrave's army, full of hope and courage, uttered loud shouts of joy when they heard of it. The impetuous landgrave surprised the imperial army by a forced march; their commander, the count palatine, was wounded, the soldiers retreated in disorder and part of them were driven into the Neckar. Wurtemberg was gained; the people received with joyous acclamation Duke Ulrich and Prince Christopher. The landgrave pushed on, and on the 18th of June reached the Austrian frontier. Great was the consternation at Vienna and in Rome. "A general council," exclaimed the cardinals, "is the only remedy that can save us from heresy and all the calamities by which christendom is threatened." Francis was overjoyed; he already saw the landgrave in Vienna, and himself at Genoa, Urbino, Montferrat, and Milan. Much as Francis desired to see the war become general, Philip of Hesse labored to keep it local. Satisfied with having restored Wurtemberg to its princes, he meant to respect the empire. The kings of France and England were seriously vexed: "The Duke of Wurtemberg, restored by my help and yours," said Henry VIII. to Francis I., "is only seeking how to make peace with the emperor."

On the 25th of June the peace of Cadan put an end to all differences, and restored Wurtemberg to its national princes, with

a voice in the council of the empire. The emperor having received his lesson, the pope's turn came next King Ferdinand desired to at least maintain the authority of the pope, and proposed an article in the treaty forbidding any change in religious matters; but the elected chancellor wrote on its margin: *Rejected.* "You are in no respect bound as to the faith," said the evangelical princes to Ulrich. The gates of Wurtemberg were thus opened to the Reformation. Ulrich and Christopher set to work immediately. They invited to their states Ambrose Blaarer, the friend of Zwingle and Bucer, and Ehrard Schnepf, the friend of Luther, converted by his means at Heidelberg at the beginning of the Reformation. Their labors and those of other servants of God spread the evangelical light over the country. Baden, Hanau, Augsburg, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and other places began, advanced, or completed their Reformation about this time. French money had never before returned such good interest.

France was now about to undertake a still greater task. We have seen that there were at that time two systems of reform: Margaret's system and Calvin's. It was in the order of things that the one which remained nearest to catholicism should be tried first. When Margaret failed, there remained Calvin. The narrative of this experiment ought to occupy a remarkable place in the religious history of the sixteenth century.

The Wurtemberg affair being ended, Du Bellay thought of nothing but his great plan; that is, a Reformation according to the ideas of the Queen of Navarre—the combination of catholicism and truth by the union of France and Germany. Roussel, Bucer, and many other evangelical christians asked themselves whether the great success obtained in Germany would not decide the reformation of France.

In the month of July, 1534, the Queen of Navarre gave audience in her palace to a poor student from Wittemberg, Claude Baduel of Nimes. Poverty had compelled him to give up his studies, and he sought the assistance of the liberal-hearted queen, bearing a letter of commendation from Melancthon. "It is certainly a great boldness," wrote the illustrious reformer, "for a man like me, of low condition and unknown to your highness, to dare recommend a friend to you; but the reputation of your eminent piety, spread through all the world, does not permit me to refuse an upright and learned man the service he begs of me. The liberal arts can never be supported except by the generosity of princes." Margaret read the letter with great interest, and questioned eagerly about the great reformers. "Talk to me," she said, "about Melancthon and Luther; tell me how they teach and how they live, what are their relations with their pupils, and what they think of France." Thanks to her care, the young scholar became ere long a professor at Paris; but in after years persecution obliged him to take refuge at Geneva, where he was a professor in the academy founded by Calvin.

Ulric Chelius, a great friend of Sturm and Bucer, then living at Strasburg, was quietly sent to Wittemberg in July, 1534, empowered to ask the doctors of the Reformation for a sketch of the means best suited to found an evangelical catholicism in Europe. As soon as Chelius reached Wittemberg, he called upon Melancthon. "King Francis," he said, "desires truth and unity. In almost every particular he is in accord with you, and approves of your book of *Common-places*. I am authorized to ask you for a plan to put an end to the religious dissensions which disturb christendom; and I can assure you that the King of France is doing, and will do, all he can with the pope to procure harmony and peace." Nothing was better adapted to captivate Melancthon, and to dispel the despondency which he then felt at the dissensions in the religious world; he eloquently urged the matter upon Luther's attention. Melancthon at once busied himself with sketching the plan of the new Church, which with God's help and the support of the *great monarchs*, was to become the Church of modern times; he gave his sketch when finished to Chelius. Yet, there were simple, earnest, christian men, with minds determined to set truth above everything, who saw with uneasiness these theologico-diplomatic negotiations. Neither Farel, nor Calvin, nor probably Luther, was among those who rallied round the standard raised by Du Bellay and grasped by Melancthon.

Chelius, imagining that he held the salvation of the Church in his hands, hastened to Strasburg to communicate Melancthon's project to his friends. He met Bucer on the 17th of August, and the latter said: "If we are to unite, all additions must be cut away, and we must return simply to the doctrine of Scripture and of the Fathers." Chelius received the opinion of Bucer in writing on the 27th, and waited another day to obtain that of Hedio, a meek, pious, and firm doctor, an old friend of Zwingle's. He then started without delay for Paris, convinced that catholicity and truth were about to be saved by these memoirs of the three doctors. The papers were transferred to William du Bellay, who immediately laid them before the king. The latter ordered that the Bishop of Paris and certain of the nobles, men of letters, and ecclesiastics, who desired to see a united but reformed Church, should have these documents communicated to them. The arrival of this ultimatum of the Reformation was an event of great importance. Three of the reformers, with England,

Francis I., and some of the most eminent men of the epoch, demanded one only catholic but reformed Church.

At this time several meetings of an extraordinary kind were held at the Louvre, at which Melancthon, Bucer, and Hedio were represented by their memoirs. We will let the reformers speak from these writings; for the wise recognize the fact that the world is moved by ideas, principles and doctrines, more than by facts and sensations. For brevity's sake, we shall designate these memoirs by the names of their authors. To place the moderate Melancthon by the side of the pacific Bishop of Paris, well and good! But to hope to unite the unyielding Luther and the fiery Beda, the pious elector and the worldly Francis . . . what a strange undertaking! Let us listen, however; for these personages have taken their seats, and the inquiry is about to begin.

BUCER.—"There can be no concord in the Church except between those who are really of the Church. There is nothing in common between Christ and Belial. We cannot unite God and the world. . . . Now, what are the majority of bishops and priests? . . I grieve to say."

MELANCTHON.—"The catholic doctrine, say some, has a few trifling blemishes here and there; while we and our friends have been making a great noise without any cause. . . That is a mistake. Let not the pontiff and the great monarchs of christendom shut their eyes to the diseases of the Church. They ought, on the contrary, to acknowledge that these pretended trifling blemishes destroy the essential doctrines of the faith, and lead men into idolatry and manifest sin."

BUCER.—"If you wish to establish christian concord, apply to those who truly believe in Christ. Those who do not listen to the Word cannot explain the Word. . . What errors have been introduced by wicked priests? Shall we apply to other priests to correct them, who perhaps surpass the former in wickedness?"

More conciliatory words followed, especially upon Church government.

BUCER.—"All that can be conceded, while maintaining the faith and the love of God, we will concede. Every salutary custom, observed by the ancients, we will restore. We have no desire to upset everything that is standing, and we know very well that the Church here below cannot be without blemish. . . . The kingdom of Christ ought not to be without a government. In no place ought order to be stricter, obedience more complete, and power more respected."

Francis was delighted with Melancthon's idea that a pontiff may "serve to maintain harmony of faith between the different nations of Christendom;" but evangelicals look upon this suggestion as a fantastic dream.

MELANCTHON.—"As for the Roman pontiff's claim to transfer kingdoms from one prince to another, that concerns neither the Gospel nor the Church; and it is the business of kings to combat that unjust pretension."

The evangelicals now became bolder in their utterances.

BUCER.—"The first of doctrines is the justification of sinners."

MELANCTHON.—"Remission of sins ought to be accompanied by a change of life; but this remission is not given us because of this new life; it comes to us only through mercy, and is given to us solely because of Christ."

BUCER.—"Thus, then, we have done with the merits ascribed to the observances and prayers of the monks and priests: we have done with all vain confidence in our own works. Let the grace of God be obscured no longer, and the righteousness of Christ be no more diminished! It is on account of the blood of his only Son that God forgives us our sins."

Francis and his advisers raised no opposition to this doctrine of justification by faith; for the schoolmen had used this language. But what will they say about the mass?

BUCER.—"What! to be present every day at mass without repentance, without piety, even without thinking of the mysteries connected with it, will suffice to obtain all kinds of grace from God! . . . No! when we celebrate the sacrament of our Lord's body and blood, there must be a living communion between Christ and the living members of Christ."

MELANCTHON.—"The mass is the only knot we cannot untie; for it contains such horrible abuses . . . invented for the profit of the monks. All impious rites must be interdicted, and others established in conformity with the truth."

"The mass must be preserved," said Francis; "but the stupid, absurd and foolish legends abolished."

BUCER.—"The body of Christ is received in the hands of the communicants, and eaten with their mouths, say some. The body of Christ is discerned by the soul of the believer and eaten by faith, say others. There is a way of putting an end to this dispute by simply acknowledging that, whatever be the manner of eating, there is a real *presence of Christ* in the Lord's Supper."

MELANCTHON.—"We must teach the people that the saints are not more merciful than Jesus Christ, and that we must not transfer to them the confidence due to Christ alone.

"The monasteries must be converted into schools.

"Celibacy must be abolished, for most of the priests live in open uncleanness."

BUCER.—"The Church must have a constitution in which everything will be decided by Scripture; and a conference of learned and pious men is wanted to draw it up."

HEDIO.—"That assembly must not be

composed of divines only, but of laymen also; and, above all things, no forward step should be taken so long as the pope and the bishops persist in their errors, and even defend them by force."

MELANCTHON.—"O that the Lord Jesus Christ would look down from heaven and restore the church for which he suffered to a pious and perpetual union, which may cause his glory to shine afar!"

Francis and his councillors were satisfied upon the whole; but the doctors of Rome looked with an uneasy eye upon these (to them) detestable negotiations. An event occurred to give him a fresh impulse, and to legitimatize in his eye the reforms demanded by his minister.

Calvin, it will be remembered, had studied and evangelized at Orleans. The wife of the city provost there seems to have been one of the souls converted by the ministry of the young reformer. On her death-bed she dictated in her will: "I forbid all bell-ringing and chanting at my funeral, and no monks or priests shall be present with their tapers. I desire to be buried without pomp and without torches." Her husband (an upright, energetic magistrate and a great land-owner) promised her wishes should be kept sacred. When the funeral ceremony was over, the provost said to the Franciscans in whose cemetery the burial had taken place: "As you were not called upon to do duty, here are six gold crowns by way of compensation." But the monks thought this a meagre pittance, and swore to be revenged. Shortly after, when the provost was having felled a wood near Orleans, the monks demanded permission to send for a wagon-load each day; he answered: "What! a wagon a day! Send thirty, my reverend fathers, but (of course) with ready money. All that I want, I assure you, is good speed and good money."—"These gentlemen, to be revenged, proceeded to devise a fraud," says Calvin. In this, brothers Coliman and Stephen were most prominent.

Brother Stephen, esteemed for his vulgar eloquence, began the drama by a sensational discourse upon the sufferings of the souls in purgatory. "You know it," he exclaimed; "you know it." The unhappy spirits, tormented by the fire, escape; they return after death, sometimes with great tumult, and pray that some consolation may be given them. Luther, indeed, asserts that there is no purgatory. . . What horror! what abominable impiety!"—"The friar forgot nothing," says Beza, "to convince his audience that spirits return from purgatory." The congregation dispersed in great excitement; and after that the least noise at night frightened the devout. On the following night the monks began their chants in Church at the usual hour, when suddenly a frightful tumult was heard, coming from heaven as it seemed, or at least from the ceiling of the church. Coliman *conjured* the evil spirit, but it answered only by another uproar. The hearers, not in the secret, were terror-stricken, and the news was busily circulated throughout Orleans.

Many citizens attended the convent at midnight, and the same frightful noise interrupted the chanting. Coliman asked many questions, which, at his suggestion, were answered by two knocks for *Yes*, and three for *No*. After a long circuit, the exorcist came at last to the point he desired: "Art thou the Ghost of the provostess?" The spirit replied with a loud *Yes!* The mystery seemed about to be cleared up: a new act of the comedy began. "Spirit, for what sin hast thou been condemned?" asked the exorcist: "Is it for pride?"—*No!* "Is it for unchastity?"—*No!* Coliman, after running through all the sins enumerated in Scripture, bethought himself at last, and said: "Art thou condemned for having been a Lutheran?" Two knocks answered *Yes*, and all the monks crossed themselves in alarm. "Now tell us," continued the exorcist, "why thou makest such an uproar in the middle of the night? Is it for thy body to be exhumed?"—*Yes!* There could no longer be any doubt about it: the provostess was suffering for her Lutheranism. The report had been prepared beforehand, but a few witnesses refused to sign it, suspecting some trick.

The news of this affair irritated the bishop's official, to whom the Franciscans were pretty well known. "There is some monkish trick at the bottom," said the estimable and upright clergyman. He called the monks together and ordered the conjurations to be performed in his presence, while others should mount to the roof to watch for any ghost; but both exorcist and ghost remained dumb.

The provost, true to his character, was not willing to lose this opportunity of giving the friars a severe lesson. "What!" he exclaimed, "shall these wretches make her, who rests at peace in the grave, the talk of the whole city? If she had been accused in her life-time, I would have defended her, much more will I do so after her death!" He determined to lay the matter before the king, and set out for Paris. The king gladly granted all the provost asked, he nominated councillors of parliament to investigate the matter; and as the cordeliers pleaded their immunities, Duprat, in his quality of legate, gave, by papal authority, power to the commissioners to proceed.

The officers of the parliament spoke to the monks with authority, exhibited their powers, and arrested the principal culprits, to the great consternation of all the other monks. They were removed from the monastery in wretched carts like vulgar criminals, amid the jeers of the students. "Fine champions, indeed, to oppose the Gospel," said some. "Who made the monks?" asked one. "The

devil," answered another. "God having created the priests, the devil (as is always the case) wished to imitate him; but in his bungling he made the crown of the head too large, and instead of a priest he turned out a monk?" The deception was manifest; but the monks feared punishment, and would not make a confession. The novice who had acted the part of the ghost was terribly agitated, and at length he "explained the whole affair to the judges," said Beza. "I made a hole in the roof," he said, "to which I applied my ear, to hear what the provincial said to me from below. Then I struck a plank which I held in my hand, and I hit it hard enough for the noise to be heard by the reverend fathers underneath. That was all the *fun*," he added.

The haughty Coliman, the eloquent brother Stephen, and their accomplices were now forced to stand at the bar, and sentence was solemnly delivered. They were to be taken to the Chatelet prison at Orleans; there they would be stripped of their frocks, be led into the cathedral, and then, set on a platform with tapers in their hands, they were to confess "that, with certain fraud and deliberate malice, they had plotted such wickedness." Thence they were to be taken to their convent, and afterwards to the place of public execution, where they would again confess their crime. The sentence, however, was never executed, as the government feared to appear too favorable to the Lutherans. Some of the monks died in prison, and others were suffered to escape. Thus ended an affair which characterizes the epoch, and shows the weapons that a good many priests used against the Reformation. The moral influence of the story was immense, and we shall presently see some of its effects.

The disgust inspired by the imposture of the cordeliers of Orleans, and the jests lavished upon the monks in the Louvre and throughout Paris, were further encouragements to the king to prosecute his alliances with protestantism. Francis determined to acquaint the protestant princes with his sentiments on Melancthon's memoir. "My envoy, on his return to Paris," he wrote, "having laid before me the opinions of your doctors on the course to be pursued, I entertain a hope of seeing the affairs of religion enter upon a fair way at last." Du Bellay informed the magistrates of Augsburg, Ulm, Nuremberg, Meiningen, and other imperial cities, that the King of France approved of the Lutheran doctrines, and would protect the protestants. In October and November, 1534, an agent from Francis I. visited the cities of the Germanic empire, announcing everywhere that "the king now saw his mistake in religious matters," and that the Germans who followed Luther *thought correctly as regards the faith that is in Christ.* The worthy burgomasters and councillors of Germany were amazed, and the Archbishop of Lunden informed Charles V. that Francis I. sought an alliance with Germany.

When Francis I. annulled the pragmatic sanction at the beginning of his reign, he had reserved the right of appointing bishops, and had thus made the Church subordinate to the State. The time seemed to have arrived for taking a second step. He now proposed, by a wise reform, to maintain in Europe the catholicity of the Church. To that end he had a revised edition of the opinions of the Reformers prepared, probably by Du Bellay and the Bishop of Paris, which excited great discontent among the German protestants. Copies of this were sent to the astonished Vatican and to the Sorbonne. "Gentlemen," said Du Bellay to the latter, "by the king's commands I have endeavored to prevail upon the German churches to moderate the doctrines on which they separated from the Roman Church, wishing thus to lead them back to union. By order, therefore, of my master, I hand you the present articles, to receive instruction from you as to what I shall have to say to the German doctors." The sacred faculty delegated to examine the articles, "eminent men, doctors of experience in such matters," who set to work at once.

The venerable company had some difficulty to recover from their alarm. What! really, not in a dream, not figuratively, heresy is at the gates of the Church of France, introduced by the king . . . who courteously offers her his hand! . . . The terrified Sorbonne raised a cry of terror, and collected all their forces to prevent the *heretic* from entering. Alas! Beda was no longer there to help them: the strong men were in the camp of Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon. Master Balne and Master Jaques Petit were elected to go to court. We will allow the parties to speak for themselves, from the memoir sent by the king to the Sorbonne, and the answer returned by that body to the king.

THE KING'S MINISTERS.—"To establish a real concord in the Church of God, we must all of us first look to Christ; we must subject ourselves to him, and seek his glory, not our own."

SORBONNE—"We have heard his Majesty's good and holy words, for which we all thank God, praying him to give the king grace to persevere."

This was doubtless a mere compliment.

MINISTERS.—"Above all things let us remember that the doctors of the Word of God ought not to fight like gladiators, and defend all their opinions *mordicus* (tooth and nail;) but rather, imitating St. Augustin in his *Retractations*, they should be willing to give way a little to one another . . . without prejudice to truth."

SORBONNE.—"Open your eyes, Sire; the Germans desire, in opposition to your catholic intention, that we should give way to them by retrenching certain ceremonies and ordinances which the Church has

hitherto observed. They wish to draw us to them, rather than be converted to us."

MINISTERS.—"You are mistaken: important concessions have been obtained. The Germans are of opinion that bishops must hold the chief place among the ministers of the Churches, and that a pontiff at Rome should hold the first place among the bishops. But, on the other hand, the pontifical power must have respect for consciences, consult their wants, and be ready to concede to them some relaxation."

SORBONNE.—"It must not be forgotten that the ecclesiastical hierarchy is of divine institution, and will last until the end of time; that man can neither establish nor destroy it, and that every christian must submit to it."

MINISTERS.—"Having established the catholicity of the Church, let us consider what reforms must be effected in order to preserve it. First, there are indifferent matters, such as food, festivals, ecclesiastical vestments, and other ceremonials, on which we shall easily come to an understanding. Let us beware of constraining men to fast by commandments which nobody observes . . . and *least of all those who make them.*"

SORBONNE.—"None resist them but men corrupted by depraved passions."

MINISTERS.—"Let the people be exhorted not to transfer to the saints the confidence which is due to Jesus Christ alone. It is Christ's will to be invoked and to answer prayer. What abuses and disorders have sprung out of this worship of man! Observe the words, the songs, the actions of the people on the saints' day, near their graves, or near their images! Mark the eagerness with which the idle crowd hurries off to banquets, games, dances, and quarrels. Watch the practices of all those paltry, ignorant, greedy priests, who think of nothing but putting money into their purses, and then . . . tell us whether we do not in all these things resemble pagans, and revive their shameful superstitions."

SORBONNE.—"Let us beware how we forsake ancient customs. Let us address our prayers directly to the saints who are our patrons and intercessors under Jesus Christ. To assert that they have not the prerogative of healing diseases, is in opposition to your Majesty's personal experience and the gift you have received from God of curing the king's evil. . . Let us also pay our devotions to statues and images, since the seventh general council commands them to be adored."

MINISTERS.—"There ought to be in the Church a living communion of the members of Christ. But, alas! what do we find there? A crowd of ignorant and filthy priests, the plague of society, a burthen to the earth, a slothful race who can do nothing but say mass, and who, while saying it, do not even utter those five intelligible words, preferable, as St. Paul thinks, to ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. . . . We must get rid of these mercenaries, these mass-mongers, who have brought that holy ceremony into contempt, and we must supply their place with holy, learned, and experienced men. Then perhaps the Lord's Supper will recover the esteem it has lost. Then, instead of an unmeaning babble, we shall have psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs. Then we shall sing to the Saviour, and every tongue will confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, to the glory of God the Father. . . What false confidence, what wretched delusion is that which leads so many souls to believe that by attending mass every day, even when piety is neglected, they are performing an act useful to themselves and their friends, both for this life and for that which is to come!"

SORBONNE.—"The mass is a real sacrifice, of great benefit to the living and the dead, and its excellence is founded on the passion of Jesus Christ. It is right, therefore, to bestow temporal gifts on those who celebrate it, be they good or bad; and the priests who receive them ought not to be called mass-mongers, even though they are paid."

MINISTERS.—"Let us put aside the disputes that have divided us so long. Let us all confess that in the eucharist the Lord truly gives believers his body to eat and his blood to drink, to feed our souls in life everlasting: and that in this manner Christ remains in us and we in Christ. Whether this sacrament be called the Lord's Supper, the Lord's bread and wine, mass, eucharist, love-feast, or sacrifice, is of little moment."

SORBONNE.—"It is very useful and often very necessary for the extirpation of heresy, to employ words not to be found in Scripture, such as *transubstantiation*, etc. Yes, the bread and the wine are truly changed in substance, preserving only the accidents, and becoming the body and blood of Christ; . . . and it is certain that neither laymen nor women can accomplish this miraculous act, but priests only."

The controversy next turned on confession, justification, faith, works, free will, the monasteries, and marriage of the clergy; the Sorbonne declared the latter "as dangerous as the secularization of monks."

MINISTERS.—"In this age, when everything is in a ferment, and when so many sects are raising their heads in various places, the interest of the christian Church requires that there should be an assembly composed not only of priests and theologians, but also of laymen and upright, sensible, courageous magistrates, who have at heart the glory of the Lord, public morality, and general usefulness. . . Ah! it would be easy to agree if we thought of Christ's glory rather than of our own!"

SORBONNE.—"Beware! . . . it is to be

feared that, under the pretext of uniting with us, the heretics are conspiring to lead the people astray. . . Have we not seen such assemblies in Germany, called together on a pretence of concord, produce nothing but divisions, discord, and infinite ruin of souls?"

But the Sorbonne warned the king in vain. Francis at this time, through policy no doubt, was opposed to the doctrines maintained by the priests. The meetings of the Sorbonne became more and more agitated. The members of the Roman party thought that Francis I. was about to adopt the same course in his kingdom as Henry VIII. in England. There was indeed a difference between the systems of these two princes. Henry desired the doctrine of Rome, but not its bishop; Francis accepted the bishop, but rejected the doctrine. Nevertheless, as each of these reforms was a heavy blow aimed at the system of the middle ages, they were looked upon as identical. The success which Henry's plan had met with in England, was an indication of what Francis' plan would meet with in France. The two monarchs who reigned on each side of the Channel were equally absolute.

The doctors of the faculty appealed to the papal nuncio, and the latter endeavored to startle Francis I. "Sire," he said, "be not deceived. The protestants will upset all civil as well as religious order. The throne is in as much danger as the altar. The introduction of a new religion must necessarily introduce a new government." Francis now hesitated: but the attacks of the pope on Henry VIII. and the prosperity of the latter's kingdom under the Reformation, drew him again to the protestants. This movement on the part of Francis emboldened the evangelicals, and many began to encourage one another. But other christians said: "No, the Roman episcopate will never be reformed. Remodel it as you like, it will always betray its domineering spirit, revive its ancient tricks, and regain its ascendancy, even by fire. We must be on our guard. . . Between Rome and the Reformation is a matter of mere yes or no: the pope or Jesus Christ!"

While the mild and prudent voices of Melancthon and Bucer were soothing France to sleep, innocently enough no doubt, bolder and freer voices, those of a Farel and a Calvin, were preparing to arouse it. A loud peal of thunder would be heard, and the heavy atmosphere which stifled men's minds would be followed by a pure and reviving air. We shall describe hereafter the event which had so notable an influence on the destinies of the Reformation in France. They were Frenchmen who caused it; it was a Frenchman who was the principal author; but it was from Switzerland, as we shall see, that this formidable blow was to come, and to that country we must now return.

BOOK III.

FALL OF A BISHOP-PRINCE, AND FIRST EVANGELICAL BEGINNINGS IN GENEVA.

1526—1532.

The Renaissance, the Reformation, the Middle Ages—The Gospel at Geneva, and the Sack of Rome—The Bishop clings to Geneva, but the Canons depart—The Bishop-Prince flees from Geneva—Excommunication of Geneva and Funeral Procession of Popery—The Knights of the Spoon league against Geneva at the Castle of Bursinel—Intrigues of the Duke and the Bishop—Death of Pontverre—The Reformation begins to ferment in Geneva, and the Opposition Without—Various movements in Geneva, and second Imprisonment of Bonivard—The Attack of 1530—Geneva Reclaimed by the Bishop, and Awakened by the Gospel—Dangers to which the Defeat at Cappel exposes Geneva—An Emperor and a Schoolmaster—The Pardon of Rome and the Pardon of Heaven.

THE Reformation was necessary to christian society. The Renaissance, daughter alike of ancient and of modern Rome, was a movement of revival, and yet it carried with it a principle of death, so that wherever it was not transformed by heavenly forces, it fell away and became corrupted. The influence of the humanists—of such men as Erasmus, Sir Thomas More, and afterwards of Montaigne—was a balmy gale that shed its odors on the upper classes, but exerted no power over the lower ranks of the people. In the elegant compositions of the men of letters, there was nothing for the conscience, that divinely appointed force of the human race. The work of the Renaissance, had it stood alone, must of necessity, therefore, have ended in failure and death. It was necessary to have recourse to the primitive sources of faith.

When the Gospel lifted up its voice in the days of the Reformation, the people listened. It spoke to them of God, sin, condemnation, pardon, everlasting life—in a word, of Christ. The human soul discovered that this was what it wanted; and was touched, captivated, and finally renewed. The movement was all the more powerful because the doctrine preached to the people had nothing to do with animosities, traditions, interests of race, dynasties, or courts. True, it got mixed up with these things afterwards; but in the beginning it was simply the voice of God upon earth. It circulated a purifying fire through corrupted society, and the new world was formed.

The old society, whose place was about to be occupied, did all in its power to resist the light. A terrible voice issued from the Vatican; a hand of iron executed its behests in many a country, and strangled the new life in its cradle. Spain, Italy, Austria, and France, were the chief theatres of the deplorable tragedies, whose heroes were Philip II. and the Guises.

Geneva, by its alliance with the Swiss cantons in 1526, had thought only to secure its liberties, but through it came also news of that spiritual salvation which makes all men free from death. By the instrumentality of Calvin, one of the noblest spirits that ever lived, "she was about to become the rival of Rome," says an historian, "and wrest from her the dominion of half the christian world." This alliance which opened Geneva on the side of Switzerland, raised a wall of separation between that city and Savoy.

The energetic, freebooting lords of the neighboring castles of Genevois, Chablais, and the Pays de Vaud, urged on by the fanatical François de Ternier, seigneur of Pontverre, were especially indignant at this alliance which, they believed, menaced the rights of Savoy, the temporal (and even the spiritual) power of the bishop, and Roman Catholicism. These nobles revived the oppressions of feudal times. Issuing armed from their strongholds, they covered the district around Geneva like a cloud of locusts. They allowed nobody to enter the city, and carried off at pleasure property, provisions, and cattle; some even resorted to piracy on the lake, and pillaged country-seats. To distinguish the huguenots, they questioned all strangers, and carried off whoever replied in French—the language of Geneva. France, Berne, and Geneva complained bitterly; but the lords (for the most part Savoyards) replied only by threats and taunts. Said one to a Genevan: "Go and tell your friends that we are coming to Geneva shortly, and will throw all the citizens into the Rhone. No, I think it will be better to cut off their heads, in order to multiply the relics." This was an allusion to Berthelier's head, which had been solemnly buried.

Thus the middle ages seemed to be rising in defence of their rights. The temporal and spiritual authority of the bishop-prince was protected by bands of highwaymen. But Besançon Hugues, now captain-general of Geneva, gave the signal for the citizens to arm, and they rose like one man to save their liberties and their new aspirations. The walls and gates were repaired, guards placed, and chains stretched across the streets, while the city was lighted all the night long. The huguenots now demanded the confiscation

of the property of the mamelukes; but the syndics gave the matter a rigorous investigation, and only deprived them of the rights of citizenship. The Swiss cantons, discontented because the impoverished Genevans had not repaid the expenses incurred in their behalf, now required that the mamelukes should be allowed to return to the city. Two good huguenots were sent to the great council at Berne, which met on the 5th of June, 1526; they wrote home advising the immediate payment of the claim.

In Geneva at this time, Cartelier, who had basely intrigued to deliver the city to Savoy, was seized and condemned to death for conspiring against the State. The rope was about his neck for his execution, when the bishop wrote commuting his punishment into a fine of six thousand golden crowns, payable to the prelate and to the city; the citizens were indignant at this covetousness. The bishop was now continually hesitating, and did not know what party to side with. The episcopal office appeared a heavy burden to him; but it put him in a position to give good dinners to his friends, and that was one of the most important duties of his life. "I have wine for the winter," he wrote in a postscript to the letter in which he made many complaints, "and plenty to entertain you with." Such were his episcopal consolations.

The bishop was about to have enemies more formidable than the duke and the League. The Reformation was approaching. There is a characteristic trait in the history of Geneva; the several surrounding countries were by turns to scatter the seeds of life in that city; in it was to be heard a concert of voices from France, Italy, and German Switzerland. It was the last of these that began.

At the time when treason was expelled from the city in the person of Cartelier, the Gospel entered it in that of an honest Helvetian, one of the Bernese and Friburg deputies who went there in 1527 about the affairs of the alliance concluded in 1526. Thomas ab Hofen, a friend of Zwingle, whose mission was diplomatic, with sorrow wrote to the great reformer of Zurich: "The number of those who confess the doctrine of the Gospel must be increased." This simple-minded, zealous christian employed all his leisure time in speaking to the households of the leading huguenots about the Word of God, of its authority, superior (he said) to the pope's, and of the salvation which it proclaimed. At first the priests received the evangelist magistrate rather favorably, and complained to him: "Alas! the faithful bring us no more offerings, and people do not run so ardently after indulgences as they used to."

The Bernese envoy continued to announce quietly the simple Gospel, and some began to believe; others opposed, and Ab Hofen grew dispirited. Zwingle wrote encouraging words: "Take care that the work so well begun is not stopped. While transacting the business of the public, do not neglect the business of Jesus Christ. You will deserve well of the citizens of Geneva if you put in order not only their laws and their rights, but their souls also. Now what can put the soul in order except it be the Word and the teaching of Him who created the soul?" Ab Hofen redoubled his efforts; but the priests eyed him angrily, and excited the people against him. "All my efforts are vain," he wrote to Zwingle; "there are about *seven hundred* clergymen in Geneva who do their utmost to prevent the Gospel from flourishing here. What can I do against such numbers? And yet a wide door is opened to the Word of God. . . . The priests do not preach: and as they are unable to do so, they are satisfied with saying mass in Latin. . . . Miserable nourishment for the poor people!" The pious and sensitive man returned heart-broken to Berne, and died in the following November, "as a christian ought to die." Among those who profited by his teaching were Besançon Hugues and Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve; the former remained on the bishop's side, while the latter was a decided huguenot.

While the Gospel was entering Geneva, desolation was entering Rome. It is a singular circumstance, the meeting of these two cities in history: one so powerful and glorious, the other so small and obscure. Conquerors must have treasures and armies; but evangelical christianity, which undertakes to change man, nations, and the whole human race, has need of the strength of God, and God affects little things. In the first century, he chose Jerusalem; in the middle ages, the Waldensian valleys; in the sixteenth century, Wittemberg and Geneva. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."

In the month of May (1527) a rumor of startling importance suddenly spread through the world: "Rome has just been destroyed," said the people, "and there is no more pope." The troops of Charles V. had taken and sacked the pontifical city, and if the pope was still alive, he was in concealment and almost in prison. The servants of the Church, who were terrified at first, soon recovered their breath, and directly their alarm was dissipated, avarice and covetousness took its place. In the presence of the ruins of that ancient city, its friends thought only of seizing its spoils. The Bishop of Geneva, in particular, divided the vacant benefices between his followers and himself.

The evangelicals could scarcely believe the wonderful news for joy. They thought to themselves that "if the emperor had set aside the bishop and prince of Rome, they might well abandon the prince and bishop of Geneva." They asked: "Are we not much more oppressed by ecclesiastical

tyranny than by secular tyranny? Are we not forced to pay, always to pay, and is it not our money that makes the bishop's pot boil?" Further, the shameful and profligate conduct of many of the ecclesiastics exasperated the citizens of Geneva, and made the better disposed long for a reformation of faith and morals. They could not make that separation between religion and morality of which the greater part of the clergy set the example. They longed for a Christianity of living faith, sanctification, morality, and christian works.

The sack of Rome had made a great sensation in catholic countries. Pierre de la Baume almost believed that the reign of popery had come to an end, and was much alarmed for himself. If a prince so powerful as the pope had succumbed, what would become of the Bishop of Geneva? The alliance with the cantons, and the Gospel which a Swiss magistrate had just been preaching, seemed to him the forerunners of his ruin. He preferred the Savoyard despotism; but he was ready to pay court to liberty. The bishop, therefore, sanctioned the sequestration of the property of the mamelukes, and made Besançon Hugues a magnificent present—the perpetual fief of the fishery of the lake, the Rhone, and the Arve. He further sought to secure the protection of the Swiss against the impetuosity of the huguenots, and the tyranny of the Duke of Savoy; through Robert Vandel, he entreated Friburg and Basle to admit him into their citizenship. "We will not have the bishop for our fellow-citizen," they rudely made answer, "and that for four reasons: first, he is fickle and changeable; second, he is not beloved in Geneva; third, he is imperialist and Burgundian; and fourth, he is a *priest!*" The alarmed prelate now sent Besançon Hugues, a more influential diplomatist, to Berne; but that good citizen returned disheartened at their answer: "The name of the bishop is more hateful among us than that of the devil himself." The vain and frivolous Pierre de la Baume made merry with these reproaches.

For some time Charles III., Duke of Savoy, had been vexed at the bishop's overtures to the Genevans, and the news of these two envoys to the Swiss highly incensed him. He resolved to kidnap the prelate, and the canons of Geneva urged his seizure while attending mass on Saturday at Our Lady of Grace, outside the city. These good catholics added: "Let him be dragged hastily to the other side of the Arve, and once in the territory of Savoy, he can be put to death as a traitor." The Genevans would have been glad to be rid of their bishop, that the city might become free; but his highness, having "snapped up" the bishop, expected to "snap up" the city also, in the confusion resulting. The duke posted ambuscades around the city, and guarded the passes of the Jura; but the bishop was warned while attending mass: "Monseigneur, the archers of Savoy are preparing to clutch you." The affrighted La Baume rushed hastily out of the church, and leaped upon his mule "without putting his foot in the stirrup, for he was a very nimble person," says Bonivard; then, using his heels for spurs, he struck the animal's flanks and galloped off at full speed, shouting, at the top of his voice, to the guards as he passed: "Shut the gates!" The prelate reached the city out of breath, and all of a tremble.

The city was soon in commotion. Besançon Hugues, notwithstanding the opposition of the canons, ordered the great bell to be rung, and the Savoyard captains postponed the attack for a better opportunity. In the midst of the excitement, the traitors who had corresponded between the canons and the duke fled from the city. La Baume was in great distress, and secreted himself for a time in the house of one of his partisans.

This attack, abortive as it was, had one important consequence; it delivered the city from the canons, and thus paved the way for the Reformation. These men were in Geneva the representatives and supporters of all kinds of religious and political tyranny, more bigoted and fanatical than the worldly prelate. Some Genevan liberal complained to La Baume: "The canons, my lord, are the duke's spies; so long as they remain in Geneva, Savoy will have one foot in the city." The poor bishop at once sacrificed these staunchest catholics. "Let them be arrested," he said. "It is they who wished to see me kidnapped. Let them be put in prison!" Messieurs De la Madelaine, De Montrotier, De Salery, De Veigy, and others, were accordingly imprisoned. La Baume at once became alarmed at his own rash act. To strengthen his position, he determined to have himself made a *citizen of Geneva*, that he might become an ally of Berne in spite of Berne.

On the next morning (15th of July) the council-general was convened, and the bishop affably said: "I recall my protest against the alliance with the Swiss. I know how you cling to it; well! . . . I now approve of it; I am willing to give my adhesion to it; and, the more clearly to show my approval, I desire that I may be made a freeman of the city." Great was the astonishment of the people. A prince bishop made a plain citizen of Geneva! Such a thing had never been heard of. The general council assented, but asked him in turn to transfer all civil suits to lay jurisdiction. It was a great revolution, but the prelate answered "Yes."

La Baume then said: "I promise, on my faith, loyally to perform all that is required of a citizen, to prove myself a good prince, and never to separate myself from you!" The delighted people also raised their hands and exclaimed: "And we also,

my lord, will preserve you from harm as we would our own heads!" The poor prelate would have sacrificed still more to protect himself from Charles's attacks, which filled him with indescribable terror.

In this grant La Baume had been guilty of a new offence against the duke; for it was in reality the jurisdiction of the vidame (that is to say, of the duke) which the bishop had thus ceded; and hence it was that he had been induced to do it so readily. On the 20th of July, a Savoy ambassador haughtily demanded the release of the canons. The embarrassed prelate replied: "I release them; I pardon them. I leave vengeance to God."

Twenty-four out of thirty-two canons at once fled from the city and settled at Annecy, while the huguenots rejoiced at their disappearance. As for the canons, they never were to enter Geneva again.

From this time the parties in Geneva took new forms and new names. There were not simply, as before, partisans of the foreign domination and Savoy, and those of independence and Switzerland: the latter were divided. Some, having Hugues and Balard as leaders, declared for the bishop; others, with Maison-Neuve and Porral at their head, declared for the people. They desired not only to repel the usurpations of Savoy, but also to see the fall of the temporal power of the bishop in Geneva. Two great questions were now raised, which sooner or later must rise up in every country. The first was *political*, and may be stated thus: "Must we accept a traditional dominion which has been established by trampling legitimate rights under foot?" (This was the dominion of the bishop.) The second was *religious*, and may be expressed thus: "Which must we choose, popery or the Gospel?"

On the 12th of July some huguenots appeared before the council. "The priests of the Magdalen," they said, "keep an improper house, in which reside several disorderly women." This immoral behavior was at once checked by the council. Another scandal succeeding upon this and occasioned by the bishop himself, gave his authority a death-blow.

A young girl, of respectable family, was forcibly dragged in daytime into the bishop's palace, and the gates closed against her mother and others who clamored for her release. A great crowd gathered, and the citizens exclaimed, "Ha! you are now throwing off the mask of holiness which you held up to deceive the simple. In your churches you kiss God's feet, and in your life you daringly spit in his face."

The outcries without disturbed Pierre de la Baume at his dinner, and he went to the window. There was a profound silence immediately, and the syndics made the prelate an earnest but very respectful speech. The bishop, terrified at the popular fury, replied: "Certainly, gentlemen, you shall have the young woman . . . I only had her carried off for a harper, who asked me for her in return for his services." Monseigneur had not carried off the girl in the violence of passion, but only to pay the wages of a musician! It was not more guilty, but it was more vile. The palace gates were opened, and the girl was restored to her mother. Michael Roset does not mention the harper, and leads us to believe that the bishop had taken her for himself. This scandalous abduction was the last act done in Geneva by the Roman bishops.

From that moment the deposition of the bishop was signed, as it were, in the hearts of most of the citizens. "These, then, are the priest's works," they said, "debauchery and violence! . . . Instead of purifying the manners of the people, they labor to corrupt them! Ha! ha! you bishopers, a fine religion is that of your bishop!" Pécolat, who had been tortured in former times, was now on the side of the bishop, and a noisy affray took place at this time between him and his opponent, De la Thoy; but the combatants were parted without injury.

On the 30th of July the duke summoned the Genevans to recognize his claims, under penalty of an attack by his army. The citizens made answer: "We will suffer death rather." The bishop and the citizens were exceedingly agitated. Men, women, and children set to work: they cut down the trees round the walls, pulled down the houses, and levelled the gardens, while four gangs worked at the fortifications. "We would rather die defending our rights," said the Genevans, "than live in continual fear."

La Baume saw a conspirator in every Genevan. More than one bishop, the oppressor of the liberties of his people, had fallen during the middle ages under the blows of the indignant burgesses. For instance, the wretched Gaudri, bishop of Laon in the twelfth century, having trampled the rights of the citizens under foot, had been compelled to flee from their wrath, and hide himself in a cask in the episcopal cellar. But, being discovered and dragged into the street, he was killed by the blow of an axe, and his body covered with stones and mud. If good *catholics* had practised such revenge upon their bishop, what would *huguenots* do?

La Baume had other fears besides. An intriguing woman, his cousin Madame de Besse warned him: "Make haste to go! for the duke is coming to take you." The bishop desired to flee; but he knew not how to pass through the district of Gex, and cross the Jura mountains, all filled with armed men. He communicated his fears to Besançon Hugues, and the latter arranged for a nocturnal flight. On the night of the 1st of August, 1527, the bishop crept out of his palace in disguise, and attended by Hugues was rowed across the

lake; then they mounted upon good horses, and after four-and twenty hours of cruel fright arrived at St. Claude.

The day after his departure, the news of the bishop's flight caused a great sensation in Geneva. The patriots rejoiced to find themselves delivered by one act both from their bishop and their prince. The Savoyards were greatly annoyed, and swore to arrest Besançon Hugues on his return. That faithful citizen had good courage, a stout sword, and a good horse. He saved himself "as by a miracle," and arrived in Geneva so worn-out that he retired at once to bed. But ere long the brave man recovered from his fatigue, and the city was full of joy. The bishop's flight still further increased their cheerfulness: it snapped the bonds of which they were weary. "The hireling," they said, "leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, when he seeth the wolf coming." "Therefore," they added, "he is not the shepherd."

The Duke of Savoy was greatly enraged at this second escape of the bishop. "I will go," he said, "and drag him across the Alps with a rope around his neck." Then he wrote to him: "I will make you the poorest priest in Savoy;" and he seized upon the abbeys of Suza and Pignerol, which belonged to La Baume. When his anger moderated, he endeavored to secure the co-operation of the bishop, saying: "I will give back all your benefices, if you contrive to annul the alliance between Geneva and Switzerland." La Baume consented to everything, to recover his revenues and live at his ease in Burgundy. He loitered about his garden, ordered some beautiful fur robes, lined with black satin, for the winter, kept a good table, and said: "I am much better supplied with good wine here than we are at Geneva."

The bishop having fled from his bishopric like a hireling,—the prince having run away from his principality like a conspirator, - the citizens resolved to take measures for preserving order in the State, and to make the constitution at once stronger and more independent. The general council delegated to the three councils of Twenty-five, Sixty, and Two-Hundred, all necessary powers. A secret council was also constituted of the four syndics and six leading huguenots. At this time also disappeared mysteriously the white cross of Savoy which Charles III. had placed in marble on the Chateau de l'Ile, eight years before. "I have placed my arms in the middle of the city as a mark of sovereignty," he had said, haughtily, "and have had them carved in hard stone. Let the people efface them if they dare." It was never known who now removed it. Bonivard said: "I know the culprit—St. Peter! As patron of Geneva he is unwilling that a secular prince should have any ensign of authority in this city."

A report was circulated that an excommunication and interdict had been pronounced against the city, at the request of the mamelukes. The general council almost unanimously resolved "that no metropolitan letters, and further still no apostolical letters (that is decrees from the papal courts) should be executed by any priest or any citizen." Thus the bishop by the Tiber found men to resist him by the obscure banks of the Leman. The progressionists rejoiced that the Reformation was triumphing among the Swiss; that Zwingle, Œcolampadius, and Haller were preaching with daily increasing success at Zurich, Basle, and Berne, and that all in the latter city had sworn to observe the "Lutheran law."

Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, a great enemy to superstition, an active and even turbulent man, and daring enough to attempt anything, resolved to organize a funeral procession of the papacy. He would attack Rome with the weapons that the Roman carnival supplied him, and would arrange a great procession. The young men disguised themselves as priests, as canons, as monks, and indulged in acts of outrageous buffoonery while marching through the streets of the city. The people greeted their doleful chantings with noisy roars of laughter, and every one said that popery was singing its *De profundis* —its burial song. The priests took the jest in very bad part, and the episcopal council severely reprimanded the offenders.

Bonivard had but little fear of letters of excommunication. "If you have done what is wrong," he told his friends, "God himself excommunicates you; but if you have acted rightly, the excommunication of priests can do you no harm. There is only one tribunal which has power over the conscience, and that is heaven. The pope and the devil hurt only those who are afraid of them. Do therefore what is right, and fear nothing." Bonivard's words increased the contempt of the people for the papal excommunications.

Charles III. was indignant at these acts, and a message from him was read in the Two-Hundred on the 7th of February. "I hear," said the prince, "that the Lutheran sect is making way among you. . . . Make haste to prevent the ravages of that pestilence, and, to that intent, send on the 17th two men empowered by you to hear some very important things concerning *my authority in matters of faith.*" "Really," said the council, "we have had enough and too much even of one pope, and we do not care to have two—one at Rome and the other at our very gates." "We will not write to the duke," said the syndics; "we will delegate no one to him, seeing that we are not his subjects; but we will simply tell the bearer of this letter that *we are going on very well*, and that the duke, having no authority to correct us, ought to *mind his own business.*"

As for the bishop, his most important

missive at this time was a permission "to eat milk-food during the coming lent."

The episcopal council were in great commotion at the syndics' answer, and sent M. de Veigy, an eminent canon, to pacify the duke. The envoy was harshly threatened: "If you do not come out of it, you will be burnt in it with all the rest." The poor canon promised to leave Geneva; but on his return to the city, he forgot his terror and his promises, whereupon he received this short message from Charles III.: "Ordered, under pain of death, to quit Geneva in six days." "He left on the 3d of March, and with great regret," adds Balard. Charles wished to put the canons in a place of safety before he burnt the city.

The partisans of absolutism and the papacy rose up on every side against Geneva, as if the Reformation were already established there. It was not so, however. Although Geneva had come out of Romanism, it had not yet entered Reform: it was still in those uncertain and barren places, that land of negations and disputes which lies between the two. A few persons only were beginning to see that, in order to separate really from the pope, it was necessary, as Haller and Zwingle said, to obey Jesus Christ. Bonivard, in his priory of St. Victor, wrote: "A strange spectacle! Everybody wishes to command, and nobody will obey. From tyranny we have fallen into the opposite and worse vice, anarchy. There are as many tyrants as heads. It is not liberty to do whatever we desire, if we do not desire what is right. The huguenot leagues are not sufficient; the Gospel must advance, in order that popery may recede."

Bernese visitors continued Ab Hofen's work, and extolled the Scriptures. "God speaks to us of the Redeemer," they said, "and not of Lent." But the Friburgers exclaimed: "Obey the Church! If you separate from the Church, we will break off the alliance."

The *bishopers* were with Friburg, the *commoners* with Berne. The latter were divided into three classes: there were politicians, to whom religion was only a means of obtaining liberty; serious and peaceful men, who called for true piety; (Bonivard mentions Boutelier as one of these;) and, lastly, the enemies of the priests, who saw the Reformation from a negative point of view, and regarded it essentially as a war against Roman superstitions.

One day several of the latter class called upon Bonivard, and told him: "We wish to put an end to all this papal ceremony; we wish to drive out all its papistical rabble; and then we mean to invite the ministers of the Gospel, who will introduce a true christian reformation among us." Bonivard desired a reformation, but one conducted by purer men. He sarcastically replied: "You desire to expel us, you say, and put Lutheran ministers in our place. . . These ministers will permit you to break the commandments of the pope, but they will forbid you breaking those of God. . . . Either leave us in our present condition; or, if you wish to reform us according to the Gospel, reform yourselves first."

These huguenots, headed by De la Maison-Neuve, resolved to reform themselves first; but they got no further than pruning away certain superstitions. They resolved to eat meat every day in Lent, as well as milk. The council saw this with uneasiness, and forbade the new practice under pain of three days' imprisonment on bread and water and a fine of five sols. But wishing to hold the balance even, they had hardly struck one side before they struck the other, and condemned the forty-four fugitive mamelukes to confiscation and death.

This last sentence aroused the anger of all the adjacent country. The Sire de Pontverre summoned his associates: the knights of La Vaux, Gex, Chablais, Genevois, and Faucigny met in council at the castle of Bursinel, on the lake opposite Mont Blanc. They despised the burgesses, and the latter held them to be bandits and brigands. "A contest must decide," agreed the company, "whether the future times shall belong to the knights or to the burgesses, to the Church or to heresy."

Near the close of the dinner, "it chanced," says Bonivard, "that some rice (*papet*) was brought in, with as many spoons as there were persons at table." Pontverre rose, took up a spoon with the same hand that wielded the sword so vigorously, plunged it into the dish of rice, and, lifting it to his mouth, ate and said: "Thus will I swallow Geneva and the Genevese." In an instant all the gentlemen, "heated with wine and anger," took up their spoons, and exclaimed as they ate, "that they would make but one mouthful of all the huguenots." Pontverre did not stop at this: he took a little chain, hung the spoon round his neck, and said: "I am a *knight of the Spoon*, and this is my decoration."—"We all belong to the same order," said the others, similarly hanging the spoons on their breasts. They then grasped each other's hands and swore to be faithful to the last.

The spoon was taken up everywhere, as in the time of the crusades men took up the Cross. Depredations soon began upon the property of the Genevans, and the city was blockaded closer every day. The citizens called the Swiss to their aid, fortified their city, and kept strict watch. On the 23d of March, the council recorded this prayer: "May we be delivered from the evils we endure, may we conquer and have peace! May the Almighty be pleased to grant it to us!"

Bonivard, supported by Geneva, repossessed himself of a fief at Cartigny, two leagues from the city, which had been

seized by the duke. Pontverre detested the prior and captured this castle on the 6th of March, 1528. Bonivard now gathered together twenty soldiers, and accompanied by an ex-councillor of Berne, named Boschelbach, halted before the castle. The ex-chancellor, attended by his servant Thiebault, advanced and demanded a parley; the garrison fired, and Thiebault was shot dead. This outrage incensed the Genevans. The prior knew that his bold actions might lose him St. Victor as well as his life: "But what does it matter," he thought, "if by such a sacrifice right is maintained and liberty triumphs."

The lord of Pontverre had more important plans to further, and strove to unite the duke and the bishop to crush Geneva. The prelate tried to become friendly with his highness, without breaking with the Genevans. "I quitted Geneva," he informed the duke, "in order that I might not be forced to do anything displeasing to you." It will be remembered, on the contrary, that he had run away to escape from Charles III., who wanted to "snap him up;" but that prince, satisfied with seeing La Baume place himself again under his guidance, pretended to believe him, and cancelled the sequestration of his revenues. Being thus reconciled, the bishop and the duke set to work to stifle the Reformation. "Good," said Bonivard; "Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for before they were at enmity between themselves."

The bishop soon perceived that he could not be both with the duke and Geneva; and, every day drawing nearer to Savoy, he turned against his own subjects and his own flock.

The first measure Charles exacted from his new ally was to revoke the civil rights he had conceded to the citizens. The bishop consented. He therefore caused an order to be posted on the church doors, forbidding the magistrates to try civil causes under pain of excommunication and a fine of one hundred pounds of silver. "Remove these letters," said the syndics to the episcopal secretary, "and carry them back to the bishop, for they are contrary to our franchises." At the same time they said to the judges: "You will continue to administer justice, notwithstanding the excommunication." This, be it remarked, occurred at Geneva in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The bishop angrily replied: "If within a fortnight you do not desist from all opposition to our authority, we will declare you our enemies, and will employ all our resources and those of our relations and friends to punish you for the outrage you are committing against us, and we will strive to ruin you totally, whatever may be the place to which you flee." On the 14th of June, 1528, Hugues, the premier syndic answered: "We will not renounce the independence which our charters secure to us. . . . Rather than lose it, we will sacrifice our lives and goods, our wives, and our children. . . . We will give up everything, to our last breath, to the last drop of our blood." . . . His auditors cried with one voice, "Yes! yes! that is the answer we will make." Strange to say this action seemed bravado and fool-hardy to the Swiss: "These Germans are all mad," said they, forgetting the victories of their ancestors.

La Baume was very angry against his perverse flock, who disturbed him with their bold speeches, in the midst of his peaceful retreat in Burgundy, where he kept "a dainty table with good wines," and was liberal to women of doubtful character. The arrival of a messenger from Geneva, Martin de Combes, bearing a letter full of friendly terms, drew a furious answer from the intoxicated bishop. "Tell the folks in Geneva that they are all traitors—all of them, men, women, and children, little and big; that I will have justice done shortly, and that it will be something to talk about. Tell them never to write to me again. . . . Whenever I meet any persons from that city, I will have them put to death. . . . And as for you, get out of my sight instantly!" The poor messenger, who trembled like a leaf, did not wait to be told twice. All this was a deadly blow to the consideration due to the clergy.

While the bishop was putting himself into a passion like a soldier, the Duke of Savoy was convoking a synod like a bishop. It met on the 12th of July, 1528. The intelligent and energetic Pierre Gazzini, Bishop of Aosta, who afterwards contended in his episcopal city with Calvin himself, called for harsh measures against Geneva, which was corrupting Savoy: "The people will no longer pay for masses, or keep the fasts; men go about everywhere saying that the property of the abbots and prelates ought to be sold to feed the poor and miserable." Charles III. determined to adopt harsh measures. He was also intriguing with the emperor and the pope to have Pierre de la Baume designated successor to the archbishop of Besançon, and his second son, a child four years old, made count or prince of Geneva.

Hugues started for Berne and Friburg, with Ami Girard and Robert Vandel; but the Swiss were forsaking Geneva for the gold of the duke, and they were treated coldly. The indignant ambassadors wrote home: "Sooner than do what they ask you, set fire to the city, and begin with our houses."

The duke now prepared to support his pretensions by more energetic means. His agents traversed the districts round Geneva; they went from door to door, from house to house, and said to the peasants: "Do not venture to carry provisions to Geneva." Others went from castle to castle, and told the lords: "Let every

gentleman equip his followers with uniform and arms, and be ready at the sound of the alarm-bell."

Within the city, the Dominican monks were enlisted in his cause, and they strove to increase his adherents by distributing little silver keys, (the arms of Fauciguy,) to be worn as a badge of honor. Chappuis, the superior, with the monks Gringalet and Levrat, were the most zealous workers. They threatened to transfer the property of the convent to some other place if Savoy and the papacy did not triumph in Geneva. The syndics heard of these plottings, and called upon the brethren in their monastery. The premier syndic said: "You had better say your prayers and not meddle with politics. You pretend to renounce the world, reverend brethren, and then do nothing else but intrigue for the things of this world. You intend, we hear, to carry away your property, your relics, and your jewels; gently . . . We will spare you that trouble; we will take of them in the grotto of St. Pierre, and put your persons in a place of safety." . . . The council ordered an inventory of the goods of the convent to be drawn up, and generously left the monks three chalices for the celebration of mass. They banished Chappuis, Gringalet, and Levrat, and placed the other brethren under the surveillance of two deputies of the council. The monks had their wings clipped, and the Reformation was beginning.

Chappuis, Gringalet, and Levrat filled the places through which they passed with their complaints, and all the bigots looked upon them as martyrs. The knights of the Spoon, being informed of the fate with which monastic institutions were threatened in Geneva, resolved to avenge religion and do all the injury they could to the audacious burgesses. Pontverre spoiled and plundered the Genevans *under their noses*, by having mowers cut down the new grass in the meadows of the Genevans, on the left bank of the Arve, a quarter of an hour's walk from the city, while his armed force stood by. "Come, come, cheer up!" he cried to the citizens; "why don't you cross the bridge and fetch the hay we have cut for you?" The young huguenots would have taken him at his word, but Bonivard dissuaded them from the fight.

The Genevans solicited men from Berne and Friburg; eight hundred troops arrived, and were quartered on the adherents of the bishop. The duke now permitted provisions to arrive, and the troops left on the 30th of October, 1528.

Pontverre summoned another assembly of the knights of the Spoon to meet at Nyon in December, to arrange for capturing the city. In a spirit of bravado, he determined to repair thither through Geneva. At daybreak he passed through the Corraterie gate, and rode through the streets leisurely; but he found the Swiss gate not yet opened. The impatient Pontverre slapped the gate-keeper in the face, and said. "Rascal, is this the way you make gentlemen wait?" He added with violent oaths: "You will not be wanted much longer. It will not be long before we pull down your gates and trample them under foot, as we have done before." He then set spurs to his horse and galloped away. The people and council were excited; sentinels were now ordered to be stationed everywhere. The knight rejoiced at his adventure, and cried, "Down with Geneva! Rome and Savoy forever!"

Pontverre wished to enter Geneva unopposed, and had bought friends who occupied a house in the Corraterie, the back-door of which opened to the outside of the city. He told his associate, Sire de Beaufort, governor of Chillon, while enjoining secrecy: "We have a gate in Geneva at our orders. No one knows of it; but do not fear. I will undertake that you shall all enter."—"Pontverre did indeed enter," said Bonivard, some time after, when he heard of this remark; "he went in, but he did not come out."

Despite the warnings of his friends, Pontverre resolved to ride through Geneva again. "His hour was come, and it pleased God so," says Bonivard. Sire de Simon and some armed attendants followed him in this fool-hardy adventure; they reached Geneva on Saturday afternoon, the 2d of January, 1529, as night was setting in. Pontverre hid his face in his cloak, presented himself with his escort at the Pâquis gate, and passed into the streets. The sight of leading huguenots enraged him; he threw off his cloak, and drawing his sword, "uttered threats and insults out of his haughtiness and insolence." He struck one of the citizens on the head with his sword, saying with a round oath: "We must kill these traitors." The huguenots surrounded him, and exclaimed: "It is Pontverre." The crowd increased and blocked up the bridge over the Rhone he wished to cross. The knight dashed through the crowd to the Corraterie gate, but found it shut. He galloped back to the house with the private exit outside the city, and rushed into the dwelling; his face was covered with blood from a sword-cut on his nose. He seems to have lost his presence of mind, for he hid himself under a bed like a child. Meanwhile his attendants had been disarmed and confined. The crowd, headed by Ami Bandière—whose father and children had appealed to the council in 1526 when he was a fugitive with Hugues in Berne—searched the house; and the wretched fugitive received a stab in his hiding-place. Regaining his feet, Pontverre seized Bandière, and stabbed him in the thigh with a dagger. The captain-general of the knights of the Spoon fought desperately; he fell dead as the syndic Ami Girard entered, exclaiming:

"Stop! stop!" The lord of Pontverre fell a martyr to feudalism, say some; a victim to his own insolence, say others. His sole idea had been to ruin Geneva, to disperse its inhabitants, to throw down its walls; and now he lay dead a few yards from the place where, in 1519, he was present at the head of his troopers to take part in the murder of Berthelier, and in the very place by which he had arranged to enter and destroy the city by fire and sword. He was buried with honor in the convent of Rive, and his companions were released. As the meditated plan of attack was found on his body, the inquest found no grounds for bringing any one to trial.

"We will kill all the Genevans we can find," now said the brethren of the Spoon. "They fell upon the first they met, committing violence and murder." Jean Lullin and Robert Vandel, at the risk of their lives, offered to call upon Berne and Friburg for help. They had hardly started upon the lake before the enemy's boats were in swift pursuit; the race was a terrible one, but they reached Ouchy safely, dripping with perspiration, and got in disguise to Friburg. Many Genevans were assaulted and killed, one was tied to a cross and compelled to walk back to the city, and the citizens dared not pass the walls.

At midnight, on Holy Thursday, (25th of March,) the knights of the Spoon, with about four thousand Savoyard troops, moved forward to take Geneva with surprise. The whole garrison was but fifty soldiers. A detachment with ladders reached the foot of the wall. "At the moment of execution, a spirit of fear fell upon the Savoyards," says a chronicler; "God took away their courage, so that they were not able to come near."—"We are not strong enough to carry out our enterprise," said one.—"If we fail," said another, "Messieurs of the Swiss League will not fail us." They consequently withdrew, and, in order to conceal their disgrace, said that the duke or the bishop had forbidden them to advance.

The Genevans entered on the registers of the council these simple words: "The gentlemen had undertaken to attack the city, *which God has preserved hitherto.*"

While the men of the old times were taking fright and retreating, the men of the new times were taking courage and advancing. They sat down at the firesides of the burgesses of Geneva, and leading the way to religious conversation, gradually scattered new ideas in the city and new seeds in men's hearts. Of these *Lutherans*, as they were called, some were Genevans, others Bernese; and the witty Bonivard occasionally joined in this familiar talk. Some of these if they saw a cordelier passing, with ruddy face, long beard, brown frock, and disgusting aspect, pointed at him and said: "These monks creep not only into the consciences of the citizens, but into their houses, and defile the city by their scandals and adultery. Our grated windows and bolted doors can hardly keep out their unbridled vices, and protect the chastity of our wives and daughters. God has given them up to the lusts of their hearts." Such conversations as these were continually taking place among the Genevans and the Bernese during the interval between the reformation of Berne and that of Geneva.

The relics exhibited in the churches excited the indignation and contempt of many. In the church of St. Pierre was shown "the arm of St. Anthony. On holiday's," says a Genevan, "it is brought out for the adoration of the people, who kiss the relic with holy reverence. But this arm some people affirm to be only one of the members of a stag." On the high altar was a box in which the brains of St. Peter were said to be preserved; but the huguenots contended the brains were nothing but pumice stone. At the church of St. Gervais, the priests begged the offerings of good catholics to remove the bodies of various saints buried under the altar; and by a series of hidden pipes a variety of sounds were produced, which they declared to be the voices of the saints supplicating this assistance. In the cemetery at night were to be seen little flames creeping among the scattered bones. The priests said these were souls out of purgatory; but when caught they proved to be crabs upon which the priests had fastened little wax tapers. "That is one of the tricks of our clergy," said a learned huguenot. "They are buffoons in their repasts, fools in all difficult discussions, snails in work, harpies in exaction, leopards in friendship, bulls in pride, minotaurs in devouring, and foxes in cunning."

On Tuesday, the 4th of January, 1530, a number of the huguenots, indignant at these impostures, held in the streets an auction of mock relics, by way of derision. The citizens were delighted, but the actors were sent to prison. Great numbers of the populace gathered before the hôtel-de-ville, and said to the syndics: "We desire that the prisoners be set at liberty, and we offer to be bail for them." The magistrates summoned the prisoners before them the next day, and dismissed them with a reprimand.

At Wittemberg the Reformation began in the person of Luther with the internal; at Geneva it began in the huguenots with the external.

The bishop, who was still in Burgundy, desired neither external nor internal reform. He was alarmed at what was taking place in Geneva; he complained to the duke, the emperor, and even to the syndics. He gave the latter to understand that he would destroy Geneva rather than permit any abuses to be reformed. The people answered: "Better have war and

liberty than peace and servitude. We do not put our trust in princes, and to God alone be the honor and glory." They relied upon the Swiss for aid; but these cantons, influenced by the Duke of Savoy, proposed to revoke their alliance with this weak yet obstinate city.

On the 1st of May an imposing embassy arrived from Zurich, Basle, Soleure, Berne, and Friburg, and were soon followed by delegates from Savoy; these deputations fraternized, but treated the Genevans haughtily. On the 22d of May, the Swiss demanded the revocation of the alliance, and the virtual surrender of the city to the duke, under pain of the displeasure of Francis I., Charles V., and the King of Hungary. Yet the Germans stood firm despite these threats, and exclaimed: "We will die first." The council-general answered: "Most honored lords, as the alliance with the League was not concluded hastily, (*a la chaude,*) we hope in God and in the oath you made to us that it will never be broken. As for us, we are determined to keep ours." It was further resolved that whoever spoke of annulling the alliance should be beheaded. The embassy were astonished at this unanimity of spirit, and returned to Switzerland.

The duke now sought the influence of the pope. Through the Bishop of Aosta he narrated the heretical doings of the Genevans and solicited his assistance to subdue them. Clement VII. would not furnish aid, but he answered: "*I pray the duke to keep his eye particularly upon Geneva. That city is becoming far too Lutheran, and it must be put down at any risk.*" Charles V. was now approached successfully, and by letter of the 16th of July, 1529, the emperor ordered the syndics to arrest their Lutheran preachers, "and punish them according to the tenor of the severest edicts." Geneva was an imperial city, yet this peremptory letter was bravely answered: "Sire, we intend to live as in past times, according to God and the law of Jesus Christ." Charles now promised the duke an armed force, and the pope gave him a subsidy of 4,000 Spanish livres.

The courage of the defenders of catholicism in Geneva was revived by the news they received from without; and the emperor, the pope, and the duke declaring themselves ready to do their duty, the episcopal officers prepared to do theirs also. But one circumstance might paralyze all their efforts: "God, of his goodness, began at this time," says a manuscript, "to implant a knowledge of the truth, of his holy Gospel, and of the Reformation in the hearts of some individuals in Geneva, by the intercourse they had with the people of Berne."

These huguenots boldly professed the protestant ideas, ridiculed the priests, disregarded Lent, and strolled through the churches during mass. The clerics complained, and the syndics made this singular decree: "Ordered, that whoever eats meat in Lent, or strolls about the churches, shall be condemned to build *three toises of the wall* of St. Gervais." The city was building this wall as a means of defence against the duke. The huguenots indignantly exclaimed: "Ha! ha! Messieurs du clergé, you wish us to eat nothing but fish, and you live in habitual intercourse with harlots. Hypocrits! you strain at the gnat and swallow the camel!" Complaints were made against the immorality of the clergy, and the equitable council ordered, "that the priests should forthwith forsake their evil ways, under penalty of building three toises of the wall of St. Gervais, in company with the others." This order was not strictly enforced, and the people said: "The canons, priests, and friars are incorrigible, they are jovial fellows, fond of drinking, and rear their bastard children openly. How can the Church be scandalized at such a course of life, when even the popes set the example?"

Negative protestantism, however, is not true piety, and hence the evangelical christians of Zurich and Berne urged the Genevans they met to receive the true essence of the Gospel. Hugues Vandel was cordially welcomed as an ambassador at these Swiss cities; he answered these appeals: "The majority in the city of Geneva would like to be evangelical; but they want to be shown the way, and no one would dare preach the Gospel in the churches for fear of Friburg." A late event brought to his mind St. Victor, Bonivard's little independent principality at the gates of the city. "Suppose it were to be made over to my lords of Berne," said Vandel; "they would like to have a bailiff there, *and a preacher who would be our great comfort.*"

Bonivard, deprived of his benefice at the time of Berthelier's death, had recovered his priory but not his revenue. Equipped and accompanied by several men-at-arms, he had made several raids into the duke's territories to recover his rents. In one of these skirmishes, he assaulted a pontifical proctor who opposed his claims; thereupon Clement issued a brief against him. The city council forbade Bonivard to indulge in these military freaks; and as he was reduced to poverty, they allotted him four crowns and a half a month to support himself and servant. The proctor claimed the priory for Clement; Bonivard annexed it to the hospital of Geneva, and imprisoned several of his monks for conspiring to betray it to Savoy. Charles sought to induce the prior to revoke this cession, and on his failure determined to be rid of this energetic opposer of his plans.

At this time, Bonivard's mother lay sick at Seyssel, in Savoy, and the prior said to his friends: "Alas! I should like to see my aged mother once more before she dies. I have not seen her these five years, and she is on the brink

of the grave." He sought a safe-conduct from the duke, under the plea that he would consult with his mother about the priory, and the delighted Charles gave him a passport good only for the month of April. His "ancient dame" received him with fond affection; but she dreaded the duke's perfidy; she remembered Lévrier's story, and she trembled for her child.

Meanwhile Bonivard's enemies in Geneva circulated reports that he was betraying the Genevans and surrendering St. Victor; Besançon Hugues was desirous to have the priority for his son, and Bonivard (hostile alike to the catholics and to the huguenots) hesitated what to do. April expired; his safe-conduct was prolonged during May, and he bid his mother farewell for the last time. The Count of Chalons, president of the council of Savoy, pledged his honor for his safety from arrest during May and June, and Bonivard now offered at Lausanne to resign the priory of St. Victor to the Bishop of Montfaucon for a pension of four hundred crowns. The consent of Geneva and Savoy were alone requisite, and he sought the aid of René de Chalans, on the 28th of May, at Moudon. He was received cordially; the Sire de Bellegarde, Lévrier's murderer, shared his bed with him, and next morning despatched his sergeant, as a servant, with Bonivard to Lausanne. An ambuscade was also planned upon the road, and the confiding prior "was made prisoner in the name of Monseigneur," despite his free-conduct. "They took me, bound and pinioned, to Chillon," he says in his Chronicles, "and there I remained six long years." His friends sought his release, but without success. His spirit was broken in the gloomy dungeons of Chillon.

Bonivard's arrest was not an isolated act, but the first skirmish of a general engagement. The duke and the bishop were reconciled, and their only thought was how they could reduce Geneva by force of arms. A singular resolution for a pastor! Fortunately for him the Genevans gave him a pretext calculated in some measure to justify his warlike cure of souls.

Mandolla, a bastard priest of evil fame, was procurator-fiscal of Geneva, a thorough-going partisan of the duke and bishop. The citizens were indignant at his intrigues, and appealed to the upright vicar-general, who was abbot of Bonmont, for his arrest. Mandolla was alarmed, and fled to the castle of Penney. The council ordered his arrest, and on the 24th of June he was led back to prison as a criminal. His friends at once wrote to the bishop at Arbois, and in three days "a severe and threatening letter" arrived from the prelate demanding his release. "My lord," answered the magistrates, "Mandolla you well know to be a traitor and a robber." Accordingly they indicted the fiscal, and the enraged bishop sought allies to punish these huguenots. He appealed to the knights of the Spoon for aid. Meanwhile he arrested two Genevan cattle dealers, and ordered all Genevans in his territory to be seized with their goods.

On the 20th of August, 1530, Pierre de la Baume at Arbois, granted these commissions to the Knights of the Spoon to make war upon his subjects. "We, Pierre de la Baume, bishop and prince of Geneva, having regard to the insolence, rebellion, treason, and conspiracies that some of our subjects of Geneva are daily committing against us and our authority . . . imprisoning our subjects and our officers without orders, assuming our rights of principality, and threatening to do worse; . . . being resolved *to maintain our Church in her authority and to uphold our holy faith*, have commissioned and required our friends and relatives to aid us in punishing the rebels, and, if need be, to proceed by force of arms."

The gentlemen thanked the prelate, and were glad to be in a crusade against the evangelicals, who were "everywhere preaching what they call the Word of God." Some envoys from Friburg to Chambéry, although good catholics, secured the release of some evangelists imprisoned in a castle on their road. When they had audience with the duke, he bitterly complained of their conduct! "I will not put up with such disorders. I cannot prevent my nobles from taking vengeance." But the Genevans were equally unwilling to submit; accordingly Robert Vandel and John Lullin were sent to Berne and Friburg to urge a reinforcement.

In the autumn of 1530, the duke and the bishop met in consultation about Geneva at Gex. "Lutheranism is making considerable progress in Geneva," said the bishop to the duke; "attack the city; for my part I will employ in this work the revenues of my see and of my abbeys, and even all my patrimony." The duke might have had reasons for delaying the war, for the catholic princes at Augsburg desired to wait until spring for a general attack upon protestantism; but his passions prevailed over the directions of Charles V. The knights of the Spoon, led by the able and bigoted Baron of La Sarray, were already in the field, assaulting defenceless Genevans, and intercepting provisions intended for the city. On the 20th of September, the men-at-arms of these knights, the Burgundians of the bishop, and the ducal troops under the Duke of Nemours, made arrangements to surprise Geneva.

Intelligence of this alarming news was brought to the city, and on Sunday, the 25th of September, the six captains thus addressed their troops: "We have been informed that our enemies will attack us very shortly. We pray you therefore to forgive one another, and be ready to die in the defence of your rights." The citi-

zens as one man replied: "We are willing to do so." Yet Geneva was still a catholic city; mass was said in her churches, and in not one of them was the Gospel preached.

On Friday, the 30th, the enemy's army debouched on all sides of Geneva, and the six hundred soldiers of the city got their arms ready. At this moment envoys arrived from Friburg; seeing the great danger of an assault, they despatched heralds to summon immediate help from their canton. Several of these were turned back by the soldiers, but one made his way through. Skirmishes now occurred, resulting in several deaths. The Savoyards held the suburbs, and on Sunday night purposed to make the assault: "death and plunder" was their password. Ambassadors from Berne now entered the city, and in turn sent off a herald to demand support at once. The night closed in, at one o'clock the troops drew close up to the ditch. It was easy for them to break in the gates and to scale the walls; but, strange to say, "the nearer they approached the more their hearts failed them." The officers of Savoy drew back, saying, "the duke had commanded them to withdraw under pain of death." The troops fell into disorder, and in a moment there was a general flight. The emperor had peremptorily ordered the duke to refrain from hostilities, desiring to crush the protestants in the next spring, as a month's truce had been given them to become reconciled to Rome: thus the present assault failed.

The Genevans believed the hand of the Almighty had defended them by an unknown and invisible power, this memorable night, from the attack of a gallant and numerous army. They would have pursued the enemy had not the warlike diplomatists cautioned them: "You do not know how great is the cunning of the enemy. Wait until you receive help from our masters, which we hope will soon arrive."

In fact, fifteen thousand of those soldiers who were the terror of Europe were then entering the Pays de Vaud with ten pieces of cannon and colors flying, and were marching to Geneva. On their arrival they did no harm to the peasants, except that they "lived upon the good man;" but they captured, plundered, and burned the castles of the knights of the Spoon. At noon on Monday, the 10th of October, the Swiss army, headed by the avoyer D'Erlach, marched into the little city. The citizens received a great number in their houses, and many were quartered in the convents, the Augustine and Franciscan monasteries, as well as the houses of the churchmen. Some Bernese bivouacked in the open air. These latter made the altar, wooden images, and large cross in a neighboring chapel furnish them with seats and firewood. Several catholic Friburgers reproved them for sacrilege; but the Bernese coolly replied: "The wood from the churches is usually very dry." A league from the city was a convent of Cistercian nuns, staunch partisans of the duke, and upon them a Swiss company was quartered. The nuns fled hastily, and the soldiers set fire to the convent; but the house was little injured. The frightened women petitioned the council for permission to leave the city; but the devout members answered: "Fear nothing, for the city has not the least intention of becoming Lutheran." Only twenty-five soldiers, all Friburgers, "good catholics and hearing mass willingly," were now placed in the convent; though even they rebelled at one time, because the good sisters put them on the spare diet of a few peas. All the priests and monks now flocked to the convent, and daily chanted mass *in pontificalibus;* this was a great consolation and honor to the nuns.

The Bernese, in turn, desired to have the Word of God preached. Commencing with the 11th of October, their almoner daily went up into the pulpit of the cathedral, read a portion of Scripture, and preached a sermon. The priests were consoled because "the accursed ministers preached in German;" but he also distributed among his hearers the Scriptures and writings of the Reformers in French. A truce was now concluded; the bishop and the Genevans released their prisoners; "but," adds Bonivard, "I was not taken out of Chillon."

Thus had failed the attack of the bishop-prince against his city; and it was much to be feared that such an act, instead of restoring his power, would only accelerate his fall. Pierre de la Baume saw this, and resolved to employ other means to regain in Geneva the authority he had lost. He regretted that the defintive treaty of peace was referred to a Swiss diet to be held at Pazerne. "If," said he, "I could but have the emperor as arbiter, instead of the Swiss." . . Charles V. had never been more irritated against the protestants than when the bishop's petition was presented to him. It was the middle of November; the imperial *recess* had just been rejected by the evangelists, because the emperor (they said) had not authority to command in matters of faith. The deputies of Saxony and Hesse had left without waiting for the close of the diet. On the 19th of November, proclamation was to be made in Augsburg of the re-establishment of one and the same faith throughout the empire. The evening before, the emperor dictated the following letter for the people of Geneva:

"DEAR LIEGEMEN,

"We have been informed that there is a question between you and our cousin, the Duke of Savoy, about matters touching the rights of our well-beloved cousin and counsellor, the Bishop of Geneva.

We have desired to write to you about that, enjoining you very expressly to send to our imperial authority persons well-informed on all points in dispute between the bishop and yourselves. We shall demand the same of the said lords, the duke and the bishop, our cousins, for the settlement of your differences, which will be for the welfare and tranquillity of both parties. You will thus learn the desire we have that *our subjects* should live in peace, friendship and concord.

"Dear liegemen, may God watch over you!

"At Augsburg, 18th of November, 1530. CHARLES."

This letter from his imperial majesty created a great sensation in Geneva. The council hesitated as to their answer, and at length wrote that as the settlement which the emperor desired to undertake would be arranged at Payerne before the Swiss diet, they could not profit by his good intentions, and concluded by commending to him the city of Geneva, "which, from desiring to observe its strict duty, would have been almost destroyed but for the grace of God."

Thus did the little city boldly decline the intervention of the great emperor. The duke and bishop were incensed at this reply. "Since these rebels reject the peaceful mediation of the emperor," they said, "we must bring the matter to an end with the sword." It was planned that the Duke of Nemours with ten thousand lansquenets, should quietly advance by St. Claude and Gex, and destroy Geneva two days before the opening of the diet at Payerne, while the Duke of Savoy and the castles of the Pays de Vaud should co-operate. But Charles boasted of his intentions, and the movements of troops could not be concealed. Geneva and Switzerland were aroused, and the plot frustrated.

The diet at Payerne conceded the vidamy to the duke, maintained the alliance of Geneva, Berne and Friburg, and condemned Charles III. to pay these three cities 21,000 crowns. The release of Bonivard was also demanded; but the Count of Chalons said he was "a lawful prisoner."

It was now sought to attach Geneva to the papacy by a marvellous favor. To reward the heroism of the Sisters of St. Claire, the pope granted a general pardon to all who should perform certain devotions in the church of that convent. An immense crowd of devotees from the Savoy villages flocked at once into Geneva; and when the citizens closed the city gates against them, they forced them open. According to a bull of Adrian VI., it was sufficient to repeat five *Paters* and *Aves* to obtain seventy thousand years of pardon. This system of indulgences increased the dislike of the Genevans to the Romish ceremonies, and was a singular procedure to strengthen the cause of catholicism in Geneva. The syndics finally lost their patience, and had the strangers driven from the city.

Clement VII. was incensed, but he dictated "of divine inspiration" a new pardon, to which the bishop of Geneva affixed his *placet*, and which inflicted the penalty of excommunication on any who should oppose it. Again the Savoyards flocked to the city in crowds; the Genevans permitted all to enter upon whom no arms were found concealed. The pilgrims were as busy with eating and drinking as praying, and the tavern-keepers were forced to set tables in the open air. "I very much fear," spoke a citizen, "that in order to sell her indulgences the Church makes many promises which God certainly will not fulfil. It is a pious fraud, as Thomas Aquinas says." The Sisters of St. Claire rejoiced that they were thus favored. But the means which the pope had selected for re-annexing Geneva to Rome had quite a different effect; they produced a revival of religion.

An invisible hand was at that time stretched over the city, and holding a blessing in reserve for it. Farel, on the shores of the lake of Neufchatel, wrote to Zwingle of the evangelical movement in Geneva in October, 1531, a few days before the reformer of Zurich fell on the battlefield of Cappel: "As for the degree of fervor with which the Genevans seek after piety—it is known only to the Lord."

No one interested himself more than Farel in the reformation of Geneva. That year he was at Avenche, Payerne, Orbe, Grandson, and other places; and everywhere he ran the risk of losing his life. In one place a sacristan threatened him with a pistol; in another, a friar tried to kill him with a knife concealed under his frock; but Farel never thought of himself. Of intrepid heart and indomitable will, always burning with desire to promote the triumph of the Gospel, he yet dared not forsake his own field of labor. He thought of Pierre Toussaint, the young canon of Metz, who had joined Zwingle at Zurich on the invitation of Œcolampadius; and he urged him "to labor strenuously, so as to redeem by his zeal all the time he has lost." The amiable Toussaint at first seemed inclined to accept the call; but Geneva wanted a hero, and he had not the courage to be one. Farel was vexed, and in his anguish prayed to the Lord for relief. The moment was soon to arrive when he would go himself to Geneva; but before he appeared there, God would send a strong and modest man, who would prepare the way for Farel, Calvin and the Reformation.

Meanwhile several Genevans sought for a negative reform that would do away with the mass, images, and priests. The friars, priests, and bigots, in alarm got up an agitation, and incited the procurator-fiscal to call for a severe inquiry upon all suspected persons. "Let us destroy

heresy!" he repeated. The council, greatly perplexed, evaded the matter and did nothing. The fervent catholics now appealed to the Friburg ambassadors. The latter declared: "If Geneva is reformed, there is an end to the alliance." The huguenots turned to the Bernese deputies, but the latter received them coldly. The protestant and the catholic cantons now each appealed to the council for military aid. The embarrassed council resolved to send a hundred Genevans to fight for the Reformation in Zurich, and also an auxiliary force to support the catholic party of Friburg and Lucerne.

The news of the war between the catholics and the reformed having reached Turin, the duke thought it a favorable opportunity for attacking Geneva. It was reported that five thousand lansquenets were approaching on the side of Burgundy, ten thousand Italians on the side of the Alps, and that all the states of his highness beyond the mountains were in motion to fall upon the city. The Genevans lost not a moment, but ordered every suburb to be levelled, every one to keep a good look-out, and solemn prayers and processions to be made for three days.

Thus, while Lucerne and the smaller cantons were attacking Zurich, the Duke of Savoy and the gentlemen of the Leman were preparing to attack Geneva. These two cities were in the sixteenth century the capitals of protestantism in Switzerland. Geneva, however, was still filled with priests and monks, while the choirs of all the churches re-echoed with the matins and other chants of the Romish ritual. But the election of God was brooding over it; God prepared it, tried it, delivered it, because of the great things for which he destined it. At this critical time, a messenger arrived from Switzerland announcing the defeat at Cappel: Zurich had succumbed. The protestant party throughout Switzerland was disheartened, while the Romanists rejoiced.

The Genevan catholics anticipated their triumph. They and the Friburgers insulted the huguenots, and threw them into prison without trial. Thus they strove to restore Pierre de la Baume to his episcopal throne. The huguenots applied once more to the Bernese, but in vain. "The senate of Berne," repeated Farel, "would not put up with the slightest insult to one of their ambassadors, and yet they make light of serious insults offered to the Gospel of Christ."

The defeat of Zurich redoubled the energy of Duke Charles. Desirous of adorning his brows with laurels similar to those of the victors at Cappel, he gave orders for a general attack. The troops of Vaud and Savoy surrounded Geneva, and cut off the supplies. On the 2d of January, 1532, the citizens resolved to keep watch day and night under arms, and to wall up the gates.

On the 8th of January, three Bernese deputies, De Diesbach, De Watteville, and Nagueli, appeared before the council. "We are come from Gex, where the duke is lying," they said. "He consents to treat with you, if you will first renounce the alliance with the cantons. Remember, he is a mighty prince, and able to do you much harm. You have not yet paid for the last army we sent you; we cannot set another on foot. We conjure you to come to some arrangement with his highness."

The Genevans flushed with anger and indignation. The premier-syndic replied: "We will listen to no arrangement except how to preserve the alliance. The more we are threatened, the firmer we shall be. We will maintain our rights even till death. We trust in God, and in Messieurs of the two cities. And if, to pay you what we owe, we must pawn our property, our wives, and our children, we will do so. As for the alliance, we are resolved to live and die for it." The people then cried out: "So be it! We will do nothing else—we will die first!" "We will carry your answer back to our lords," said the Bernese; "and they will do what pleases them." Meanwhile the duke postponed his designs, and hurried off to Chambéry.

It was by such trials as these that Geneva was now prepared. If Geneva shone out in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it was partly because at the epoch of the Reformation it had been sorely tried, and, if the expression be allowable, "brightly burnished."—"We are as it were annealed in the furnace of God," may be said of this city, "and the scum of our faith has been thus purged away."

On the 7th of February, 1532, five ambassadors—two from Berne, and three from Friburg—with Sebastian de Diesbach at their head, appeared at Geneva before the Council of Two Hundred; they were the representatives of the Swiss aristocracy. They bluntly demanded that Geneva should renounce its alliance with the Swiss, and put the Duke of Savoy again in possession of his supremacy. Two hundred voices exclaimed: "We will die sooner." The next day Diesbach threatened the general council, but "all the people began to shout." The ambassadors, amazed and indignant, returned to their own country. "Let us make an attempt," said some Genevans, "to revive in Berne the noble aspirations for reform and liberty." Robert Vandel and two other deputies were sent to the banks of the Aar. He knew the citizens prevailed in the great council, and he explained how his countrymen would risk everything rather than separate from the Swiss. "We will maintain the alliance," they replied, "and if necessary, we will march to defend your rights." Friburg adopted the resolutions of Berne.

On the 20th of February, Besançon

Hugues appeared before the council and resigned all his functions. "I am growing old," he said, (he was only forty-five,) "I have many children, and I desire to devote myself to my own affairs." He had spared neither time, trouble, fortune, nor health to bring about the alliance with the Swiss. He thought he had fulfilled his task, and that Geneva needed new leaders for the new work. He already felt the approaches of the disease which ended his life towards the end of the year. He was a good catholic, and he died of a broken heart. The head of Besançon Hugues did not fall under the sword of the executioner, like those of Berthelier and Lévrier; but the pacific hero sank under the weight of fatigue and sorrow. An invisible sword struck him; and it may be said that the deaths of the three great men of Genevan emancipation were the deaths of martyrs.

Just as the noble citizen, who had defended with such devotedness the independence of his country, had retired from the stage of the world, new plots were got up against Geneva; but new strength came also to her help. An Emperor was rising against the city, and a schoolmaster was bringing it the everlasting Word.

The imperial court was then at Ratisbon, where the Germanic diet was to assemble. The Duke and Duchess of Savoy, who could not make up their minds to resign Geneva, made every exertion to obtain the influence of Charles V. to induce the bishop, his partisan, to cede his temporal principality to the duke's second son. The emperor consented, and his recommendations to the prelate could hardly have been more urgent if the safety of the German empire had been at stake.

The duke was delighted, and began such military preparations that the Genevans, in May, 1532, dreaded another attack.

The citizens boldly said that from the day when the pope had deprived the citizens of the choice of their ruler, and had nominated creatures or members of the house of Savoy as bishops at Geneva, there had been in the city nothing but disorders, violence, extortion, imprisonment, confiscations, tortures, and cruel punishments. They asked if it was not time to return to the primitive form of Christianity, to the popular organization of the Church; they repeated that Geneva would never secure her independence and her liberty, except by trusting to the great principles of the Reformation. "Zurich," they said, "has resumed the rights which Rome had taken away: it is time that Geneva followed her example."

The Reformation was neither a movement of liberty nor a philosophical development, but a christian, a heavenly renewal. It sought after God, and, having found him, restored him to man: that was its work. But, at the same time, wherever it was established, at least under the Calvinistic form, civil liberty followed it.

At the very time when a beautiful princess was coveting Geneva, an ambitious duke intriguing, and courtiers agitating, and when a puissant monarch was granting his imperial favors, a humble schoolmaster arrived in the city. His name was Peter Robert Olivétan, the student of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures that had led his cousin, John Calvin, to know the Gospel. He was called to Geneva by Jean Chautemps, an influential and evangelical councillor, to instruct his children. Olivétan zealously labored to make the Gospel known to all whom he met, and Chautemps was led to be subsequently a bold defender of the Scriptures. Those who sought to learn of the truth were taught by him in small companies, and at times Olivétan preached under the vault of heaven. He "magnificently discharged the embassy entrusted to him;" he preached salvation by the blood of Jesus Christ, and sanctification by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Olivétan was a singular reformer, a forerunner of Calvin in Geneva. Later, as we shall see, he gave to the reformed French Church its first Bible, a translation which, revised by Calvin, so greatly advanced the kingdom of God. Subsequently he crossed the Alps, and carried the Gospel into the very city of the pontiffs. But there he suddenly disappeared—poisoned, as some say. There is a veil over his death as over his life.

Olivétan's teaching had not been fruitless. There occurred ere long an evangelical manifestation in Geneva, which was an important step, and the first public act of Reform. Calvin's cousin may have been the instrument, though Clement VII. was the proximate cause.

The pope was preparing at that time to publish, not a local pardon like that of St. Claire, but a universal jubilee. A scholar said the custom thus originated: "On the eve of the new year 1300, a report spread suddenly through Rome (no one knew from whence it came) that a plenary indulgence would be granted to all who should go next morning to St. Peter's. A great crowd of Romans and foreigners hurried there, and in the midst of the multitude was an aged man who, stooping and leaning on his staff, wished also to take part in the festival. He was a hundred and seven years old, people said. He was conducted to the pope, the proud and daring Boniface VIII. The old man told him how, a century before, an indulgence of a hundred years had been granted on account of the jubilee; he remembered it well, he said. Boniface, taking advantage of the declaration of this man, whose mind was weakened by age, decreed that there should be a plenary indulgence every hundred years." The great gains

which were made out of it, led to the jubilee being appointed to be held successively every fifty years, thirty-three years, and twenty-five years. But the jubilee of the twenty-fifth year did not always hinder that of the thirty-third.

At Geneva people were already beginning to talk much about the coming jubilee. Olivétan and his friends were scandalized at it. "Christ alone is our peace," he said, "and alone gives our conscience the assurance that God is appeased and reconciled with it."—"A fine tariff is the pope's!" said the more decided of the huguenots. "Do you want an indulgence for a false oath? Pay 29 livres 5 sols. Do you want an indulgence for murder? A man's life is cheaper; a murder will only cost you 15 livres 2 sols 6 deniers."

The Genevan reformers said: "If the pope *sells* indulgences, the Gospel *gives* a free pardon. Since Rome advertises her pardon, let us advertise that of the Lord." Maison-Neuve and Goulaz arranged their plans, and early on the morning of the 9th of June, they posted on the walls in different parts of Geneva, this printed placard:—

GOD, OUR HEAVENLY FATHER,

PROMISES

A GENERAL PARDON FOR ALL HIS SINS,

TO EVERY ONE WHO FEELS SINCERE REPENTANCE,

AND POSSESSES

A LIVELY FAITH IN THE DEATH AND PROMISES

OF

JESUS CHRIST.

Crowds gathered to read these proclamations; the catholics became excited, and soon passed from words to blows. A Friburg canon named Wernli tore down the notice displayed on a pillar in front of St. Pierre's; Goulaz replaced it with another. A fight with drawn swords followed between these men and their respective adherents, which lasted till the magistrates had separated the combatants.

Goulaz certainly did not represent the Reform; he was merely a Genevese patriot, and somewhat hasty; but the Romish church could not disown a canon; he was truly its representative, and men asked whether the church intended to combat the Gospel with sword and fist. The Savoyards rejoiced at the dissention. At Friburg the people were indignant at the placards, and despatched Councillor Laurent Brandebourg to threaten to annul the alliance if the Genevese were Lutherans. The council in alarm denied the charge, forbade the posting of any papers without their permission, and ordered that, "for the present, the schoolmaster should discontinue preaching the Gospel."

The priests were elated at this apparent triumph; they began to visit each family and demand the surrender of their New Testaments. The friends of the Reformation who were in the council began to speak out boldly of the rights of the Word of God. Olivétan often said the intention was not to introduce a new religion, but to re-establish an old one—that of the apostles. This idea, so simple and so true, was easily understood. The council now ordered (unanimously, as it would appear) the grand vicar, De Gingins of Boumont, "to take measures that in every parish and convent the Gospel should be preached *according to the truth, without any mixture of fables* or other human inventions." The evangelicals, in their turn, were delighted at this order. They knew that the magistrates did not intend abolishing the Roman worship; yet it was the first official act in Geneva in a direction favorable to the Reformation.

There happened at this time to be a great crowd of priests at the palace of the bishop of Chambéry; a papal nuncio was passing through that city, and the archbishop, the nuncio and his attendants had some conversation about Geneva, loudly deploring its apostacy. The nuncio, a violent Romanist, would immediately have brought the facts to the court of Rome; but the archbishop checked him till he had written to the council, asking: "Can it be true that such things are taking place in a city so long renowned for its faith? Put it in our power to tell the holy father that you will preserve a perpetual confidence in the holy apostolic see." The syndics were embarrassed, for they wished to favor neither Rome nor Wittemberg. They returned this verbal message: "Tell Monseigneur that we desire to live in a christian manner, and in accordance with the law of Christ." The archbishop, the nuncio, and the pope might understand that as they pleased. It was soon seen that Rome and Savoy had no intention of permitting Geneva to live according to that *law of Christ* which the city had invoked.

But if the papacy was uneasy, evangelical christians rejoiced. "The Genevans," said one, "are energetic men; if they embrace the Gospel, they will know how to propagate it elsewhere." Some pious christians of Pazere, under the name of their pastor, Anthony Saunier, in June, 1532, wrote an encouraging letter to the episcopal city, exhorting them to stand firm, and saying: "Our Lord God is for you, and the whole world cannot prevail against him. Be the standard-bearers upon earth of the colors of our Saviour, so that by your means the Holy Gospel may be borne into many countries." The council deposited the letter among the city archives, where it may still be seen.

Geneva was still far from the pure and living christianity which breathes in this letter. But already there were to be found in the city souls who prized, above everything, the *great pardon of Jesus Christ.* Everything gave token that the renovation

of Geneva was advancing; but it still had numerous obstacles to overcome, and great works to achieve. The men of God who were to labor most at the transformation of this city, Farel especially, have hitherto acted upon it from without only. But yet two months more, and that great hearted evangelist will enter the city of the huguenots; others will follow him; they will be expelled from it by the friends of Rome; but they will return with fresh determination, and labor with indefatigable zeal, until, after long darkness, we shall at last see the light of Jesus Christ shining in it.

The ancient city had not at this time to contend with a single party: it was attacked by two antagonistic bands at once, by the bishop on the one hand, and by the reformers on the other. Which of these two armies will conquer it? Geneva, strange to say, at first rejects both.

The fanaticism of the Genevese clergy, the respect felt by the magistrates for existing institutions, the energy with which one portion of the people rejected the Reformation, seemed to show that the movement by which Geneva was then agitated would end simply in the abolition of the temporal authority of the bishop. But other signs appeared to point to another conclusion. In proportion as the love of God's Word increased in men's hearts, respect for the Romish religion diminished. The evangelical christians said that salvation was a thing for eternity, while a government, even if ecclesiastical, was only a temporal thing.

Moreover, a new element appeared. Ecclesiastical society had sunk into slumber and death; in the sixteenth century the Reformation aroused it, and restored it to activity and life. Farel is one of the most remarkable types of this christian animation; his unbounded ardor, his indefatigable labors were, with God's help, to secure the victory.

It is true that this new force soon turned against the Reform. The Romish Church woke up also, and put itself in motion, particularly after the foundation of the order of the Jesuits; but its activity differed widely from that of the reformers. The latter descended from on high; that of the Roman clergy came from below. At all events, popery soon became as energetic as protestantism. Geneva was to have combats without and combats within. Not only secret councils, traitorous conspiracies, fanatical preachings; but also riots in the streets, cannon in the squares, assaults with the sword, the arquebuse and the dagger; imprisonment, exile and poisoning.

But to all these efforts of the powers of darkness, the men of the Gospel will oppose the resplendent army of light. They will proclaim the love of God, they will announce the work of Christ, they will publish grace. And, thanks to the spiritual weapons they employ, two or three humble instruments of the Word of God will scatter the councils of their terrible adversary, destroy his fortresses, and humble even to the dust the barriers he had raised against the knowledge of God. The rough Farel, the gentle Viret, the weak Froment, will overcome the powers of Rome in Geneva, even before Calvin, the great captain, appears. God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and the things which are not to bring to nought things that are.

BOOK IV.

TIMES OF HOSTILITY TO THE REFORM IN FRANCE.

1533—1535.

Calvin, the Fugitive, in his Retreat at Angoulême.—The Exile turns Preacher.—Calvin at Nérac, with Roussel and Lefèvre.—A Dramatic representation at the Court of Navarre.—Calvin at Poitiers, at the Basses-Treilles, and in St. Benedict's Cave.—Calvin and his disciples begin the Evangelization of France.—The Evangelical Christians of Paris in 1534.—Calvin's first relations with the Libertines and with Servetus.—The Placards.—The King's Anger—Expiations and Processions.—Eloquence and Tortures of Francis I.—Calvin at Strasburg with Erasmus, and at Basle.—Institutes of the Christian Religion.—Calvin addresses the King and departs for Italy.

RELIGION needs liberty, and the convictions inspired by her ought to be exempt from the control of the Louvre and of the Vatican. Man's conscience belongs to God alone, and every human power that encroaches on this kingdom and presumes to command within it is guilty of rebellion against its lawful sovereign. Religious persecution deserves to be reprobated, not only in the name of philosophy, but above all in the name of God's right. His sovereign Majesty is offended when the sword enters into the sanctuary. A persecuting government is not only illiberal, it is impious. Let no man thrust himself between God and the soul! The spot on which they meet is holy ground. Away, intruder! Leave the soul with him to whom it belongs. These thoughts naturally recur to us as we approach an epoch when a persecuting fanaticism broke out in France, when scaffolds were raised in the streets of Paris, and when acts of terrible cruelty were enthusiastically applauded by a royal cortége.

During three centuries the martyrs said to the pagan emperors: "Is it not an irreligious act to forbid my worshipping the God whom I like, and to force me to worship the god whom I dislike?" The Church for centuries claimed this liberty of conscience; but, strange to say! this principle so admirable for self-defence, became impious when appealed to for shelter from her persecutions.

We must never forget that two centuries of cruel persecution was the welcome the world gave to the Reformation. When the day of St. Bartholomew saw the streets of the capital of the Valois run with blood, —when ruffians glutted their savage passions on the corpse of that best and greatest of Frenchmen, Coligny—immense was the enthusiasm at Rome, and a fierce shout of exultation rang through the pontifical city. Wishing to perpetuate the glory of the massacre of the huguenots, the pope ordered a medal to be struck, representing that massacre and bearing the device: *Hugonotorum strages*. The officers of the Roman court still sell this medal to all who desire to carry away some remembrance of their city. Those times are remote; milder manners prevail, but it is the duty of protestantism to remind the world how the court of Rome strove to crush out resistance to her authority in the Reformation. We must now follow the young doctor in his flight from persecution.

Calvin, (as we have seen,) through the channel of his friend Cop the rector, had displayed before the Sorbonne and a numerous audience the great principles of the Gospel. University, monks, priests, had all been excited, scandalized, and exasperated; parliament had interfered; Calvin and Cop were obliged to flee. Calvin had promised himself a tranquil career; but he rejoiced to bear testimony to the truth by his exile. He remained in hiding several days at the residence of the Sire de Haseville, near Mantes, and then resumed his journey to the south. He halted at the old city and castle of Angoulême, the birth-place of Margaret of Navarre. Here he found a friendly shelter in the mansion of the family of Du Tillet, whose members were the most learned in the kingdom. The father and two of his sons were detained in Paris by official duty; but another son, Louis, canon of the cathedral, was at home. Louis welcomed with joy his fugitive friend, listened to his spiritual conversations with delight, and installed him in the midst of one of the most valuable private libraries then existing in France: it contained over four thousand volumes, printed or manuscript.

Calvin, who needed retirement and repose, felt happy. A learned retreat like that now given him, was the dream of his whole life. A new epoch, a new phase, was beginning for him: before rushing into the storms of an agitated career, he was to be tempered anew in the fire of the Divine Word and of prayer. The Church was waking up from the slumber of death, throwing back the winding-sheet of popery, and rising from the sepulchre. One universal cry was heard among all the nations of the West. At Worms, a monk had demanded the Holy Scriptures of God in presence of the imperial diet; a priest had demanded them at Zurich; students had demanded them at Cambridge; at Spire an assembly of

princes had declared that they would hear nothing but the preaching of that heavenly Word; and its life-bearing doctrines had been solemnly confessed at Augsburg in the presence of Charles V. Germany, Switzerland, England, the Low Countries, Italy—all Europe was stirred, and France was moved. A young man so modest and timid, needed the baptism of the Spirit and of fire to battle for the faith. Alone and forced to hide himself, he found an inward peace and joy which he had never known before. Accordingly, he dated his letters *Doxopolis*, the city of glory. Angoulême was to him what Wartburg was to Luther. "It is the hand of God that has done this," he wrote. "Only let us trust in Him, and He will care for us."

The young canon treated his friend with great kindness. Calvin repaid his zeal for learning and the Gospel by giving all his attention to study, so "that he passed whole nights without sleeping, and days without eating." A great idea was filling his heart. Parliament accused and even burnt his brethren for pretended heresies. "Must I be silent," he said, "and thus give unbelievers an opportunity of condemning a doctrine they do not know? Why should not the Reformed have a confession to lay before their adversaries?" The library showed him that apologies had formerly been presented to the Emperor Adrian by Quadratus and Aristides, to Antoninus by Justin Martyr, and to Marcus Aurelius by Athenagoras. Ought not the friends of the Reformation to present a similar defence to Francis I.? If Calvin's mouth is shut, he will take up the pen. God was then setting him apart for one of the great works of the age. The *Christian Institutes* were here meditated and sketched, but not written. One of the enemies of the Reform was thus led to exclaim: "That is the factory where he began to make the nets that he afterwards fixed up to catch the simple, and from which a man must be very clever to get out. It was there that he wove the web of his *Institutes*, which we may call the *Koran* or the *Talmud* of heresy."

The teachings of gross materialism by sophistical speakers pained Calvin while at Angoulême. He shuddered to hear them say: "God has not placed in man a soul different from that of the beast. It cannot exist without the body, and perishes with it, until man rises again whole." To be a man and to rank one's-self among beasts, seemed to him foolish and impious. He refuted the materialists by his writings: "When the Lord says that the wicked kill the body but *cannot kill the soul*, does he not mean that the soul survives after death? Know you not that, according to Scripture, the souls of the saints stand before the throne of God, and that white robes were given unto every one of them?" Then resorting to irony, he continued: "Sleepy souls, what, I pray, do you understand by these *white robes?* Do you take them for *pillows* on which the souls recline that are condemned to die?"

He found repose from these struggles in the society of Du Tillet. "We have no need," said the young canon, "of those secrets which Pythagoras employed to produce an indissoluble friendship between his disciples. God has planted a mysterious seed between our souls, and that seed cannot die."

By degrees, however, Calvin came out of his retirement, and sought communion with the varied forms of nature. "In the presence of the works of God," he said, "we are overcome with astonishment, and our tongues and senses fail us." A vineyard close to the city was frequently visited by him, and it yet bears the name of *La Calvine*. At this time John Du Tillet, afterwards bishop of Meaux, arrived at Angoulême. Calvin soon won his heart, and while teaching the two brothers to read the New Testament in Greek, he led them to seek Christ. In 1549, John published a very old manuscript ascribed to Charlemagne, *Against Images*, and was traduced by the catholics. "A man who has been Calvin's pupil," said the famous Cardinal du Perron, "cannot well have any other opinion." These Greek lessons were continued at Claix. There Calvin's simple dress, modest look, keen intelligence and uprightness, enlisted the affections of certain friends of the Du Tillets, ecclesiastics of good family, men of letters and of feeling: they were Anthony de Chaillou, Prior of Bouteville, the Abbot of Balsac, (near Jarnac,) the famous De la Place, the Sieur de Torsac, Charles Girault, and others.

Regular conferences were soon substituted for these simple conversations. At these Calvin opened the Bible, placed his hand upon it, and said: "Let us find the truth?" He felt the necessity of giving a solid foundation to the faith of his friends, and several times commented to them upon his notes of the *Christian Institutes*. "No one can equal him," they said, "in loftiness of language, conciseness of arrangement, and majesty of style." His explanations, so deep and yet so clear, were not without their use. Many of the most notable men of the district were won over to evangelical convictions: the Prior of Bouteville was called for his zealousness: "The Lutheran's Pope."

"Compose some short Christian exhortations for us," said his friends to him, "and we will give them to well-disposed parish priests to read to their congregations." He did so, and humble clerks read these evangelical appeals from their pulpits, as well as they could. Certain church dignitaries urged him to deliver some Latin orations before the clergy, and Calvin gladly explained to them the evangelical doctrines. In this way he inaugurated his career as a reformer. But all

this could not be done without giving rise to murmurs.

While Francis I. was endeavoring to stifle the Reformation in the north of France, it was spreading about the Pyrenees in the south. "Towns and villages were *perverted* suddenly by hearing a single sermon," says a historian. Services were held in retired spots and in caverns; at times the preachers were not able to arrive. "Then," says a catholic, "women might be seen trampling on the modesty of their sex, taking a Bible, reading it, and even assuming the boldness to interpret it, while waiting for the minister." At this epoch the Queen of Navarre arrived in the south, glad to be away from the frivolities of the court of France. Her candor and friendliness enchanted all who came near her; her activity was inexhaustible. She sent out *colporteurs* who made their way into houses, and while selling jewelry to the young women, presented them also with New Testaments, printed in fine characters, ruled in red, and bound in vellum with gilt edges. "The mere sight of these books," says an historian, "excited a desire to read them." She also took pleasure in relieving the distressed, and in founding schools. Lefèvre of Etaples and Gerard Roussel were near her, and her chaplain preached under her auspices; but he vainly aimed at preserving evangelical life under catholic forms.

Calvin was not far from Nérac, and he longed to stir up these evangelicals to reject every compromise with superstition. About the end of February he left Angoulême and visited Roussel at Nérac. "There is no good left in Catholicism," he said. "We must re-establish the Church in its ancient purity."—"What is that you say?" answered the astonished Roussel; "God's house ought to be purified, no doubt, but not destroyed."—"Impossible," said the young reformer; "the edifice is so bad that it cannot be repaired. We must pull it down entirely, and build another in its place."—Roussel exclaimed with alarm: "We must cleanse the Church, but not by setting it on fire. If we take upon ourselves to pull it down, we shall be crushed under the ruins."

Calvin retired in sorrow, and sought out Lefèvre's house. "He is a little bit of a man, old as Herod, but lively as gunpowder," was told him. Lefèvre had professed the great doctrine of justification by faith even before Luther; but he vainly hoped to see the Church reform itself. Calvin strove to remove the old man's illusions, and Lefèvre exclaimed, weeping: "Alas! I know the truth; but I keep myself apart from those who profess it." . . . "Young man," he said, "you will be one day a powerful instrument in the Lord's hand. . . . God will make use of you to restore the kingdom of heaven in France. Be on your guard against the extreme ardor of your mind. Take Melancthon as your pattern, and let your strength be always tempered with charity." The old man pressed the young man's hand, and they parted never to see each other again.

It is not probable that Margaret was in Nérac at that time, and Calvin is believed to have returned to Du Tillet's without meeting her.

Henry and Margaret quitted Nérac for Pau, where they intended passing the winter, amid the finest gardens then known in Europe. The queen liked to walk in them, conversing with Cardinal de Foix, the bishop of Tarbes, and other celebrities, who admired her wit and grace. Yet these ecclesiastics often caused her much vexation by their constant watchfulness of her actions.

She began the day by attending morning service in the catholic church of the parish; then in the afternoon she held a private meeting of evangelicals in her chamber, to whom Roussel or Lefèvre delivered an exhortation. Some of the humble believers who attended, soon desired to partake of the Lord's Supper. By the queen's orders, her servants privately prepared a secret underground hall called *the Mint*. They carried a table there, covered it with a white cloth, and placed a basin on it containing "a few slices of plain bread," and by its side some cups full of wine, "instead of chalices" The believers came cautiously and agitated, and the queen sat among them as a simple christian. Roussel appeared without a sacerdotal costume; "he took common bread," and handed around the cup "without making the sign of the cross."

Notwithstanding its secrecy, this celebration was talked about in the castle. The King of Navarre was quite annoyed at it. One day he was told that a minister was preaching in her chamber, and he abruptly entered the room just after the escape of the auditors. Seeing only the queen agitated and trembling, he struck her in the face, saying: "Madame, you desire to know too much." For this affront to the royal family of France, the king "scolded Henry d'Albret soundly."

Margaret sought to win her husband over by the representation of a biblical drama. She took for her subject *The Birth of the Saviour*, and having completed her poem, distributed the parts among certain noble maidens. The great hall of the castle was fitted up as a theatre, and when the day came it was crowded. The king and queen sat in the front, the latter wearing a plain dress trimmed with marten's fur, and a Bearnese hood. The Cardinals De Grammont and De Foix, with other members of the clergy; Margaret's ten stewards, her esquires and thirty-eight maids, her seventeen secretaries, and her twenty valets-de-chambre, with many strangers, were present.

The first act opened at Nazareth, in the house of a poor carpenter. Mary is soon to become a mother, and Joseph is anxious about the consequences of a journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem. The young Israelitish woman says to him :

. . . Us no danger shall come nigh,
For he whose power o'ershadowed me,
Holds in his hand both fruit and tree.

The scene changes, and we are at Bethlehem. The same man and woman have just arrived from Nazareth after a fatiguing journey. He seeks shelter from door to door :

Will you please lodge my wife and me?
For the poor woman, as you see,
Is near her time.

His requests are refused, and he says with a deep sigh :

Onward then, and God will tell
Where he pleases we should dwell.

Mary begins to be wearied :

Woe's me, I feel the hour draw near
For the long-looked-for fruit t' appear.

The startled Joseph presses Mary to enter into a bleak stable near by, and proposes to start to town for help.

MARY.

Go, go my friend : I shall not be alone,
For where God is, there also is my home.

The scene changes to heaven. The eyes of the Lord are fixed with kindness on Mary, whose sleep is gentle and peaceful. He orders the angels to leave heaven and announce to mankind the news of a great joy. The humblest of them says :

. . . . And I, Lord . . .
I will go see the least of all,
And tell him how *great* he has become
Since the great one has become small.

Hymns of praise resound through heaven :

Glory to Thee, Almighty Lord!

Mary awakes, and her heart is filled with joy.

Strange! a virgin . . . . yet a mother
Of a son above all other,
Very God and very man!
Emanuel! of the Father dearest Son. . .
May my hands be joined with thine?
May thy lips be touched by mine?

The angels salute the virgin and child. Joseph soon arrives and does homage ; the babe is placed in the manger, and the act ends.

The second act represented the shepherds and shepherdesses keeping watch over their flocks near Bethlehem.

SHEPHERDESS.

Tell me, shepherd, what He promised
To the patriarchs who waited
Patiently for ages? . . .

SHEPHERD.

He has promised the Messiah,
His true Son, through whom alone
Life to us has been restored,
And salvation.

SHEPHERDESS.

Would to God the hour was nigh!

SHEPHERD.

Come, Lord, and no longer tarry!

Suddenly a bright light shines, and an angel announces :

The Saviour Jesus Christ is born. . .
Wrapped in swad dling bands, the Son
Has a manger for a throne.

A multitude of angels sing the hymn—

Glory be to God most high.

The watchers then bear "presents to their scanty fare."

SHEPHERD.

. . . Thou art the promised seed
To Adam after his misdeed.
Abraham and David on this relied,
And both alike were justified.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

The eye beholds a weak and powerless child ;
But faith which comes of knowledge bids us bow
In honor and in adoration at his feet,
As the true God.

SHEPHERD.

Serving thee we'll live and die,
For without thee life is naught.

The third act showed Satan startled by the hymn of the shepherdesses :

Hail! to the Virgin-born,
Hail! to the Lord and Son,
Who in this happy morn,
The veil of earth puts on.
Loud praise to God be given
Who makes us heirs of heaven.

Appearing as a great lord, he asks them :

Whence come you?

SHEPHERD.

From seeing Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
By whom in God we are regenerate.
Will you not go and see him, mighty lord?
I'll show the way.

SATAN.

God from His throne on high
For this world does not care.
I am its king. . . . Yes, I.

SHEPHERD.

To the Son we leave the glory
Of being God. Enough for us
To be whatso'er he pleases,
And to know that He's the great I AM.

SATAN.

Can you understand the Scriptures?

SECOND SHEPHERD.

With all humbleness we read them.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

In our hearts the Christ doth dwell
Who has conquered death and hell.

Then the mysterious voice of God proclaims the victory of the new-born child:

Satan's tyrant reign is o'er;
By the spotless Lamb 'tis ended,
Who to suffer on the cross
For us sinners has consented. . . .
At my right the Lamb shall sit. . . .
Angels sing the Lamb exalted
High o'er all, and Satan quelled.

The play closed with the angels' song of triumph:

Glory be to God on high,
Who our greatest enemy,
Satan, hath o'erthrown.
Honors to the Lamb express
By whom all the blessedness
Of the Father is made known.

Many were pleased with the admirable play. A catholic historian says of the grateful king: "From the comedy he went to the preaching, which took place in the queen's chamber." The ecclesiastics were offended, especially at the interludes which ridiculed the failings of the monks; but these parts were not written by Margaret. Cardinals De Grammont and De Foix withdrew from the court, while the stricter christians asked if it were lawful to introduce angels and even God himself on the stage.

It is time to follow the reformer.

Calvin meditated leaving the south; he was not at ease in Angoulême. The agitation amongst the clericals and the traditional elements which many of his hearers desired to retain, were alike displeasing to him. Altars, images, holidays dedicated to Mary and the saints, confessors and confession—none of these things appeared to him scriptural. He was in the habit of saying: "Above all things we must confess our Lord fully, without shrinking from anything soever."

Where should he go? His thoughts led him first to Poitiers, whence he proposed to visit Orleans, Paris, and then Germany and Switzerland, to study and gain knowledge by intercourse with reformers.—"Where you go, I will go," said the young canon; "my heart is filled with the faith that animates you." The two friends departed: Calvin under the name of Charles d'Espeville, and Du Tillet under that of Hautmont.

They arrived in the plains of Poitiers, where Abelard had labored long before, about the end of March, 1534, and stopped with Messire Fouquet, prior of Trois Moutiers, a learned ecclesiastic. The university was flourishing, and the public disputations attracted Calvin's attention. Beneath much quibbling and idle trash, the young doctor could see flashes of light here and there. He sought out the evangelical combatants, spoke to them openly of Christ and of eternity, and aimed at the conquest of their souls. He required in every one the formation of a new man and cared about nothing else. Thus Calvin began in Poitiers a work of regeneration, and numerous hearers soon crowded around him. Some were offended at his words; others opposed the heretic with dilemmas and cunning catches; others turned their backs on him, "as if he were an ordinary mountebank."

Yet generous men gathered eagerly around the young and powerful doctor. These were Albert Babinot, jurist, poet, and law-reader; Anthony Veron, procureur to the lower court; Anthony de la Dugie, doctor-regent; Jean Boisseau de la Borderie, advocate; Jean Vernou of Poitiers, the Sieur de St. Vertumien, and Charles le Sage, doctor-regent, a man of great esteem. One of these distinguished men especially won Calvin's heart: it was Pierre de la Place, a native of Angoulême, a friend of Du Tillet, afterwards president of the Court of Aids, and one of the St. Bartholomew martyrs. But Le Sage, another of these eminent men, kept himself rather aloof; he was a believer in the miracle of transubstantiation.

The chief magistrates of Poitiers soon sought Calvin's acquaintance, and he accepted an invitation to dine from Lieut.-general Pierre Regnier de la Planche. "This innovator," said the catholics, "desires to court the magistrates, in order that they may give him importance by their condescension." He was received with respect, and after the meal the host blamed the opinions of Luther and Zwingle upon the mass. Calvin temperately explained the chief points. "Luther saw the truth," he said, "but he is like those who are walking through a long and winding road; they perceive afar the dim glimmer of a lamp, by means of which they can grope their way along the path they must follow. Zwingle approached the light, but like those who rush too hastily to good he went beyond it." Then wishing them to understand what there was in the Lord's Supper, he stated more in detail the idea of the presence of Christ, a real one no doubt, but to be received by faith and not by the mouth: thus taking a middle position between Zwingle and Luther.

These discourses gained his hearers to protestantism. Regnier and his son Louis subsequently took part in the struggles against the Guises. Henceforth the garden of the Basses-Treilles was a favorite resort for Calvin and his friends. One day they consulted about what France needed most. The answer was easy: the Gospel. But France, alas! rejected it. "This," says the catholic historian, "was the first Calvanistic council held in France;" and it bore fruit. De la Place was impressed; "the seed fallen into his heart began to grow, and it put forth fruit in the season God had ordained."

The agitation which Calvin excited in Poitiers, the admiration of some, the uneasiness of others, grew stronger every

day. It was resolved to meet in an adjacent wilderness, containing a number of deep and isolated caverns, by the tranquil waters of the Clain. The cave selected has since borne the name of Calvin's grotto. The reformer took his stand on the highest ground, and his disciples gathered round to have him preach Christ to them. "Better be deprived of everything and possess Christ," he said one day; "he is our only blessedness." These pilgrimages to St. Benedict's caves were soon observed, and for fear of disturbances the places of meeting were frequently changed. When his hearers separated, their teacher gave books to everyone, "and even prayers written with his own hands."

Calvin's opposition to the mass gave greater offence to the catholics every day; for he did not spare this Romish ceremony. "I call it a monkey-trick," he said, "because they mock the supper of the Lord, just as a monkey imitates clumsily whatever he sees others do. I call it a burlesque, because the nonsense and gestures they introduce are better adapted to a stage-play than to so holy a mystery." Le Sage, abruptly interrupting him, exclaimed: "Our Lord, very God and very man, is really and substantially under the appearance of the bread and the wine. . . In all ages, wherever men have known Christ, the sacrifice of the mass has been offered up." Calvin was silent a moment, then placing his hand on the open Bible, he exclaimed earnestly: "This is my mass!" Uncovering his head and lifting his eyes to heaven, he said with emotion: "O Lord, if in the day of judgment Thou desirest to punish me because I have deserted the mass, I will say to Thee: O God, Thou hast not commanded me to celebrate it. Behold Thy Law. . . . Behold Thy Holy Scripture. . . . . Thou didst give it to us to be our guide, and I can find no other sacrifice in it than that which was accomplished on the altar of the cross." His hearers were touched with the reformer's faith at once so simple and so strong.

From that time many manifested a desire to receive the supper according to the Lord's institution. On a set day, they met in one of the caves of St. Benedict. The minister read the Word of God, and called upon the Lord to pour out His Spirit on the little flock. He broke the bread and handed round the cup; and then invited the worshippers to communicate mutually such reflections and experiences as might be useful to the faith. These simple exhortations after the Supper were continued for some time in the reformed Church.

It was necessary to begin the conversion of France on a larger scale. Might not that country, whose agitations have often disturbed Europe, and which never trembles but all around it is shaken—become, if it received the Gospel, a centre of light and a powerful means of strengthening the nations in justice and peace? That would no doubt have happened, had it become protestant. Calvin, by laboring thirty years for Geneva and France, labored for the whole christian world. He made the first experiment at Poitiers, and began that glorious evangelizing campaign which he was to direct until the close of his life.

The castles, abbeys, and villages of the neighborhood were visited by the young and zealous doctor. Ponthus, a liberal and learned abbot of a Benedictine convent a few leagues south of Poitiers, invited Calvin to preach in his church. The latter gladly declared that whosoever had a firm and lively faith in the grace of Christ was saved. "What a perverse doctrine," said some; "why does the abbot allow this Picard to preach it in his church?" Ponthus tried to remain a christian abbot like Roussel, and to preach the gospel from his pulpit; but his hearers taunted him with "preaching the rudiments of heresy." The honest abbot was ill at ease; but he speedily dismissed his monks, and gave up his forced celibacy for a wife. He was the first abbot in France who showed himself a Lutheran, and his three brothers followed his example.

Calvin now longed to evangelize France. One day at his meeting, he said: "Is there any one here willing to go and give light to those whom the pope has blinded?" Jean Vernou, Philip Veron and Albert Babinot stood forward. "You, Babinot, will go into Guyenne and Languedoc," he said; "Philip Véron, you will go into Saintonge and Angoumois; and you, Jean Vernou, will stay at Poitiers and the neighborhood." They prayed together, a collection was made for the expenses of the mission, and the evangelists departed.

Babinot, firm, upright, zealous, and very gentle, "went through the country, praying secretly here and there in humble conventicles; many were brought to the light by him." Veron spent twenty years in walking on foot through Poitou, Anjou, Angoumois, Saintonge, and even Guyenne. "I desire," said he, "to gather up the stray sheep of the Lord;" hence he was called the Gatherer. He had with him some of Calvin's manuscripts, which he used to read to his hearers to strengthen them. These evangelists especially addressed the young; for Calvin said: "Let your first attention be always to the professors and schoolmasters." The catholics complained: "The young heads embrace these new doctrines with such courage, that many, who have only down on their chins, expose themselves to voluntary death, and thus both lose soul and body." John Vernou held firm at Poitiers, and aroused the students. The Reformation is fond of learning; it looks upon science as the friend of religion. And

accordingly the Reformation calls upon them to be united. The moral element should prevail in both; if it is weakened. religion easily produces fanatics, and science unbelievers. Calvin thought thus, and his disciple Vernou scattered in the unnversity the seeds of christian doctrine. The wrath of the clergy and many laymen was aroused. They dealt a death-blow through the king; but protestantism was not slain. Vernou was subsequently burnt alive at Chambery; Babinot and Véron preached in the west of France till their death.

The prior of Trois-Moutiers grew uneasy at Calvin's doings, and urged him to continue his journey. In the month of April, 1534, accompanied by the faithful Du Tillet, he bade his friends in Poitiers farewell. On the 10th of July, he would be twenty-five years old. His age and his friends now summoned him to enter holy orders. There was no ecclesiastical dignity to which a mind so eminently administrative might not aspire; but he rejected these temptations. "If I make myself the pope's vassal," he said, "how can I conscientiously fight against the papists? The Gospel is more than all the riches, honor, and ease of this world. I am ready to give up everything that withdraws me from it." Calvin passed through Orleans and Paris to Noyon. On Monday, May 4th, 1534, in the presence of the grand vicar of Monseigneur the bishop and count of Noyon, of his chancellor, and of the notary of the chapter, Calvin resigned the chapel of Gesine in favor of Master Anthony de la Marlière, and his cure in favor of another ecclesiastic of Noyon. It would even appear that he sold his patrimonial property at the same time. Having broken the last ties that bound him to the Roman Church, Calvin began to speak with greater freedom to those around him of the Gospel. His brother Anthony and sister Mary were the first to answer; his other brother, Charles, came afterwards. About the end of May he returned to Paris, where fresh struggles awaited him.

In Paris, the times seemed favorable to the Gospel. The King of England, although catholic at heart, had resolved to emancipate himself from the dominion of Rome; and men asked whether Francis I. would not imitate "his good brother." At that time he was uniting with the protestant princes of Germany; he was restoring one of them to his states, and laying before the French clergy articles of faith drawn up by the author of the *Confession of Augsburg*. There was in all classes a leaning towards a Reformation. William du Bellay, the king's minister, wrote to Bucer the reformer: "Every thing bids us be hopeful: the king's taste for a better learning (that is, for the Holy Scriptures) increases day by day." Bucer wrote: "The pope's reign is falling very low in France, and many people long for Jesus Christ."

Such were the circumstances under which Calvin came to reside in Paris at the house of his friend La Forge, at the sign of the *Pelican*, in the Rue St. Martin. The pious tradesman and his wife warned him to beware of teaching in public, if he would not risk his life. Pointet, the evangelical surgeon who reprimanded the monks for their immoralities, he was told had been condemned to be burnt after being strangled. That steadfast christian refused to recant, or to bend his head before an image. His punishment was increased. His tongue was cut out, and he was burnt alive "as cruelly as they could devise." Calvin resolved to substitute "private admonitions" for preaching at the assemblies, and he began by visiting the humble christians.

In a shoemaker's shop was a poor hunchback, crippled in all his limbs, except the tongue and the arms; his father was Robert Milon, and his name Bartholomew. The latter was once the handsomest and cleverest man of the parish; but he spent his life in dissipation and quarrels, till a fall broke several of his ribs, and led to the paralysis of his entire body. Sitting near the window he used to scoff at the evangelicals he saw. One spoke affectionately to him: "Poor man, why do you mock at the passers-by? Do you not see that God has *bent your body in this way in order to straighten your soul?*" These simple words struck to his heart, and led to his conversion. The wolf became a lamb, and he never wearied in telling of the riches he had found in the book of God to every one who approached him. He devoted his time and activity entirely to God. The children of the neighborhood were taught by him how to write a few words of the Bible; by "etching with aquafortis on knives, daggers and sword-blades," he earned enough to support several needy christians; every morning and evening he sang "with singular grace" psalms and spiritual songs to the praise of the Lord. "In short, his room was a true school of piety, day and night, re-echoing with the glory of the Lord."

John du Bourg, an independent tradesman who had a large draper's shop at the Rue St. Denis, spread the tidings of the Gospel around him with unwearying activity; "neither money nor kindred could ever turn him aside from the truth." A receiver of Nantes, Peter Valeton, "a man of sense and credit," often visited Du Bourg. He would buy up all the writings of the reformers he could procure. These he kept locked in a large trunk, and would often read them in secrecy and trembling. John le Comte, a Picard tutor, often attended their meetings. We shall meet him again in Switzerland. A celebrated Italian, Giulio Camillo of Forti, a philosopher, poet, and astrologer, a taciturn and dreamy man, frequently was present; but

Calvin rightly said of him: "If spiritual joy reign not in our heart, the kingdom of God is not in us." Many others visited the friends of the Gospel in Paris, and we shall have to name them among the exiles and martyrs.

Even the most necessitous persons were active in good works. A poor woman named Catelle had turned school-mistress out of love for children. "It would be too cruel a thing," she said, "to exclude those of tender age from God's grace!" But of all these evangelical christians of Paris no one had more zeal than De la Forge. "He never spared his goods for the poor," says the chronicler. He had the Bible printed at his own expense, and along with the alms which he distributed he would always add a kind word, and often a Gospel or some other pious book.

De la Forge willingly received all pious strangers visiting Paris. One day Calvin met there several singular persons. Of these, one named Coppin, from Lille, a man of no education, spoke boldly like an oracle. "Verily," said Calvin, "a fool never has any doubts." Quintin, from Hainault, had more cunning, and gave himself the air of a prophet. "The latter seems to me a big rogue," spoke Calvin. They were attended by a few fanatical disciples; they always lodged with some good-natured person who would keep them in their idleness by supplying them with victuals and drink. They spoke continually of the Holy Ghost, and tried to make the credulous believe they were his apostles. Calvin lost all patience: "You are like those country priests," he said, "who, having but one image in their church, make it serve for five or six saints. He is either St. James, or St. Francis, or St. Basil, and the priest receives as many offerings as there are saints."

The reformer found several capital errors and immoral doctrines combined with this system. "God is everything," said Quintin, "and everything is God."—"The soul," said others, "is material and mortal." One day a man lay murdered in the streets of Paris, and Quintin blasphemously said about the murderer: "Yes, it's thee, it's me, it's God; for what thee or me does, it is God who does it, and what God does, we do." A shoemaker of the same opinions blamed De la Forge for condemning a servant who had robbed him: "It is blaspheming God to call this action base; . . . seeing that God does everything, we ought to reckon nothing bad." Yet this philosopher raved like a madman when his servant speedily treated him likewise.

Calvin's conscience was terrified, and he fought these pretended spiritualists with the Word of God. "You call God impure," he said to Quintin, "a thief and a robber, and you add that there is no harm in it. Who, I pray, has condemned impurity, theft, murder, if God has not?" Quintin answered with a smile: "We are not subject to the letter which killeth, but to the Spirit which giveth life . . . The Bible contains allegories, myths which the Holy Spirit explains to us." "You make your Scripture a nose of wax," said Calvin, "and play with it, as if it were a ball." About 4,000 were led astray in France by these pantheists. Even the excellent Bucer was deceived by their pretensions to spirituality, and the elect Margaret was dazzled ten years later. Calvin found their doctrines impious and revolutionary, abolishing all difference between good and evil. He encountered a probably still more dangerous doctrine.

Michael Servetus of Arragon, of the same age as Calvin, put himself forward as a teacher of truth and a thorough reformer. The great mysteries of faith were to give way to a certain pantheism, enveloped in mystical and Sabellian forms. It was not Roman-catholicism alone which he desired to reform, but the evangelical reformation also, substituting for its scriptural and practical character a philosophic and rationalistic tendency. He at first associated with the reformers of Switzerland and Germany. Œcolampadius would not count him a christian unless he acknowledged the Son as partaking through all eternity of the Godhead of the Father. Melancthon said: "His imagination is confused, his ideas are obscure. He possesses many marks of a fanatical spirit. He raves on the subject of Justification and the Trinity." Servetus travelled to Paris, and there attacked the doctrines of an "imaginary trinity."—"Jesus is man," he said; "the Godhead was communicated to Him by grace, but he is not God by nature. The Father alone is God in that sense."

Calvin could not and would not have any other God than Him who gives us life, who has ransomed us, and who sanctifies us—the Father, God above us; the Son, God for us; the Holy Ghost, God in us. This threefold relation with God, which Scripture revealed, forced him to recognize a *difference* in God; but *unity* being essential to the Deity, he was bound to maintain it at any cost, and he thus felt himself constrained to embrace the idea of a divine Trinity. Servetus invited Calvin to a conference, and he accepted the challenge. Alas! why did he not show the same friendly spirit to the last? "I will do all in my power to cure Servetus," he said. "If I show myself in public, I know that I expose my life; but I will spare no pains to bring him to such sentiments, that *all pious men may be able to take him affectionately by the hand.*" Justice requires that we should take account of these feelings of Calvin with regard to Servetus. The discussion was thereupon prepared for; but for some unknown reason, Servetus did not attend upon Calvin at the place appointed. The opportunity of an-

swering the challenge occurred twenty years later at Geneva.

Calvin's first theological work was now published. He first called it the *Immortality of the Soul*, but substituted the awkward title of *Psychopannychia*, "the night or sleep of the soul." Herein he does not combat the errors of Rome. He stands forth as the defender of the soul, the advocate of christian spiritualism. The force of conviction, the weight of proof, the power with which he used the Scriptures, the simplicity and clearness of style, struck every reader. Its only defect was energetic disdain and bitter invective.

Calvin was at peace in La Forge's house. He loved to see the master distributing the Gospel, relieving the poor, and listening to the interpretation of God's Word; he took pleasure in his christian conversation. But the happiness of this blessed household was not to be of long duration. Lieutenant-criminal Morin was ere long to enter it, throw the wife into prison, lead the husband to the scaffold, and change the happiness of a peaceful christian family into sorrow, groans, and tears. A great persecution was about to break forth, and Calvin would have early fallen in it had not God withdrawn him from Paris.

Calvin felt himself so oppressed with visits and interviews, that he said: "I shall leave France and go to Germany, in order to find in some obscure corner the quiet refused to me elsewhere." Du Tillet accompanied him; they set off with two horses and two servants. While the travellers strolled about Delme near Nancy, one of their attendants stole away with a horse and with a valise containing all their money. The two friends were greatly embarrassed; but by the aid of ten crowns, given by the other servant, they managed to reach Strasburg.

True, Calvin quitted France; but a divine hand fixed him as near as possible to that land of his affections and his sorrows. And he will indeed be her reformer.

Calvin had hardly left Paris when the clouds gathered over the little church of the metropolis. "There was no year," says a chronicler of the sixteenth century, speaking of 1534, "when such great marvels happened in divers countries; but of all these marvels none is more worthy to be remembered than that which caused it to be named *the year of the placards*."

The christians of Paris met together frequently in one another's houses. "The Lord," said they, "commands His disciples to go forth and scatter the doctrine of salvation into all corners of the world." There were two distinct parties among the evangelicals; the *temporizers* and the *scripturists*. The former looked to Margaret and to the kings; they waited. The latter were alarmed at the idea of recognizing the bishops and the pope; they were determined to resist stoutly everything that might bring back the *idols* to the temple of God. To reconcile these differences, they sent a simple, pious, intelligent christian, by name Feret, to obtain the opinion of Farel and the other refugees. Little thought they that this journey would lead to an explosion that would shake the capital, terrify France, and perhaps destroy the cause of the Reformation.

Feret found the evangelical doctrines preached boldly everywhere in Switzerland. Geneva was tottering, and in many other places they were even "destroying the altars and breaking down the images." Feret was struck with the contrast. Farel and his friends rejected all those medleys of the Gospel and popery that Francis I, Margaret of Navarre, Du Bellay, and even Melancthon desired. "These two (the Gospel and the pope) cannot exist together," they said, "any more than fire and water." The mass especially, that main point of the Romish doctrine, must, in their opinion, be abolished. The writing and posting of placards were proposed as active means of evangelization. Farel wrote the evangelical protest, in "his trenchant style and thundering eloquence." The document was printed in placards to be posted on the walls in Paris, and in little tracts to be dropped in the streets. The sheets were entrusted to Feret, and with them he arrived safely in Paris.

Courault said: "Let us beware of posting up these placards; we shall only inflame the rage of our adversaries thereby, and increase the dispersion of believers." The less prudent answered: "Let us be cautious of so squaring our prudence, that it does not make us act like cowards. If we look timidly from one side to the other to see how far we can go without exposing our lives, we shall forsake Jesus Christ." The warmest friends of the Reformation portioned out the kingdom between them, in order to post the placards in every city, and the 24th of October was appointed for this daring enterprise. On the appointed night, it was secretly placed on the streets, market-places, and cross ways, some even being fixed on the walls of the Louvre. It began with a solemn invocation.

TRUTHFUL ARTICLES
CONCERNING THE HORRIBLE, GREAT AND
UNBEARABLE ABUSES
OF THE POPISH MASS,
INVENTED DIRECTLY AGAINST THE
HOLY SUPPER OF OUR LORD,
THE ONLY MEDIATOR
AND
ONLY SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST.

"I invoke heaven and earth in witness of the truth against that proud and pompous popish mass, for the world (if God does not apply a remedy) is and will be by it totally desolated, ruined, lost, and undone; seeing that in it our Lord is out-

rageously blasphemed, and the people blinded and led astray. Which ought not to be borne any longer. . . . . .

"Yes, by the great and admirable sacrifice of Jesus Christ all outward and visible sacrifice is abolished. Christ, says the Epistle to the Hebrews, (which I entreat everybody to read diligently,) *was offered once for all.—By one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.* Christ offered *once* and not *often*. . . . If the sacrifice is perfect, why should it be repeated? . . . . Come forward then, ye priests, and answer if you can! . . . By this unhappy mass, the whole country has been plunged into a common idolatry. . . .

"Presumptuous enemies of the Word of God, shameless heretics, they are not satisfied with pretending to enclose the body of Jesus Christ in their wafer; but see into what absurdities their superstition leads them. They are not ashamed to say that the body of Jesus Christ may be eaten by rats, spiders, and vermin. . . . Yes, there it is printed in red letters in their missals, in the twenty-second Item, beginning thus: If the body of the Lord be eaten by mice and spiders, be reduced to nothing, or be very much gnawed, or if the maggot is found whole inside . . . . let it be burned and placed in the reliquary!

"O earth! why openest thou not to swallow up these horrible blasphemers? O hateful men! Is that gnawed body really the body of Jesus Christ, the Son of God? . . . Wretches! were there no other evil in all your infernal theology than the irreverence with which you speak of the precious body of Jesus, are you not blasphemers and heretics? . . . yea, the greatest and most enormous the world has ever seen.

"What means all these games you play round your God of dough, toying with him like a cat with a mouse? You break him into three pieces . . . . and then you put on a piteous look as if you were very sorrowful; you beat your breasts . . . you call him the Lamb of God, and pray to him for peace. St. John showed Jesus Christ ever present, ever living, living all in one—an adorable truth! but you show your wafer divided into pieces, and then you eat it, calling for something to drink. . . . What would any man say who had never witnessed such monkey tricks? . . . . Did St. Paul or St. John ever eat Christ in that manner? and would they acknowledge such mountebanks as the servants of God?

"Finally, the practice of your mass is very contrary to the practice of the Holy Supper of Jesus Christ! . . . .

"Certainly there is no marvel in that, for there is nothing common between Christ and Belial. The Holy Supper of Jesus Christ reminds us of the great love with which He loved us, so that he washed us in His blood. But the fruit of the mass is very different. By it the preaching of the Gospel is prevented. The time is occupied with bell-ringing, howling, chanting, empty ceremonies, candles, incense, disguises, and all manner of conjuration And the poor world, looked upon as a lamb or as sheep, is miserably deceived, cajoled, led astray—what do I say? bitten, gnawed, and devoured as if by ravening wolves. . . . O false witnesses, traitors, robbers of the honor of God, and more hateful than the devils themselves. In short, the truth chases them, the truth alarms them, and by truth shall their reign shortly be destroyed forever."

So read this bold and impetuous placard of the Reformation.

The terrible placard posted up during the night in Paris and over a great part of France, "in every corner," says Sturm, produced an immense sensation. The people were agitated, the women and the weak alarmed, and the magistrates filled with indignation. But the adversaries of popery did not relax their blows. At almost the same time there appeared another mocking treatise "against the pope's traffickers and taverners." This increased the hatred of the priests and friars. They excited the people with false reports that a frightful plot had been laid against the State and the Church. The Sorbonne were furious, but the thunderbolt fell from another quarter.

Francis I., who was then at Blois, had not forgotten the insinuation of the papal nuncio: "The religion of a people cannot be changed without their next demanding the change of a prince." He soon had a pretext for attacking. An evangelical chorister in the chapel dared to post the protestant manifesto on the door of the king's chamber, an imprudent and disrespectful action. From thence it was taken early next morning, by Montmorency and the Cardinal de Tournon, and read to the king. "He burst into a transport of passion."—"Let all be seized without distinction who are suspected of *Lutheresy*. I will exterminate them all." The chorister was at once sent in chains to Paris to be tried. "Write and order the parliament to execute strict justice," said the king; "and tell the lieutenant-criminal that, to encourage him, I increase his salary by six hundred livres a year for life. Let inquisition be made forthwith through all the realm for the people who are such enemies of God."

A reward of one hundred crowns was at once offered for the betrayal of each party concerned. The evangelicals remained hidden and silent in their houses, while some implicated fled from their homes by night.

The lieutenant-criminal, a great opponent of the religious movement, and a man of very dissolute life, of rare audacity in catching criminals, and remarkable subtlety in entrapping them by their answers, had Morin arrested, and hoped

through him to seize all the rest. "Sheath-maker," he said, "you are one of the heretics; and what is worse, you are their *convener*, I know full well. It is you, do not deny it, who inform them of the places where their secret meetings are to be held. I have a wish to assemble them; you will lead me to their houses." The poor man tremblingly refused to commit such treason. But he was threatened with the stake, and he became a betrayer instead of a martyr. The treacherous sheath-maker went before the lieutenant, pale and trembling; sergeants followed him at a little distance, and this cruel company glided silently through the streets. The sheath-maker stopped and pointed to a door: Morin entered. The startled family protested their innocence in vain. The lieutenant ordered the poor creatures to be manacled, and then continued his pitiless course. "He spared no house, great or small," says the chronicler, "not even the colleges of the university of Paris. Morin made all the city quake"

Nicholas Valeton, the receiver, saw Morin approaching his house; he ran to meet the party, so as to give his wife time to secrete his books, and was at once arrested. The lieutenant-criminal searched the house and found nothing suspicious but an empty trunk. He soon returned and said: "Madame, your husband has confessed that he kept his books and secret papers in this trunk. Besides, we are agreed; I desire to behave mercifully towards him; if you give a certain sum of money and tell me where the books are, I swear to you before God that your husband shall suffer no prejudice." The wife, who was "young, thoughtless," and unsuspicious, revealed everything, and the lieutenant-criminal seized the heretical papers. The paralytic Bartholomew Milan, who could not have posted the placards, was next visited. "Come, get up," the officer said harshly. Bartholomew answered with a smile: "Alas! sir, it wants a greater master than you to make me rise."—"Take this fellow away," said the brute to his creatures. Du Bourg was next arrested in his draper's store, despite the entreaties of his wife. "He is one of those who posted up the papers at the corners of the streets," said the lieutenant. Many others, without distinction of rank or sex, were thrown into prison: among these were Roussel, Courault and Berthaud.

Francis I. now arrived in Paris. Cardinals, Sorbonne, Parliament, vied with each other to detach him from the evangelicals. No one was more alarmed and agitated than Margaret. "My lord," she said to the king, "we are not sacramentarians. The infamous placards have been invented by men who wish to make the responsibility of their abominable manœuvre fall upon us." Montmorency and Duprat provoked the king even against Margaret. Heartbroken at his harshness, she left Paris hastily. The impetuous Beda was the means of her recall, for he openly accused the king himself. "If it is not the king who had these bills posted up," he preached, "at least he is responsible for them." Beda was at once accused of high treason, and this furious forerunner of the League was confined in the abbey of St. Michael till his death.

The king was now somewhat softened, and Margaret urged him to adopt the *Mass of Seven Points*, drawn up by Lefèvre. "The priest will continue to celebrate mass" said Margaret to her brother, "only it will always be a *public communion;* he will not uplift the host; it will not be adored; priests and people will communicate under both kinds; there will be no commemorations of the Virgin or of the Saints; the communion will be celebrated with ordinary bread; the priest, after breaking and eating, will distribute the remainder among the people. Further, priests will have liberty to marry."

Francis I. saw great difficulties in the way; but he consented to have Roussel, Courault and Berthaud explain the points to him. Their zeal irritated him, and he sent them back hurriedly to prison. Men more zealous than they had already left their dungeon for the scaffold.

An expiation was required for the purification of France—solemn ceremonies, sacrifices, and the stake. Nothing must be wanting to the expiatory work.

Du Bourg, Milon, Poille, and their friends were lying in prison, waiting for the day when they were to appear before their judges. The poor paralytic had remained as calm as in his father's shop; he was even calmer. Formerly, when friends or kindred well accustomed to lift him had taken him in their arms, he had cried out with the pain he felt in every limb. But now in prison he bore it all without pain, and "the roughest handling seemed tender." Receiving unknown strength from God, he was tranquil and joyful under tribulation. That holy patience spread peace in the hearts of his companions in misfortune. "It is impossible to tell the consolation he afforded them," says a chronicler.

The day of trial was the 10th of November, a fortnight after the placards. Seven prisoners were convicted promptly, and sentenced to be burnt alive; the poor paralytic was included, for having some placards in his father's shop. Three days after, the child-like paralytic was carried in a tumbrel to the Grève. "Lower the flames," said the officer; "the sentence says he is to be burnt *at a slow fire.*" Yet the poor sufferer uttered nothing but words of peace. The evangelicals exclaimed: "Oh! how great is the constancy of this witness to the Son of God, both in his life and in his death."

The next day it was the turn of the wealthy tradesman, Du Bourg. When he

arrived in front of Notre Dame, he was made to alight; a taper was put into his hand and a cord around his neck, and he was then taken in front of the fountain of the Innocents, in the Rue St. Denis, quite near his house—he might have been seen from the windows—after which his hand was cut off. That had fixed up the terrible protest against Rome. He was then burnt alive at the Halles.

On the 18th it was the turn of Poille, the old disciple of Briçonnet. At the stake before the church of St. Catherine, he joyfully exclaimed: "My Lord Jesus Christ reigns in heaven, and I am ready to fight for him on earth unto the last drop of blood." This confession of the truth at the moment of punishment, exasperated the executioners. "Wait a bit," they said, "we will stop your prating." They sprang upon him, opened his mouth, caught hold of his tongue and bored a hole through it; they then with refined cruelty, made a slit in his cheek, through which they drew the tongue, and fastened it with an iron pin. Some cries were heard from the crowd at this horrible spectacle. Poille was then burnt alive.

Other punishments followed rapidly; a printer and a bookseller were burnt. Sometimes it was deemed sufficient "to flog the accused naked," to confiscate their property, and to banish them, The terror was universal. Many evangelicals disappeared suddenly; some lay hid in remote villages where they had friends; some went to Basle, others to Strasburg. The trades connected with typography (printers, booksellers and binders) formed the most numerous contingent in these bands of fugitives. Several other fugitives were monks; and one black sheep, the famous doctor of divinity, Peter Caroli, "went to Switzerland," says Beza, "carrying with him the same spirit of ambition, of contradiction, and of lewdness; a man whom the spirit of God had not sent, but whom Satan had brought to hinder the Lord's work." Professors also sorrowfully went out from their colleges. Master John Renault, principal of a college at Tourney; Master Mederic Sevin; Master Mathurin Cordier, Calvin's mentor and friend, had quitted Paris in haste, without taking leave of their colleagues. All these noble christians endured ignominy and hardships in their flight, rather than forsake Christ.

Margaret wept much in secret. By her entreaties the king was induced to remove her three ministers from prison to a convent. Roussel declared he had no desire to break with the Church, and retired to his abbey at Clairac. The feeble Berthaud, whom the punishment had frightened, resumed his monastic dress without any reserve, and died in the cloister; but the aged and intrepid Corault remained firm. Shortly after he escaped, and although almost blind, found his way to Basle. This pitiful pardon was the only and last expression of Francis' pity.

This indulgence served but to hasten the terrible persecutions about to begin in Paris. "Sire," urged the chiefs of the ultramontane party, "give a public proof of your attachment to the faith." Accordingly, by a royal law and constitution, it was ordered that they should pray to the Almighty for the destruction of heresy, and to that end there should be a solemn procession and an expiatory sacrifice. Francis intended to crown it with acts of barbarity.

The 21st of January, 1535, arrived. Early in the morning a large crowd of citizens and people from the surrounding country filled the streets; even the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators. Before the door of each house was a lighted torch, "to do reverence to the holy sacraments and the holy relics." The procession began at six in the morning. First came all the crosses and banners of the several parishes; then followed the citizens, two and two, each with a torch; the two mendicant orders, with the priests and canons of the city. Never had so many relics been brought out before, and to see these the people crushed each other repeatedly. Many bodies of saints, whole or in part, were paraded before the people. "The marvel is not so great," said Calvin subsequently. "We have not only *one* body of each of these saints, but we have *several*. There is one body of St. Matthew at Rome, a second at Padua, and a third at Treves. There is one of St. Lazarus at Marseilles, another at Autun, and a third at Avallon."

Soon the canons of the Holy Chapel came in sight, wearing their copes; no church in Christendom possessed such treasures. "Here is the Virgin's milk!" "Indeed," said Calvin, "there is not a petty town or wretched convent where they do not show us this milk. If the Virgin had been nursing all her life, she would hardly have been able to supply such an abundance!"

"There is our Lord's purple robe," said the people; "and the linen cloth he tied round him at the Last Supper, and his swaddling clothes!"—"They would do better," said Calvin, "to seek for Christ in his word, his sacraments, and spiritual graces, than in his frock, little shirt, and napkin."

"There is the crown of thorns!" was soon the cry. "It is no rarity," said Calvin. "There are two of these crowns at Rome, one at Vincennes, one at Bourges, one at Besançon, one at Albi, one at Toulouse, one at Mâçon, one at Cléry, one at St. Flour, one at St. Maximin, one at Noyon, one at St. Salvador in Spain, one at St. Jago in Gallicia, and many others in other places besides. To make all these crowns and gather all these thorns, they must have cut down a whole hedge."

"Here comes the true cross!"—"It is not the only one," said the reformer, "there is no petty town or paltry church where they do not show you pieces; and if all were collected together, there would be a load for a great barge, and three hundred men could not carry it."

After the relics came a great number of high ecclesiastics magnificently attired. Then under a canopy borne by four royal princes, came the richly adorned host carried by the Bishop of Paris. Francis I. appeared next, without parade, bareheaded and on foot, holding a lighted taper in his hand. He knelt down at each *reposoir* and humbled himself – not for his adulteries, his lies, or his false oaths, but for the audacity of those who did not like the mass. He was followed by the queen, the foreign ambassadors, all the court, the parliament and all officials, walking two and two, each man bearing a lighted torch. At length they arrived at the church of Notre Dame, where the mass was sung with great pomp.

On the *twenty-first of January*, 1535, a king of France was about to devote to death with all due ceremony the humble disciples of the Gospel. Two hundred and fifty-eight years later, there was another *twenty-first of January*. The simplest, the meekest, the most generous of the Bourbons, died on the scaffold on the *twenty-first of January*, 1793.

All was not over: they had had the comedy, (as it appeared to some,) they were now to have the oratorical address, and then the tragedy.

All the high officials by order assembled after dinner in the bishop's great hall, to hear a speech from the throne. Francis I. appeared with a sad and even gloomy countenance. He said: "I do not come to talk to you of myself; we have to treat this day of an offence done to the King of kings. . . What honor, what reverence, what obedience do we not owe to that great King! . . What obligations does not this kingdom, more than any other, owe to Him, seeing that for thirteen or fourteen hundred years, He has maintained it in peace and tranquillity with its friends, and in victory against its enemies! . . She has enjoyed the privilege of being the only power that has never nurtured monsters, and which above all others, bears the name and title of Most Christian. . . So much the more ought we to feel grief and regret in our hearts, that there should be at this time in France men so wicked and wretched as to desire to soil that noble name,—men who have disseminated damnable opinions, who have not only assaulted the things which our great King desires to be honored, and acted so evilly that they do not leave to others the power of doing worse, but have all at once attacked Him in the holy sacrament of the altar. People of low condition, and less learning, wicked blasphemers, have used, with regard to that sacrament, terms rejected and abhorred by every other nation. . . . Wherefore we have commanded that severe punishment be inflicted on the delinquents, in order that they may be an example to others, and prevent them from falling into the like damnable opinions. Oh! the crime, the blasphemy, the day of sorrow and disgrace! Why did it ever dawn upon us?"

"There were few of all the company," says the chronicle, "from whose eyes the king did not draw tears." After a few minutes' silence, interrupted by the exclamations and sighs of the assembly, the king resumed: "It is at least a consolation that you share my sorrow. What a disgrace it will be if we do not extirpate these wicked creatures!" . . . "I warn you, that I will have the said errors expelled and driven from my kingdom, and will excuse no one." Then he exclaimed, says our historian, with extreme anger: "As true, Messieurs, as I am your king, if I knew one of my own limbs spotted or infected with this detestable rottenness, I would give it you to cut off. . . . And further, if I saw one of my children defiled by it, I would not spare him. . . . I would deliver him up myself, and would sacrifice him to God."

The king stopped and wept; the spectators burst into tears. Then the bishop of Paris and the provost of the merchants knelt, thanked the king for his zeal, and swore to make war against heresy. The spectators in this moving spectacle, exclaimed: "We will live and die for the catholic religion."

Other emotions, those of anguish and terror, were next to be aroused. After displaying his eloquence, the king was about to display his cruelty. "Francis, always in extremes," says a very catholic historian, "did not disdain to pollute his eyes with a spectacle full of barbarity and horror."

On the road between St. Genevieve and the Louvre, two scaffolds had been prepared, one at the Marksman's Cross in the Rue St. Honoré and the other at the Halles. Some of the most excellent men that France possessed were about to be burnt, after suffering atrocious tortures. The king with his family, the nobles, and the rest of the procession, having resumed his march, made his first halt at the Marksman's Cross. Here the cruel lieutenant-criminal brought forward the excellent Valeton, Master Nicholas, clerk, and another evangelical, to be burnt "to appease the wrath of God." The excited populace would even then have torn them to pieces had not the guards interfered.

Nicholas Valeton, who was to be burnt with his books, stood in front of the pile, cruelly made of wood taken from his own house. A strappado was erected to furnish the people a more diverting spectacle: it was a kind of gallows, formed of two poles,

one fixed firmly in the ground, the other fastened to it crosswise, one end of which was raised at will by means of a cord fastened to the other. The receiver looked calmly at this instrument of punishment, to which they were about to fasten him to make him soar into the air. The priests labored to make Valeton recant. Life was sweet for his wife's sake, but he faithfully replied: "I only believe in what the prophets and the apostles formerly preached, and what all the company of saints believed. My faith has a confidence in God, which will resist all the powers of hell." He was now bound by his hands to the end of the strappado and raised in the air, his arms alone sustaining the weight of his body. The pile underneath was lighted; again and again was he let fall into the midst of the flames, and cruelly hoisted, till the knot was burned and his body fell into the fire to crumble to ashes. This inhuman punishment was next applied by order of the *most christian* king to the two other martyrs.

Francis I. and his courtiers repaired to the Halles, to enjoy a second entertainment of a similar kind. Here a rich fruit merchant and two other evangelicals were also tortured to death on the frightful strappado. All witnessed unmoved the convulsions of the sufferers, and could endure the stench of their burning flesh. "The king," as a jesuit says, "wished to draw down the blessing of heaven, by giving this signal example of piety and zeal." Francis and his courtiers returned satisfied to the Louvre. Thus ended the prelude to the massacres of St. Bartholomew, and, with a change of victims, the massacres of September, 1792.

On the 25th of January, "seventy-three Lutherans were cited to appear;" their goods were confiscated, and themselves condemned. One of them wrote to the king:

They call me Lutheran—a name
I have no right to bear.
Luther for me did not come down from heaven:
For me no Luther hung upon the cross
For all my sins; nor was I in his name
Baptized, but in the name of Him alone
To whom the eternal Father grants whate'er
we ask—
The only name in heaven by which the world,
This wicked world, salvation can attain.

Four days later the king issued an edict "for the extirpation of the Lutheran sect." Lastly, the "father of letters" issued an ordinance declaring the *abolition of printing* all over France, under pain of the gallows. This, however, was not enforced. On the 15th of February, Calvin's friend, the rich and pious trader La Forge, sixty years of age, was burnt alive. Two journeymen, for having a Lutheran book, had their tongues cut out, and they were burnt "alive and contumacious." Many, on frivolous charges, were burnt in Paris and other cities. A poor girl in Vendee, Mary Becaudelle, was condemned to the stake for telling a blaspheming grey-friar: "If you insult the Gospel, the wrath of God will be against you." At Arras in Artois, several men watched at night in the chapel of the Holy Candle, and exposed the trickery of the priests concerning a candle said to have been sent from heaven, and which, although burning, was never consumed. "As the reward of their discovery, these three christians received the crown of martyrdom together." Mezeray says: "But for ten that were put to death, a hundred others sprang up from their ashes."

Terror spread through the ranks of the friends of the Reformation. Sturm, broken-hearted at the loss of his friends, abandoned his labors in literature and philosophy. He poured out his sorrow in a letter to Melancthon: "We were in the best, the finest position, thanks to wise men; and now behold us, through the advice of unskilful men, fallen into the greatest calamity and supreme misery. Already eighteen disciples of the Gospel have been burnt, and the same danger threatens a still greater number. Every day the danger spreads wider and wider. There is not a good man who does not fear the calumnies of informers, and is not consumed with grief at the sight of these horrible doings. Our adversaries reign, and with all the more authority, that they appear to be fighting in a just cause, and to quell sedition. The persecutors are instigated by violent hatred, and not by justice. If the king could but know what kind of spirit animates these bloodthirsty men, he would no doubt take better advice. And yet we do not despair. God reigns: he will scatter all these tempests; he will show us the port where we can take refuge; he will give good men an asylum *where they will dare speak their thoughts freely.*"

This letter produced an impression in Wittemberg. A few days after, Luther writing to his friend Link, complained of the evil times in which they lived, and especially of the kings. "With the exception of our prince, (the Elector of Saxony,") he said, "there is not one whom I do not suspect. You may understand by this language how little love and zeal for the Word of God there is in this world. God help us! He permits the devil to be strong, and how weak he makes us! God puts us to the proof. To trust in a man, were he even a prince, is not conformable with piety; but to fear a man is shameful and even impious in a christian. May Christ, our life, our salvation, and our glory, be with you and all yours." Luther, it is well known, had the least hope in Francis I.

Evangelical learning had not henceforth the same favor in France. The excommunication launched against Henry VIII., the schism which followed, the hope of seeing Paul III. embroiled with Charles V., and the indignity of the placards, made the king incline once more towards

Rome. On the 15th of February, he wrote to the protestant princes of Germany: "The enemy of truth has stirred up certain people who are not fools but madmen, and who have incurred the guilt of sedition and other antichristian actions. I am determined to crush these new doctrines; and to check this disease, which leads to frightful revolts, from spreading further. No one has been spared, whatever his country or his rank."

Such were the king's intentions. Protestantism, and with it liberty, perished in France; but God was mighty to raise them up again.

While evangelical light seemed on the point of extinction in France, one of her sons was going to kindle a torch on the banks of the Rhine, and afterwards on those of the Rhone, which would spread its bright rays far and wide. Calvin had arrived at Strasburg. He who was to be the true doctor of the Reformation, its great captain, was then in search of knowledge and of arms in order to teach and to fight. He wished to labor at the renewal of the Church; for this he must interpret Holy Scripture, and explain the body of Christian doctrine. There was a void space in Christendom, and God called him to fill it. He was to create the new, the living theology of modern times. A child of light, he was seeking the light.

The free city of Strasburg possessed an intelligent middle class, wise magistrates, elementary schools, a Latin college, and pious instructors. Capito eloquently expounded the books of the Old Testament; Bucer explained those of the New with much wisdom; Hedio taught history and theology; Caselius, Hebrew; and Herlin, the art of speaking. Professor John Sturm, then at Paris, and the friend of Melancthon, was about to be put at the head of the educational work in his native city.

Matthew Zell, the hospitable master of the church of St. Lawrence, cordially entertained Calvin and Du Tillet in their distress. He was a pious man, of a practical and conciliatory spirit. To this day his name is mentioned with affection in Alsace. As early as 1521, he preached the Gospel zealously at Strasburg. Prosecuted by his bishop in 1523, he defended himself with spirit, and escaped with losing the post of confessor to that prelate.

Calvin and Du Tillet soon noticed his partner, Catherine Schulz, daughter, of a carpenter in the city, a clever, intelligent, active, firm woman, who had managed to obtain the ascendant over every one, and a little too much so over her husband. The young reformer saw in her one of the types of the christian woman, who cumbereth herself, who receiveth the prophets honorably, but who, while doing good, sometimes values herself more highly than she does others. Fourscore refugees had been lodged in her parsonage for weeks. Caring neither for dress nor worldly recreations, the pastor's wife visited the houses of the poor, nursed the sick, wrapped the dead in their grave-clothes, comforted the prisoners, and organized collections in favor of the refugees. *She was never weary in well-doing.* In the midst of her zeal, however, she took too much credit personally; and Bucer wrote of her: "Catherine, like all of us, is too fond of herself."

Calvin was never tired of seeing and hearing the eminent men living in Strasburg. All these doctors, in turn, joyfully saw France bringing her tribute at last to the work of christian instruction. Calvin was troubled with the belief that the Strasburg reformers observed too strict a middle path, and sometimes sacrificed truth to prudence; and he saw the wavering Du Tillet had a great inclination for this middle way. "I find learning and piety in Bucer and Capito," he said one day; "but they force me to desire in them firmness and constancy. We must be *liberal*, no doubt, but not so as to spend the wealth of another. And what precautions ought we not to take, when it is a question of spending God's truth?" Calvin devoted himself lovingly to the French refugees at Strasburg. To console, succor, and advise his exiled fellow-countrymen, was the work of his whole life. He longed for solitude and quiet study, and he soon departed for Basle.

Calvin desired to see Erasmus, who, from timidity rather than principle, inclined to the side of the papacy. He was, however, a great scholar; had he not published the New Testament in Greek. Bucer desired to accompany Calvin to Friburg, where Erasmus then was, and introduce these two men who, one in the department of letters, the other in that of faith, were the greatest personages of the day. The precaution was almost necessary: the old doctor was *ratting*, wishing to die in peace with Rome. Paul III. had hardly been proclaimed pope, when he who had kindled the fire offered his good services to him, in order to maintain the faith and restore peace to the Church. His letter quite charmed the crafty pontiff. "I know," Paul answered, "how useful your excellent learning, combined with your admirable eloquence, may be to me in rescuing many minds from these new errors." The pope even had some idea of sending Erasmus a cardinal's hat.

Calvin had not chosen his time well, yet Erasmus received him, though not without some little embarrassment. The young reformer, impatient to hear the oracle of the age, began to ask him numerous questions on difficult points. Erasmus, fearing to commit himself, was reserved, and gave only vague answers. His interlocutor was not discouraged. He explained his own convictions with considerable energy. Erasmus perceived that the young scholar would go further than himself, or even than Luther, and would wage a merciless war against all human traditions. He be-

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came alarmed, put an end to the conversation, and whispered in Bucer's ear: "I see a great pestilence rising in the Church against the Church." Calvin withdrew; he and Du Tillet soon departed to Basle.

That city had a university, distinguished theologians, and celebrated printers. Calvin sought the house of Catherine Klein in a by-street; she was a pious woman, who took delight in serving God and ministering to the saints. He found the "obscure corner" he had so longed for. Distinguished by her virtues and piety, Catherine never grew weary of admiring the beauty of Calvin's genius, the holiness of his life, the integrity of his doctrines, and the zeal with which he applied, day and night, to study. The illustrious philosopher, Peter Ramus, afterwards a victim of St. Bartholomew's day, stood thirty years later in his chamber and said of him: "The light of France, the light of the Christian Church all over the world."

Here Calvin withdrew himself from earthly noises to hear only the voice of God and the music of heaven. He wished to fix his looks on high, and to have the thoughts which descended to him from heaven become the soul of his whole life. He had already learned much; but it was not sufficient for him to learn, he must create: that was the vocation he had received from his Master, and to that end he must concentrate all the strength of his intelligence and of his heart. Destined to become one of God's mightiest instruments for his age and all ages to come, Calvin felt that he needed silence, concentration, and communion with God. "Ah!" said he without thinking of himself, "God wishing to publish his law by Moses, led him to Sinai and took him into His heavenly closet."

Calvin rejoiced to find his old friend Nicholas Cop a refugee in Basle. He was also captivated with the learned Simon Grynaeus, Melancthon's school-boy, who deservedly succeeded Erasmus at Basle; and under him he studied Hebrew literature more thoroughly. The discords which broke out in France and Switzerland filled him with sorrow. He labored zealously at revising a translation of the New Testament in French, and it was published on March 27th, 1534. The edition was soon suppressed, and Calvin afterwards assisted in preparing a more perfect edition. Another work, which was to be the great work of his life, soon occupied the young reformer.

Calvin had not been long in Basle when tidings arrived of the controversial placards in Paris, and the dreadful persecutions that followed. At the end of November, he heard with great grief of the successive deaths of Berthelot, Du Bourg, Paille, and several others whom he had counted as friends. A few weeks later he welcomed to Basle the venerable christian Courault, who, half-blind, had felt his way along to the city; and other refugees speedily arrived. Calvin said: "The news having spread to foreign nations, these burnings were counted very wicked by a large number of Germans, and they felt great bitterness against the authors of such bitterness."—The bitterness was still greater at Basle. Oswald Myconius, the friend of Zwingle, had quitted Zurich after the battle of Cappel; he was now the eloquent pastor of St. Alban's church at Basle, and replaced Œcolampadius as president of the church. He was struck with indignation and grief at the massacres; he sympathized closely with Calvin, and said of popery: "Why sew new patches on so torn a garment? We should never meet the dragon but to kill him." Du Tillet, on the contrary, was troubled, agitated, and made fearful by the prospect of persecution and reproach. His intimacy with the reformer was changed, and three years after he caused Calvin more sorrow than the deaths of these martyrs had. Yet the agents of Francis I. worked indefatigably to mislead public opinion. They spoke, wrote, and distributed everywhere "certain little books full of lies," in which it was said the king had behaved harshly to none but rebels, who desired to disturb the State under the cloak of religion. Germany began to cool down; even at Basle many good people said: "We cannot defend the cause of a handful of seditious people who desire to overthrow everything, even political order."

Shut up with his books in the room he occupied at Catherine Klein's, Calvin thought night and day of these atrocious punishments and calumnies; of the persecuting spirit of the papacy. "If I do not oppose it righteously and to the best of my ability," he said, "I shall fairly be called cowardly and disloyal on account of my silence."

A heavenly word rang through his soul: *Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.* He therefore formed one of those resolutions which, in a character such as his, are unalterable. "I will obey Him who speaks to me from on high," he said. "I will reply to the wicked tales that are circulated against my brethren; and as similar cruelties may be practiced against many other believers, I will endeavor to touch foreign nations with some compassion in their favor. Such was the reason," he adds, "which moved me to publish the *Institutes of the Christian Religion.*" Never had a noble book so noble an origin. Justin Martyr, Athenagoras, and Tertullian had written their *Apologies* by the light of the stakes of the second century; Calvin wrote his by the light of those of the sixteenth. The publication of the *Christian Institutes* was the pitiful cry of a compassionate soul at the sight of those who were going to the stake.

Calvin had long meditated the subject which then absorbed him—the system of

christian faith; and his book was to be the finest body of divinity ever possessed by the Church of Christ. It was not a trifling matter to make christian science pass from death to life, from darkness to light. Calvin was the man called to this work. He forsook the way of the schoolmen to a more refined intellectualism, and at the voice of conscience he eagerly traversed fifteen centuries. He went to the gospel springs, and there collecting in a golden cup the pure and living waters of divine revelation, presented them to the nations to quench their thirst. The Reformation was not simply a change in the doctrine, or in the manners, or in the government of the Church: it was a creation. The *Institutes of the Christian Religion* is Calvin's great achievement; it is Calvin himself, and we must therefore describe it.

"The whole sum of wisdom," said the great doctor of modern times, at the beginning of his work, "is that by knowing *God*, each of us knows *himself* also; and these two facts are bound to each other by so many ties, that it is not easy to discern which goes before and produces the other."

In fact, Calvin, when addressing man, shows him first of all *God himself*—wonder of wonders?—*in man*. "God has stamped in you a knowledge of himself, and he continually refreshes this memory in you, as if he poured it out drop by drop. We have *a consciousness of divinity graven so deeply in our minds*, that we cannot erase it. The rebellion even of the wicked bears testimony of this, for while combating madly to throw off the fear of God, that fear remains inevitably clinging to them, as if it were in the marrow of their bones. Alas! we shall hardly find *one* in in a hundred that cherishes this divine seed his heart. . . . What is to be done?"

"God has opened his sacred mouth, to make known that he is the God whom we should adore. . . . If we wish to see clearly, let us take Holy Scripture: without it we should have but a confused and partial knowledge of God in our minds; but that drives away all obscurity in us, and shows us clearly God's heart."

He shows another guide to be requisite. "It is necessary that the same Spirit which has spoken by the mouth of the prophets should enter our own hearts, that he should touch them to the quick, and convince them that the prophets have faithfully declared what had been enjoined them from on high." The testimony of the Holy Ghost—that is the proof of proofs.

Calvin then reveals to man, the self-worshipper, who puts himself in the place of God, the sin that is in him: "Come down now; come down and consider thyself. Learn to know this sin, derived from Adam and dwelling in us, like a glowing furnace, perpetually throwing out flames and sparks, and the fire of which not only burns the senses, but pollutes all that is most noble in our souls." There is no means by which man can escape of himself from this wretchedness of his nature. "If thou pretendest to rise by thy own strength, thou standest on the end of a reed . . . . that snaps immediately. . . . . While our condemnation holds us surprised, trembling, and startled before the judgment seat of God, the penalty to which we were subject has been laid on the innocent. All that can be imputed to us in the sight of God is transferred upon Jesus Christ. The divine founder of the Kingdom has suffered in the place of the children of the Kingdom. . . . Our peace can be found only in the terrors and agony of Christ our Redeemer."

But how does this work accomplished *out* of man, act *in* man? . . . "Man has no sooner embraced the atonement with a faith full of confidence, than he experiences an unalterable peace in his conscience. He possesses a spirit of adoption which makes him call God *my Futher!* and which procures him a sweet and joyful communion with the heavenly Father. Immediately the least drop of faith is put into our souls we begin to contemplate the face of God, kind and favorable to us. True, we see it from afar, but it is with an undoubting eye, and we know that there is no deception."

Is man saved by charity, or without it? . . . . "There is no other faith which justifies save that which is united with charity; but it is not from charity that it derives the power to justify. Faith only justifies because it puts us in communication with the righteousness of Christ. Whosoever confounds the two righteousnesses (that of man and that of God) hinders poor souls from reposing on the sole and pure mercy of God, plaits a crown of thorns for Jesus Christ, and turns his sacrifice into ridicule."

Here Calvin puts forward the grand idea which characterizes the Reformation effected by his teaching; namely, *that it is only the new man which we should value*. After insisting as much as any doctor on the work that Christ does *without us*, he insists more than any on the work Christ must do *within us*. "I exalt to the highest degree the conjunction that we have with our Chief,—the dwelling he makes in our hearts by faith,—the sacred union by which we enjoy him. It is necessary that we should perceive in our lives a melody and harmony between the righteousness of God and the obedience of our souls."—He encourages humble, timid christians of weak faith. "If we have *the least spark* of God's light, we are sufficiently illuminated and may have a firm assurance. . . The light of faith is never so extinct that there does not remain some glimmer. The root of faith is never so torn from the heart, that it does not remain fastened there, although it seems to lean to this side or that. Faith is an armed man within us to resist the attacks of the evil one. . . . If we put faith

in the front, she receives the blows and wards them off. She may indeed be shaken, as a stalworth soldier may be compelled by a violent blow to step backwards. Her shield may receive damage so as to lose its shape, but not be penetrated; and even in this extremity the shield deadens the blow, and the weapon does not pierce to the heart. . . . When St. John promises the victory to our faith, he does not mean simply that it will be victorious in *one* battle, or in *ten*, but in *all*. Be full of courage then. To fluctuate, to vary, to be tossed to and fro; to doubt, to vacillate, to be kept in suspense, and finally to despair. . . that is not having confidence. We must have a solid support on which we can rest. *God has said it*—that is enough. Being under the safeguard of Christ, we are in no danger of perishing."

Grace in all its fulness—grace from the first movement of regeneration until the final accomplishment of salvation, was the keynote of all Calvin's theology; and it was also the powerful artillery with which he batters the Roman fortress. Like St. Paul in the first century, like St. Augustin in the fifth, Calvin is the *Doctor of grace* in the sixteenth . . . "The will of man cannot of itself incline to good. Such a movement, which is the beginning of our conversion to God, Scripture entirely attributes to the Holy Ghost. . . . Christ wishing to deliver us from all fear in the midst of so many deadly assaults, has promised that those who have been given him by his Father to keep, shall not perish."

Calvin next hastens to show the fruits of faith: "We have given the first rank to doctrine; but to be useful to us, it must *penetrate into the soul, pass into the manners and regulate the actions of our life*. . . . Since the Holy Ghost consecrates us to be temples of God, we must take pains that the glory of God fills the temple. . . . We know those babblers who are content with having the Gospel on their lips, whilst it ought to sink to the bottom of the soul, and we detest their babbling."

In the Church of the Middle Ages, Calvin had found the separation of religion and morality: a government, official doctrines, ceremonies, but all stripped of moral life. At that time religion was a tree stretching its branches wide into the air, but there was no sap flowing through them. To restore a lively faith in religion, and through faith a holy morality, was the reformer's aim. . . . "God *first impresses on our hearts the love of righteousness*, to which we are not inclined by nature; and then he gives us a certain rule, which does not permit us to go astray." Accordingly, a morality unknown for ages became, not only in Geneva, but wherever Calvin's doctrine penetrated, the distinctive feature of the Reformation.

In Calvin's estimation, the Church is the whole assembly of the children of God; but he also gives the name to the visible assembly of those who, in different parts of the world, profess to worship the Lord: "A great multitude, in which the children of God are, alas, but a handful of unknown people, like a few grains on the threshing floor under a great heap of straw. Our rudeness, our idleness, and the vanity of our minds require external helps, (he added,) and for that reason God has instituted pastors and teachers."

The *Christian Institutes* in its earliest form was a simple defence, explaining briefly *law, faith, prayer, the sacraments, christian liberty*, and the nature of the *Church and State*. But the French refugees at Geneva, and even distant protestants, continually solicited Calvin to set forth the whole Christian doctrine in his book; and accordingly it received numerous additions.

The *Christian Institutes* are a proof that christian love prevailed in Calvin's mind; indeed, he wrote for the justification of *believers, his brethren*. However, by defending the reformed, he explained and justified the Reformation itself. What are its principles? The formative principle of faith and of the Church is, with him as with Luther, the sovereign Word of God; but he asserts it with more decision than his predecessor. Calvin is anti-traditional. he will have nothing to do with host, or font, or festivals and other ceremonies preserved by Luther. He did not *reform* the Church; he *created* it anew. Zwingle was also scriptural; yet the Zurich doctor was specially exegetic, while the Geneva doctor was specially dogmatic. Luther and Calvin alike hold gratuitous salvation; but the former lays down as a fundamental article the *justification by faith of the regenerate man*, while Calvin proclaimed first of all *salvation by the sovereignty of divine grace*.

That was a solemn time for Calvin when he finished his *Institutes* in his room at Catherine Klein's. And the *Institutes* were admired by the noblest spirits of the age.

The object of the *Christian Institutes* was to make known to Christendom, and particularly to the protestants of Germany, the doctrines professed in France by the men whom the king was putting to death. But was that all Calvin had to do? The lamentable spectacle of the burning piles in France was night and day before his eyes. And knowing that the same fate was hanging over the heads of all who desired no other mediator but Christ, he determined to write to the king, dedicating his book to him. . . . A bold step for an almost unknown young man.

"Sire," he said, "you are yourself a witness by what false calumnies our doctrine is everywhere defamed. Have you not been told that it tends to nothing else but to ruin all kingdoms and governments, to disturb the peace, to abolish all law, to confiscate lordships and possessions, and,

in a word, to throw everything into confusion? And nevertheless you hear only the least part of these outrages. Horrible stories are circulated against us, for which, if they were true, we should richly deserve to be hanged a thousand times over.

"Our defence does not consist in disavowing our doctrine, but in maintaining it to be true. Truth deprives her adversaries of the right to open their mouths against her. And for this reason, sire, I pray you to obtain full information of a cause which hitherto has been treated with impetuous fury rather than with judicial gravity. . . . The poor Church is driven out by banishment, consumed by cruel deaths, and so terrified by threats and terrors that she dares not utter a word. And yet the enemies of the truth are not satisfied. . . . They treat God's most sure truth as *impudence and ignorance.* Those whom our Lord has so esteemed as to impart to them the secrets of his heavenly wisdom, they call *simple folks!* who permit themselves to be easily deceived—so ashamed are they of the Gospel. . . . It is your business, sire, not to avert either your ears or your heart from so just a defence. A great matter is at stake. We have to learn how God's glory shall be maintained on earth, how his truth shall retain its honor, and how Christ's kingdom shall remain in its integrity. . . . A reign which has not God's glory for its aim, is not a reign but a mere brigandage.

"Sire, do not turn away in disdain of our meanness. Verily, we confess that we are poor despicable folks,—miserable sinners before God, reviled and rejected before men. . . . Nay, if you like it we are the scum of the earth or anything more worthless still, that can be named. Yes, we have nothing left in which we can glory before God, except his only mercy . . . and nothing before men, except our weakness!"

But the apologist immediately lifted up his head with holy pride: "Neverthless, our doctrine must remain exalted, invincible, and far above all the power and glory of the world. For it is not ours, but that of the living God and his Christ, whom God has made King to rule from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the end of the earth, . . . and whose magnificence the prophets have foretold, saying that he shall overthrow kingdoms as strong as iron and brass, and shining like silver and gold. . . . What is more conformable with the christian faith, than to acknowledge ourselves stripped of all virtue to be clothed with God? empty of all good to be filled with Him? the slaves of sin to be freed by Him? blind, to have our sight restored by Him? lame, that He may make us walk? weak, to be supported by Him? in a word, to put off from us all manner of glory, that He alone may be glorified? . . . Ah! we do not read of men being blamed for drinking too deeply at the fountain of living waters; on the contrary, the prophet bitterly reproves those who have hewed out broken cisterns that can hold no water."

Calvin even attempted—and a hopeless attempt it was—to touch the king's heart: "Consider, sire, all parts of our cause. We are persecuted, some of us are kept in prison, others are scourged, others forced to do penance, others banished, others escape by flight. . . . We are in tribulation, insulted, treated cruelly, looked upon as outlaws, and accursed. . . . And for what? . . . Because we place our hope in the living God, and believe that life everlasting is *to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent.*"

"Why," he asked, "do our enemies fight so stoutly and so sternly for the mass, purgatory, pilgrimages, and such rubbish? . . . Because the belly is their God, and the kitchen their religion. Because, although some treat themselves delicately and others starve upon crust, they all eat out of the same pot which, without these branches to warm them the mass, purgatory, etc.) would not only grow cold, but freeze entirely. . . . I hear them—they call our doctrine *new.* Verily, I have no doubt it is *new,* so far as they are concerned, seeing that even Christ and his Gospel are quite new to them. But he who knows that this preaching of St. Paul's is old, namely that *Christ died for our sins and was raised again for our justification,* finds nothing new among us. True, it has long been hidden and unknown, but the crime must be laid to the wickedness of man; and now that by God's goodness it is restored to us, it ought at least to be received into its ancient authority."

Francis I. affected a certain respect for ancient christian literature and the Fathers. Calvin said: "They ought not to tyrannize over us." He was an eager student of their writings, and he made them bear testimony to the king against the doctrines of Rome.

"It was a Father, Epiphanius, who said that it was a horrible abomination to see an image of Christ or of any saint in a christian temple

"It was a Father, Pope Gelasius, who said that the substance of the bread and wine dwells in the sacrament of the Holy Supper; as the human nature dwells in our Lord Jesus Christ, united to his divine essence.

"It was a Father, Augustine, who called it a rash theory to assert any doctrine without the clear testimony of scripture.

"It was a Father, Paphnutius, who maintained that the ministers of the Church ought not to be forbidden to marry, and that chastity consisted in having a lawful wife.

"It was a Father, Augustine, who contended that the Church ought not to be preferred to Christ, because whilst ecclesiastical judges, being men, may be mistaken, Christ always judges righteously

. . . Ah! if I wished to reckon up all the points in which the Roman doctors reject the yoke of the Fathers, whose obedient children they call themselves, months and years would pass away in reading the long roll. . . . And then they reprove us for going beyond the ancient boundaries. . . . If you are willing, sire, to give up a part of your leisure and to read my writings . . . you will see clearly that what our adversaries call a Church is a cruel gehenna, a slaughter-house of souls, a torch, a ruin, . . . Oh! what perversity to accuse the Word of God of the seditions stirred up against it by fools and madmen. . . . Let not God's Gospel be blasphemed by the evil doings of the wicked. . . .

"May the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness and your seat in equity."

Such was the noble and touching defence which a young man of twenty-six addressed to the King of France. He heard from afar the mournful cries of the victims; and his soul being stirred with compassion and indignation, he appeared as a suppliant before the voluptuous prince who was putting them to death. After finishing an address of such rare eloquence, Calvin wrote the date—*Basle, 1st August*, 1535, and then hastened to get the manuscript printed. The French edition bears this date, and a Latin translation was promptly printed August 23d. Did Francis ever receive the letter? Did he listen to this admirable apology? The fact is not known, but it is certain that his heart was not softened.

Calvin now thought of leaving Basle to escape the publicity which must follow the issue of these writings. "It is not my object to display myself and to acquire fame," he said. On the 23d of August he set out with Du Tillet. He longed to cross the Alps and see Italy. He desired to visit the land of heroes, martyrs, and scholars of Renée, of Ferrara, and . . . of the popes. *Italia salutanda!* We might say, after an historian, that like Mithridates, he desires to conquer Rome in Rome. His route is not known; but it is supposed he took the road along the shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Let us leave him for awhile, and turn towards those countries whither he will come again, once more crossing the Alps on his escape from the prisons of Italy.

BOOK V.

STRUGGLES OF THE REFORMATION.

1531—1533.

Efforts in the Pays De Vaud—Plot of the Women against Reform; Farel's Preaching—A new Reformer and an Image-breaker—The Battles of Grandson—The Waldenses appear—Plans of the Emperor, the Duke of Savoy, and the Bishop against Geneva—The Reformers and the Reformation Enter Geneva—The Reformers are Expelled from Geneva—A Journey to the Valleys of Piedmont, and Struggles near Neuchâtel—The Schoolmaster and Claudine Levet—Formation of the Church: Friends and Opponents—The Sermon at the Molard—Holy Scripture and the Lord's Supper at Geneva—Formation of a Catholic Conspiracy—First Armed Attack of the Catholics upon the Reformation—Truce between the Two Parties—Second Attack, in which the Leader Perishes—The Canon's Death made a Weapon against the Reform—Catastrophe.

STRUGGLES, political or religious, are the normal state of society and the life of history. This thought would be saddening indeed, did not experience and Scripture teach us that opposition is often a means of development.

Care must be taken that we do not go too far in the way of accommodation. The Reformation must make no concessions to popery. It was by the potent virtue of the Gospel that the little city of Geneva, which had been only an Alpine burgh, was so marvellously metamorphosed and became in Europe the capital of a great opinion. A single circumstance, however, tended to compromise its future. The reform triumphed, but not without losing strength, for the sword struck foul in the struggle. The death of Servetus at the fatal stake did more injury to the truth than to falsehood. From that hour the doctrine lost its power. Fortunately, after the lapse of two centuries, the struggles, entirely spiritual struggles, began again, and religion was saved by them.

We shall not begin with the struggles of the Reformation in Geneva, but with those which were fought in a country beautifully situated between the lakes and the mountains, the Pays de Vaud. The country was not large, its cities were not populous, and the names of the men who struggled there do not occupy an important place in the annals of nations. Let us not forget, however, that the humblest sphere of history is sometimes the greatest. Have they not often a deeper moral significance and a wider practical influence? A contemporary historian, after tracing the papal intrigues of the sixteenth century, records: *Europe was saved by Geneva.* Calvin was the great doctor of the sixteenth century, and Farel, the great evangelist: the latter is one of the most remarkable figures in the Reformation. A catholic in his youth, fanatic in abstinence and maceration, Farel had embraced salvation through grace with all the living ardor of his soul. His desire to enlighten his contemporaries was intense, his heart intrepid, his zeal indefatigable, and his ambition for God's glory without bounds. His doctrine was sound, his proofs strong, his expressions eloquent and significant. Farel had the riches of nature, of art, and of grace. His sermon was not a dissertation but an action. His life was a series of battles and victories. Every time he went forth it was *conquering and to conquer.* The cities where he preached were not large capitals; but Derbe, Lystra, and Berea, where St. Paul preached, were little towns like Orbe, Neuchâtel, and Geneva.

Farel, desirous of winning Geneva to the Gospel, first set about enlightening the neighboring people. His labors in the Vaudois towns and villages admirably prepared the way for his successes among the huguenots. Midway in his labors he was forced to take to his bed at Morat, because of wounds received at Neuchâtel from a riotous crowd. Condemned to repose, "shivering with cold, spitting blood," and scarcely able to speak, he was communing with his God when he saw Christopher Fabri, a young convert from Dauphiny, enter his room. Modestly approaching the bed, Fabri said: "I have forsaken everything, family, prospects, and country to fight at your side, Master William. Here I am; do with me what seems good to you." Farel welcomed Fabri as a son in the faith, and soon asked the converted Dauphinese to preach the Gospel at Neuchâtel. Fabri obeyed, but said: "O master, my sorrow is greater to-day than when I left father and mother, so sweet have been my conversations with you."

The ancient town of Orbe, lying at the foot of the lower slopes of the Jura, often attracted Farel's thoughts in these solitary hours. A dealer in indulgences was there, noisily selling his pardons for every offence. Farel could not keep his bed at this news, but proceeded to Orbe. The next market day this little man with a red beard and piercing eyes said to the quack: "Have you indulgences for a person who has killed his father and mother? Without awaiting his answer, Farel boldly urged the multitude to ask pardon of the Saviour instead of buying indulgences from the

monk. A tradesman, Christopher Hollard, and Mark Romain, a schoolmaster, were here converted.

The town was in commotion, and the sisters of St. Clair entreated their confessor to preach against heresy. The municipal magistrates were good catholics; but the bailiff, who had superior authority, lived at Eschallens, and was by turns a Friburger or a Bernese. The confident friar, Michael Juliani, said: "I shall *create* these Lutherans *anew* in the faith as they were before." A large crowd assembled to hear his sermon. Losing all moderation, he began to extol in the most pompous terms Rome, the priesthood, celibacy, and to attack the reformers with violence and abuse. "What," said he, "are those priests, monks, and nuns who renounce their vows in order to marry? Unclean, impure, infamous, abominable apostates before men and before God!" "You lie!" called out twice in a sonorous voice Christopher Hollard, who fancied that his brother, late dean of Friburg, was thus reflected upon. A great uproar ensued, in which the women were especially prominent. The grand banneret, Sire de Pierrefleur, records: "All with one accord fell upon the said Christopher, tore out his beard and beat him; they scratched his face with their nails and otherwise, so that if they had been let alone he would never have gone out of the said church, which would have been a great benefit for poor catholics." The castellan, Anthony Agasse, rescued Hollard from the furies, and threw him "into a dungeon to avoid a greater scandal."

The Reformation brought great benefits to women, by substituting for a religion of external practices an inner, holy, and useful life. However, the women, attached to their priests and ceremonies, and who are easily aroused, were often bitterly opposed to the reform. Hollard's mother was not of this number. She was deeply grieved to see her son a prisoner, and exposed to the vengeance of the exasperated Roman catholics. In company with the schoolmaster she set off for Eschallens, to inform the Bernese bailiff of the monk's insulting address and its consequences. The lord bailiff felt that the friar's insults were the cause of all the disorder; that he had attacked the Gospel and the Reformation, recognized by my lords of Berne, and that he was the person to be blamed.

The bailiff of Diesbach arrived in Geneva that afternoon, and sent his officers to fetch Friar Juliani. The monk was in hiding, but was brought before the bailiff. The latter, rising up, caught him by the hand and said: "I arrest you in the name of my lords," and then taking him to the prison, "drew Hollard out of his hole and put the said friar in his place." Such were the energetic proceedings of Berne. Mark Romain, pleased at having rescued his friend, was going quietly home when the exasperated townspeople pursued him. He sought an asylum in the church, where the women were then invoking the *queen of heaven:* "Hail, queen of mercy, we send up our groans to thee! O thou who art our advocate, save us!" At once these worshipers rushed upon the schoolmaster, "caught him by the hair, threw him on the ground, and beat him," till a friend rescued him. "I am certain," said the banneret, "that had it not been for the assistance he received from this Lutheran, he would never have gone out of the place until he was dead."

A mob collected around the castle in which Friar Michael was confined, and as the bailiff passed by they asked: "Why have you arrested Friar Michael? Why have you delivered Christopher?" "By order of my lords of Berne," calmly answered the bailiff. "If you can set him at liberty you may take him . . . but I advise you not." At the great square the women of the city all fell on their knees "with many tears," and stretching out their hands towards him, exclaimed: "Mercy for the good father! set him at liberty!" The Bernese was softened, but he could not yield.

The leading catholics were horrified that a priest was put in prison in Orbe, for a strictly Romish sermon. They resolved to appeal from the heretical Bernese bailiff to the Friburgers, who were good catholics. Two commissioners laid these grievances before that city, and a mixed deputation of Bernese and Friburgers were instructed to arrange the difference. Farel joined the Bernese at Avenches, and went with them to Orbe to be in the battle. Seven churches and twenty-six altars then testified to the ancient splendor and Romish fervor of the city.

After mass on Palm Sunday, the 2d of April, 1531, "without asking leave of any one, Farel went into the pulpit to preach." —"Men, women, and children, hissed, howled, and stamped with all sorts of exclamations to disconcert him. Dog, they cried; lubber, heretic, devil and other insults: it was a glorious noise. . . Seeing that he would not desist, they grew riotous, surrounded the pulpit, pulled him out of it, and would even have proceeded to blows;" but the bailiff rescued the reformer from their attacks. Farel was not daunted, but began at six on Monday morning to preach in the great square. The people kept away, and he had not a single hearer. That same day the women formed a plot aganist him; at their head was a noble Friburg dame at Orbe, Elizabeth, wife of Hugonin, lord of Arnex, an honest and devout woman, but violent and fanatical. As Farel came out from the council of deputies that afternoon, these women fell upon him unawares and beat him; but his companion, Pierre de Glairesse, rescued him, saying very politely: "Your pardon, ladies; at present he is under my charge." —While Elizabeth was trying to kill the

reformer, her husband, William of Arnex, as bigoted as herself, was pleading the cause of the monk in his trial before the lords of Berne. The frightened friar denied the charges of blasphemy, and was set at liberty; he soon fled to Burgundy. The deputies returned home and Farel remained.

Shortly after Easter there came a mandate from Berne ordering that whenever Farel desired to preach, he should be given a hearing, support, and favor. As soon as the mandate had been read, the people, without waiting for the opinion of the Council, exclaimed: "Let him go about his business; we do not want him or his preaching." The lords of Berne answered that Farel was to be free to speak, but that no inhabitant was constrained to hear him. The evangelist gave notice that he would preach on the Saturday after Quasimodo, at one o'clock, when he would expose Juliani's errors. The catholics instructed their children to attend; and the little brats, pretending to be asleep, lay over the floor snoring and laughing. When the sermon commenced, they made a horrible uproar, and quitted the church. Nobody was left but the minister, quite amazed. "And this was the first sermon preached in the town of Orbe," says the grand banneret maliciously.

The next day, Sunday, there was a grand procession of the parish to St. George's, outside the town. Profiting by this exodus, Farel ascended the pulpit, and loudly declared the truth to a congregation of ten evangelicals; among these were Viret, Hollard, Secretan and Romain. The priests and people returned to the church and made threatening motions; thereupon Farel, with more than his usual moderation, came down from the pulpit and went out. The clergy exulted: they ascribed Farel's retreat to weakness and fear, and said openly in the city: "The minister cannot refute the articles of faith established by Juliani."—"Indeed," answered the Bernese bailiff, "you have heard the monk, and you now complain that you have not heard the minister. . . . Very good! you shall hear him. It is the will of the lords of Berne that every father of a family be required to attend his sermon under pain of their displeasure."

They dared not disobey, and the church was thronged. Farel was rejoiced at seeing such a congregation; never had he been clearer, more energetic, more eloquent. He attacked the pardons, penances, confessions, immoralities, and image-worshipping of the Romish Church. "The key of the kingdom of heaven is the Word of God—the Holy Gospel.—The penance which God demands is a change of heart, life, and conversation."—The pope's pardons take away *money*, but they do not take away *sin*.—Confession—how many souls have been cast into hell by it! how many virgins corrupted! how many orphans ruined! how many countries wasted!—Farces full of scoffing, filth, ribaldry. . . are suffered openly. . . But the New Testament, which contains the doctrine and passion of Christ, is forbidden.—Arise, O Lord, and let the trumpet of thy holy Gospel be heard unto the ends of the earth."

The priests soon thundered against such discourses, and the congregations speedily grew very slim. The surrounding districts compensated Farel for the contempt of Orbe. The people eagerly desired to hear him, and he received message after message. He wrote to Zwingle: "Oh! how great is the harvest! No one can describe the ardor the people feel for the Gospel, and the tears I shed when I see the small number of reapers." Several of the evangelicals of Orbe asked to be sent out to preach, but Farel, thinking them not ripe enough, refused. There were some who took offence at this, but it did not move Farel. "It is better to offend them," he said, "than to offend God."

In 1511, William Viret, a burgess of Orbe, "cloth-dresser and tailor," had a son born to him whom he named Peter. The boy took no delight in this trade; he sought the society of the best informed burgesses, but the first object of his wishes was God. He resolved to devote himself to the service of the altar, and his father sent him to school at Orbe until his twelfth year. In 1523, about the same time as John Calvin of Noyon, he travelled to Paris and entered the college of La Marche. Here "he made good progress in learning," and Farel taught him the grace of the Gospel. "While still at college," Viret said, "God took me out of the labyrinth of error before I had sunk deeper into the Babylon of Antichrist." He now refused to receive the tonsure, and was "immediately set down as belonging to the Lutheran religion." At once he quitted France, and "returned to his father's house." The contest in Orbe between the Gospel and popery at first intimidated him; but he said of the Church of Rome: "It is the stronghold of superstition, the fortress of Satan." Yet his soul was distracted with anguish and darkness; he struggled and prayed till he fully regained the light of truth, and said: "Rome asserts that antiquity is truth; but what is there older in the world than lies, rebellion, murder, extortion, impurity, idolatry, and all kinds of wickedness and abomination? . . . . To follow the doctrine of Cain and of Sodom is verily to follow an old doctrine. . . . But virtue, truth, holiness, innocence, and thou, O God, which art the Father of them all, art older still." The priests now urged upon him the testimonies of the saints and the old doctors; but he clung to the word of God: "No, I will not believe because of Tertullian, or Cyprian, or Origen, or Chrysostom, or Peter Lombard, or Thomas Aquinas, not

even because of Erasmus or Luther. . . . If I did so, I should be the disciple of men. . . . I will believe only Jesus Christ my Shepherd." Viret felt the tenderest affection for the captives in the citadel of idolatry. The pious son began to pray earnestly for his parents, to speak gently to them of the Saviour, and soon the faith he professed took hold of their hearts.

The most intimate union now sprang up between Farel and Viret in Orbe. One completed the other. If Farel was ardent, intrepid, and almost rash, Viret "had a wondrously meek temper." Farel persuaded his modest friend to preach not only in the country but in Orbe itself. On the 6th of May, 1531, a large congregation gathered to hear the first sermon of their townsman. He was of small stature and pale complexion, his face thin and long, his eyes lively, and the whole expression meek and winning; he was only twenty years old, but appeared to be younger still. He preached: his sermon was accompanied by so much unction and learning, his language was so persuasive, his eloquence so searching and penetrating that even the most worldly men were attracted by his discourse and hung, as it were, upon his lips. From that day Viret took his place in that noble army of heralds of the Word which the Lord was raising among the nations. The ardent Farel was the St. Peter of the Swiss Reform, the mighty Calvin the St. Paul, and the gentle Viret the St. John. Several conversions now followed. Madame Elizabeth, the fanatical wife of the lord of Arnex, and her husband, gladdened and astonished many by coming out boldly on the Lord's side. George Grivay, an ecclesiastic, surnamed Calley, on the 10th of May, 1531, irritated the catholics by preaching the evangelical doctrine in the clearest manner.

On Whitsunday, (28th of May,) at six in the morning, the Lord's Supper was quietly celebrated by eight disciples. They were Hugonin of Arnex and his wife, C. Hollard and his aged mother, Cordey and his wife, William Viret, Peter's father, and George Grivat, afterwards pastor at Avenches; many of the evangelicals did not think themselves sufficiently advanced in the faith to take part in this act, and doubtless Peter Viret was absent. They had hardly finished, when the exasperated priests entered the church hastily and sang the mass as loud as they could.

If the evangelization had continued in a peaceful course of christian edification, the whole city might have been gained over to the Gospel. But some of the ardent reformers, especially Christopher Hollard, thought more of pulling down than building up. He took with him twelve companions, and "pulled down all the altars" in the seven churches of the city; twenty-six heaps of rubbish bore witness of their triumph. The catholics set up tables in place of the altars, upon which they celebrated mass "rather meanly." Intolerance is a vice of human nature which even piety does not always cure. The two fiery Lutherans complained against all priests as being murderers (of souls.) The reformed governor ordered the Roman ecclesiastics to be arrested, and some of them were seized. Yet some bold priests chanted mass in spite of the prohibition, and the catholics protected them with arms. The grand banneret, Pierrefleur, now summoned a general council, which voted "to live and die in the holy faith." Friburg then released the priests, and eighteen reformers were cast into prison. Not till eighteen years later did the Reformation triumph over catholicism in Orbe.

Farel's zeal was not cooled by the check he had received at Orbe. He saw before him other places that must be evangelized. He sought zealously for servants of God, who possessed a spirit of strength, charity, and prudence. Toussaint, Lecomte, Symphoranus, Andronicus, and others, were invited by him into Switzerland. "We have need of laborers inured to labor," he said. "I cannot promise them mountains of gold; but I know that the Father will never abandon His own, and He will give them an abundant harvest." Farel dreaded the pettiness of narrow minds, who by their minutiæ encumber the kingdom of Christ. Thus he wrote to Andronicus: "Dear brother, do you possess Christ so as to teach Him purely, apart from the empty controversies of *bread* and *water*, *taxes* and *tithes*, which in the eyes of many constitute Christianity? . . . Do you seek Christ's glory only? Do you purpose simply to plant in their hearts the faith that worketh by charity? If you are ready to bear the cross, then, dear brother, come instantly." The idle and cowardly Farel got rid of by promising to all of them fatigue, insult, and persecution: it was with such promises the reformer levied his soldiers. In the presence of the gigantic Alps, this humble man rose like them; his appeals grew louder and louder, until the help needed came to labor with him in the country that stretches from Basle to Berne as far as Geneva.

Delighted at receiving such helpers, the reformer hastened to fresh combats. We can only find a parallel to Farel in the convert of Damascus. Ere long with De Glautinis he came to Grandson, on the extreme shore of the lake of Neuchâtel. The reformers coolly asked the use of the large church of the Gray Friars convent, in the name of the Lords of Berne; but they were answered with the taunts: "Heretic!"—"Son of a Jew!" The Benedictine convent was next called upon. Here the ministers were assaulted with knives and pistols, but escaped unharmed.

Farel departed for Morat, beseeching De Glautinus to take every opportunity to proclaim the gospel in Grandson. The latter labored privately as best he could,

in the face of priestly interruptions. The Bernese lords soon ordered the conventual churches to be thrown open to the reformers, whereupon Farel returned with Viret. From the 12th of May, the three evangelists began to preach Sundays and week-days. The evangelists preached grace, the superior friar prescribed works. The monks called the magistrates to defend the faith; then the ministers were outlawed, arrested, and shut up in prison. Parties were formed among the people, and the catholics stalked proudly through the city with fir-cones in their caps. The neighboring town of Yverdun sent a clerical procession to encourage the catholics. Farel and his friends were soon set at liberty; friar Claude de Boneto was speedily punished for loading the reformers with abuse. On St. John's day (23d June) Farel stood up in the church of the Franciscans to refute the statements preached by a monk from Lausanne. The Friburg bailiff struck Farel; an attack resulted in which the two ministers were severely beaten and bruised.

The evangelicals appealed to the Sieur de Watteville, the avoyer of Berne, then on his estate three leagues from the city. That magistrate, desiring the citizens to have the right of free inquiry, ordered the monk and Farel to preach by turns. Two monks then posted themselves, in the church corridor, with axes hidden under their frocks, to keep the reformers away from the great crucifix; but they were disarmed and put to flight by the serving-man of the avoyer, for rudely treating the Sieur de Watteville. Thirty women soon appeared, having their aprons filled with garden mould and with ashes, with which to blind and silence the preacher; but the sight of the armed servant sent them flying to their homes. The two monks were imprisoned for a fortnight; they began to search into the Lutheran doctrines, and saw they were resisting the all-merciful Gospel of Jesus Christ. Two years later "they received the Lutheran law, were made preachers, one at Fontaine, the other at Chavornay, married, and had a large family of children." Many of those who "kicked against the pricks" obtained mercy and became heralds of the faith.

A last tumult was to cause the principles of religious liberty to be proclaimed in Switzerland. During the Christmas holidays at Orbe, the catholics proposed to have midnight masses, but refused the keys of the church to the reformers for service at seven o'clock on Christmas eve. Thereupon the church doors were opened, and a large congregation gathered; to them the minister explained the great mystery of faith, the coming of the Saviour, and asked them if they would not receive him into their hearts. At nine the bell rang, the catholics thronged the church, and the reformed quietly retired; but the catholics were excited to make an attack upon those in the streets, and to fire stones at the windows of their houses. Viret departed for Berne with ten of the reformed, in order to make his complaint.

A few days later, on the 9th of January, 1532, two hundred and thirty ministers assembled at Berne in council, among them the wise Capito, to secure liberty for themselves and their adversaries. "We desire," said the Bernese, "that every one should have free choice to go to the preaching or to mass."—"And we also," said the Friburgers. "We desire that all should live in peace together, and that neither priests nor preachers should call their adversaries heretics or murderers. "And we also," said the Friburgers. "Nevertheless, we do not wish to hinder the priests and preachers from conferring amicably and fraternally concerning the faith." "Quite right," said the Friburgers. These articles, and others like them—the first monument of religious liberty in Switzerland—were published on the 30th January, 1532. The order, however, did not for long prevent violent collisions.

We must now leave this quarter with Farel, and return later. The evangelical seed was to be well sown in the Pays de Vaud, and was to produce, in our days especially the finest of fruit.

On Friday, 12th July, Farel came from Morat to Grandson, where a quiet conference was to be held, and ordained four preachers. But the conference was to be occupied with more important business.

Several years before, the reports of the victories of the Reformation had penetrated to the remote valleys of the Alps of Piedmont and Dauphiny, where the Waldenses for many centuries had resisted the pope and recognized no other authority than Holy Scripture. They were joyful, for they had thought themselves alone, and in one day there had been born to them in Europe thousands of brethren who listened humbly to the Word of God, and made the pope tremble on his throne. In 1530 the synod resolved to send a deputation to the evangelicals of Switzerland to show them that the Waldensian doctrines were similar to those of the reformers, and to ask the hand of fellowship. George Morel and Peter Masson were accordingly sent to Basle.

These simple-minded, worthy barbes greeted the steadfast Œcolampadius in his home. The latter felt respect and sympathy for these brave and rustic men. The Waldenses took from their bosoms the documents of their faith, and presented them to the pious doctor. "Turning away from antichrist," said these papers, "we turn towards Christ. He is our life, our peace, our righteousness, our shepherd, our advocate, our victim, our high priest, who died for the salvation of believers. But alas! as smoke goeth before the fire, the temptation of antichrist precedeth the glory. In the time of the apostles anti-

christ was but a child; he has now grown into a perfect man. He robs Christ of the merit of salvation, and ascribes it to his own works. He strips the Holy Ghost of the power of regeneration, and attributes it to his ceremonies. He leads the people to mass, a sad tissue of Jewish, pagan, and christian rites, and deprives them of the spiritual and sacramental manducation. He hates, persecutes, accuses, robs, and kills the members of Jesus Christ. He boasts of his length of life, of his monks, his virgins, his miracles, his fasts, and his vigils, and uses them as a cloak to hide his wickedness. Nevertheless, the rebel is growing old and decreasing, and the Lord is killing the felon by the breath of his mouth." Œcolampadius admired the simplicity of their creed. He would not have liked a doctrine without life, or an apparent life without doctrine, but he found both in the Waldensian barbes. "I thank God," he told them, "that he has called you to so great light."

Ere long the doctors and faithful ones of Basle desired to see these men of ancient times. Seated round the domestic hearth, the Waldenses narrated the sufferings of their fathers, and described their flocks scattered over the two slopes of the Alps. "Some people," they said, "ascribe our origin to a wealthy citizen of Lyons, Peter de Vaux or Waldo, who, being at a banquet with his friends, saw one of them suddenly fall dead. Moved and troubled in his conscience he prayed to Jesus, sold his goods, and began to preach, and sent others to preach the Gospel everywhere. But we descend from more ancient times: from the time when Constantine introducing the world into the Church, our fathers set themselves apart, or even from the time of the apostles."

On several points the reformers of Basle found certain points of doctrine of these humble, sincere christians not conformable with evangelical truth. "All our ministers," said the barbes, "live in celibacy, and work at some honest trade." They confessed that through weakness and fear they had their children baptized by Romish priests, and that they even communicated with them, and sometimes attended mass. . . . . "Nothing," they continued, "troubles us weak people so much as what we have heard of Luther's teaching relative to free will and predestination. . . . Our ignorance is the cause of our doubts; pray instruct us." The charitable Œcolampadius felt they had preserved the essential truths of the faith from the primitive times. "Christ," he said, "is in you as he is in us, and we love you as brethren." . . . "We must enlighten these christians, but above all things we must love them."

The two barbes conferred at Strasburg with Bucer and Capito, after which they set out to return to their valleys. These pious men were thrown into prison at Dijon. Morel escaped with the evangelical letters and instructions; but Masson was executed and died in the peace of a believer. Thus the joy of the Waldenses was tempered with sadness. They determined to take another step towards a stricter reform. "Let us convoke a synod of all our churches," said they, "and invite the reformers to it."

One July day in 1532 the evangelicals in conference at Grandson were saluted by the two barbes, George and Martin Gonin. They welcomed the messengers and listened attentively to the story of the persecutions endured by their fathers. The barbes invited the ministers to attend the synod and explain their views. "After that we must come to an understanding about the means of propagating over the world the doctrine of the Gospel which is common to both of us." No message could be more agreeable to Farel. He resolved to brave the dangers of the journey, and the pious Saunier wished to share his perils. Nor were the chances of seizure in the intervening district of Savoy light ones. Bonivard had been captured, and subsequently to this time Martin Gonin was arrested at Grenoble, put into a sack, and drowned in the Isère.

Towards the end of August, Farel and Saunier travelled on horseback, by unfrequented roads across the Alps, to meet the synod at Angrogne. They found the Waldenses here and there in the meadows, and at the foot of the roads, and were greeted with joy. "That one with the red beard and riding the white horse is Farel," said one of their escort; "the other, on the dark horse, is Saunier." Other foreign christians met in this remote valley of the Alps, coming from Italy, Burgundy, Lorraine, Bohemia: the lords of Rive Noble, Mirandola and Solaro quitted their castles to attend this Alpine council. Clergy, senate, and people assembled at the hamlet of Chauforans, and sat on rude benches in the open air. Two parties met there face to face. Daniel of Valence and John of Molines, led those who favored a system of accommodation and compliance with the Roman church; Farel and Saunier urged upon the evangelicals the definitive rejection of all semi-catholic doctrines and usages. The issue of the combat seemed doubtful.

On the 12th September the synod was opened "in the name of God." Farel boldly urged the rejection of all mechanical ceremonies. "*God is a spirit*," he said, "and divine worship should be performed *in spirit and in truth*." The two barbes strove in vain to oppose these views; the meeting testified their assent to them. Did not their confession reject "all feasts, vigils of saints, water called holy, the act of abstaining from flesh, and other like things invented by men?" The worship in spirit was proclaimed.

Farel now sought a more difficult victory, the denial of the natural power of man. "God," said he, "has elected be-

fore the foundation of the world all those who have been or who will be saved. It is impossible for those who have been ordained to salvation not to be saved. Whosoever upholds freewill, absolutely denies the grace of God." The synod hesitated, but finally recognized this article as "conformable with Holy Scripture." "There is no good work but that which God has commanded," said Farel; "and none bad but what he has forbidden." The assembly assented to all the evangelical doctrines, saying: "That is the doctrine of our fathers."

Molines and Daniel urged the Waldenses to persevere in certain dissimulations, to shield themselves from the enemies of the faith. Farel urged the necessity of a frank confession of the faith. "We will perform our worship," agreed the assembly, "openly and publicly to give glory to God." Urged on by the eloquent Farel, the Waldenses went further, and agreed to break entirely with the catholic church. They drew up and signed a brief confession in seventeen articles, and then said: "We adhere with one accord to the present declaration, and we pray God that, of his great charity, nothing may divide us henceforward, and that, even when separated from one another, we may always remain united in the same spirit." The agreement was not universal; the two leaders withheld their signatures and withdrew from the assembly.

The evangelists examined with interest the old manuscripts of the Waldenses: the *Noble Lesson*, the *Ancient Catechism*, the *Antichrist*, the *Purgatory*, and several manuscript copies of the Old and New Testament. Farel urged them to have the Bible translated from the Hebrew and Greek tongues into French, that all the people might have the Scriptures; and the Waldenses joyfully agreed to further the work. Farel and Saunier now set off towards Geneva. "I will go to them now," he said; "I will speak to them even if there is nobody that will hear me."

This idea, which never quitted him, was the beginning of the Reformation of Geneva.

Just when the Gospel was about to enter Geneva with Farel and Saunier, the bishop-prince was making new exertions to recover his power. Great powers had determined to oppress this little city; but humble servants of God were about to enter it one after another, and planting there the standard of Christ, secure the victory to independence and the Gospel.

The Duke of Savoy, desiring to inflict a fatal blow on Geneva, had invoked the co-operation of the most powerful monarchs of Europe, and despatched to Charles V., then at the diet of Augsburg, the usual minister of his tyranny, the man whom he had employed to put Levrier to death, and to capture Bonivard. As soon as Bellegarde reached Augsburg (11th September, 1530) he called on the Sire de Montfalconet, who "had great credit with the emperor, so that nothing was kept secret from him." The ambassador was compelled to wait several days to see the emperor, much to his vexation. On the third morning he entered Charles' chamber, and was told by Montfalconet that the emperor "had forsaken the counsels of men to have recourse to the Lord only." He had confessed, and retired into the oratory to receive the sacrament, ordering that divine services should be made in every place where there were any devout people.

Charles V. now came out of his oratory, greeted the ambassador, and appointed an interview for the next morning. M. de Bellegarde returned punctually, and the emperor said: "I am very glad that the duke sent you to me; but, considering my great occupations, be so good as to draw up a memoir of what you think most expedient for the despatch of the business that brings you here, and then deliver it to my Lord Grandvelle." Bellegarde was provoked at this further delay, but he had several other conversations with the emperor. In one of these Charles V. said: "I do not mean that the duke shall be either dismissed or ejected; but the diet (of Augsburg) is all in confusion and broken up. I have no great hopes. . . . It is a long while since I have found the princes of Germany thus dilly-dallying, putting me off from day to day, so that I am quite out of hope, and my head is confused." The emperor's plan was first to crush the protestants of Germany, and then the huguenots of Geneva. In his opinion these were as dangerous for the Latin races as the former for the Germans.

At last, on the 6th of October, Bellegarde received the imperial answer through Grandvelle, chancellor of the empire: "With respect to Geneva, his majesty thinks that to avoid falling into the danger which the duke has at all times feared and avoided, no part or parcel of his states must become Swiss. . . . That would cause loss and damage to the duke, and little credit to the emperor, considering that Geneva is a fief of the empire. Here is the expedient the emperor has hit upon. He orders both the duke and Geneva to lay before him within two months their titles, rights, and privileges, and his majesty will then decide. As for the prelates, the bishop, and the canons, the emperor recommends both them and the duke to bring their quarrels to an end. By so doing the duke will get rid of a great load of trouble, and will have the prelates better under his direction and obedience."

The Sieur de Bellegarde speedily returned to Turin, determined to urge his master more than ever to destroy independence and the Reformation in Geneva at one blow. He falsely urged that the Genevans used to pay the dukes toll and subsidy, and render service in time of war.

He proposed that a castle or fortress should be built by Savoy in Geneva, and that the citizens should pay a tax every year for the support of the garrison. If they did not yield they should be subdued while their privileges and possessions should be confiscated. This is what Geneva had to expect from Savoy; what had it to hope from the bishop?

While the duke wished to reign by force, Pierre de la Baume desired to use stratagem. He wrote a series of letters to Besançon Hugues, in the last year of that good man's life, soliciting his help. On the 11th of April, 1532, he wrote from Arbois that he trusted in Hugues' fidelity; and ten days later Machard, the bishop's secretary, made him a verbal proposition which Hugues rejected. The bishop was annoyed at this failure; he became angry and pleased by turns, as the times varied. About July he wrote: "It seems to me that they would do well to obey their lord, and not act the prince. . . . It cannot last."

But it did last. Geneva, whatever Pierre de la Baume might say or do, was separating from the bishop and the pope. It was reported in the city that the bishop was willing to make some concessions, and the huguenots took advantage of the rumor to assert their independence. The bishop heard of this, and wrote 28th November, his last letter to Besançon Hugues, saying: "The recompense I made you was to the end that you might keep my possessions in peace, but they are more than ever in war It is entirely your fault if my jurisdiction is not still kept up. I write to you in order that you may perform your duty. . . As for me I am accustomed to do *something vigorously*. . . *I shall consider what it must be.*"—Besançon Hugues must have died between the 28th November, 1532, and the 18th February, 1533.

Thus the bishop, continually engrossed with Geneva, thought of nothing but recovering his former power. But the independence of that city had enemies more formidable still. Charles V. had ordered the Genevans to drive the Reformation from their walls, and "to preserve with unshaken constancy the faith, rites, and ceremonies that you have received from your fathers." Geneva had not obeyed the orders of the puissant emperor. Now the treaty of Nuremberg was signed, and Charles V. was free to assist his brother-in-law against the huguenots of Geneva. Before any great length of time the Genevans were really to see a formidable force marching against them, commissioned to carry out the plans of the emperor and the duke. But God's providence had always kept the city, and at this very moment the Gospel of the Son of God was about to enter its walls. *He whom the Son maketh free, shall be free indeed.*

On one fine autumn day, (2d October,) Farel and Saunier "having finished their journey through Piedmont," reached that beautiful neighborhood where the Alps and the Jura, drawing near each other, form a rich valley, in the midst of which calmly sleep the pure waters of an azure lake. They soon distinguished the three old towers of the cathedral of Geneva rising high above the houses. They pressed their horses, whose speed was relaxed through fatigue, and entered the city of the huguenots. At the inn called Tour Perce, near the left bank of the Rhone, they took up their quarters.

Robert Olivetan, who was still tutor to Jean Chautemps' children, was delighted at the coming of these brethren. Knowing how learned Olivetan was in Greek and Hebrew, Farel at once urged him to make the translation of the Bible into French which the Waldensian synod had decided upon. Olivetan exclaimed, in alarm: "I cannot accept such a commission, considering the great difficulty of the work and my own weakness." Farel soon dropped the subject, in order to talk with Olivetan about the evangelization of Geneva. The tutor looked upon the evangelist of Orbe as one sent from heaven in answer to his prayers. He accompanied him to some of the chief huguenots to deliver letters of introduction, although explaining that the majority were content to throw off the Romish superstitions, and were simply true patriots.

No name was better known than Farel's in the districts bathed by the lakes of Geneva, Morat, Bienne and Neuchâtel. All on whom he called were glad at seeing him, and Farel invited them to his inn. "Let us go and hear him," said the huguenots; "it is the man they call *the scourge of the little priests.*" But the nuns, bigots, and friars were filled with anger at the arrival of the "shabby little preacher."

On the morning of the 3d of October, the most notable of the huguenots entered the Tour Perce, and were introduced into a private room where they found Farel and Saunier. Syndics Ami Porral, Claude Savoy, and Robert Vandel, with his brother Pierre, Jean Chautemps, Jean Goulaz, the energetic Ami Perrin, and other leading reformers were here gathered. The two evangelists were full of esteem for these men struggling with such courage for independence and liberty against such powerful enemies; but they saw there was a great void in their religious systems. The Genevans felt this themselves, and told Farel they desired nothing better than to be instructed. Farel placed the Bible on a little table, and began to speak from the Word of God. An audience so select, an opportunity so important for announcing the Gospel, had perhaps never been offered to the reformer. The huguenots listened to him attentively while he urged them to know Jesus Christ by Holy Scripture only,

to abandon errors and abuses dangerous to their spiritual welfare. They thanked him for substituting Holy Scriptures in the place of the teaching of the pope. This was the principle of an immense transformation. The Reformation had taken its first step in Geneva when the placards of the "general pardon" of God had been stuck up; it now took the second step. "There was a great sensation in the city," says Froment. The astonishment was still greater in the political and ecclesiastical bodies. All of them foresaw that this act would have innumerable and fatal consequences.

There was soon a second meeting, and the citizens anxious to hear the Gospel filled every corner of the room. As Farel had first spoken particularly of Scripture, he now addressed the huguenots on the subject of living grace. He showed them that it was not the pardon of the Church, but the pardon of God that saves. "By this means a goodly number of the Genevans received a knowledge ef the Gospel."

This second meeting added considerably to the alarm in the catholic camp The priests told their female parishioners that if they did not turn out these unbelievers everything was lost. The Genevan ladies therefore entreated their husbands and brothers to expel the heretic preachers. Several citizens urged Farel and Saunier to leave the city at once, if they did not wish to be turned out forcibly. "If we cannot maintain what we say," calmly answered the reformers, "we offer ourselves to death."

The magistrates, noticing the commotion occasioned in Geneva, summoned Farel and Saunier to appear before the bench. The council had not made up their minds either for or against the Reformation. The majority composed of men of moderate views, had no desire to offend the canons and priests, but feared still more to offend Berne. William Hugues, the premier-syndic and Besançon's brother, was rather favorable to the reformers. As they entered, a bigoted magistrate rudely said: "It is you then that do nothing but disturb the world; it is your tongue that is stirring up tumult everywhere, and trumpeting rebellion. You are a busybody who have come here only to create discord. We order you to depart from the city instantly." Farel calmly answered: "I am not a deluder. I am not a trumpet of sedition; I simply proclaim the truth. I am ready to prove out of God's word that my doctrine is true, and not only to sacrifice my ease, but to shed the last drop of my blood for it." Farel's judges appeared to be softened by his moderation. He continued: "Most honored lords, are you not allies and co-burgesses of Berne? Know then, that my lords of Berne, who have at heart to advance the Gospel, have given me letters wherein they bear witness to my innocence and doctrine, and beg you to hear me preach peacefully, assuring you that by so doing you will confer a pleasure on them" Farel produced these credentials, and said: "If you condemn me unheard, you insult God, and also, as you see, my lords of Berne." This latter plea was most effectual, and they dismissed the reformers with the request not to disturb the public tranquility by new doctrines.

Meanwhile an episcopal council was being held. The sincere and liberal De Bonmont represented that these persons should only be convicted and sentenced after a full knowledge of the facts had been had. Dom Stephen and others opposed his moderate views. "Having deliberated to kill Farel and his companion," says a manuscript, "they found the best means of getting them to come would be by giving them to understand that they desired to debate with them." Accordingly they summoned Farel, Saunier and Olivetan, "to retract publicly, or to explain before the episcopal council what they had preached in the inn."—"No harm shall be done you," said the premier-syndic and the vidame, who accompanied the episcopal secretary; "we pledge you our word to it." These chief magistrates were determined to protect their lives. Farel, Saunier and Olivetan sat off calmly, doubtless not expecting what awaited them, but ready nevertheless to give up their lives.

While the upper house of the clergy was sitting at the vicar-general's, the lower house were assembled in the streets. The armed curates and chaplains had gathered together their followers, and jeered at the reformers passing by, crying out: "Look at the dogs, look at the dogs." The syndics preceded the three evangelicals, and obtained the promise that no harm should be done the ministers if they freely explained their doctrines.

The abbot vicar of Bonmont presided; on his right and left sat the canons, the bishop's officers, and the head priests, all in their sacerdotal robes. The official, Messire de Veigy, inquired: "William Farel, tell me who has sent you; for what reason you come here, and in virtue of what authority you speak?" Farel replied with simplicity: "I am sent by God, and I am come to announce his word." The official disdainfully retorted: "You do not wear the dress that is usual for those who are accustomed to announce the Word of God to us. . . . You are dressed like a soldier or a brigand. . . . How is it you are so bold as to preach? Is it not forbidden by a decree of holy church for laymen to preach in public under pain of excommunication? That is contained in the decretals of our holy mother church. . . . You are, therefore, a deceiver and a bad man." The clergy, pale with anger, clattered with their feet as they sat; they all

spoke at once, pouring insult and abuse upon the reformer. Farel remained composed till silence was restored. Then, manfully lifting up his head, he answered their taunts with a noble simplicity: "My lords, I am not a devil. I was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and if I journey to and fro, it is that I may preach Jesus Christ—Jesus Christ crucified, dead for our sins, and risen again for our justification, so that whosoever believeth in Him shall have everlasting life. As an ambassador of Jesus Christ I am compelled to teach Him to all who are willing to hear me. I have, however, no other right to speak than that which the commandment of God gives to me His servant. My only aim is so to discharge my duty that all the world may receive salvation, and it is for this cause and for no other that I am come into this city. Having been brought before you to give an account of my faith, I am ready to do so, not only at this moment, but as many times as you please to hear me peaceably. What I have preached and still preach is the pure truth, and not a heresy, and I will maintain it even unto death. As for what you say about my disturbing the land and this city in particular, I will answer as Elijah did to Ahab, *I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house.* Yes, it is you and yours who trouble the world by your traditions, your human inventions, and your dissolute lives."

The priests fixed their burning eyes on Farel; they gnashed their teeth. One of them called out: "He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? He is guilty of death." All rose and exclaimed: "To the Rhone, to the Rhone! Kill him, kill him! It is better for this rascally Lutheran to die than permit him to trouble all the people." Farel was struck at the resemblance of these words to those of the high-priest against Christ. "Speak the words of God and not of Caiaphas," he exclaimed. The exasperated priests all started up together and shouted out: "Kill him, kill the Lutheran hound!" Dom Bergeri, the proctor, excitedly exclaimed: "*Tapa, tapa!*" ("Strike, strike!") The sentence was carried into execution. They abused Farel, Saunier, and Olivetan; beat them, spat in their faces, and uttered all sorts of cries, while the reformers "preserved their patience and moderation." "You are wicked men," said syndic Hugues; "we brought you these men on your promise that no harm should be done them, and you want to beat and kill them before our faces. . . . I will go and set the great bell ringing to convoke the general council. The assembled people shall decide." The priests grew alarmed lest the citizens should decree their expulsion from Geneva, and suffered the meek missionaries to withdraw into a gallery while they deliberated.

Francis Olard, a violent fanatic, stood guard in the gallery. The sight of the troublesome heretic inflamed him. He levelled his arquebuss at Farel, pulled the trigger, the priming flashed . . . but the gun did not go off. Farel turning to him, said coldly: "I am not to be shaken by a popgun; your toy does not alarm me."—"Verily," said his friends, "God of mercy turned aside the blow, in order to preserve Farel for struggles still more formidable."

Meanwhile the council was still deliberating, and many wished Farel to be put to death; but they were afraid to offend Berne. The reformers were recalled, and the grand vicar said: "William Farel, leave my presence and this house, and within six hours get you gone from the city with your two companions, under pain of the stake. And know that if the sentence is not more severe, you must ascribe it to our kindness and to our respect of my lords of Berne."—"You condemn us unheard," said Farel. "I demand a certificate to show at Berne that I have done my duty."—"You shall not have one," the abbot hastily replied; "leave the room all of you, without a word more."

The priests and people collected in front of the house were angrily crying out against the reformers. Seeing that the ministers hesitated to go out, "and feared the mob would put them to death," several priests brutally thrust them forth, saying: "As you will not go out willingly and in God's name, go out in the name of all the devils, whose ministers and servants you are." They had now to experience still more culpable excesses of religious fanaticism. The priests, chaplains, sacristans, and the furious populace assembled in the street, hooted, hissed, groaned, and howled; some threatingly flourished their weapons. At this solemn time, up came the syndics, and all the watch with their halberds. "We are come to execute justice," said the magistrates. Upon this they placed "the caitiff" and his companions in the midst of the guard and marched off toward the inn. The agitated priests, fourscore in number, gathered together in advance on the road. They had heard that Farel and his friends were to be expelled from the city; "but the worthy men could not be satisfied with this," says Sister Jeanne, of St. Claire convent. As the preachers came in front, a priest rushed forward, sword in hand, upon Farel, "to run him through;" but one of the syndics caught the assassin by the arm. "Many were chagrined," adds the good nun, innocently, "because the blow failed." The halberdiers closed up their ranks, the crowd hooted, and at length the reformers were safe in the Tour Perce.

They must go—of that there could be no doubt. What grieved them was the thought of the generous men who had listened to them; these Farel was deter-

mined to comfort in a happier season. The next day (4th October) a few friends rose early, got ready a boat near the Molard, and brought forth Farel and Saunier. Already a noisy crowd was awaiting their appearance, and as they came in sight the priests shouted: "The devils are going." The huguenots—Claude Bernard, Ami Perrin, John Goulaz, and Peter Verne, hurried the reformers to the boat, the oarsmen immediately began to row, and the crowd that lined the shore could do nothing but hoot. The reformers were sent safely on their way to Orbe and Grandson, while the huguenots returned to the city.

Farel expelled from Geneva, with a heart full of love for those whom he had been obliged to quit, meditated on the means of evangelizing them, and like a skilful general, was preparing even during his retreat for a new and more successful struggle. After having saluted the Christians of Orbe and Grandson, he departed for the village of Yvonand; here dwelt a youthful christian, Anthony Froment, born in 1510. In October the reformer gathered here a little council of evangelists: Olivetan, Adam, Martin, Guido, Saunier, Froment, and others. Farel told of his mission, and of his stormy reception in Geneva. Froment was especially impressed; the reformer, fixing his eyes on him, said: "Go and try if you can find an entrance into Geneva to preach there," The young man was disturbed and speechless. He had learning and talents; but he lacked experience, perseverance, and firmness. "Alas! father," he said to Farel, "how can I face the enemies from whom you were compelled to flee?"—"Begin," replied Farel, "as I began at Aigle, where I was a schoolmaster at first and taught little children, so that even the priests gave me liberty to preach. True they soon repented; and even now I seem to hear the curate exclaiming: 'I would sooner have lost my hand than introduced this man, for he will ruin all our business.' But it was too late; the Word of God had begun its work, and the mass and images fell." Froment could not yet make up his mind to attempt the enterprise. Another thought absorbed the evangelist.

Farel no longer solicited, but now "importuned" Olivetan to translate the Bible. The scholar hesitated, and made many excuses. "How," said he, "can I express Hebrew and Greek eloquence in French, which is but a barbarous language compared with them?" At length he promised, and it was well known that what he promised he would perform. "Cross the Alps," said Farel to his friend; "go to the Waldensian valleys, and come to an understanding with the brethren about the translation." Then turning towards other members of the synod, he added: "And you, Adam, Martin, and Guido, go with him and teach to them the doctrine that will correct all their errors."

This mission, which was to result in the publication of the Bible in French, was not without importance and danger. They had to cross the territory of Savoy; and to escape seizure the four friends determined to travel by night. They proceeded through Vevey and Aigle, at each place speaking of Christ. Near Box, Martin was attacked with severe cramps. They turned back a league to the house of the minister Claude, in Ollon, but his pitiless wife refused shelter to the sick man. The poor missionaries trudged on to the foot of the mountain beyond Martigny. Martin was half dead, Olivetan suffered from inflammation of the bowels, Guido was exhausted with fatigue, and Adam was here seized with the cholera. Without success they sought refuge in the poorest of cottages; but at last a wretched house was opened to them at the sight of their slim purse. Next day the weak missionaries resumed their journey, and gradually the mountain air gave them strength. They rested at an inn between Martigny and the convent of St. Bernard. Here they spoke to an Augustine monk about the Scriptures, and were gladdened to have him say: "I will quit Antichrist." Adam gave him a letter to Farel, and said: "Go to him, and he will tell you what you have to do." The evangelist and the monk separated. Even down to our days, conversions occur among the brethren of this monastery. At last the four friends were joyfully welcomed by the Waldenses. These poor Christians gave to Olivetan, towards the printing of the Bible in French, five hundred gold crowns—an immense sum for them. Thus came the French protestant translation of the Holy Scriptures.

The young and gentle Fabri while preaching at Neuchâtel was solicited to evangelize the village of Bole, in the parish of Boudry. He followed the honest burgers, and became immediately engaged in a severe campaign. The village was for the reformer, and the town for the priest. The government decided one of the chapels should be for the use of both parties. Fabri entered the pulpit on the first Sunday in November, 1532; but all the bells rang out to drown his voice, and he soon left the church. The catholics at once fell upon and maltreated the unarmed congregation. Clubs and swords only served to increase their repugnance to that theocratical tyranny which men had substituted for the mild Gospel of Jesus Christ. The next day some of the reformed, against the advice of Fabri, appealed for aid to Neuchâtel. The council decreed that henceforth the chapel of Pontareuse should belong entirely to the reformed. No attention was paid to this order by the catholics.

On Christmas day they sang two masses, and began high mass "with loud and long

singing" on the arrival of the reformers. At its conclusion the evangelicals, as was customary, took a chalice to celebrate the Lord's Supper. The priest cried out: "Sacrilege! Sacrilege!" From every side the catholics fell upon the poor evangelicals, calling them "rascally dogs." Arquebuses, bludgeons, knives, and clubs were used; but the reformers parried the blows as well as they could with their hands only, and at last escaped to their homes without serious wounds. Then the priest laid aside the stake which he had wielded, put on his sacerdotal robe, and denounced the heretics in his church of Boudry: "They carry a book in their hands and boast of having the Holy Ghost. But if they had the Holy Ghost, would they want a book? The apostles who were filled with the Holy Ghost understood without book all languages and all mysteries. My brethren, will you believe a stranger before a man of the country whom you know? Do not associate with those devils; they will lead you into hell; but come to confession as all your forefathers have done; open yourselves to me upon the seven deadly sins, the five natural senses, and the ten commandments. Do not be afraid; your consciences will be cleansed of all evil. Put me to death in case I do not prove all I have told you."—Fabri soon asked for a public disputation on these points, but the priest bluntly refused.

Such were the struggles of the reformers in the transformation of the Church. Ere long the whole principality of Neuchâtel was won to the Reformation. In 1532 the Gospel penetrated into the mountain regions among the shepherds and hunters of Locle and Chaux de Fonds; thence it made its way to Brenets (1534.) These earnest mountaineers were about to throw their wooden images into the Doubs, when the devout inhabitants of a neighboring village offered them two fine oxen in exchange; the bargain was made, and "each thought they had made a fine exchange." With the exception of one village the Reformation triumphed throughout Neuchatel; and after God, it was Farel's work.

Farel, seeing his labors in these different localities crowned with a success that promised to be lasting, turned his eyes with all the more ardor to Geneva. "A purification is not enough," said Farel; "a transformation is wanted." But who was to bring it about? He had been banished from Geneva, and for a time could not return there.

Froment, young, poor, simple-minded, but intelligent, had refused to undertake so difficult a task. Farel tried him once more: "Fear nothing; you will find men in Geneva quite ready to receive you, and your very obscurity will protect you. God will be your guide, and will guard your holy enterprise." Froment yielded, and on the 1st of November, 1532, he departed, "going to Geneva," he tells us, "with prayers and blessings." The Genevans were much occupied at that time with signs in the heaven; a strange blaze shone in the firmament from a comet. Some wondered whether the marvellous sheen did not foretell that a divine light would also illuminate the country. They waited, and Froment appeared.

The young Dauphinese was at first much embarrassed, for the citizens were very short with the stranger. His mean appearance disconcerted even the best disposed, and the huguenots bowed out the poor little man. "Alas," he said, "I cannot tell what to do, except it be to return; for I find no door to preach the Gospel." Worried and dejected, Froment paid his landlord and quitted the city; but a force greater than that of man compelled him to retrace his steps. He prayed to God in his room at the inn, and recalled the promise: *I will lead thee in the way in which thou shouldst walk.* He called to mind what Farel had done at Aigle. A flash of light illumined his soul. They will have nothing to do with him in Geneva, because his appearance is mean. Be it so; he will undertake with humility the work that God gives him; and since he is rejected as an evangelist, he will turn schoolmaster.

An humble citizen named Le Patu assisted him to select a large hall for his school-room. It was now necessary to find scholars. Froment wrote and posted up in the public places several copies of this prospectus: "A man has just arrived in this city who engages to teach reading and writing in French, in one month, to all who will come to him, young and old, men and women, even such as have never been to school; and if they cannot read and write within the said month, he asks nothing for his trouble. He will be found at Boytet's large room, near the Molard, at the sign of the Croix d'Or. Many diseases are also cured gratis."

The school opened, and the teacher did not want for young scholars. Froment, who had talent, taught with simplicity and clearness. Before dismissing his scholars, he would read and interestingly explain a few verses from the New Testament; after this he would distribute harmless remedies for the sick. The school and medicine are great missionary auxiliaries. The children ran home and told their parents how pleasantly they were taught. In a short time the city was full of the schoolmaster who spoke French so well. The worthy huguenots soon began to take their places behind their children to hear his teachings, and they heard a homily instead of a philippic. They were much astonished, for they had never heard such doctrine. Some began to understand Christianity did not consist in mocking the priest and the mass, but in knowing and loving the Saviour. In a short time, the success of this simple instruction surpassed the hopes of the teacher. Men,

women, and children hastened to the hall, striving which should be there first. The disputes between huguenots and mamelukes, the claims of the duke and the bishop, were forgotten; nothing was thought of but the evangelist. Many of the hearers "returning home praised and glorified God." Certain liberal priests were told the Frenchman's words. "Truly," answered they, "these doctrines are good, and we should do well to receive them." The more bigoted monks and priests jeered at Froment's doctrine and person, saying, "Will you go and hear that devil? What can that little fool know who is hardly twenty-two?"

Many souls were won, and it was the women of distinction who belived first, Paula, the wife of John Levet, "had become very zealous for the word," and after much entreaty brought her honest but superstitious sister-in-law, Claudine, wife of the worthy Aimé Levet, to hear Froment; yet she was bedecked with rosaries and amulets to guard against his enchantments. The simple words of the Gospel entered into the woman's understanding, as if borne by the Spirit of God. After service, Claudine asked for the New Testament. With this sacred book before her in her room, "she remained apart for three days and nights without eating or drinking, but with prayers, fasting, and supplication." Conscience, not understanding, was the path that led her to Christ, and she found him merciful to save. In her thankfulness, she had Froment brought to her house. When he entered, "her tears," said the evangelist, "fell on the floor;" she had no other language. At length she spoke: "Ah! can I ever thank God sufficient for having enlightened me?" Froment had come to strengthen this lady, and he was himself strengthened by her spiritual conversation. "From this tiny shoot an excellent Church was to spring."

While the Gospel was thus manifesting its power in Geneva, the bishop persisted in his inflexible hostility. The Genevan magistrates still felt great regard for his authority, and in December, 1532, sent a deputation to obtain his consent to a necessary tax. The bishop at first felt flattered; but on the third day he angrily replied: "I will grant you nothing, not a single crown, and I will compel my lords of Geneva to ask my pardon on their bended knees." On the 26th of December, the deputation reported this answer to the council, who were amazed at it. While the bishop thus injured the cause of popery, the reformation was endeavoring in every way to enlighten the minds of men and win their hearts.

Froment received from the reformers of Switzerland Testaments and tracts, which his friends and he distributed to the eager citizens. Every day more persons were won over to the evangelical church. Guerin, a modest, intelligent cap-maker, gave himself up with all his heart to advance God's cause, and became Froment's helper. A daughter of Claude Bernard not eight years old, confounded the ignorant priests by simple and clear passages of Scripture, which condemned the popular superstitions. Unable to answer her, they spread a report that she was possessed of the devil.

A moral reformation accompanied the revival of faith. The conscience of Claudine Levet reproached her for her costly attire. Having sold her beautiful robes and ornaments, she gave the money to the poor; from that time she wore a plain and becoming dress. All her life she loved to receive refugees in her house. She spoke frankly and meekly of the precious truth she had received, and "scattered it wherever she happened to be in the city." The Genevese ladies were particularly excited by her conversion, and for a while deserted her; yet they soon were attracted to her, and she led several to Christ. Among these were Pernette Balthasarde, wife of a councillor; the wife of Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve; the wife of Claude Pastor, and Jeanne Marie de Fernex. "Put aside your great display," she said to them; "attire yourself simply and without superfluity, and give your minds to great charites. Faith holds the first place, but after that come good works." From that time these women were abundant in good works. It seemed admitted that no one could be a christian *unless he had some poor persecuted foreigner in his house.*

Aimé Levet, who was at first strongly opposed to Froment and the Gospel, was won by the holiness and charity of his wife to the Lord. From that time little assemblies were held at her house. When no evangelist was present, they begged this pious christian woman to explain the Bible, which she did with simplicity and grace. The reformers remembered the precept of St. Paul: *Let your women keep silence in the churches;* but Calvin added, "This must be understood of the ordinary charge, for a case may happen when it will be necessary for a woman to speak in public."

The church was forming. At first there were a few souls awakened separately; now with the element of individuality was combined the element of communion, which is not less necessary. They who had begun to believe, assembled to advance together in faith. The ecclesiastical organization has not the first place in christianity; pre-eminence belongs to faith and christian sanctification. It would be foolish to deny man the right of being at first a child: but it would be no less so to refuse him the right and duty of becoming a man.

Just at this time the evangelicals received an unexpected help. A Franciscan, coming from abroad, Christopher Bocquet

by name, preached the Advent sermons in the Rive church. He abstained from superstitions and abuse, as well as from certain distinctive doctrines of the Reformation, which he did not quite understand. Keeping to a certain common ground of christianity, he delivered "moderate" sermons. Dressed in his brown fock, and with the cord around his waist, he proclaimed to all a Saviour who had come in love, and called upon every heart to rejoice at his sight. The evangelicals were edified, and his hearers increased every day; but at his ending his sermon, the huguenots hurried away to Froment's meeting-place, where *the trumpet gave no uncertain sound.* Thus the people were more and more enlightened. "Let us especially study the sacred writings," they said, "in order that we may distinguish in religion what comes from God from that which men have added to it."

If the Reformation met with faithful adherents in Geneva, it also encountered resolute adversaries. The priests were astonished and bewildered, and the laity, headed by Thomas Moine, reproached them for their cowardice. The vicar of La Madelaine, touched by these complaints, preached against the heretical schoolmaster and the foreign preacher. He praised the catholic apostolic church, eulogized its head, who was (he said) the representative of God, defended its worship and institutions, and warned his hearers against the ignorance and falsehood of Froment. Chautemps and several christian friends heard this sermon, and after some deliberation, they waited upon the vicar. The Bible was their court of appeal. The priests, who dared not deny its divinity, but yet had never studied it, were much embarrassed to find the proof of their dogmas in it. "Froment," they said, "is a good and learned man; you say that he has lied; prove it by Scripture." The vicar consented, but insisted on the discussion being held at his parsonage. The last day of the year was appointed, and meanwhile the perplexed priest searched the Vulgate Bible in vain for passages opposed to the reformed doctrines.

In the afternoon of the 31st December, Chautemps, Bernard, Perrin, and Salomon went to the parsonage of the Madelaine, wearing their swords, as was customary. These, however, they cast upon the bed. Some priests were present, and the vicar appealed for authority to the "*Postillæ perpetuæ in Biblia* of the illustrious Nicholas Lyra," saying: "Lyra is the most approved interpreter." The huguenots laughed at him, and added, "You have not been able to find in the Bible one word with which to answer Froment." The quarrel grew hot, and instead of discussing they abused each other. A band of priests suddenly entered, headed by De la Roche, who carried a drawn sword. The huguenots seized their swords, forced their way into the streets, and stood ready to defend themselves. One of the priests ran to the belfry and began to ring the tocsin. It was about noon—a time favorable for a riot. Huguenots and catholics hastened from every quarter to the Madelaine, and soon took sides. The tumult was general; but the syndics, Ramel and Savoie, restrained the combatants from further violence.

The council re-assembled in the evening, and requested that Froment should cease from preaching; but this the reformed would not permit, and they were sustained by lawful ordinances. The council then obtained the promise of the Abbot of Bonmont, the peaceful vicar-episcopal, to retain at Geneva the Franciscan Cordelier, and to provide true preachers of the Word of God in every parish. The tumult was appeased, but agitation reigned in men's minds. Both parties waited anxiously for the morrow.

For nearly twenty years liberty had been clearing the ground on which the Gospel was to raise its temple. For nearly eight years a few pious voices had spoken of the doctrine of salvation in private conversations and meetings; but the Reformation had not yet been preached in the face of the people. The hour that was to make it a public and notorious thing was about to strike. Geneva was about to hear the voice of a protestant.

The last night of the year 1532 had passed away, and first of 1533 was beginning. In every house family congratulations were had; then many went to the Gray Friar's monastery to hear Bocquet preach. He had hardly finished his sermon when numbers of his hearers hurried eagerly away to the Croix d'Or to hear Froment. The hall, stairs, passage, and even the street adjoining were soon so thronged that the reformer was unable to make his way through the mass. One man shouted out: "To the Molard," and the crowd at once moved there with acclamation. The Molard was situated in the most populous part of the city, near the lake and the Rhone. One of the fish stalls here was secured by the huguenots, and Froment was invited to get on it.

As soon as his head appeared above the crowd, the multitude shouted: "Preach to us; preach the Word of God to us." Froment answered with emotion: "It is also the word that shall endure forever. . . . Pray to God with me;" and he knelt upon the ground, while a solemn stillness prevailed. He said: "Eternal God, father of all mercies . . . thou knowest now what is the need of this people better than they or I do. This need is principally to hear thy Word. . . . Our Father, look down upon this poor blind people, led by the blind, so that they both fall into the ditch, and can only be lifted out by thy mercy. . . . Lift them out by thy Holy Spirit, open their eyes, their ears, their

understandings, their hearts, in order that confessing their sins, they may receive what thou shalt put into the mouth of thy servant, who is unworthy to be the bearer of so great a message. . . . Show, then, that thy power is greater than Satan's, and that thy strength is not like man's strength." Froment concluded with the Lord's prayer.

The hearts of the people were touched. All eyes were fixed on Froment as he opened the Gospel, and read these words from the seventh chapter of Matthew: "*Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves: by their fruits ye shall know them.*" Froment began: "Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, very God and very Man, conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, knowing the things that were to happen, foresaw that false prophets would come, not with hideous faces, but with the most pleasing exterior in the world, under the color of holiness, and *in sheep's clothing*, so that the children of God might be deceived. For this cause he exhorted his disciples to be *wise as serpents and harmless as doves.* . . . Let us not begin fighting, killing, and burning as tyrants do. The child of God has no other sword of defence than the Word of God; but that is a two-edged sword, piercing even to the marrow."

Everybody understood this allusion to the riot of the evening before. But while these words were being spoken, the chief usher of the syndics and his sergeants, sent at the solicitation of the vicar-episcopal, arrived, and said to the speaker: "In the name of my lords I command you to cease preaching." Froment answered boldly: "*We ought to obey God rather than man.* God commands me to preach his Word; you forbid it: I am not therefore bound to obey you."

He continued: "Do not be disturbed, my friends, but listen to what our Lord says—that we must beware of false prophets. . . . With this plague we and our fathers have been infected for nearly a thousand years. Not that it came upon us suddenly, and in villainous and deformed appearance; no, it came gradually, under the color of holiness and in sheep's clothing, these ravening wolves having even some good intentions. The son of perdition, who sitting in the temple of God is worshipped as God—him you worship and keep his commandments. Oh! what a fine master you serve, and what prophets you have! Do you know them? Not to keep you in suspense I declare openly that I am speaking of the pope, and that the false prophets of whom I bid you beware are the priests, monks, and all the rest of his train.

"Let us examine this statement; let us find out who are these false prophets—we, or your priests? . . . In the first place, the judge shall be—God. The judge shall be his true Son Jesus Christ, attended by His good and lawful witnesses the prophets and apostles; and here," said he, showing the New Testament to the people, "here are the sealed letters, signed with the precious blood of our Lord, and the cloud of martyrs who were put to death in order to bear this testimony. What read we there? First, the Lord condemns the Pharisees as *blind leaders.* Moreover, the Lord in St. Matthew bears this testimony: There shall arise false prophets in the latter days who will say unto you, *Lo, here is Christ or there!* Do they not tell you that Christ is there . . . in the inner part of the holy house, hidden in the farthest place, *in a vessel?* Do not believe them. Jesus Christ not only says that they come in sheep's clothing, but that *they walk in long robes, devour widows' houses, and for a show make long prayers. They break their bones* (to get at the marrow) says a prophet, *and eat the flesh of my people as flesh within the caldron.* The Holy Scriptures call them wells without water, anti-christs, despisers of the Lord, and say that they *give heed to doctrines of devils, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thankfulness of them which believe.*"

Meanwhile the magistrates were exasperated at hearing from the chief usher that the sermon was still going on. The syndics ordered the preacher to be apprehended; consequently the officers, soldiers, and priests marched excitedly to the Molard. Claude Bernard saw the approach of the armed men, and shouted to Froment to save his life by flight. The evangelist could not leave his post, but he yielded to the next appeal of Bernard: "Pray, for God's honor, let us avoid the spilling of blood." His friends hurried him away to Jean Chautemp's house, and put him in a secret hiding-place. The soldiers dispersed the assembly, but could not find the preacher. Many of the hearers found that they had received a glorious New Year's gift. Thus was spent the first day of the year 1533, at Geneva.

At night-fall several Catholics began an uproar about Chautemp's house, and Froment was cautiously led to the dwelling of the energetic Perrin. The priests and their adherents followed him there: "Ami Perrin," they shouted, "we will pull down your house and burn you in it if you do not send the Lutheran away." Perrin made use of stratagem: going out to the riotous catholics, he said: "We have liberty to keep an honest servant in our houses without impediment from anybody." He then said to Froment: "You are my servant, I engage you as such, and you shall work for me."

The circumstances were serious; the new doctrine had been preached publicly. At the Molard, liberty and the gospel had shaken hands. The catholics, the politicians, and the huguenots abused each other, and lively discussions took place between

them. The parties became more distinct every day.

On the 2d of January, the premier syndic proposed to the council of Two Hundred to forbid all preaching in private or public "without the permission of the syndics or the vicar episcopal:" but neither party were content. The council thought to restore harmony by resolving that Bocquet the gray friar should preach until Lent. "All men, citizens and inhabitants, should forgive one another," urged the premier syndic. "Yes, yes," exclaimed the Genevans; "we desire to love those who are of a contrary opinion."

Meantime Froment remained in Perrin's house and wove ribbons; "otherwise he could not have staid there," as he informs us. Once on a holiday, while crossing the Rhone bridge to go to Aimé Levet's, Froment met a procession carrying crosses and relics. He did not bow to the images, and the priests shouted: "Fall on him!... fall on the dog!... to the Rhone with him!" The women would have thrown him into the river, had not several huguenots rescued him and hurriedly thrust him into Levet's house by the bridge. Levet was an apothecary, and his store was roughly treated; but Froment escaped at night to Perrin's. The violence of his enemies rendered the evangelist's longer stay in Geneva useless. Claude offered to accompany him, and that night they departed from the city for the village of Yvonand.

The ministry of Froment at Geneva in 1532-3 was the heroic period of his life, after which he was eclipsed by teachers who were superior to him. Ere long the Word of God was carried to Geneva in greater fulness by Farel and Calvin.

Froment's departure did but increase the love of the gospel in serious minds. These Genevans felt, as if by inspiration, that at the beginning of the sixteenth century society was passing through a crisis, and that a new phase was opening for mankind. The partisans of the Reformation now raised their heads. Bocquet began to preach the christian truth more openly, and the exasperated priests solicited that he should be silenced. On February 23d, six catholic councillors from Friburg brought a threatening letter, saying: "If you wish to become Lutheran, Friburg renounces your alliance." The syndic's decided, "for the love of peace," that Bocquet should leave Geneva.

The friends of the Gospel did not lose heart. They read in their homes Lefèvre's New Testament, and formed meetings at which the Word of God was explained. The number of believers increased every day, and Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve became a most zealous protestant. His house was the *catacombs* in which the new Christians held their humble meetings. Sometimes they had an address from some evangelical foreigner passing through Geneva. These christians formed a fund among themselves for the relief of the poor. They learnt at once to believe, to love, and to give. Yet some could not refrain from answering taunts. "Lutherans, huguenots, heretics," shouted one party; "Pharisees, mamelukes, papists," replied the other.

In the midst of these disturbances, the pious Olivetan was laboring day and night at the translation of the Bible. Nothing disturbed him so much as the sight of the Church of his day. "I love thee," he exclaimed; "I have seen thee in the service of thy hard masters, in such piteous case that men would sooner take thee for a poor slave than the daughter of the universal Ruler and the beloved of his only Son." His very humility induced him to increase in diligence. He compared "all the translations, ancient and modern, from the Greek down to the Italian and German." He decided to express the plain meaning of certain Greek terms. Therefore he translated the Greek word *apostle* by the French word *envoye*, (sent;) instead of *bishop* he wrote *surveillant*, (overseer;) and *ancien* (elder) instead of *priest*. Then he added mischievously: "And if any one is surprised at not finding certain words in my translation which the common people have continually on their lips, imagining they are in Scripture, such as *pope, cardinal, archbishop, archdeacon, abbot, prior, monk*, he must know that I did not find them there, and for that reason I have not changed them."

On the 13th of March, the printer De Vingle asked permission to print the Bible in French. The council were much divided, for they were afraid of Olivetan's translation. They granted permission to reprint Lefèvre's Bible, without adding or retrenching a word.

The evangelicals had long ceased to take part in the communion of the Romish Church, and desired earnestly to see the Lord's Supper established among them in its apostolic purity. The Word of God creates the Christian, the Lord's Supper strengthens him. But, said they, who will give it us. They had no ministers. Guerin was full of boldness, and had "an ardent love for his brethren;" they turned their eyes on him. A little walled garden near the city gates, belonging to Stephen d'Adda, was selected as the spot, and an early morning hour was named. As the sun rose many gathered there, and took seats on rude benches beside a plain table. The pious Guerin, after a prayer, distributed the bread and wine, and all together praised the Lord. The communicants quitted the garden full of gratitude towards God.

It was not long, however, before their peace was troubled, Their enemies threatened nothing less than excommunication and imprisonment. Disputes were frequent. The priests said the reformed, by busying themselves so much about *Christ*, deprived themselves of the *Church*,

while Olivetan and Guerin maintained that the catholics, by speaking so much of the *Church*, deprived themselves of *Christ*. Guerin soon had to seek safety in flight, and he took refuge at Yvonand with his friend Froment.

Thus Farel, Froment, and Guerin were compelled, one after another, to quit Geneva; but the catholics labored in vain. "The people began to dispute with the priests, and to discuss with them publicly." Two winds were blowing from opposite quarters at Geneva—from the north and from the south. They could not fail to come in violent collision, and to engender a frightful tempest.

Evangelical zeal was the occasion of the persecution. Its enemies were angered; they could not understand the spiritual life then fermenting among their people. If a meeting was suppressed in one house it was held in another. "They could not find any remedy against this."

An eloquent Dominican monk, an inquisitor of the faith, had just arrived in Geneva. "Deliver us from this heresy," said the heads of the Dominicans to him. Flattered by this appeal, the monk preached a sermon in which he decried the Bible, abused the heretics, and exalted the pope. The huguenots were indignant at his calumnies. Olivetan rose upon a bench, when he had ceased speaking, and said: "I desire to show you honestly from Scripture where you have erred in your discourse." What! a layman presume to teach the Church. . . . The priests abused Olivetan, and the council sentenced him to banishment without hearing or appeal. Every one regretted him: "He was a man of such learning, godly life and conversation." Geneva thus cast off the evangelists one after another.

The clerical party, headed by canon Wernli, equerry De Pesmes and the bold Thomas Moine, began to doubt whether these banishments were enough to stifle the Reformation. The reformed saw the danger that threatened them. Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve and his friend Claude Salomon departed to Berne to seek assistance, saying: "We believe we are following God's will." In return, a letter from Berne came to the council of Geneva on the 25th of March, which said: "We are surprised that in your city the faith in Jesus Christ and those who seek it are so molested . . . You will not suffer the Word of God to be freely proclaimed, and banish those who preach it." The council were perplexed, and knew not what answer to make.

The catholics were agitated at Berne's demand of full liberty for the Gospel, and when the council met next day a delegation of two hundred attended. Thomas Moine on their behalf demanded those who went to Berne should be summoned, and the party were not content to have the matter referred to the general council. "Justice! justice!" shouted they menacingly. "Let us keep our promise to Messieurs of Friburg that Geneva would preserve the faith of its fathers." The discontented catholics returned to their homes with haughty look and resolute air. A plot was now formed against the Gospel, headed by two of the syndics, several councillors, and some priests. "If the faith of our fathers is to stand, by our own hands it must be supported," they said. "Hold yourselves in readiness to march against the Lutherans."—Lutheranism might put in bolder relief the *immanence* of God, while the Reform (of Calvin) inclined towards his *transcendance;* but they were and they are agreed in all that is essential: and it was these living doctrines that a powerful party was endeavoring to expel from Geneva.

On Thursday night the canons, priests, and "chief partisans of the papal religion," as Wernli, De Pesmes, Moine, and their friends, met in the vicar-episcopal's great hall to carefully arrange the plot that was to free them from the Reform. "Let us execute justice for ourselves," they said. "Let us fly to arms, ring the tocsin, draw the sword, and call upon the faithful to march against those *dogs*, and make a striking example of the two traitors who went to Berne. Let us kill all who are called Lutherans, without sparing one, which will be doing God a good service. We are assured of the bishop's pardon: his lordship has already sent us the pardons in blank. At the sound of the great bell, let every one go armed to the Molard, and let the city gates be shut, so that nobody may escape." The assembly applauded. All the arrangements were made for a massacre to celebrate the approaching festival of Easter. As for the council of sixty which met next day, as was expected, it declared for neither party.

At the cathedral as appointed (Friday, 28th March, 1533,) three hundred armed canons and priests with many lay followers gathered. They were led by the valiant canon, Peter Wernli, armed from head to foot. "We will cut off the heads of those who went to Berne, and of all their friends," he said. "The Lutherans threaten us," said the excited citizens; "they want to rob the churches and convents."—The huguenots knew of the wicked plot, and to the number of sixty they assembled to defend the life of Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve at the price of their blood.

Information of this gathering at Maison-Neuve's house was carried to the conspirators, and it was the signal of battle. "Forward," they cried; "let us go and attack them." At this time the four magistrates preceded by their usher entered the cathedral, with the syndical staff in their hand. At the sight of them the crowd grew calm, and said: "We are going to fight the Lutherans, who are as-

sembled in the Rue de Allemands. They are always keeping us in fear, and we must put an end to it. We can no longer endure such a pest in the city. . . They are worse than the Turks."

J. Goulaz and P. Vandel, two of the reformed, now approached the cathedral and recklessly entered it. Vandel mildly said to the syndics: "Pray put an end to this disturbance lest worse should come of it." Portier, the episcopal secretary, angrily exclaimed: "How is it that you are here, traitor?" Vandel was thrown down and trampled upon, while Portier cowardly stabbed him in the back near the left shoulder, intending to kill him. The crowd of priests began to lament loudly, not because a man had been stabbed, but because blood had defiled the temple. Goulaz ran off to the evangelicals, and told them all. Some proceeded to the cathedral, and with the syndics' permission carried Vandel to Baudichon's house. A few huguenots acted as nurses, and as they looked on their pale and blood-stained friend, they asked one another what would happen next.

"We are in the majority and well armed now," said the catholics: "we must sally out boldly and fight the rascals." The syndics ordered them to keep the peace, but it was useless. "Now is the time," cried the priests; "let us run to the great bell and give the signal." The tocsin was rung, and those in the church prepared to march. Nicholas du Crest, Pierre de Malbuisson, and Claude Baud, the three catholic syndics, finding they could not stop the riot, put themselves at the head of it to check it. Baud distributed laurel boughs among those assembled, and each placed a sprig in his cap that the catholic combatants might be distinguished. Hymns and prayers were devoutly sung. The churchmen formed into companies and elected their captains, then defiled in front of the high altar, and marched out of the cathedral towards the Molard. The peasants of the vicinity, forewarned by the agents of the canons, entered the city in arms. "Down with the Lutherans," cried the catholics. "Down with the dogs that want to destroy our holy mother Church." No fervent catholic hesitated; they drew their swords, and seized their arquebuses. Baud drew up his corps at the Molard "in order for fighting;" there were about 2500 men, not reckoning the old men, women and children, who shouted, wept, and added to the tumult. "Shut the gates of the city," said the syndics, "so that no one can take to flight."

This first band waited for their other corps yet to come. One, under the bishop's equerry, Percival de Pesmes, was to bring the banner from the hôtel-de-ville; another was commanded by Canon de Veigy; and the last, led by Captain Bellessert, was to cross the Rhone bridge. The catholics and mamelukes were impatient to attack at once, but the syndic delayed. "We want artillery," he said, "to besiege Baudichon's house." The cannon was drawn from the arsenal to the square, and loaded. The band with the city banner now arrived. Electrified at the sight, the people raised a loud shout. The monks were abroad actively inciting the people; but the nuns of St. Claire were marching in procession around their cloister, invoking in devout litanies the protection of the whole celestial choir. They were superstitious and even fanatical; they dreaded the heretics, if victorious, would compel each of them to a forced marriage. Throughout the whole city the agitation was then at its height; the shouts of the priests were frightful. The tempest was not confined to the streets. Micah, daughter of Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, wept bitterly to see her husband arm against her father, while he cruelly replied: "If we come to blows. . . I will kill him, or he shall kill me." In the houses were heard the groans and cries of mothers, wives, and daughters; the streets echoed with the curses of the men.

An unexpected reinforcement added to the numbers of the catholic troops. The women brought their children from twelve to fifteen years old, to the number of seven hundred, to the Place d'Armes. They armed them with hatchets and swords; they told them to fill their hats with stones, while they gathered the same missiles into their aprons. "If it should happen," said one of them, "that our husbands fight against the unbelievers, let us also make war and *kill their heretic wives*, in order that the breed may be extirpated." Frenzied and guilty women! One hundred and sixty armed priests were in the square; and they unwilling to be behindhand, exclaimed: "We will be the first to defend our spouse the church." The armed citizens shouted for a march upon Baudichon's house, that they might set it on fire, and murder the huguenots as they escaped from the flames by the doors and windows. Baud temporized and delayed. "To be more sure, and in order that none may escape from our hands, let us wait for the corps from St. Gervais."

During this time the evangelicals in Baudichon's house felt solemn and awed; but they had a christian calmness in the presence of death. The strong encouraged the weak, addressing them in words of piety and hope. Their numbers gradually increased by the coming of friends determined to conquer or die with them. Even the children were excited to acts of devotedness beyond their years. "See," said the evangelicals looking upon young Vandel, "see how the bishop and his officers treat the best citizens." The shouts of the catholics, increasing in violence, came to their ears. De la Maison-Neuve was the firmest, and cheered the dejected. The Christians fell on their knees and implored the assistance of God.

Then the friends of the Reform vowed: "We swear to die in God's cause, and to keep faith and loyalty with one another."

While the evangelicals were praying, the band from St. Gervais began to cross the bridge. Jean-Philippe, captain-general, whose duty it was to repress all disorder, was here stationed with those who belonged to neither party. He ordered the corps to return, whereupon Bellessert the butcher struck him to the ground with his halberd. Philippe's troop sharply attacked the St. Gervaisians, wounded Bellessert, and forced his followers to retreat to their homes. Aimé Levet's house was at that end of the bridge. His wife was imprudently standing in the street, watching the struggle, when the catholic women rushed upon her, exclaiming: "Let us begin the war by throwing this dog into the Rhone." Claudine took refuge in her house, and this the furies could not force. They seized the apothecary's drugs, and "threw them all contemptuously into the street." At last the catholics retired.

While this struggle was going on, the third band expected at the Molard, that headed by Canon Veigy, had assembled in the upper part of the city. Their duty was to surround and set fire to Baudichon's house, so that the heretics should be stifled, burnt, driven out, and butchered. The canon's band heard of the defeat of the troops from St. Gervais, and at once hastened to the Molard. The priest-party were "greatly astonished and vexed because they had not set fire to the house, as had been agreed upon."

The reformers had now heard of this scheme for burning them out, and they determined to repel force with force. Although inferior in numbers, they sallied forth, calm and silent. They drew up in line of battle, five deep, 250 paces from the enemy. "We will wait for our adversaries," they said; "but if they attack us we will sooner die than retreat a single step." All their force was stout, resolute, disciplined men, who feared not to fight one against ten. The huguenots procured some cannon, probably by the intervention of the captain-general, and placed these only ninety paces from the catholics. All were prepared for the onset, and a massacre seemed inevitable.

At this moment the sound of the trumpet was heard, ordering the place to be cleared of spectators where the battle was to be fought. A deathlike silence followed. On each side were noble souls, lovers of peace, who would have liked to restrain the fratricidal arms. "No one," says a contemporary, "dared venture to speak to the ecclesiastics to propose peace; the great pride of the priests intimidated them, and they feared to be called Lutherans." The two armies were about to come into violent collision. Then the women lost their ardor for the combat, and could not restrain their anguish. They burst into tears, and gave utterance to long and sorrowful moaning. The emotion became almost universal.

"It was God's will," said Froment, "to avoid bloodshed, and he ordained it accordingly."

At this time were staying in Geneva seven Friburg merchants who had come to attend the fair. These worthy Switzers now came forward to mediate, and said to the reformed: "Look at the great multitude of people that is against you. This matter must be settled before worse befalls you." The evangelicals answered: "We only ask to be left at peace and to live according to God, obeying the magistrates as the Gospel commands. We are acting in self defence, for they have conspired to kill us."

The Friburgers, encouraged by these words, returned to the Molard and addressed the priests: "It is neither good nor honorable, and above all it is not in accordance with your office, thus to excite the people to kill one another. It is your duty to be in your houses or at church praying to God, rather than be thus in arms. When the people are at variance, you should reconcile them instead of exciting them to shed blood." So enraged were the clergy that they would listen to nothing: "they showed themselves more heated than ever in their desire that all should be killed."

These worthy merchants now appealed to the magistrates to do their duty, and order the two parties to withdraw to their homes. But the clergy excited the people all the more to attack the Lutherans. Then the worthy Friburgers began to harangue the people: "You have sons, relations, and friends on the huguenot side; do you want to kill them, or be killed by them? We advise you to let the priests fight it out by themselves." These sensible words dissipated the charm of sacerdotal fanaticism. "Let the affair be arranged," was the cry from all quarters; "arbitrate, arbitrate." The magistrates regained their courage, and advanced with several captains to treat with the huguenots; but the latter expected an attack, and aimed a cannon at the group. "Peace is made," shouted out the catholics. Arms were let fall, and the two parties conferred together. Confidence was not yet restored, and it was agreed to give three hostages on each side. Then the herald proclaimed: "Every man shall lay down his arms and return quietly home, without quarrel or dispute, under pain of being hanged; and no one shall sing song or ballad, provoking to quarrel, under pain of being whipped and banished."—"This peace vexes the christians sorely," writes the catholic sister Jeannie; "we ought now to *despatch them from the world* in order to be no more frightened or vexed on their account."

On the following day (29th March) the

Council of Sixty assembled "to settle the strife of the day before." Reconciliation was all the fashion. They resolved to frame a compromise which would unite Rome and the Gospel. On the 30th March the premier-syndic liberated the hostages, and proposed to the Two Hundred the famous project of reconciliation. The council accepted it; copies were sent to the captain of each company and to the Abbot of Bonmont.

This strange decree ordered by the civil authority and proclaimed by the soldiers, pleased the huguenots in these items: "That every citizen, of what state or condition soever he may be, live henceforward in peace, without attempting any novelty until it be generally *ordered to live otherwise*. That no one speak against the holy sacraments, and that in this respect every one be *left at liberty according to his conscience*. That no one preach without the license of the superior, the syndics, and the council; and that *the preacher say nothing that is not proved by Holy Scripture*."—The catholics acquiesced, seeing the episcopal authority and the fast days were left them. Next day there was a general procession to return thanks to God for the peace.

In Passion Week the evangelicals desired to meet in a spirit of christian fraternity around the Lord's table. On Holy Thursday (10th April) fourscore men and several women met in the garden of Pré l' Evêque. One of them washed the feet of the others, and the holy sacrament was celebrated. All the city spoke of these services, and sarcasms were not spared. "These Jews," they said, "have bitten one another into a slice of bread and cheese in token of peace and union. . . . And thereupon the catholics laughed," sister Jeanne informs us. Yet this laughter soon changed to fear. A few silly gossips reported that the heretics were about to make an attack. On Good Friday morning the priests and worshippers went armed to the cathedral of St. Pierre's, while a troop of bravoes kept guard in front. The learned Dominican from Auxerre who had officiated, returned hastily into his own country. "No one dared preach after his departure, which greatly surprised devout catholics."

The premier-syndic, Nicholas du Crest, and Councillor Roy now started for Berne, to pray the senate not to support the Reform, while the evangelicals desired it should be allowed to develop itself freely. The journey of the syndic disquieted Maison-Neuve, and with the faithful Salomon he departed to thwart their designs.—"What are you doing here?" inquired the startled premier-syndic at Berne of the reformers. "We are told that you have instructions to speak against us," answered Maison-Neuve; "we are here to defend ourselves." The next day the two huguenots went forward unceremoniously with the two magistrates into the council room, and sat down quietly at their left. Was there then a second power in Geneva, which also sent its ambassadors?

Maison-Neuve rose first, and said with holy boldness: "Most learned lords, we and a great number of our fellow-citizens desire the pure Word of God to be preached in Geneva. The voice of the Gospel, so little heard in times of yore, is now resounding throughout Christendom, and we do not wish to give up hearing it. Neither banishment nor threats can reduce us to carelessness and inactivity. My lords, do you know to what extremity we are reduced? Our magistrates are making war upon us, and trying to drive from Geneva that Gospel which you have established in Berne . . . Everything is trodden under foot by priests determined to leave us for our inheritance nothing but slavery and superstition, tears, sighs, and groans. . . . Grant to us and our brethren one of your preachers. Obtain for him a public place where he may freely declare the Word of God . . . Perhaps you will also see that this just request does not prevent our returning home and living there in peace."

The Genevan magistrates were embarrassed. Having come as accusers, they found themselves accused. "We have no orders on the subject, and therefore have nothing to say," replied the confused syndic. "Well, then," said the lords of Berne, "we will send a deputation to Geneva shortly, to see what is going on there with regard to religion." The council rose.

It seemed as if a favorable wind was about to blow on the evangelical ship. But a storm was preparing, which might perhaps dash it to pieces.

In Geneva the Reformation numbered in its ranks the friends not only of evangelical truth, but of political liberty. There was both good and evil in this. If reasoning by syllogism is bad in religious subjects, reasoning by the pike is worse still. Discussion also frequently gave place to ridicule in those times. One day, some huguenots called out while the priests in procession were chanting the prayers for the conversion of the heretics: "Give some thistles to those noisy braying donkeys."

Many of the priests were stronger in arm than in mind, and preferred a fight with swords to one with words. Pierre Wernli, that devout canon and valiant knight, wished to fight and prove, halberd in hand, that supreme respect was due to the papacy. It was now the beginning of May, the date of the fair at Lyons, and some of the principal huguenots hesitated whether to attend as usual. The more daring posted up bills with the words: "Let us go to the fair before the war and deliverance of Geneva." In secret meetings of the catholics, it was thought proper that the pomps of religious worship should form a prelude to combats for the faith.

Sunday, the 4th of May, was the feast

of the Holy Winding-sheet. Then was exhibited the linen cloth in which (it was said) the body of Jesus Christ was buried, and on which the print of his face had remained. The fanatical but sincere Wernli put on his finest sacerdotal robes; he presided over the showy ceremonies with enthusiasm and pride. Wernli was not satisfied with a mass; he believed a fight was necessary. Soon after he laid aside his robes, his cross, and stole, he donned his armor: this was part of his piety. The first battle having proved a failure, the catholics prepared for a second. Ideas became acts; doctrines gave birth to events. On the afternoon of the festival, Wernli and many other ecclesiastics met in council at the vicar-episcopals.'

Meanwhile, a few citizens of both parties were promenading near the Rhone, and the setting sun poured its rays in floods of flame upon the lake. By degrees they debated on religion with warmth; then they began to dispute and abuse each other; finally hands were raised and blows were struck. The pleasantness of the hour had attracted many abroad; the noise drew still more. Huguenots and mamelukes, catholics and reformed, hurried to the Molard, at once they began to form in two confronting bands. Monks and priests strove to inflame the minds of the catholics against the heretics. One Pinet, sent by the ecclesiastics in council to "apply the match," began to work upon the people. He challenged the huguenots with an oath: "Your creed is a rascally one, you Lutherans! If there is a man among you willing to maintain the contrary, let him come here and fight." Several times was the challenge repeated, till the impetuous huguenot, Ami Perrin, rushed upon the priest's agent and nearly killed him. The combatants were separated, and peace seemed to be restored. Tranquility reigned, and most of the citizens left for their homes. The match of discord had gone out.

A young, ardent, but narrow-minded catholic, Marin de Versoney, helped to rekindle it. He hastened to De Bonmont's house, knocked violently at the gate, and shouted aloud: "Help! help! they are killing all good christians!" Pierre Wernli immediately sprang to his feet: he had already on his breast-plate and cuirass, his sword belted to his side, and his heavy halberd near at hand. Thus armed, he impetuously rushed forth; other violent priests ran to St. Pierre's, and ordered the ringers to sound the tocsin loudly and hurriedly. Over all the city that early night swelled the majestic voice of the ancient bell Clemence, "calling the people and convoking the clergy." The darkness increased the agitation caused by the dismal tolling. Huguenots feared they were to be murdered in their houses; catholics thronged to the Molard, saying: "The heretics are assembling in the principal square to plunder the churches." In the priests' eyes, it was a decisive moment. On the issue of the struggle hung the life or death of catholicism in Geneva.

Wernli had made up his mind to give his life, if necessary, for the cause of Rome. He was both the hero and the victim of this important day. Vainly did the people shout to him that "peace was made;" . . . he would hear nothing. "He was the most obstinate and the maddest of the priests." He exclaimed: "Ho! all good christians to my aid." "The canons and other churchmen were the first under the flag," says sister Jeanne. Soon fifteen hundred men, "many of them priests," were assembled at the square. At the cathedral armed priests assaulted three reformers passing that way. One of them was "unfortunate enough to receive *twenty-eight* wounds at their hands, and fell to the ground." As for the other two, "the dogs took to flight."

At the Molard everything was pale and gray; men appeared like shadows, and it was hard to distinguish friends from foes. The canon, armed from head to foot, flourished his halberd, and shouted: "Dear God! where are those Lutherans who speak ill of our law? . . . God's blood! where are they? . . . Courage, good christians! do not spare those rascals." The warlike Wernli had hardly given the signal when the combat began. Shadows fought with shadows; they rushed upon each other, and dealt frequent blows in the darkness. Sword met sword, and fire flashed. The violent Perrin and the zealous Claude Bernard headed the huguenots; John and Canon Viole were at the head of the catholics. All four fell wounded on the spot; others were wounded and trampled under foot.

"Where are these Lutherans who speak ill of our law?" cried out Wernli. "They are here," answered some huguenots in the Rue de la Croix d'Or. Halberd in hand the canon rushed towards them, striking his enemies with the head and butt of his weapon. By killing Lutherans he hoped to kill Lutheranism itself. The huguenots parried his blows with their naked swords; at length one seized the halberd and broke it in two. Wernli drew his sword and rushed upon his adversaries. The huguenots fell upon the champion of the papacy, but he was completely armored. At last Pierre l'Hoste, a poor carman, moved around him and plunged his sword into the canon's body. "Thus was the blasphemer killed, and he lay in the square without moving hand or foot," says Froment. His dead body had fallen on the steps of the house of councillor Chautemps, a zealous evangelist. The syndic of the guard now arrived and put an end to the contest, receiving a severe blow on the head from a priest. At once the reformed withdrew to their homes. "All night the christians were

under arms," says Sister Jeanne, "seeking those wicked dogs; but it was of no good, for they were all hidden." Towards morning the clergy went to bed.

Wernli's death was to be fruitful in serious consequences. The priests were about to sacrifice the liberties of Geneva and the evangelical reformation on his tomb. His body had lain all night in the street unobserved, and it was found at sunrise next morning. The cuirass was indented, his garments were bloody, and his features still wore a fierce look. All the city was troubled when they found the corpse. "O blessed martyr sacrificed to God!" exclaimed the devout. This canonization disgusted the huguenots: "What," they said, "a priest fights with the halberd and sheds the blood of Christians—he turns soldier, and you make him a saint? Rather recognize in his death the judgment of God." A woman of mean appearance fell shrieking on the body, and pressed it in her arms: she was known as the canon's housekeeper.

Wernli was not only a canon, but a Friburger, and belonged to a powerful family. The mamelukes were enraged, and their leaders thought of the advantage they might derive from the catastrophe. About nine o'clock the body was carried into Chautemp's house, washed of the blood stains, and arrayed in the priest's canonical robes, while the devout folks knelt around it. In the afternoon an immense procession escorted the corpse to the cathedral, and it was buried at the foot of the great crucifix. The council imprisoned a few of the most violent of both parties. Five days later, a herald from Friburg and many of Wernli's relatives appeared in deep mourning; they demanded the body, and called for signal reparation. The remains were exhumed, and, wonder unheard of! the canon stood upright, and the blood flowed freshly from his wound. They placed the body in a coffin and took it to Friburg. "If we do not crush these accursed Lutherans now," said the priests, "they will never cease to trouble the churches, to plunder, beat, and kill . . . Let us sell everything, even our wallets, to procure spears and swords."

A deputation of mamelukes now started from Friburg for Arbois, to entreat Pierre de la Baume to return to his episcopal city. Since the death of Besançon Hugues, the bishop had taken no steps to recover his power. He was at heart neither wicked nor cruel, only weak and selfish; but he had two inordinate passions—the table and money. At one time he inclined to the Duke, at another to Geneva, according as his interests swayed him. The Friburgers disturbed his stupid tranquility and feasting. "Return to your city, my lord," they said, "to recover your lost authority, and protect your threatened rents." But La Baume made timid excuses: "Many of these heretics have uttered great threats against me; they will kill me like poor Wernli." A mightier voice than that of Friburg now distressed the bishop. Pope Clement VII. dreaded the spread of the Reform, and wrote to La Baume: "I command you to proceed to Geneva immediately you receive this bull, under pain of excommunication. You, by your absence, are the cause of all the misfortunes with which it is afflicted."

The prelate formed a heroic decision and determined to obey the pope; but first he overlooked his princely and prelatical authority and asked for a safe-conduct. "The bishop does not need a safe-conduct," answered the council of Geneva; "only let him come. If anybody threatens him, we will punish him so severely, that Monseigneur shall have cause to be satisfied." La Baume wavered from day to day. Some Genevan deputies humbly urged him to return, and he amiably answered he would *in a month*. The banished mameluke chiefs urged him to seize this opportunity for arresting and executing the leading huguenots; they added: "After that nothing will be able to disturb the holy union of Geneva with Savoy and the pope." But Pierre de la Baume shrank with alarm from such a herculean task.

Meantime the Friburg ambassadors in Geneva demanded aloud what he wished to do in secret. On the 23d May, they said to the council: "We accuse all who were in the Molard at the time of Wernli's death, including the syndic of the guard and the commander of the cavalry." It was a monstrous demand. Divided and intimidated, the council answered they "would arrest all whom Messieurs of Friburg accused." Thus the plot was in a fair way: liberty and reform had, however, a moment's respite.

Two ambassadors from Berne, Councillor Sebastian de Diesbach and Banneret John de Weingarten, arrived at Geneva, and had conferences with the men of both parties. "We have seen and heard everything," said Diesbach; "the only means of enjoying peace is to *permit every one to follow the movements of his conscience, so that no one be constrained.* Let the mass and feast days and images remain for those who like them; but let the preaching of the Gospel be granted to those who desire it . . . *Let every one abide in his own free will and choice* . . . Let the booksellers be permitted to sell publicly the Holy Scriptures and other books of piety." Thus religious as well as political liberty asserted their just and holy claims at Geneva more than three centuries ago. Switzerland and the Reform are the first in the field. The syndics replied to the Messieurs of Berne: "Stay with us to help us!" The 27th of May, 1533, deserves a mark of honor in the annals of religious liberty.

Every day the report grew stronger that the bishop had at last made up his mind to return to Geneva in obedience to the pope. Priests, mamelukes, and ducal partisans made great preparations to receive him; they believed that the hour of their triumph was at hand. The huguenots were indignant to hear that the mamelukes who deserted the city seven years ago, were to escort the bishop back, and the Council of Two Hundred ordered that these mamelukes should not be allowed to enter the city.

On Tuesday, 1st of July, the prince-bishop, attended by his chancellors, the magistrates, the banished mamelukes, and a body-guard of catholic arquebusiers from Geneva, drew near the city. The syndics and a brilliant escort met them a half league distant. Bells rang out, artillery roared, and the friends of the clergy shouted repeated *vivats*. But the hearts of the proud huguenots and the pious evangelicals were nearly broken. The intimidated syndics dared not forbid the entrance of these mamelukes into the city. At night conferences were held at the palace, among the canons and the other partisans of despotic rule.

The bishop was resolved to have recourse to force, banishment, and death, if necessary; but he designed to begin with milder measures. At his order, a grand procession of ecclesiastics was made on Thursday, 3d July; after which a general council of the people met. As soon as the assembly was formed the prelate appeared, attended by his nobles and partisans. He was determined to claim full sovereign power in Geneva, and to take it by force if it were disputed. The bailiff of Dôle delivered a flattering and flowery oration. After him the prince-bishop asked the syndics and the people whether they recognized him for their prince and lord The question was cunningly put, and as well answered by the magistrates. "Certainly, my lord," they replied; "we regard you as our prince, and are ready to obey you; *but in adopting for guide our liberties, customs and franchises, written and unwritten, which we beg you to respect, as you promised to do a long while ago*." The embarrassed bishop-prince could only say: "Have the fear of God before your eyes, and keep the commandments of holy Church."—"The general council broke up without dispute or tumult, for which God be praised."

Most of the Genevans were not ready to bend their necks to receive the yoke the bishop presented. The citizens resolved to oppose him with the antique title-deeds of their ancestors, in which were inscribed the duties, rights, and liberties of the people. They brought forth from its vaulted chamber a roll drawn up by Bishop Adhemar in 1387, containing (to use its own words) "the liberties, franchises, and immunities which the citizens of Geneva have enjoyed so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The syndics bore their old papers to Pierre de la Baume, who did not trouble himself to decipher such disagreeable documents.

The bishop now renounced all idea of reigning with mildness, and determined to govern by force. He would be rid of the leading reformers and huguenots of Geneva by the sword; then he could easily stifle the protestantism of some, and the independence of others. He counted his forces and felt sure of victory. The mamelukes urged him on. "My lord," they said, "must exercise his power against certain citizens and burgesses, and by this means extirpate and eradicate the Lutheran sect and heresy." The proscribed were selected indifferently from among the evangelicals and huguenots. One of the first pointed out was Chautemps; Aimé Levet came next, Pierre Vandel, whose father had been imprisoned twenty years before, Ami Perrin, Jean Pecolat, Claude de Geneve, Domaine D'Arlod, and others, were named. Philibert de Compey, a huguenot nobleman, now had all his lands and lordships confiscated by the count of Genevois.

To seize the proscribed was no easy matter. If each was to be captured in his own house, some would escape and others be rescued. La Baume resolved to invite them to his palace, and thus remove them from his saloons to his dungeons. The next day, July 5th, the invitations were tendered. Some trusted in his honor, and went clad in their finest suits. Others, more clear-sighted and prudent, took to flight. Chautemps and Levet thus escaped the danger; Maison-Neuve set out for Berne. full of indignation against the bishop's tyranny. Meantime Perrin, D'Arlod, Vandel, and their friends had scarcely entered my lord's antechambers, when they were seized, heavily fettered, and led away to the episcopal prison. The impetuous Perrin and the courageous Vandel had their feet set in the stocks and their hands manacled.

When the news was told the prince-prelate, it was the pleasantest tidings he had ever received. His joy was lessened by the escape of the leaders, and he took his revenge by seizing the delicate and refined Jaquéma Chautemps, wife of the brave huguenot, and imprisoning her in a narrow cell, like a conspirator. The Reformation has furnished many similar examples of conjugal devotion. Now the bishop and his confidants deliberated what should be done with their prisoners. "They durst not kill them in the city for fear of the people." It was decided to remove them by night to the strong castle of Gaillard, at the foot of the Salève, "and there do as they pleased with them."

The news that Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve had gone to Berne to demand help, put La Baume in great alarm and in a

great passion also. What a check! what danger! If the fugitive brings back the Bernese, they will undertake the defence of heresy. . . it will triumph. He ordered a swift pursuit of the fugitives, and sent an extraordinary message to the council. "My lord," said the episcopal messenger, "has decided to send his officers beyond the frontiers to take certain *criminals*. Our very reverend prince therefore requires the council to lend him some of the city officers to accompany his own and pursue the fugitives in the territory of Savoy." This was too much to ask the disgusted syndics, and they returned this evasive answer: "Pray pardon us if we cannot do it; we should be afraid that the duke, whose territories our officers would have to enter, should be angry with us for violating the treaties." This refusal threw the bishop into another passion, but later news enlivened his spirits. Aimé Levet had been seized in his flight, scourged without any form of trial, and thrown into a deep dungeon in the castle of Gaillard. From that moment, the husband's captivity assured the safety of the wife.

On the same day (6th of July) news came to the Genevans from Gaillard that Wernli's relations from Friburg, accompanied by a great number of men-at-arms, had entered the fortress, vowing they would wash their feet in the blood of the evangelicals. The council did not know what to do; the city was filled with apprehension and anguish. From many an afflicted house the cries of sorrow rose to heaven.

Meanwhile the avoyers of Friburg insisted that the Genevans arrested on the 23d May and 4th June should be brought to trial immediately. The mamelukes cried still louder for the trial of the eleven imprisoned on the 5th of July. They trusted to take advantage of the excitement to effect a revolution. The council directed the procurator-fiscal to have the accused brought before him, as the Genevan constitution required; but the fiscal answered that the bishop had cited the case before himself. Again and again did the alarmed magistrates make their humble but resolute protest to Pierre de la Baume; but the passionate, headstrong churchman only replied: "I have cited the case before me." "They built the tower of Babel," says a contemporary of these blind fanatics, "presuming, like the giants, to fight against God."

The syndics, being determined to resist the bishop and his usurpations, convened the council of Sixty on the 8th of July, to deliberate on the future, so full of threatenings to their liberties. In self-defence they had recourse to one of those measures which are almost unique in history, and exhale a perfume of antiquity. They called upon certain Nestors of liberty, who uplifted their hoary heads among three generations of their children. "Criminal causes," spake these wise men, "belong to the civil magistrate; the practice has never varied in that respect, and the bishop's claim to hear them himself is a novelty without precedent." It was resolved to send a deputation to the prince, composed of the four syndics and six of these aged citizens, who felt happy to bear, before they died, a last testimony to the liberties of their country.

Slowly the deputation made its way through the streets to the palace. The people watched them tenderly, and blessed them as they passed. Within his hall the prelate sat in pomp to receive them; around him were ranged not only his councillors, officers, and the ambassadors of Berne and Friburg, but also the relatives of the slain canon. He had cunningly paired the suppliants of Friburg against the elders of Geneva. The syndics vainly pleaded the liberties of their ancient constitution. Then one of the grave elders, speaking for all, raised his trembling hands, "and declared that such had always been the law of Geneva, and that never in the course of their long lives had they had the pain to see the prince trample it under foot." The feeble voices and calm looks of these venerable men added a strange, and one might almost say a heavenly, force to their testimony. But if liberty had never been more touching, despotism had never been more obstinate. Pierre de la Baume kept repeating: "I cannot; I have cited the case before me." The Friburg ambassadors urged the deputation to yield, but all refused. In sorrow the syndics quitted the bishop's palace, and the six elders followed them.

The deputation gave a faithful account of their mission to the council of Sixty, and the unfaithful Bernese invited the council to try if they could not "consent to this citation, which the prelate positively would not recall." This minute was unanimously made in answer: "Ordered to reply to My Lords of Berne, that we will not consent to this citation, as it is entirely contrary to our franchises, and resolved to ask them to be pleased to aid us with their advice." My Lords of Berne did not like to see their advice rejected, but as they withdrew they said that such men deserved to be free.

This new refusal exasperated the mamelukes, who desired to use Wernli's death as an instrument to destroy Genevese liberties; and they demanded the convocation of the Two Hundred. The great council met the next day, and the suppliants from Friburg called upon them for justice and vengeance upon the guilty parties. "Permit my lord bishop to cite the case before him," urged Wernli's brother. "If you refuse, you may rest assured that we may seek other means of avenging the death of our friend, and we shall drown our sorrow and anger not in the waters of justice but in blood." The Friburgers spoke as if it were a murder: they forgot

that the canon had gone fully armed to the scene of tumult and attacked the huguenots, who had only used their arms in legitimate self-defence. The avoyer of Friburg seconded these eloquent menaces. The Two Hundred saw that a war with Friburg and Savoy would follow their action; but they bravely refused to permit "a violation of the franchises, for which we and our fathers have often risked our bodies and our goods." They consented to the bishop's naming two persons to be present at the examination, but on condition that they had no deliberative voice. The Friburgers and mamelukes could not make up their minds to accept this proposition.

Neither party would agree to the demands of the other; the Friburg deputies threatened to return with an army.

While these things were going on, the huguenots and evangelicals, seized by the bishop's order, were still in prison bound hand and foot. In every house in Geneva and at the town hall people were constantly talking of them. "The prisoners," they said, "are kept in close confinement." Yet the mamelukes were vexed that so many huguenots were still at liberty, and they began to make amend for official slowness by separate acts of violence. Jean Ami Curtet, a man well disposed to the Gospel and belonging to a noble family, was stealthily set upon by disguised men in his own harvest field on the banks of the Arve, knocked down, beaten, and left for dead. Forty of his relatives and friends armed with their arquebuses recovered the poor man seriously wounded, and bearing their sad burden returned slowly into the city, their hearts bursting with anger. One of them called the innocent Friburgers: "Rascals and traitors!" Men asked each other whether the prince-bishop intended to add murder to illegal arrests: whether any huguenot might be suddenly laid dead by a masked enemy in his own field.

While these perils were accumulating on the heads of the friends of the Reformation in Geneva itself, perils not less great were gathering around the city. Armed Friburgers and Savoyards were assembling in great numbers at the castle of Gaillard, at Etrembières, around the picturesque hill of Montoux, at the village of Collonges, in the Gex district, and particularly at the Grand Saconnex, three quarters of a league from Geneva. The city was beginning to be surrounded by its enemies, and the future of Geneva was indeed threatening. A fanatical party was preparing the shroud in which it designed to bury the independence of the citizens and the Reformation of the church.

But other things were written in heaven. God was preparing both Geneva and Calvin to deliver battle together, on the result of which was to depend the triumph of the Gospel and the liberty of modern nations. And to prepare for these glorious events, the steps of the great reformer were soon to be directed, undesignedly on his part, towards that small but energetic city, unique of its kind in Europe, and of which the man of God was not then thinking.

Calvin possessed an inflexible resolution. God had said to this man as he had said of old to one of his prophets: *As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed at their looks, though they be a rebellious house.* This people had shown in terrible struggles, watered with the blood of their best citizens, an indomitable resistance to absolute power. The union of those two natures, predestined (if I may say so) for each other, could not fail to produce remarkable effects in the world. The reformer was about to concentrate in this little corner of earth a moral force which would contribute to save the Reformation in Europe, and to preserve in a few more favored spots those precious liberties to which all nations have equal rights. It was necessary in the Sixteenth century that a great man and a little people should serve as a centre to the Reformation.

While waiting for this new dawn, sorrow reigned in Geneva. The reformers were expelled, and the sword was suspended over the heads of all the friends of God's Word. Friends of the Gospel and of liberty asked with anguish if the day of great tribulation was come at last. Only a few souls, putting their trust in God, preserved some little hope. In the midst of agitated hearts and dejected faces, there were eyes which, though dimmed with tears, were raised towards heaven with a glance of hope and faith.

BOOK VI.

ENGLAND BEGINS TO CAST OFF THE PAPACY.

1529—1534.

The Nation and its Parties—Parliament and its Grievances—Reforms—Anne Boleyn's Father before the Emperor and the Pope—Discussions concerning the Divorce at Cambridge and Oxford—Henry VIII. supported in France and Italy by the Catholics, and blamed in Germany by the Protestants—Latimer at Court—The King seeks after Tyndale—The King of England recognized as Head of the Church—Separation of the King and Queen—The Bishops plunder the Clergy and persecute the Protestants—The Martyrs—The King despoils the Pope and the Clergy—Liberty of Inquiry and Preaching in the 16th Century—Henry VIII. attacks the partisans of the Pope and of the Reformation—The new Primate of all England—Queen Catherine descends from the throne, and Queen Anne Boleyn ascends it—A Reformer in Prison—A Reformer chooses rather to Lose his Life than to Save it—England Separates gradually from the Papacy—Parliament abolishes the Usurpations of the Pope in England.

ENGLAND at this time (1529) began to separate from the pope and to reform her Church. In the history of that country the fall of Wolsey divides the old times from the new.

The level of the laity was gradually rising, and the clerical level was falling, through its pride, ignorance, and corruption. France desired even when reforming her doctrine to preserve union with the papacy: the Anglo-Saxon race, jealous of their liberties, desired to form a Church at once national and independent, yet remaining faithful to the doctrines of Catholicism. Henry VIII. is the personification of that tendency, which did not disappear with him, and of which it would not be difficult to discover traces even in later days. Other elements calculated to produce a better reformation also existed. The Holy Scriptures, translated, studied, circulated, and preached since the fourteenth century by Wickliffe and his disciples, became in the sixteenth century, by the publication of Erasmus's Testament, and the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale, the powerful instrument of a real evangelical revival, and created the scriptural reformation. These evangelists were the brethren and precursors of Calvin; but it was not till the reign of Edward VI. that the works of "the greatest Christian of his age" exerted an indisputable influence over the reformation of England.

A religious reformation may be of two kinds; internal or evangelical, external or legal. England began with the spiritual reformation by students, priests, and laymen, at Oxford and Cambridge, almost at the same time as in Germany. Henry VIII. and his parliament were about to inaugurate the second. "A king impelled by his passions was its author," say some; but in truth the commons, lords, and king each played their part. Two opposing elements—the reforming liberalism of the people, and the almost absolute power of the king—combined in England to accomplish the legal reformation, agreeing to make mutual concessions. In the midst of these compromises, the little evangelical flock, which had no voice in such matters, religiously preserved the treasure entrusted to it: the Word of God, truth, liberty, and Christian virtue. From all these elements sprang the Church of England. A strange church some call it. Strange indeed, for there is none which corresponds so imperfectly in theory with the ideal of the Church, and, perhaps, none whose members work out with more power and grandeur the ends for which Christ has formed his kingdom.

Scarcely had Henry VIII. refused to go to Rome to plead his cause, when he issued writs for a new parliament, (25th September, 1529.) On the eve of separating from the pope, he felt the necessity of leaning on the people. The whole kingdom was astir, and the different parties became more distinct. Bishop Du Bellay, at that time envoy from the King of France, wrote to Montmorency: "I fancy that in this parliament the priests will have a terrible fright." The papal clergy roused themselves, and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, learned, bold, and slightly fanatical, as their leader determined to sacrifice everything for the maintenance of catholicism in England. The appointment of the energetic and papistical Sir Thomas More as chancellor, increased the hopes of the Romish party.

Opposed to this hierarchal party was the political party, in whose eyes the king's will was the supreme rule. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Sir William Fitz William, and their adherents sought for themselves in this way the power enjoyed by insatiable clerks.

Between these two parties came a third, with whom the victory was to rest. It consisted of many lowly men who believed in the Word of God, and had received spiritual liberty from it. Organized under the name of "The Society of Christian Brethren," they had a central committee in London with missionaries everywhere,

and they exercised a powerful influence over the people. Above all things else, the thirst for the Word of God, and the internal reformation accomplished in many, were the chief elements of the Reformation in England.

There was a general feeling that the country was on the eve of great changes. "Since Wolsey has fallen," said one, "we must forthwith regulate the condition of the Church and its ministers. We will seize their property." Leading members of the Commons specified the abuses they would demand to have redressed, and they prepared petitions for reform to be presented to the king. Henry VIII. tolerated this agitation because it forwarded his purposes. When Jupiter frowned, all Olympus trembled.

On the morning of the 3d of November, 1529, after hearing the mass of the Holy Ghost at Blackfriar's church, the king, lords, and commons met in parliament. Sir Thomas More, the new chancellor, explained the reason of their summoning.

Generally speaking, parliament confined itself to passing the resolutions of the government. The Great Charter until now had been little more than a dead letter; but the Reformation gave it birth. At once the Commons, in clear and strong language, petitioned the king to reform the abuses of the clerical domination. The speaker and other members speedily laid these grievances before Henry VIII. Then, at the peril of offending the king, the speaker boldly took up the defence of the pretended heretics. "If heresy be ordinarily laid unto the charge of the person accused, the said ordinaries put to them such subtle interrogatories concerning the high mysteries of our faith, as are able quickly to trap a simple unlearned layman. And if any heresy be so confessed in word, yet never committed in thought or deed, they put the said person to make his purgation. And if the party so accused deny the accusation, witnesses of little truth or credence are brought forth for the same, and deliver the party so accused to secular hands."

The king listened to the petition with his characteristic dignity, and also with a certain kindliness. He sent it to the bishops, requiring them to answer the charges brought against them. The proud ecclesiastics commissioned the prudent yet inflexible Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, to enlighten him.

"Sire," he said, "your Majesty's Commons reproach us with uncharitable behavior. . . . On the contrary, we love them with hearty affection, and have only exercised the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church upon persons infected with the pestilent poison of heresy. To have peace with such had been against the gospel of our Saviour Christ, wherein he saith, *I come not to send peace, but a sword.* Your Grace's Commons complain that the clergy daily do make laws repugnant to the statutes of your realm. We take our authority from the Scriptures of God; and we pray that your Highness will, with the assent of your people, temper your Grace's laws accordingly. They accuse us of committing to prison before conviction such as be suspected of heresy. . . . Truth it is that certain apostates, friars, monks, lewd priests, bankrupt merchants, vagabonds, and idle fellows of corrupt intent have embraced the abominable opinions lately sprung up in Germany; and by them some have been seduced in simplicity and ignorance. Against these, if judgment has been exercised according to the laws of the Church, we be without blame. They complain that two witnesses be admitted, be they never so defamed, to vex and trouble your subjects to the peril of their lives, shames, costs, and expenses. . . . To this we reply, the judge must esteem the quality of the witness; but in heresy no exception is necessary to be considered, if their tale be likely. This is the universal law of Christendom, and hath universally done good. They say that we give benefices to our nephews and kinsfolk, being in young age or infants, and that we take the profit of such benefices for the time of the minority of our said kinsfolk. If it be done to our own use and profit, it is not well; but if it be bestowed to the bringing up and use of the same parties, or applied to the maintenance of God's service, we do not see but that it may be allowed."

As for the irregular lives of the priests, the prelates remarked that they were condemned by the laws of the Church. . . . Lastly, the bishops seized the opportunity of taking the offensive: "We entreat of your Grace to repress heresy. This we beg of you, lowly upon our knees, so entirely as we can."

Such was the brief of Roman Catholicism in England. Its defence would have sufficed to condemn it.

The answer of the bishops was sharply criticised, everywhere exciting a lively indignation. "What!" said they, "the bishops accuse the most pious and active Christians of England,—men like Bilney, Fryth, Tyndale, and Latimer,—of that idleness and irregularity of which their monks and priests are continually showing us examples. We condemn their practice, and they take shelter behind their theories. 'The fault is not in the church,' they say. But it is its ministers that we accuse."

In the indignant parliament one bill followed another, irritating the priests, but filling the people with joy. They forbade the clergy to take any mortuary fee when the effects were small; they prohibited them from holding large estates, or carrying on the business of merchant, tanner, brewer, etc. At the same time plurality of benefices (some ignorant

priests holding as many as ten or twelve) was forbidden, and residence was enforced.

The clergy saw at last that they must reform. They enacted severe penalties for visiting unbecoming entertainments and disorderly houses, doubling them for adultery, and tripling them for incest. Now the laity asked whether these scandals had become criminal only because the Commons condemned them? But the bishops who reformed the lower clergy, did not intend to resign their own privileges. The Bishop of Rochester boldly resisted these measures in the House of Lords, saying: "These bills have no other object than the destruction of the Church; and, if the Church goes down, all the glory of the kingdom will fall with it. Remember what happened to the Bohemians. Like them our Commons cry out,—'Down with the Church!' Whence cometh that cry? Simply from the lack of faith. . . . My lords, save the country, save the Church."

This speech made the Commons very indignant. Thirty leading members bore their request to the king: "Be pleased to call before you the bishop who has insulted your Commons." The king graciously acquiesced, and the leading prelates appeared trembling. Fisher falsely asserted that, when speaking about "lack of faith," he had not thought of the Commons of England, but of the Bohemians only. This unbecoming evasion was a defeat of the clerical party from which they never recovered; and the king but little esteemed them. The temporal lords gradually adopted the measures of the commons, although for a time they strongly opposed those abolishing pluralism and non-residence. After this triumph, the king adjourned parliament in the middle of December.

The different reforms that had been carried through were important, but they were not the Reformation. Many abuses were corrected, but the doctrines remained unaltered. But the Reformation was not content with more decorous forms; it required a second creation. Still, parliament had taken a great stride towards the revolution that was to transform the Church. A new power had taken its place in the world; the laity had triumphed over the clergy. The joy was great throughout the kingdom, while the clergy alone, in all England, were downcast and exasperated.

Before such glorious hopes could be realized, it was necessary to emancipate Great Britain from the yoke of Romish supremacy. This was the end to which all generous minds aspired; but would the king assist them?

Henry VIII. united strength of body with strength of will. Lively, active, eager, vehement, impatient and voluptuous—whatever he was, he was with his whole soul. Profoundly selfish, he cared for himself alone. If the papal domination offended him, evangelical liberty annoyed him. He meant to remain master in his own house—the only master, and master of all. Even without the divorce, Henry would possibly have separated from Rome. Rather than endure any contradiction, this singular man put to death friends and enemies, bishops and missionaries, ministers of state, and favorites—even his wives. But passion alone did not urge him to action. He inquired sincerely whether his marriage with the widow of his brother was lawful. The question of the succession to the throne had for a century filled the country with confusion and blood. As for the parliament and people, it was the reasons of state which made them regard the divorce as just and necessary. Such was the prince whom the Reformation found King of England.

A congress was at that time sitting at Bologna, with great pomp. Charles V. attended with a magnificent suite and followed by 20,000 soldiers, and the pope met him there. Henry VIII. selected as his embassy the Earl of Wiltshire, Anne Boleyn's father; Edward Lee, afterwards Archbishop of York; Stokesley, afterwards Bishop of London. To these he added Thomas Cranmer, who had written a treatise proving that the Word of God is above all human jurisdiction, and that it forbids marriage with a brother's widow. The king desired him to maintain these propositions before the Bishop of Rome. The embassy were instructed to explain to Charles V. the serious motives which induced Henry to separate from Catherine: "If he persists in his opposition to the divorce, threaten him, but in covert terms. If the threats prove useless, tell him plainly that in accord with my friends, I will do all that I can to restore peace to my troubled conscience."

Meanwhile Charles V., more exasperated than ever against the divorce, earnestly endeavored to gain the pope. Clement VII., who was a clever yet cunning, false, and cowardly man, was irritated and troubled. What was he to do? Which way could he turn? To irritate the emperor was dangerous; to separate England from Rome would be to endure a great loss. What need was there for the King of England to send him an embassy? Had not Clement told Henry, through the Bishop of Tarbes: "I am content the marriage should take place, provided it be without my authorization." It was of no use; the pope asked him to do without the papacy, and the king would only act with it. He was more popish than the pope.

As soon as the English envoys arrived, the ambassadors of France called to pay their respects. Clement wearing his pontifical robes, and seated on the throne, surrounded by his cardinals, gave them an early audience. To show his kindly feelings he graciously presented his slipper, according to custom, to the kisses of those

proud Englishmen. The revolt was about to begin. The earl remained motionless, but a spaniel that accompanied him at once flew at the foot, and caught the pope by the great toe. "That dog was a *protestant*," said a reverend father. "Whatever he was," said an Englishman, "he taught us that a pope's foot was more meet to be bitten by dogs, than kissed by Christian men." The count regaining his seriousness, explained that Henry VIII. required him to annul as unlawful his union with Catherine of Aragon, insinuating that otherwise the king might possibly declare himself independent of Rome.

The agitated pope promised not to remove the suit to Rome, provided the king would give up the idea of reforming England. He then graciously introduced the ambassador to Charles V. The latter coldly said to the father of Anne Boleyn: "Sir count, you are not to be trusted in this matter; you are a party to it; let your colleagues speak." The emperor stated he would support his aunt in her rights, and then abruptly turned his back on the ambassador. On this occasion, the crafty Charles placed the cause of justice above the interests of his ambition.

Gramont strove to induce Clement to join Henry and Francis and abandon Charles. The pope answered: "I will do what you ask;" but he meant to do nothing. The earl presented to him Cranmer's book, proving that the pope cannot dispense any one from obeying the law of God; and the pontiff was not at all pleased with this impertinent volume. Wearied and disgusted, the earl departed with most of his colleagues, leaving Cranmer behind awaiting an interview at Rome with Clement.

At the same time that Henry sent ambassadors to Rome to obtain the pope's consent, he invited all the universities of Christendom to declare that the question of divorce was of divine right, and that the pope had nothing to say about it.

First, he selected Wolsey's old servant, Stephen Gardiner, an intelligent, wily churchman and a good catholic, with Edward Fox, the chief almoner, to canvass Cambridge. The royal commissioners held a private conference with the influential doctors at Cambridge who had resolved to go with the court; but the champions of Rome canvassed college after college as actively. On Sunday afternoon the vice chancellor called a meeting of the doctors, bachelors of divinity, and masters of art; about two hundred persons assembled. The deliberations commenced, and the question of a rupture with Rome soon led to great confusion. At dark the meeting was adjourned until next day. In order to obtain a majority, Gardiner persuaded several of his adversaries to absent themselves, and on the third vote the king triumphed. The public discussion, in which the scriptural reasons were placed before the political questions, resulted in a victory to the king's champions. On the 9th of March, the vice-chancellor delivered the opinion: "It has appeared to us as most certain, most in accord with Holy Scriptures, and most conformable to the opinions of commentators, that it is contrary to divine and natural law for a man to marry the widow of his brother dying childless." Thus the university of Cambridge declared the Scriptures to be the supreme and only rule of Christians, and the contrary decisions of Rome were held to be not binding.

It was necessary to try Oxford next. Here the opposition was stronger, and the popish party looked forward to a victory. Longland, Bishop of Lincoln and chancellor of the university, was made the chief commissioner. To him the king gave a letter most despotically demanding a decision in his favor, saying: "And in case you do not uprightly handle yourselves herein, we shall so quickly and sharply look to your unnatural misdemeanor herein, that it shall not be to your quietness and ease hereafter." This royal missive caused a great commotion in the university. All men of age, learning, and ambition declared in favor of the divorce. The younger members of the senate were enthusiastic for Catherine, the Church, and the pope. To gain time, the commissioners sanctioned three public disputations. Henry was much enraged at these delays. He ordered the high almoner Fox to repeat at Oxford the victory he had gained at Cambridge. The final vote was taken by ballot; and while 31 voted in favor of the divorce, 25 opposed it.

The prelates immediately drew up the statute in the name of the university, and sent it to the king. After this action the bishop celebrated a solemn mass of the Holy Ghost, which had not been much attended to in the business. Dr. Buckmaster conveyed the submission of Cambridge to Henry, and the king detained him for five hours in arguing with him the question: "Can the pope grant a dispensation when the law of God hath spoken."

The king did not limit himself to asking the opinions of England; he appealed to the universal teaching of the Church. First he applied to the university of Paris, but the impetuous Beda obtained an opinion adverse to Henry's wishes. Thereupon the king sent Francis I. a diamond fleur-de-lis valued at 10,000 *l.* sterling, acknowledgments for 100,000 livres due for war expenses, and a gift of 400,000 crowns for the ransom of the king's sons. These valuable arguments secured the favorable verdict of the Sorbonne, despite bitter opposition; also of the universities of Orleans, Angers, Bourges, and Toulouse. The university of Bologna in the states of the church, overjoyed Henry by declaring

his marriage, "horrible, execrable, detestable, abominable for a Christian and even for an infidel, forbidden by divine and human law under pain of the severest punishment. . . . The holy father, who can do almost everything," innocently continued the university, "has not the right to permit such a union." The universities of Padua and Ferrara gave the same verdict.

In the midst of this harmony of catholicity, the divorce found opponents among the fathers and children of the Reformation. The Swiss and German reformers having been summoned to give an opinion on this point, Luther, Œcolampadius, Zwingle, Bucer, Grynaeus and Calvin all expressed the same opinion. "Certainly," said Luther, "the king has sinned by marrying his brother's wife; that sin belongs to the past; let repentance, therefore, blot it out, as it must blot out all our past sins. But the marriage must not be dissolved; such a great sin, which is future, must not be permitted. There are thousands of marriages in the world in which sin has a part, and yet we may not dissolve them. *A man shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.* This law is superior to the other, and overrules the lesser one."

While these matters were going on, Cranmer was endeavoring to secure at Rome that conference which the pope had promised him. Clement sought to elude his entreaties by nominating him grand almoner for all the states of the King of England; but the pure-minded Cranmer did not abate his zeal. The two archbishops and many of the English nobility endeavored to secure the pope's decision for Henry. Clement was greatly puzzled how to harmonize the will of Henry VIII., who desired another wife, and that of Charles V., who insisted that he ought to keep the old one. At last he recurred to the idea of Wolsey, and said privately to Da Casale: "This is what we have hit upon, we permit his Majesty to have two wives." The infallible pontiff proposed bigamy to a king! The astonished minister replied; "Holy father, I doubt whether such a mode will satisfy his majesty, for he desires above all things to have the burden removed from his conscience." This guilty proposal led to nothing; the king, sure of the lords and of the people, advanced rapidly in the path of independence. In his alarm, Clement replied to the English address: "We desire as much as you do that the king should have male children; but, alas! we are not God to give him sons."

Henry seeing that he could not obtain what he wished from the pope, drew nearer the evangelical party in his kingdom. In the ranks of the Reformation he found intelligent, pious, bold and eloquent men, who possessed the confidence of a portion of the people. He was willing to conciliate them; provided, that if they rejected the papal jurisdiction they should recognize his own.

The first of the evangelical doctors whom Henry tried to gain, was his chaplain, the bold Latimer. This frank minister resolved to declare openly what God had taught him in Scripture. "I had rather suffer extreme punishment," he said, "than be a traitor unto the truth." He determined to make the king understand that all real reformation must begin at home; and he courageously wrote to him, saying: "As you are a mortal man, having in you the corrupt nature of Adam, so you have no less need of the merits of Christ's passion for your salvation than I and others of your subjects have . . . . Take this for a sure conclusion, that where the Word of God is truly preached there is persecution; and where quietness and rest in worldly pleasure, there is not the truth . . . . Wherefore, gracious king, remember yourself. Have pity on your soul, and think that the day is near at hand when you shall give account of your office and of the blood that hath been shed with your sword." The king does not appear to have been offended by this bold letter; for he was at times a generous as well as an absolute prince.

Latimer preached frequently before the court and in the city. Speaking before the king, he declared that the authority of Holy Scripture was above all the powers of the earth. "To God give thy soul, thy faith; . . . to the king, tribute and reverence." Firm in doctrine, Latimer was at the same time an eminently practical moralist. In his sermon one day, he thus publicly rebuked the king to his face, for keeping a number of his horses in abbeys founded for the support of the poor: "A prince ought not to prefer his horses above poor men. Abbeys were ordained for the comfort of the poor, and not for king's horses to be kept in them." The congregation were all amazed at his daring, and subsequently the lord chamberlain rebuked him. Latimer answered: "My lord, God is the grand-master of the king's house, and will take account of every one that beareth rule therein."

The priests endeavored to ruin Latimer for this censure. At a grand reception, a monk falling on his knees before the monarch said: "Sire, your new chaplain preaches sedition." Henry turned to Latimer: "What say you to that, sir?" The chaplain knelt and answered the king: "Your Grace, I put myself in your hands: appoint other doctors to preach in my place before your Majesty. There are many more worthy of the room than I am. If it be your Grace's pleasure, I could be content to be their servant, and bear their books after them. But if your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire you give me leave to discharge my conscience. Permit me to frame my teaching for my audi-

ence." Henry liked Latimer, and allowed him to retire unrebuked. His friends said with emotion: "We were convinced that you would sleep to-night in the Tower."—"*The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord*," he answered, calmly. Thus the evangelical reformers of England nobly maintained their independence in the presence of a catholic and despotic king.

Henry VIII., finding that he wanted men like Latimer to resist the pope, sought to win over others of the same stamp. He found one, whose lofty range he understood immediately. Thomas Cromwell had laid before him a book, then very eagerly read all over England, namely, *The Practice of Prelates*, by Tyndale. The king read it quite as eagerly as his subjects, and was particularly struck by one parable in which the oak representing royalty was gradually overgrown by the ivy—that is the papacy—which "overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy, and thick; and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and its branches that it choketh and stifleth them." Henry thought that this talented and zealous reformer might render excellent service towards abolishing the papacy in England He ordered Stephen Vaughan, one of his agents at Antwerp, to seek out the reformer wherever he might chance to be, and to prevail on him to return to England by the grant of a safe conduct and many gracious promises.

Vaughan sought earnestly for this most scriptural of reformers; but three months elapsed before he met him, in a lonely field outside of Antwerp. Tyndale was disgusted at the king's endless negotiations with the pope, his worldliness, his amours, his persecution of evangelical Christians, and especially the ignominious punishment lately inflicted by Sir Thomas More on his brother John*

"Cheer up," said Vaughan, "your exile, poverty, fightings, all are at an end; you can return to England."—"What matters it," said Tyndale, "if my exile finishes, so long as the Bible is banished? Has the king forgotten that God has commanded His Word to be spread throughout the world? If it continues to be forbidden to his subjects, very death were more pleasant to me than life."

Vaughan felt tempted to seize the reformer, but allowed him to depart. When Henry heard of the singular conference he was exasperated against Tyndale, who refused his invitation, mistrusted his word, and even dared to give him advice. He now thought only how he could seize him and punish him for his arrogance. He instructed Cromwell to write a wrathful letter to Vaughan, which added that, if wholesome reflection should bring Tyndale to reason, the king was "*so inclined to mercy, pity, and compassion*" that he would doubtless see him with pleasure. Vaughan again sought out the reformer, and the latter replied with emotion: "If his Majesty would condescend to permit the Holy Scriptures to circulate among the people in all their purity, as they do in the states of the emperor and in other Christian countries, I would bind myself never to write again. I would throw myself at his feet, offering my body as a sacrifice, ready to submit, if necessary, to torture and death." Tyndale disappeared again, and the name of his hiding place is unknown.

John Frŷth, the able minister from Cambridge, who was just married in Holland, was next ordered to be sought out by Vaughan. He was found to be boldly printing at Amsterdam Tyndale's answer to Sir Thomas More. Henry was forced to give him up, as he had given up his friend. The politic king and the reformers could not come to an understanding. Henry, profoundly hurt by the boldness of these evangelical men, swore that, as they would not have peace, they should have war, . . . war to the knife.

Henry VIII. desired to introduce great changes into the ecclesiastical corporation of his kingdom. Of the three estates, Clergy, Nobility, and Commons, the first was the most powerful. Henry had felt the yoke, and wished to free himself from the pope and the prelates, without throwing himself into the arms of Tyndale or of Latimer. He determined to break the chains which bound the clergy to the Romish throne, and fasten them to the crown. Henry could think of nothing but getting himself recognized as head of the Church.

This important revolution could not be accomplished by a simple act of royal authority; it was necessary to prevail upon the clergy to emancipate themselves from Rome. The sagacious and ambitious Cromwell sought to give the king the spiritual sceptre, by the aid of an old law fallen into oblivion. He represented to the king that the statutes made punishable any man who should recognize a dignity established by the pope in the English church, and that all the clergy had been guilty of recognizing the unlawful jurisdiction of the papal legate Wolsey.

On the 7th of January, 1531, Cromwell attended the convocation of Canterbury, and informed the prelates that their property and benefices were to be confiscated for the good of his majesty, because they had submitted to the unconstitutional power of the cardinal. The terrified bishops offered a magnificent sum as a ransom; but Cromwell replied: "My lords, in a petition that some of you presented to the pope not long ago, you called the king 'your soul and your head.' Come, then, expressly recognize the supremacy of the king over the Church, and his ma-

* *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*, book xx.

jesty, of his great goodness, will grant you your pardon."

The distracted clergy debated the demand for three days, and endeavored to induce the king to withdraw it; but their committee could not so much as obtain an audience. Henry had made up his mind: the priests must yield. Archbishop Warham prudently proposed, as a compromise, to insert a simple clause in the act conferring the required jurisdiction on the king; namely, *Quantum per legem Christi licet*, "so far as the law of Christ permits." The king indignantly answered: "So far as the law of Christ permits! Such a reserve would make one believe that my authority was disputable." He yielded at last, and the archbishop submitted the clause, with the amendment, to convocation. The primate asked: "Do you recognize the king as sole protector of the Church and clergy of England; and so far as is allowed by the law of Christ, also as your supreme head?" All remained speechless. "Whoever is silent seems to consent," said the primate.—"Then we are all silent," answered one of the members. Were these words inspired by courage or by cowardice? Were they an assent or a protest? We cannot say.

Convocation next gave its support to the opinion of the universities respecting the divorce, and thus Henry gained his first victory. He now permitted the clergy to give him 100,000*l.* sterling—nearly equivalent to fifteen times as much of our money. Having obtained what he desired, he condescended, in his great mercy, to pardon the clergy for their unpardonable offence of having recognized Wolsey as papal legate.

A little later an attempt was wisely thought to be necessary to limit the power of the king in religious matters. "We give not to our princes the ministry of God's Word or sacraments," says the thirty-seventh Article of Religion.

The king having obtained so important a concession from the clergy, turned to his parliament to ask a service of another kind—one in his eyes still more urgent. The Commons looked at the affair of the marriage separation from a political point of view, and gave their assent. Chancellor More instructed them: "Enlighten the people, and preserve peace in the nation, with the sentiments of loyalty due to the monarch."

When these decisions, which condemned her marriage, were laid before the queen, and she was urged to accept the arbitration of four bishops and four lay peers, she replied, sadly but firmly: "I pray you tell the king I say I am his lawful wife, and in that point I will abide until the court of Rome determine to the contrary."

The approaching divorce caused much agitation among the people. Prophecies of strolling gipsies added greatly to the confusion, and that class of people was banished from the country. Much excitement ensued from an alleged attempt of the cook of the Bishop of Rochester to poison his master's family, and Henry summarily sentenced the wretched man to be *boiled to death*. One voice in the nation was raised against the divorce. It was that of the king's favorite Reginald Pole, a nephew of the murdered Warwick, and who became primate of all England under Queen Mary. He was willing to sacrifice all the honors Henry designed for him, and boldly, but with emotion, said to the arbitrary monarch: "You must not separate from the queen."—"He put me in such a passion," afterwards, said the king, "that I nearly struck him."—Pole followed up his entreaties by a memoir to the king, in which he said: "There is only one way of safety left your Grace, and that is submission to the pope." Henry was both moved and irritated, but he forgave the daring offence.

Henry now formally separated from the queen. On the 14th of July, by a new deputation he desired her to make a choice out of several residences. Catherine calmly replied: "Wheresoever I retire, nothing can deprive me of the title which belongs to me. I shall always be his Majesty's wife." That day she removed from Windsor to the More, and from thence to Ampthill. The king never saw her again; but she became the centre of the party opposed to the emancipation of England.

Henry now felt the need of dexterous bishops to establish his new dignity. Accordingly he made Edward Lee Archbishop of York, and Stephen Gardiner Bishop of Winchester. These ambitious, servile men determined to league the king against the reformers.

The prelates deliberated how to raise the 118,000*l.* they had bound themselves to pay the king; they determined to relieve themselves of this burden, and throw it on the shoulders of the parochial clergy. Stokesley, Bishop of London, called some picked ecclesiastics to meet 1st September, 1531, in the chapter house of St. Paul's, to arrange these impositions. The priests were enraged at this discrimination, and six hundred of the most violent, accompanied by many citizens, forced their way into the room, storming and shouting. "Let the bishops and abbots pay," cried one priest; "they committed the offence, (*præmunire*,) and they have good places."—"We will pay nothing," exclaimed the crowd. At last the meeting broke up in great confusion. Sir Thomas More sent fifteen priests and five laymen to prison. Such was the unity that existed between the bishops and the priests of England at the very time the Reformation was appearing at the doors.

Not content with robbing the poor pas-

tors of their little substance, the bishops determined to deprive those they called *heretics* of their liberty and life. Henry dared not withdraw from the papal jurisdiction without the assent of the clergy. He proposed to overthrow popery, but without going so far as evangelicism; he desired to remain in catholicism. In order to prove that he was not another Luther, Henry VIII. assented to the address of the synod of Canterbury, that he should defend the Church and "crush its enemies." He gave the bishops authority to imprison and burn the reformers, and the prelates immediately began to hunt down the friends of the Gospel. First, the primate of England had dug up and burned the bones of William Tracy, a gentleman "full of good works, equally generous to the clergy and laity," who had died praying God to save his soul through the merits of Jesus Christ, but leaving no money to the priests for masses.

The first blows were aimed at the court chaplain; but Henry loved him, and Latimer was unhurt. Thomas Bilney, whose conversion had begun the Reformation in England,* and who had consented to do penance at St. Paul's Cross, had repented of his backsliding, and had gone into the Eastern counties to meet his martyrdom. Weeping over his fall, he said: "The doctrine which I once abjured is the truth. Let my example be a lesson to all who hear me." He preached at Ipswich: *The "Lamb of God taketh away the sins of the world.* If the Bishop of Rome dares say that the hood of St. Francis saves, he blasphemes the blood of the Saviour." Latimer watched his friend, and "now rejoiced that God had endued him with such strength of faith that he was ready to be burnt for Christ's sake." Bilney arrived at Greenwich, still nearer London, near the middle of July; there he was arrested by Sir Thomas More, and shut up in the Tower. In an adjoining room was confined the evangelical John Petit; and Phillips, the good undergaoler, allowed the two prisoners to converse with each other.

Bilney's trial took place at Norwich. The bitter monks gladly gave evidence against him; but Latimer in his pulpit boldly conjured the judges to decide according to justice. Bilney was condemned, and handed over to the sheriff for execution. Several of his friends visited him in his cell in the evening, as he was cheerfully eating some frugal fare. "To-morrow," said one, "the fire will make you feel its devouring fierceness; but God's Holy Spirit will cool it for your everlasting refreshing." Bilney placed his finger in the flame of the lamp, saying: "I am trying my flesh. To-morrow *God's rod shall burn my whole body in the fire.* . . . . Howsoever this stubble of my body shall be wasted by it, a pain for the time is followed by joy unspeakable." When he withdrew his finger, the first joint was consumed, and he added: "*When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt.*"

On Saturday, 19th August, Bilney was led to the low valley called the *Lollard's pit*, beyond the *Bishop's gate*, while the spectators covered the surrounding hills. Bilney knelt and prayed, kissed the stake, and said with emotion the Apostles' Creed. He took off his gown and ascended the pile, repeating the hundred and forty-third psalm. Thrice he said: "*Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified*" And then he added: "*I stretch forth my hands unto Thee: my soul thirsteth after Thee*" Several monks who had accused him, whispered to him to justify them; and he said: "Good folks, be not angry against these men for my sake; even should they be the authors of my death, *it is not they.*" The torch was applied, a strong wind thrice blew the flames aside, and at last he expired, uttering the name of Jesus. After his death men praised Bilney, and even his persecutors acknowledged his virtues.

The persecution continued. Richard Bayfield, a pious evangelist in the dungeons of the Bishop of London,—who had been fastened upright to the wall, with chains round his neck, waist, and legs,—was now tried for bringing to England a number of Tyndale's New Testaments. The bishop became incensed at his defence, and struck him so violently on the chest that he fell backward and fainted. He revived by degrees, and said, on regaining his consciousness: "I thank God that I am delivered from the wicked church of Antichrist, and am going to be a member of the true Church which reigns triumphant in heaven." He mounted the pile; the flames touching him only on one side, consumed his left arm. With his right hand Bayfield separated it from his body, and the arm fell. Shortly after this he ceased to pray, because he had ceased to live.

John Tewkesbury, a pious merchant whose limbs had been broken on the rack, had two words as his theology: CHRIST ALONE. He was now put into the stocks, bound to the *tree of truth*, which "twisted in his brows with small ropes so that the blood started out of his eyes," and was scourged and burnt alive at Smithfield, 20th December, 1531.

Thus did the real Reformation show by the blood of its martyrs that it had nothing to do with the policy, the tyranny, the intrigues, and the divorce of Henry VIII.

The duel between Henry and Clement was about to become more violent. In the space of March, April, and May, the Romish Church was to be stripped of important prerogatives, and learn that the

* *History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*, books xviii, xix, xx.

hour of its humiliation had come at last. Henry was determined above all things not to permit his cause to be tried at Rome, while Catherine appealed to the pope by a pathetic letter. Clement, much perplexed, called upon the king (25th January) to take back the queen, and to dismiss Anne Boleyn from the court. Henry spiritedly rejected the pontiff's demand, and prepared to begin the emancipation of England.

Thomas Cromwell, an intrepid hater of superstitions and abuses, and an ardent upholder of the royal supremacy, is the representative of the political reform achieved by that prince. The exactions of Rome in England were numerous; and in March, 1532, was legally abolished the papal appropriation of the first year's income of all ecclesiastical benefices, which had cost England two millions and a half sterling since the second year of Henry VII. The bishops were overjoyed that they were saved from this tax. Cromwell now had to resist these arrogant prelates, who maintained that the spiritual power was superior to the authority claimed by the crown. Henry VIII. insisted that the Church should conform to the State, and not the State to the Church. He was inexorable, and the reluctant prelates had to yield. Next Cromwell called his master's attention to the contradictory oaths which the bishops took at their consecration, both to the king and to the pope. Such contradictions could not last: the king wanted the English to be not with Rome, but with England. Very speedily the prelates declared that they renounced all orders of the pope prejudicial to his Majesty's rights. The political party were delighted, the papal party confounded.

To the last the English priests had hoped in Sir Thomas More, the bigoted yet conscientious disciple of Erasmus. The great question of the bishop's oaths warned him that he could not serve both the king and the pope. On the afternoon of the 16th of May he resigned the seals. Henry gave the seals to Sir Thomas Audley, a man well disposed towards the Gospel: this was preparing the emancipation of England. Yet the Reformation was still exposed to great danger.

Some writers seriously ascribe the Reformation of England to the divorce of Henry VIII.; yet the Church would have stood still had it not been for the Word of God, and the labors of such men as Bilney, Latimer, and Tyndale. At this time there were men in England in whose hearts God had kindled a holy flame, and who were to become the most important instruments of its moral transformation.

About the end of 1531, a young minister, John Nicholson, surnamed Lambert, was seized on his return from Antwerp, and thrust into a miserable hole near Lambeth, where he was almost without food. At last this ardent upholder of evangelical doctrines and of the freedom of inquiry, was brought before the archbishop, and called upon to reply to forty-five different articles. "Images are sufficient," said Warham, "to keep Christ and His saints in our remembrance." But Lambert exclaimed: "What have we to do with senseless stones or wood carved by the hand of man? That Word which came from the breast of Christ Himself showeth us perfectly His blessed will. . . . A great multitude through all regions and realms of Christendom think in likewise as I have showed." More having resigned his seals and Warham soon dying, this herald of liberty and truth saw his chains fall off; but he was one day to die by fire, exclaiming: "Nothing but Jesus Christ."

There was a minister of the Word in London who exasperated the friends of Rome more than all the rest; this man was Latimer. The dissolute priests and courtiers of Henry's court could not endure his freedom of preaching, his biting wit, his extreme frankness. The death of Bilney and of the other martyrs had wounded him deeply and he lashed the persecuting prelates with his sarcasms. This ironical language cost Latimer dear; everybody about him condemned him, and embittered his life. The court became more intolerable to him every day; he turned his back on the episcopal crozier which, it was believed, Cromwell designed for him, and withdrew to his living of West Kingston, in the diocese of Salisbury. In his own parish and in those adjoining, his diligence was so great, his preaching so mighty, that his hearers must either believe the doctrine he preached or rise against it. He was here confronted by Hubberdin, the Don Quixote of Roman-catholicism, an old doctor, covered with a long gown "all bedirted like a slobber," who wandered over the kingdom extolling the pope at the expense of Jesus Christ. The latter danced, hopped, leaped about, and amused his hearers with fabulous stories. Finally, to shut the mouth of the eloquent chaplain, he denounced him. A writ from the Bishop of London speedily summoned Latimer to trial. Although he was then suffering from the stone, with pains in the head and bowels, he set off for London in the dead of winter, despite the entreaties of his friends.

On the 29th of January, 1532, Latimer appeared before a court under the presidency of Primate Warham, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was ordered to sign a paper of sixteen articles, on the belief in purgatory, the invocation of saints, the merit of pilgrimages, and other such topics. He refused to sign this, and the same scene was repeated three times in one week. One day he noticed the fireplace was concealed by tapestry, and to use his own quaint words: "I heard a pen walking in the chimney behind the cloth."—"Ho! ho!" thought he, "they have hidden

some one behind there to take down my answers." He replied cautiously to captious questions, much to the embarrassment of his judges. The archbishop strove to win him over by marks of esteem and affection; but Latimer was deaf to all such persuasion. The charge was transferred to the Convocation of Canterbury, and on the 15th of March, 1532, he was summoned by the archbishop to sign fifteen articles. Although Latimer knew that a negative would probably consign him to the stake, he still answered three times: "I refuse absolutely."—"Heretic! obstinate heretic!" exclaimed the bishops. The sentence of excommunication was pronounced, and Latimer was taken to the Lollard's Tower.

Great was the agitation, both in city and court. The bishops hesitated; for the rule of the papacy was coming to an end in England, and Latimer was the king's chaplain. One dexterously said: "We must obtain something from him, be it ever so little, and then report everywhere that he has recanted." But Latimer would acknowledge no purgatory, no virtue in the mass, no prayers to the saints, no power of the keys, no meritorious works! He would only, with Luther, permit the crucifix and images of saints to be used for remembrances, and not for invocations; he also agreed that fast days should be made realities. After a long discussion in Convocation, on the 10th of April the Church withdrew the condemnation it had already pronounced.

The vital principle of the Reformation of Henry VIII., was its opposition both to Rome and the Gospel. He did not hesitate, like many, between these two doctrines; he punished alike, by exile or by fire, the disciples of the Vatican and those of Holy Scriptures.

The king had lodged Anne Boleyn in the palace at Greenwich in royal state; but he respected her person. The catholic party were much irritated at this want of delicacy and principle in the king's conduct. The monks of St. Francis who officiated in the royal chapel, many of whom were of a fanatical character, took every opportunity of asserting their attachment to Catherine and to the pope. Several of them declared in their sermons that the new marriage was unlawful. Anne and the king strove in vain to win them over to their side.

At this time several Christian assemblies met in London, in garrets, in warehouses, schools and shops, to read the Bible and receive spiritual grace from God. Among its frequenters was James Bainham, a distinguished lawyer: "He was an earnest reader of Scripture, and mightily addicted to prayer." Sir Thomas More had him arrested, whipped, and put to the rack: his limbs were dislocated, and he went lame out of the torture chamber. The Bishop of London endeavored to make him sign an abjuration of his faith; but he replied: "No, these articles are not heretical and I cannot retract them." Five days after he yielded, saying: "I reserve the doctrines." He was fined, made to do penance, and then liberated. His brethren did not reproach him, but his conscience troubled him by day and night. One day he arose weeping in St. Austin's church, and said to the congregation: "I have denied the truth . . . Oh, my friends, rather die than sin as I have done. The fires of hell have consumed me, and I would not feel them again for all the gold and glory of the world." Bainham was at once seized, put in irons, scourged every day for a fortnight, and at last condemned as a relapsed heretic. Latimer visited him on the eve of execution, and he said: "I am condemned for trusting in Scripture, and rejecting purgatory, masses and meritorious works."

On the 30th of April, 1532, Bainham was taken to the scaffold. After a prayer, he embraced the stake. As the flame approached him he said to the town clerk: "God forgive thee! The Lord forgive Sir Thomas More . . . Pray for me all good people!" When his arms and legs were consumed, he exclaimed: "Behold! you look for miracles, you may see one here; for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were on a bed of roses." Pave, the clerk, who had treated Bainham harshly, suffered great remorse and hung himself within a year. The death of the martyrs truly gave life to many earnest souls.

Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, a skilful politician and a dexterous courtier, who had protested in the presence of notaries against the reformatory proceedings of the Commons, and who was called by the people "the second pope," was removed from his see by death. The king hesitated as to his successor between Fisher, who was devoted to the pope, Gardiner, a catholic favorable to the divorce, Cranmer, a moderate evangelical attached to the king, and Latimer, a decided Reformer. The king did not favor either extreme.

Cranmer had returned from Rome to England, and had then visited Nuremburg on a mission from the king, in the autumn of 1531. He there became very intimate with the pious and eloquent Osiander, and the German divine soon taught him to place the real presence of Christ not in the wafer of the sacrament, but in the heart of the believer. "It is better," said Osiander, "for a minister to have his own wife than to have other men's wives, like the priests." Cranmer had lost his wife at Cambridge, and charmed with a niece of Osiander's wife, he asked her hand and married her. His mission was to form an alliance with the electoral prince of Saxony. "First of all," answered the pious John Frederick,

"the two kings (of France and England) must be in harmony with us as to the articles of faith." The alliance failed, but Granvelle talked with Cranmer about securing the help of Henry for the Emperor against Solyman. Just as the difficulty of the divorce was thus about to be averted by this alliance, Cranmer received orders to return to London. The reformer was greatly moved at hearing that he was to be appointed Primate of all England. He was terrified at the exalted position opened to him. "My conscience," he said, "rebels against this call. Wretch that I am! I see nothing but troubles and conflicts and insurmountable dangers in my path." He sought to gain delay, and sent answer that important affairs prevented his return. Charles had appointed a meeting with the pope, and Henry's ambassador followed him to neutralize the fatal consequences of this interview. Several months passed away, but Charles V. prevailed at last. Then came that famous interview between the kings of France and England at Calais and Bologne. Some believed that Henry married Anne Boleyn at that time; the point is disputed, and the marriage was certainly not made public. He lost no time, however, in summoning the future Primate to England.

As soon as Cranmer arrived in London, Henry told him that he had nominated him Archbishop of Canterbury. Cranmer objected, but the king would take no refusal; and it was no slight matter to contend with Henry VIII. Cranmer sought to gain time; but Henry vexed at these delays, bade him speak without fear. "If I accept this office," replied that sincere man, "I must receive it from the hands of the pope, and this my conscience will not permit me to do . . . Neither the pope nor any other foreign prince has authority in this realm." Such a reason as this had great weight with Henry; and it was decided that some deputy should be sent to Rome, to do in his stead all that the law required. "Let another do it if he likes," said Cranmer, "but at the risk of his soul." Henry VIII, who was less advanced in practice than in theory, all the same demanded of Clement VII. the bulls necessary for the inauguration of the new Archbishop. The pontiff hastily dispatched them to Cranmer, but the latter returned them to the king.

Cranmer meant to break with the order of the Middle Ages, and re-establish, so far as was in his power, that of the Gospel. But he would not conceal his intentions; all must be done in the light of day. On the 30th of March, 1533, he publicly protested: . . . "I will not bind myself by oath to anything contrary to the law of God, the rights of the King of England, and the laws of the realm; and I will not be bound in ought that concerns liberty of speech, the government of the Church of England, and the reformation of all things that may seem to be necessary to be reformed therein." Three times was this protest read to the congregation, and the oath of office was only taken with this reservation. Cranmer's triple protest was an act of Christian decision; but he ought not to have made oath to the pope.

By the Reformation, England belongs not to the papistical system of episcopacy, but to the evangelical system. A public act which would bring back that Church to her holy origin, would be a source of great prosperity to her.

Cranmer was on the archi-episcopal throne: if Anne Boleyn were now to take her seat on the royal throne by the side of Henry, it was the pope's opinion that everything would be lost. "Rather than do what his majesty asks," he said to one of the English envoys, "I would prefer granting him the necessary dispensation to have two wives: that would be a smaller scandal." Again, for the third time, the king refused a remedy that was worse than the disease. The pope wished at any price to prevent Rome from losing England; and to try to gain over Charles V. not to oppose the divorce, he undertook a journey to Bologne in the worst season of the year. He reached it sick, and worn out with fatigue. He proposed a truce of three or four years, in order to convoke a general council. Henry VIII, convinced that the pope was trifling with him, determined that Anne Boleyn should be his wife and queen of England also. It was now that, according to a second hypothesis, the marriage took place. From that hour, the cordial feeling between Henry and Francis gradually decreased. Just at the time when Anne Boleyn was about to reign in the palaces of Whitehall and Windsor, Catherine de Medicis was entering those of St. Germain and Fontainebleau. England was advancing towards liberty, and France towards the dragonnades.

A brief of Clement VII. was posted in February on the doors of all the churches in Flanders, and as near England as possible, exhorting Henry to receive Queen Catherine in place of Anne, under pain of excommunication. Henry sent a copy of the document to his agent at Rome; the latter presented it to the pope, who was "ashamed and in great perplexity." Especially was he grieved at having included Queen Anne Boleyn in the censure without giving her previous warning, which (the cardinals said) was contrary to all the commandments of God.

While the pope was hesitating, England firmly pursued her emancipation. It was decided in parliament that no further appeals should be made to Rome; and by a large majority it was decided that Pope Julius II. had exceeded his authority in giving Henry a dispensation, and that the marriage was consequently null from the very first. On the 11th of April, Cranmer

as archbishop wrote a letter to the king in which, desiring to fill the office of Archbishop of Canterbury, "according to the laws of God and the Holy Church," he prayed his majesty's favor for that office. Henry was alarmed at the words "according to the laws of God and the Holy Church." He intended to be master of everything in his own kin dom; and he required Cranmer to modify his letter by omitting those offensive words. In granting the license, Henry said: "Ye, therefore, duly recognizing that it becometh you not, being our subject, to enterprise any part of your said office *without our license obtained so to do* . . . we will not refuse your humble request."

Cranmer having received the royal license, at once formed, with the bishops of Lincoln and Winchester and some lawyers, an ecclesiastical court at the priory of Dunstable, five miles from Queen Catherine's residence.

Henry and Catherine were summoned to appear before it on the 10th of May. The king was present by attorney; but the queen replied: "My cause is before the pope; I accept no other judge." The trial went on in her absence, and every night the anxious king was informed of its proceedings. On the 23d of May, formal announcement was made in the church of the priory of the final judgment of divorce, and the act was immediately sent to the king. On the 28th of May, an archi-episcopal court held at Lambeth officially declared that Henry and Anne had been lawfully wedded.

The king now resolved to seal his union by the pomp of a coronation On the afternoon of Thursday before Whitsuntide, a magnificent procession of one hundred and fifty richly adorned barges escorted Anne Boleyn to the tower. Henry met her at the gate, kissed her, and led her in triumph into that vast fortress—from which she was to issue an innocent victim three years later, condemned by his order to the scaffold. The king and queen passed the whole of Friday in the tower. On Saturday Anne left it for Westminster. The next day the coronation was held in the ancient abbey of Westminster, and the archbishop placed the crown of St. Edward on her head. Anne did not find in her marriage with Henry the happiness that she dreamed. She took advantage of her power to assist those devoted to the Gospel, and secured the pardon of John Lambert.

The king communicated his divorce and marriage to the various crowned heads of Europe, and to the pope. The latter, on the 11th of July, annulled the sentence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, declared the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn unlawful, and threatened to excommunicate both unless they separated before the end of September. Henry angrily commanded his theologians to demonstrate that the bull was a nullity, and recalled his ambassador, the Duke of Norfolk. Yet, with much inconsistency, he still prayed the pope to declare the nullity of his marriage with Catherine.

One of the leading scholars of England was about to seal the testimony of his faith with blood.

John Fryth, a sincere, decided, and yet moderate Christian, preached the Gospel with great purity and love. This man of thirty seemed destined to become one of the most influential reformers of England. He was gentle and amiable; controversies between Protestants distressed him. A true catholicism which embraced all Christians, was Fryth's distinctive feature as a reformer. Having declined the brilliant offers of the king, Fryth joined Tyndale in translating and publishing the Holy Scriptures in English. In August, 1532, he returned to London in poverty, and directed his course to Reading. His strange look and garb led to his arrest as a vagabond; but the master of the grammar school secured the release of this learned scholar from this profound wretchedness. Fryth returned to London, and joined the meeting of worshippers in Bow lane. One of his listeners begged him to write for him an explanation of the doctrine of the Lord's supper; Fryth yielded with doubt to this request. A false brother named William Holt made a copy of this writing and carried it to Sir Thomas More, who was still chancellor. The latter ordered search to be made for Fryth by sea and by land. The reformer had quitted London, but was seized in October, 1532, in Essex, as he was about to embark for the continent More was delighted that he had caught the chief of these disciples of Satan, who were distributing the Scriptures free of cost everywhere, and he hoped to put him to death by fire.

More had written against Fryth's treatise on the Lord's supper; but he was so ashamed of the apology that he tried to suppress it. Before he died, Fryth desired to save, if it were God's will, one of his adversaries—Rastell, More's brother-in-law. He wrote by stealth the *Bulwark;* for his keepers would not willingly allow him to have pen, ink, or paper. Many a time a sudden alarm drove his thoughts out of his mind, and forced him to hide his materials. At length he completed the treatise and sent it to Rastell; from that hour this choice spirit was gained over to the Gospel of Christ. This conversion made a great sensation, and Fryth's visitors daily increased. Always indefatigable, he began to write; first, the *Looking-glass of Self-knowledge*, and next a *Letter to the faithful Followers of the Gospel of Christ.*

At the marriage of Anne Boleyn, Fryth saw his chains fall off: he was allowed to have all he asked for, and even permitted to leave the tower at night on parole. He visited the friends of the Gospel, and

eagerly conversed with Petit, that firm member of Parliament who had been at last liberated from prison. "God himself," said Fryth, "gave me this liberty by touching their hearts." Fryth did not conceal from Petit the conviction he felt that he would be called upon to die for the Gospel. His friends in imagination saw him at liberty. But it was not to be so. Most of the evangelical men in the reign of Henry VIII. were called upon to lay down their lives for the truth.

The second period of Fryth's captivity, that which was to terminate in martyrdom, was beginning. Fryth had on his side the queen, Cromwell, and Cranmer; but the bishops induced Dr. Curwin, the king's chaplain, to denounce him in his sermon, for denying the material presence of Christ in the host. The blow took effect; the scholastic prejudices of the king were revived, and he ordered the immediate trial of the reformer. He nominated the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London and Winchester, the lord chancellor, the duke of Suffolk, and the earl of Wiltshire, to examine him. Henry's order plunged Cranmer into the cruelest anxiety; but he resolved to do everything in his power to save Fryth.

Tyndale wrote to his friend: "Dearly beloved, fear not men that threat, nor trust men that speak fair. Your cause is Christ's Gospel, a light that must be fed with the blood of faith." In this letter of a martyr to a martyr, there was one sentence honorable to a Christian woman: "Your wife is well content with the will of God, and would not for her sake have the glory of God hindered." Fryth's friends in the little church of London had recourse to prayer. Archbishop Cranmer resolved to try and save Fryth; he loved the man, and admired his piety. He stated that he wished to have a conference with the prisoner and endeavor to convince him; under the pretext of fearing a riot, he settled that this meeting should be held at his palace at Croydon. Cranmer had another motive.

The archbishop selected a benevolent and evangelical gentleman of his household, and giving him one of the porters of Lambeth palace as a companion, Cranmer committed Fryth to his care to bring him to Croydon. They were to take the prisoner a journey of four or five hours on foot through fields and woods, without any constable or soldiers. A strange walk and a strange escort. Lord Fitzwilliams, governor of the tower, who was then severely ill, reluctantly surrendered the heretic to his escort. The gentleman being charged to begin by trying to induce Fryth to make some compromise, kindly told him that he had earnest friends. "If you will be somewhat advised by their counsel, they will never permit you to be harmed: but if you stand stiff to your opinion, it is not possible to save your life; for as you have good friends, so have you mortal enemies."—"If I am fairly tried," said Fryth, "I shall have nothing to fear."—"Marry!" quoth the gentleman: "If you be fairly tried, you would be safe; but that is what I very much doubt. Our Master, Christ was not fairly tried, nor would He be, as I think, if He were now present again in the world." Fryth answered: "All things considered, my death will be better unto me and all mine than life in continual bondage."

The travellers now stopped for refreshments at Lambeth, and then started on foot for Croydon, twelve miles from London. The country was then thinly inhabited; the woods that covered it on the east and the chalky hills might serve as a hiding place for the fugitive. The prisoner's escort both agreed to permit Fryth to escape to the woods on the left, whence he might easily get into Kent; and after he had secured several hours start, to raise an outcry and scour the woods on the right hand. The gentleman described his plan, and Fryth amiably said: "This, then, is the result of your long consultation together. You have wasted your time. If you were both to leave me here and go to Croydon, declaring to the bishops you had lost me, I should follow after as fast as I could, and bring them news that I had found and brought Fryth again. . . If I should now run away, I should run from my God. If I should fly, I should fly from the testimony I am bound to bear to His Holy Word, and I should deserve a thousand hells." Those who desired to save Fryth had not counted upon so much integrity. Such were, however, the martyrs of Protestantism.

The next morning the reformer appeared before his examiners. They undertook to convince him of the truth of transubstantiation; but he eloquently defended the doctrine of the spiritual eating. Cranmer desired to save him, and had four private conferences with him; but he was compelled to transfer him to the Bishop of London. He was at once condemned. On the 4th of July, Fryth and Andrew Hewet, a young mechanic of twenty-four who shared his evangelical opinions, were taken to Smithfield. They were fastened to the post back to back, and the torch was applied. A sweet light shone on Fryth's face, and he was heard beseeching the Lord to pardon his enemies. Hewet died first, and Fryth thanked God that the sufferings of his young brother were over. Committing his soul into the Lord's hands, he expired. "Truly," exclaimed many, "great are the victories Christ gains in his saints."

When Fryth mounted the scaffold, Anne Boleyn had been seated a month upon the throne of England. Charles V. was exasperated; he immediately pressed the pope to intervene, and on the 12th of May Clement cited the king to appear at Rome.

Henry made answer: "Having the justice of our cause for us, with the entire consent of our nobility, commons and subjects, we do not care what the pope may do." Accordingly, he appealed from the pope to a general council. The pope was now more embarrassed than ever; he excommunicated the king, but suspended the effects of his sentence until the end of September. "I hope," said Henry contemptuously, "that before then the pope will understand his folly."

The King of England, who had already against him the Netherlands, the Empire, Rome and Spain, now saw France attaching itself to the papacy. He was isolated in Europe. Agitated and indignant, he resolved to turn to the friends of that very Luther whom he had so disdainfully treated. Stephen Vaughan was sent as an ambassador to Saxony; but the Elector of Saxony turned his back on the powerful King of England. He was unworthy, he said, to have at his court ambassadors from his royal majesty; and besides, the emperor, who was his only master, might be displeased. A strange lot was that of the King of England! The pope excommunicating him, and the heretics desiring to have nothing to do with him.

Yet at this moment the king's joy was at its height, in the hope of possessing that heir for whom he had longed so many years. He ordered an official letter to be prepared announcing the birth of a prince. On the 7th of September, Anne gave birth to a daughter. Henry bore his disappointment cheerfully. He ordered the Queen's secretary to add an *s* to the word *prince*, and despatched the circular without further change. The christening was celebrated with great pomp; the child was named Elizabeth, and as the Princess of Wales she was declared his successor. Francis I., hoping to keep England united to Rome, prevailed upon Henry to send two English agents (Gardiner and Bryan) to attend his conference with Clement at Marseilles. You will keep your eyes open," said Henry VIII. to them; "and lend an attentive ear; but you will keep your mouth shut."

Francis I. was much displeased at these instructions, and intimated that he would be pleased to see "better instruments." Henry did send another, but he chose one sharper still. Edward Bonner, arch-deacon of Leicester, was a clever, but ambitious, coarse and rude man; he was firmly resolved to give Henry a proof of his zeal. Gardiner was humiliated at Bonner's arrival; but the neglect of Clement to appoint an English prelate cardinal, overcame his opposition to the new messenger. Bonner bore the appeal of the king from the sentence of the pope; and fearing that he would be resisted in its delivery, the Englishman forced his way into the pontifical palace, and entered a hall through which the pope must pass on his way to the consistory. His holiness soon noticed the intruder, and Bonner, acting without much ceremony, greatly surprised him by the presentation of the appeal. The pope desired him to return in the afternoon, and an audience was then granted him in the pope's closet, at which several attendants were present. Clement exclaimed: "I am greatly surprised that his majesty should behave as he does towards me." The intrepid Bonner replied: "His majesty is not less surprised that your holiness, who has received so many services from him, repays him with ingratitude." Clement started but restrained himself, and ordered the appeal to be read. He soon interrupted it by exclaiming: "To speak of a general council! Oh, good Lord!" The pope was convulsed with anger, and Bonner took pleasure in offending him. He boldly repeated the protest, and delivered the king's "provocation" to the pope. "Ha!" vehemently said Clement; "his majesty affects much respect for the Church, but does not show the least to me."

At this moment the King of France was announced, and treated his holiness with distinguished consideration. The envoys withdrew; then began a conversation which possibly decided the separation between England and France. Clement promised Francis the Duchy of Milan in return for obedience to the decrees of the papacy. The King assented and they laughed merrily together.

On the 10th of November, Clement returned answer to Bonner: "A constitution of Pope Pius, my predecessor, condemns all appeals to a general council. I therefore reject his Majesty's appeal as unlawful." Bonner, hurt at the little respect paid to his sovereign, bluntly informed the pope that the Archbishop of Canterbury—that Cranmer—desired also to appeal to a council. This was going too far: Clement restrained himself no longer, rose, and approaching Henry's envoy, said to him: "If you do not leave the room instantly, I will have you thrown into a caldron of molten lead."—"Truly," remarked Bonner, "if the pope is a shepherd, he is, as the king my master says, a violent and cruel shepherd." And not caring to take a leaden bath, he departed for Lyons.

At Marseilles England and France separated, the first withdrew from the pope, the latter drew nearer to him.

While the papacy was intriguing with France and the empire, England was energetically working at the utter abolition of the Roman authority. "One loud cry must be raised in England against the papacy," said Cromwell to the council. Henry also sent ambassadors to Poland. Hungary, Saxony, Bavaria, Pomerania, Prussia, Hesse, and other German states, to declare that he was "utterly determined to reduce the pope's power to the just and lawful bounds of his mediocrity." He further sent word to Francis I.: "We

shall shortly be able to give unto the pope such a buffet as he never had before." All this was serious news to the poor pontiff, and Clement sent answer that he would agree to call a general council. "It is no longer necessary," Henry answered coldly. In his opinion, the Church of England was sufficient of herself, and could do without the Church of Rome.

The King of France growing alarmed, immediately resumed his part of mediator. Du Bellay eloquently defended Henry's cause at Rome, and said: "Make your choice. All that the king desires is peace with Rome; all that the commonalty demands is war. With whom will you go—with your enemies, or with your friends?" The court of Rome determined to despatch to London the papers necessary to reconcile Henry; but the opposition of the Imperialists prevented this action.

In England, the parliament which met in January, 1534, gave a death-blow to the supremacy of the pope. They enacted that, the authority of the Bishop of Rome being opposed to Holy Scripture and the laws of the realm, the words and acts that were contrary to the decisions of the pontiff could not be regarded as heresies. Thomas Philips, who had been in prison three years under a charge of heresy, was set at liberty. The Commons restored to England the rights of which Rome had despoiled her in reference to appeals and the election of bishops. Parliament forbade everybody, even the king himself, to apply to Rome for any dispensation or delegation whatsoever, and formally ratified the marriage between Henry and Anne. At the same time, they deprived two Italians of the sees of Salisbury and Worcester. "We do not separate from the Christian Church," declared the Commons; "but merely from the usurped authority of the Pope of Rome; and we preserve the catholic faith, *as it is set forth in the Holy Scriptures.*" All these reforms were effected with great unanimity.

The term of grace fixed by Clement VII. having elapsed, he summoned the consistory on Monday, March 23d. Du Bellay pleaded for further delay, but without success. Nineteen out of twenty-two cardinals voted against Henry VIII.; the remaining three only asked for further inquiry. Clement could not conceal his surprise and annoyance at the decision; but he gave way. The unhappy pope read, with the voice of a criminal rather than of a judge, this sentence: "Having invoked the name of Christ, and sitting on the throne of justice, we decree that the marriage between Catherine of Aragon and Henry, King of England, was and is valid and canonical; that the said King Henry is bound to cohabit with the said queen; to pay her royal honors; and that he must be constrained to discharge these duties." Then he turned to the envoys of Charles V. and said: "I have done my duty; it is now for the emperor to do his, and to carry the sentence into execution."—"The emperor will not hold back," answered the ambassadors. But the thing was not so easily done as said.

Thus the great affair was ended; the King of England was condemned. Clement was greatly troubled, and said: "What must be done! England is lost to us. Oh, how can I avert the king's anger?" The thought that under his pontificate Rome lost England made him shudder, and sorrow soon brought him to the tomb. And throughout England, even despite Henry VIII., a pure doctrine, similar to that of the apostolic times, was establishing in that island a true Christianity—a vast evangelical propaganda which should plant the standard of God's Word even at the ends of the world.

BOOK VII.

MOVEMENTS OF THE REFORMATION AT GENEVA, IN FRANCE, GERMANY, AND ITALY.

1533—1536.

The Bishop Escapes from Geneva Never to Return—Two Reformers and a Dominican in Geneva—Farel, Maison-Neuve, and Furbity in Geneva—The Tournament—The Plot—A Final Effort of Roman-Catholicism—Farel preaches in the Grand Auditory of the Convent at Rive—A Bold Protestant at Lyons—Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve Before the Inquisitorial Court of Lyons—The Two Worships in Geneva—Boldness of Two Huguenots in Prison and Before the Court of Lyons—Sentence of Death—Night of Thirty-first of July at Geneva—A Heroic Resolution and a Happy Deliverance—The Suburbs of Geneva are Demolished, and the Adversaries Make Ready—The King of France Invites Melancthon to Restore Unity and Truth—Will the Attempt to Establish Unity and Truth Succeed?—The Gospel in the North of Italy—The Gospel in the Centre of Italy—The Gospel at Naples and at Rome.

We have seen the Reformation advancing in the bosom of a great nation; we shall now see it making progress in one of the smallest. We have not forgotten Wittemberg; we shall not forget Geneva. Calvin and his school did more than the Tudors, the Stuarts, and their divines, to check the reaction of the papacy and secure the triumph of true Christianity.

On the 1st of July, 1533, the Bishop of Geneva had returned to his city with the aid of the priests, the catholics, the Friburgers, and the mamelukes, with the intention of "burying that sect," as he called the Reformation. But by his oppressions, instead of crushing reform and liberty, he lost his rights as a prince, his privileges as a bishop, taxes, revenue, priests, monks, mitres, images, altars, and all the religion of the Roman pontiffs. If the bishop was uneasy, the people were uneasy likewise. An evangelical, named Curtet, had just been murdered. Many huguenots thought it strange that while their adversaries struck down a man—a real image of God—they must respect images, made of wood, canvas, or stone. On the 12th of July, 1533, several "Lutherans" carried away an image of the Virgin, broke it to pieces and burnt it. The bishop was alarmed, and resolved to put the imprisoned huguenots beyond the reach of rescue. Hearing a report of his intention, the people turned out in force and guarded the approaches to the lake. Pierre Verne cut the mooring ropes of the boats, as well as the cords to which the oars were lashed, so that they were made unserviceable.

The huguenots needed a leader; they were to find him in Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve. His Lutheranism was of old date. As early as 1523, he said: "God did not ordain Lent. It is mere folly to confess to priests; for they cannot absolve you. It is an abuse to go to mass. All the religious orders, mendicants and others, are nonsense . . . . When I die, I will have no preaching at my funeral, and no bells tolled; I will be buried wherever I choose." On this 12th day of July, he bade fifty of his resolute friends take each an iron tipped staff and place five matches at the end. When night had come, he led his band through the bishop's palace into the prince's apartment, with the lighted staffs in their left hands and their swords in their right. Baudichon called upon the terrified bishop to surrender his prisoners to their lawful judges. Pierre de la Baume, imagining his last hour had come, gave the required order. The prisoners were released, and peace was restored.

The bishop passed a very agitated night; and when the daylight of the Sunday had come, he said to his servants: "I shall leave the city." Canons and syndics urged him to stay, but he begged to have six-score of arquebusiers to protect his departure next morning. In their perplexity, the syndics assembled the council, to urge the prelate to remain; but La Baume resolved to be away at the peep of day. Two spectres dismayed the bishop—the Gospel and liberty! he saw no means of escaping them but flight. He even refused to appoint a vicar, a judge of appeal, to act during his absence. He only thought how to escape from the turbulent city. At daylight he quitted his palace through an underground vault, and fled from the city through a secret postern. "He retired to the Tower of May," says the chronicle, "and never returned again."

Maison-Neuve had succeeded beyond his expectations. Papists were sorrowful, but all evangelicals rejoiced. The pope blamed the bishop for cowardly abandoning his church. On the 14th of July, 1533, fell in Geneva that hybrid power which claims to hold two swords in its hand. Other bishop-princes have since fallen, and that of Rome totters on his throne.

The bishop had fallen from his throne, and with him had expired a despotism which had usurped the liberties of the people. The lawful magistrates now re-

sumed the reins of government, and inquired into the cases of the late arrests of citizens. Their innocence was proved, and they were released; but Pierre l'Hoste was condemned as the assassin of Wernli, and beheaded. On the 4th of September, Aimé Levet was freed.

Anthony Froment and Alexander Canus, called also Dumoulin, two earnest evangellists, were now invited to Geneva, and they fervently preached the Word in private houses, on each side of the Rhone. The bishop forbade these services by episcopal letters; but the council answered: "*Preach the Gospel, and say nothing which cannot be proved by Holy Scripture.*" The reformed saw in these words a decree which made evangelical Christianity a lawful religion in Geneva, and they flocked to the meetings at the house of Maison-Neuve with great joy. On the 30th of November, the Great Council received episcopal letters-patent, in which the bishop said: "We command that no one in our city of Geneva preach, expound, or cause to be preached or expounded, secretly or publicly, or in any manner whatsoever, the *holy page*, the *holy Gospel*, unless he have received our express permission, under pain of perpetual excommunication and a fine of one hundred livres." All evangelicals were indignant at this prohibition, and the better catholics hung their heads. Even the indifferent now began to read the Scriptures, and evangelical books were distributed in abundance.

The catholic leaders now sought a champion. They called to Geneva a Dominican doctor of the Sorbonne, "a great theologian, and a sworn enemy of the Reformation." His sermons in the cathedral were continued declamations, full of pompous praises extolling the papacy, and of invectives against the preachers. "All who read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue," he said one day, "are gluttons, drunkards, debauchees, blasphemers, thieves, and murderers. . . . A priest who consecrates the elements of the Sacrament, is above the Holy Virgin; for she only gave life to Jesus Christ once, whereas the priest creates him every day, as often as he likes." He challenged the "wretched Lutherans" to answer him, whereupon Froment rose and said: "Sirs, I offer my life—yea, I am ready to go to the stake if I do not show, by Holy Scripture, that what Dr. Furbity has just said is false, and the language of Anti-Christ." He then adduced scriptural authorities, which the Dominican dared not refute.

The canons and their friends, finding their oracle was dumb, drew their swords against Froment, and exclaimed: "Kill him—kill the Lutheran. Ah! the wretch! he has dared to take our good father to task." Some called out to *burn* the evangelist, others to *drown* him; but the Christians rallied about him, and Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve cried out: "I will kill the first man that touches him. Let the law prevail; and if any one has done wrong, let him be punished." The huguenots carried off Froment to Baudichon's house, and hid him in the hayloft. Claude Baud soon arrived with his officers, and searched the house all over; but they found nobody.

Alexander, seeing Froment led safely away from the cathedral, halted on the steps, and exclaimed: "He very properly took him to task. Doctor Furbity has preached against the holy books; he is a false prophet." The syndics carried Alexander off to the town-hall, and the two "Mahometists" were banished for life from the city under pain of death. At La Monnaye, Alexander addressed the crowd for two hours, and many were won to the Gospel. Froment joined him at nightfall, and in company with Maison-Neuve, the friends set out for Berne.

De la Maison-Neuve was determined to uphold the liberty of Gospel-preaching. He stirred up the Bernese by detailing the insults of the Dominican, and returned to Geneva with William Farel as his companion The catholics were highly indignant at the arrival of "that wretch, that devil," and attacked these two evangelicals with swords; they were rescued by some huguenots. Not without reason were the catholics alarmed. Farel, a noble and simple evangelist, was really to be the reformer of that city. With energy he combined prudence—with zeal, impartiality.

Noble in heart as in race, Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve played a part not less important in the Genevan Reformation. His republican energy made him the fittest man to cope with Rome, the Duke, and the Inquisition. He was proud, immovable, rich and generous; he was engaged in trade and had an extensive business. A pioneer, like the heroic Berthelier, he had no doubts of the triumph of the Reformation. On the 22d December, he gave to the council the letters from Rome, which demanded the arrest of the Dominican preacher for his insults, and the granting of a church to Farel. The deliberations of the council were interrupted by the commotion made by the gathering of nine hundred armed priests and laymen at the bishop's palace, to attack Farel in Baudichon's house. At the order of council, the half-drunken rioters laid down their arms.

Farel resumed his preachings in the houses. The huguenots attended, armed with swords, arquebuses, and halberds, while Baudichon watched over the assembly and set the people in order. The Two Hundred scarcely knew what to do. They gave the Dominican liberty to go where he pleased, but attended by six guards, who followed him even to the foot of the pulpit. On Christmas day he had an immense audience, and a pompous service: Farel, plainly dressed, preached in a large

room. On the first day of the year 1534, the clergy proclaimed in all the city pulpits: "In the name of Monseigneur of Geneva and of his vicar, it is ordered that no one shall preach *the Word of God*, either in public or in private, and that all the books of Holy Scripture, whether in French or in German, shall be burnt."—"Forbid the preaching of the Gospel," said some, "burn the holy books! What a horrible notion! Those who are charged to preach the Word of God, are the very men to condemn it to the flames." Catholics and evangelicals took up arms—the former to destroy the Bible, the others to defend it. For four days they bivouacked in the squares, by the side of great fires, and had food brought to them under strong escorts. It was a strange sight. The reformers desiring to appear pacific, prevailed upon Alexander to withdraw, and that evangelist soon after found a martyr's death in France. Froment, and an embassy from Berne headed by Sebastian of Diesbach, now entered Geneva, and both parties were persuaded to retire to their houses.

The faithful and indefatigable Farel, Froment, and Viret—the latter weak and faint from a wound inflicted by a priest of Payerne—were now going to work together in Geneva, and beat down the thick walls that for so long had sheltered the oracles and exactions of the papacy. "We shall protect your liberties," said the Bernese; "and you shall announce the Gospel." The bishop had just interdicted the Bible, and the three most powerful preachers in the French tongue were now publicly teaching its divine lessons. "And the papists dared do nothing against them." But the Bernese demanded further, under threat of revoking the letters of alliance: "Let the monk defend what he has taught." It was agreed "that the monk should be obliged to answer the ministers before all the people."

On the 9th of January, the laity were about to resume their rights: a priest had to appear before the Genevese laymen and the Bernese magistrates. The Council of Two Hundred assembled; Farel, Viret, and Froment sat at the right of the premier-syndic; the Dominican friar sat at the left, on a raised bench. A great crowd was present. Truth and tradition, the middle ages and modern times, were on trial. But the Dominican refused to answer before laymen without the consent of his prelate. The episcopal officials were solicited to grant this permission, but evaded the request. The Bernese ambassadors demanded reparation for the insults of the Dominican, and a church for the preachers of the Gospel. The reluctant councillors were forced to reply: "We will do our best to satisfy you."

On the 27th January, the Two Hundred sitting as a court of justice, Furbity was brought before them. He acknowledged the charges that he had said: "Those who eat meat on Friday and Saturday are worse than Jews, Turks, and mad dogs. . . That the modern heretics who will not obey the pope or the cardinals, bishops and curates, are on that account the devil's flock and worse than mad dogs, and ought to be hanged on the gallows." He protested that he had not meant to abuse the lords of Berne; but the latter demanded his punishment. Protestantism had been abused, its fundamental principles trampled under foot. The Bernese proved the charges by fourteen witnesses, and the monk reluctantly consented to hold a discussion with the reformers.

On the 29th January, the struggle began at the Hotel de Ville. The champion of Rome made use of every weapon, and had a particular art of glozing over his errors: Farel nobly said: "Let not one strive to get the better of the other. We can have no nobler triumph than to see the truth prevail." Furbitz began by asserting the authority of the pope. Farel declared that all doctrine must be founded on Holy Scripture alone, and quoted from Deuteronomy: "*Ye shall not add unto the Word which I command you, neither shall you diminish aught from it.*" The discussion was continued through the next day. Farel maintained the right and duty of all Christian people to study the Scriptures. Furbity asserted that the Scriptures should be read by the clergy alone. He supported the episcopacy upon the case of Judas Iscariot, saying: "It is written of Judas, *His bishopric let another take.* As Judas had a bishopric, he must of necessity have been a bishop." Farel ironically replied: "That bishop whose name you use, is very like certain prelates who, instead of preaching the Word of God, *carry the bag*, and instead of glorifying Jesus Christ, sell him by selling his members, whose souls they hand over to the devil, receiving money from him in exchange." The monk in reply could only dare Farel to speak thus in Paris, or elsewhere in France.

Maison-Neuve earned the hatred of the catholics by his assiduous attentions to the evangelical champion during these verbal tournaments, and they afterwards sought to injure him. The further discussion was postponed till Tuesday, and the evangelicals preached to the people during the leisure time. Monks and priests denounced the reformers, and strove to inflame the populace against them by fabulous stories. In the inn where they lodged, the landlord and his mistress hated and scowled at the evangelicals. This wicked servant told the gossips that she had seen these men *feeding devils*, which looked like black cats; and there was a great stir in the neighborhood. The priests reiterated these slanders, and the catholic mob sang rude rhymes against the evangelicals

The Bishop of Geneva watched these events from his silent priory. He still hoped to re-establish the authority of the prince and the pope in the city. Having come to an understanding with the Duke of Savoy, he signed at Arbois, on 12th January, 1534, the instruments which set up in Geneva a *Lieutenant of the prince* in the temporal matters *with full powers of punishing criminals.* This instrument with blank warrants, sealed with the ducal arms, was sent to Portier, the episcopal secretary. The plot was skilfully devised; but "God was there, and the republic of Berne."

On Tuesday, 3d February, the most excitable of the episcopal party met at the palace after dinner, and they issued into the streets fanatically "proposing to strike and kill." In the court of St. Pierre, Pennet, the jailer, met the huguenot notary, Nicholas Porral, and cut him down with his sword. D'Adda and some other huguenots carried the wounded Porral to the hotel-de-ville, and laid him, all pale and bleeding, before the syndics and the council. They were followed by many people furiously crying out: "Justice! justice!" Claude Pennet, brother to the jailer, had slain with his dagger Nicholas Berger, a huguenot tradesman, as he stood unarmed in his own doorway. "It is the fifth riot the priests have got up to save the mass," said the citizens. The council was astounded, and the ambassadors of Berne conjured them to quell the disturbance.

Meanwhile five hundred armed huguenots drew up in front of the hotel-de-ville, headed by Maison-Neuve and Levet. They tendered their services to preserve order, saying: "We pray that the murderers and those who counselled the riot may be punished." All were agreed to this, and search was made for the guilty parties. The syndics made a strict examination of the bishop's palace, but none of the culprits were found. A guard was left. After nightfall, a priest was heard calling through the keyhole to the portress, asking for certain keys for Mr. Secretary Portier and Claude Pennet. "What will you do with them?" inquired a young man, disguising his voice. "I shall take them to St. Pierre's church, where they are hidden," answered the priest.

The syndics with officers carrying flambeaux at once set out for the place of concealment, and shut its doors. It was no slight task to seek the assassins in the vast cathedral, all filled with chapels, altars, and other places where men could hide. A thorough search for three hours was made in every corner, without success; then it was resolved to examine the three towers. They cautiously ascended the narrow stairs of the south tower, one hundred and fifty feet high. At the top were discovered the crafty Portier and the violent Pennet, crouching down, "armed with swords, iron pikes, axes and daggers, and covered with coats of mail;" they were seized and shut up in prison.

Meanwhile the guard of huguenots at the palace had slyly questioned the servants, and learned of private letters of importance concealed in the secretary's buffet. These they at once seized and carried to the syndics. The magistrates examined them, and were astounded to find a revelation of the plot which the bishop had contrived for the subjugation of Geneva. "It is a downright conspiracy, a crime of high treason," they said.

Claude Pennet was at once tried for the murder of Nicholas Berger, convicted and sentenced to death. "I am condemned to the scaffold for the love of Jesus Christ," he said to his Dominican confessor; "and I entreat your holy prayers." He died in this fanatical belief, and devout catholics made pilgrimages to the gibbet where his body was hung. His brother, who had been secreted in the convent of St. Claire, escaped in disguise to Savoy. The State criminal Portier was next brought to justice, and was beheaded for his treason. Pierre de la Baume had desired to employ his power in oppressions, and God shattered that power. At the next election only huguenots were chosen syndics.

Unequivocal tokens soon made known the change that had taken place. The new syndics summoned Furbity before the council. Fourteen witnesses proved the errors of his preaching: that God will punish those who read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, and that Christ had given the papacy to St. Peter. The Dominican was ordered to quit Geneva, and never return under pain of death. He was led to St. Pierre on Sunday, 15th February, to retract as he had promised; but he rambled in his remarks, violated his promise, was dragged out of the pulpit by some violent men, and led back to prison. In answer to the request of the Bernese ambassadors, the syndics next gave permission for the Gospel to be publicly preached in one of the churches.

The Genevan clergy, as a last effort, called to the city Father Courtelier, the eloquent superior of the Franciscans of Chambery. The Franciscans were more popular than the Dominicans: they were poor, aimed at humility, and beguiled the people by their enthusiasm, flagellations, insinuating manners, and miraculous visions. This monk promised the syndics to preach the pure Gospel, and submitted nine articles for approval; from these were stricken out the *Invocation of the Virgin Mary; Purgatory; Prayer for the Dead; Invocation of the Saints.* He was allowed to make the sign of the cross in the pulpit, to repeat the salutation of the angel to Mary from St. Luke, and to celebrate mass. He endeavored to preach at one time according to the pope and to the Gospel, and his sermon was a muddle of ideas without issue. He displeased every-

body, and disgusted the Genevans with fulsome flatteries. Farel was provoked, and said aloud: "You cannot teach the truth, for you do not know it." This final effort of Roman-catholicism in Geneva did not succeed.

On the 22d of February, Farel re-established baptism in conformity with the Gospel institution, as a sign of regeneration. Viret preached at Baudichon's house; then the baptism took place. Viret added: "It was with pure, fair water that John baptized Jesus Christ; to baptize with oil, salt, and spittle, as the hypocrites do, is wrong."

Farel now asked the council, through the Bernese ambassadors, for a church to preach in. The syndics were embarrassed, and answered: "If you take of your own accord some edifice in which you can preach your doctrines . . . you are strong . . . we cannot resist you . . . we dare not." Accompanied by Maison-Neuve, and councillor Balthasar, Farel visited the Franciscan convent, and complained to Courtelier that the Gospel truth could not be preached. The Franciscan took refuge behind the infallibility of the pope. But Farel bluntly referred him to the Revelation of St. John: "Your holy father is the beast whom the ignorant worship. John the Evangelist tells us of a beast with seven heads, which devoureth them which dwell upon the earth, and makes war upon the saints; and he adds: *the seven heads are seven hills*, on which it sits. *Seven hills*, do you hear? Everybody knows that Rome is built on *seven hills*. Therefore the holy see is not apostolical but diabolical." No proof excited more anger among the Romanists, or inspired the evangelicals with more firmness.

The interview with the father-superior had been useless; the churches remained closed. Every day numbers of hearers had to stand in the streets, unable to find room at the private services. After worship on the second Sunday in Lent (1st of March, 1534) twenty-nine huguenots remained for consultation, and resolved to have a place for public devotions. They proceeded to the convent at Rive: the daring Baudichon informed the astonished monks that Farel would preach there, and that the bells would be rung. He selected the *grand auditory*, or *cloister*, which was constructed in the shape of a gallery, with a central court; it was more spacious than the church, and would hold four or five thousand persons. The peals of the bell soon brought together a great audience, comprising men of every party. Farel appeared, "dressed like a layman, with a Spanish cloak and brimmed hat." His burning words charmed and enraptured the assembly; the souls of many were inflamed by the ardor of the divine Spirit. Jacques Bernard, an intelligent Franciscan, was here taught of the Gospel, and soon maintained courageously the truths he had once attacked.

Next day the catholics complained of this action to the Two Hundred, while the ambassadors of Berne urged that the preaching should go on. Farel continued to preach every day to large congregations. The evangelicals no longer doubted of the victory. The ambassadors left on the 7th of March, commending the preachers to the evangelicals. Henceforward they lived at the house of Claude Bernard. Now the power of the episcopal faction was broken. Gradually the cordelier's voice, praising the purchase of indulgences and the practice of penances, was made weaker and weaker by the powerful voice of Farel: "All our sins are pardoned *freely*. How dare the monks, then, set up their satisfactions, which the Word of God has shattered to pieces?"

Roman-catholicism was falling: Friburg hurried to its support. "Alas!" replied the syndics to these ambassadors, "we do not set Farel to preach, it is the people." Messieurs of Friburg, sternly shaking off their embraces, departed, leaving their letters of alliance on the table. The alarmed syndics strove to appease the catholics and Friburgers by a grand procession of relics on Easter, and imprisoned Aimé Levet three days for not observing the festival. But the evangelical meetings increased in number after Easter. Farel energetically urged on the Reform, while he mourned in silence the imprisonment of his brothers, Daniel, Walter, and Claude, in France. De la Maison-Neuve was about to start for Lyons, and Farel gave him a letter to be delivered to the brethren in Paris, soliciting their intercession in behalf of his brothers. The reformers were men as well as Christians, and had to endure many sorrows.

Farel little suspected that this friend, loved by him as a brother, would ere long be in a dungeon. De la Maison-Neuve had visited the fairs of Lyons for twenty years, to trade in silk fabrics, jewelry, and furs. His evangelical frankness had offended many, and the priests waited their revenge.

In 1530, he sold to a money-changer of Lyons a silver-box containing some relics of saints, which he had taken in payment of a debt. The buyer reverently kissed them; but Baudichon told him: "It is very likely they are the bones of some ordinary body, which the priests give the people to kiss to deceive them." Next year he offended some bigoted merchants from Auvergne, then at Lyons, by his evangelical expressions; they said: "If you were in our country, you would be burned." In 1532, at fair time, he defended the eating of meat on fast days, declaring that he did not acknowledge the pope's power to forbid what God permits. "Every man is Peter, provided he is firm

in the faith of Jesus Christ."—At Epiphany, 1533, he offended several priests at Lyons, by lamenting the death of the cordelier Stephen Renier at Vienne: "You did wrong to put him to death," he said; "he was a truly good man, of sound learning, and one likely to produce great fruits." Lyons was a free city during the fair, and Baudichon took advantage of it to make the pure Gospel known.—At Epiphany, 1534, he said at the inn: "It is nonsense to pray to the saints, to hear mass, and confess to the priests!" and quoted Scripture as proof. The merchants of Auvergne threatened to lodge elsewhere if he should be there next season.

His friends urged him not to attend the Easter fair of 1534, but he was not to be frightened away. Certain catholics of Geneva wrote to Lyons of his coming, conjuring the papists to get him put to death. Maison-Neuve, with an evangelical companion, Janin, arrived at Lyons 26th April, unsuspicious of danger. Two days later they were arrested, and were speedily placed in the archbishop's prison. The great huguenot saw that he had fallen into a trap, and prepared to meet his enemies. All the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Lyons rejoiced that they were to have the glory of trying and putting to death the layman who was Farel's right arm. On the 29th April the members of the inquisitional court assembled Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve, then aged forty-six years, was snmmoned before them, and the trial began.

The tribunal of priests wished to mark distinctly, at the very outset, that the Romish doctrine of the Sacrament was in question; and their first interrogation was: "What do you think of the sacrament of the altar?"—"I believe that the real body of Christ is in the blessed host;" but Baudichon would not criminate himself by a more precise declaration. The examination of witnesses commenced next day; the prisoner was allowed to produce no evidence in defence.

Philip Martin stated that Baudichon was in Geneva, armed and wearing a cuirass, when Wernli was murdered. The prisoner calmly charged Martin with the crime of perjury, as he had been then in Lyons. A youth named Pierre Pennets charged him with engaging in a riot, which ended in the death of four persons. This was false, as there had been no deaths, and only some woundings in a riot got up by the priests.

All this time Geneva was greatly agitated at the news of the arrest of Maison-Neuve. His brother Thomas started for Lyons, and made every effort to save him. Many merchants complained of this violation of their privileges, which had prevented the accused from settling his debts. The lords of Berne sent a warm remonstrance against the arrest. Now the judges determined to entice Maison-Neuve craftily into some heretical declaration, to have a plausible pretext against him. On the 5th of May, they asked him: "What are your opinions in regard to faith?" The prisoner only replied, "I am not bound to answer you." The next day Thomas presented two substantial merchants of the city as bail for his brother; at the same time the demand of the Swiss was read and supported by the lieutenant-general of the king. After examination, the court decreed they would hold Baudichon until the king's pleasure was known; but he was to be allowed free intercourse with those who had dealings with him.

The judges now sought to end this difficult case by obtaining a recantation from Baudichon. On the 21st of May, two skilful inquisitors, Nicholas Morini and Jean Rapinati endeavored to argue with him the material presence of Christ in the Sacrament; but he refused to enter into any discussion, or to answer any of their insidious questions. The judges strove to lead him to acknowledge as his friend Alexander, who was then imprisoned as a heretic. He only answered: "If he has eaten and drunk at my house, I hope it did him good." Thus did the judges hunt down an innocent man. In thus attempting to exercise authority over the conscience, they presumed to move God from his throne and sit in his place. "The dominion of man ends where that of God begins."

While an evangelical was threatened with death at Lyons, Roman-catholicism was crumbling away beneath its own weight of notorious abuses in Geneva. The syndics imprisoned two monks for profligacy, saying: "It is hard to find one monastery out of ten that is not a den of wantonness, rather than the home of chastity." The grand title of the Reformation is to have restored to Christendom religion in its entirety, the truth with the life, doctrine with morality. Evangelical Christianity was rising through the zeal of the reformers. Farel, Viret, and Froment preached every day, either publicly or in private houses. On the Sunday after Easter, Farel gave his blessing to the first evangelical marriage.

The monks now circulated a story that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the curate of St. Leger, and ordered a grand procession of all the surrounding districts. The clergy mustered their forces, and on the 15th of May a long procession of Savoyards arrived before the city. For fear of a disturbance, the councils would not allow them to enter within the walls; but they sent them bread to eat. Stalwart pilgrims from Thonon now boldly passed the gates of the city, and halted before the church of St. Claire. The huguenots drove them back at the point of the sword. These pomps and processions in-

spired the reformed with a still deeper disgust for Roman-catholicism. This audacity of the catholics emboldened the huguenots to destroy the images of nine saints, ranged over the Franciscan convent gate: for this offence the iconoclasts were punished.

On the feast of Pentecost, Farel preached with fervor; then he prepared to celebrate the Lord's supper publicly, according to the Gospel form. At this moment Louis Bernard, a priest of noble bearing, came forward, flung off his sacerdotal vestments, and said: "I throw off the old man, and declare myself a prisoner to the Gospel of the Lord. Brethren, I will live and die with you for Jesus Christ's sake." All the evangelicals rejoiced at this conversion. Pierre Gaudet, a knight of Rhodes, now came to Geneva in search of liberty of faith; he was received like a friend by the huguenots, and became the first martyr of the Gospel. The people of the lower classes danced, according to custom, in the public square on the evening of Whitsunday. One of the women caught hold of George Marchand, a huguenot, to make him dance with her; he gave her a slap in the face, and there was a fierce disturbance. From that time, the customary idle processions of merry-andrews were not repeated. The Whitsuntide procession of 1534, with its coarse jests, was the funeral procession of popery in Geneva.

The citizens had now to keep always a force under arms to guard against the threatened assaults from Savoy, Gex, Vaud, and the Chablais. Farel, Viret and Froment often conversed with the soldiers of the republic, during their night watches, upon religious points. An evangelist has recorded: "At these assemblies and watches more people have been won to the Gospel than by public preaching."

Janin was as much at ease in the prison of Lyons as in the streets of Geneva, and tried to convert all whom he met to the Gospel. One day he explained to his companions the passage from St. John's epistle: *The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin*—showing that this doctrine of the Bible and that of Rome, according to which we are cleansed by meritorious works, can never be made to harmonize. He protested against prayers to the saints, or prayers for the dead. The festival of the Rogations on the 11th of May, and the procession to the church adjoining the prison, were accompanied with much disorder. And Baudichon is said to have exclaimed: "Those people must be fools and madmen, or do they imagine that God is deaf." On the 28th of May, new charges were made against the prisoner for the language thus alleged to have been used on the Rogation days; but Maison-Neuve answered: "I would sooner be torn in pieces than have uttered the words contained in that deposition." Baudichon was much enraged at exaggerated accusations, and spoke violently to some of the witnesses.

The canons sent M. De Simieux to Geneva, to try and hunt up some capital charge against Baudichon; and the catholics received him gladly, saying: "Baudichon is the person most employed in seducing the city of Geneva to the Lutheran heresies." Meanwhile, the syndics were soliciting two French ambassadors to rectify the lawless proceedings at Lyons.

Baudichon was much irritated at the false evidence given. One day he left the court-room of his own will, and at another time contradicted a witness. On the 1st of July, he appealed from his unjust judges to the King of France, and obstinately persisted in his decision.

Baudichon was now threatened with the torture; but there is no record that his treatment was more than harsh and cruel. On the 13th July, he complained strongly of these indignities; but he peremptorily refused to be constrained to answer concerning his faith. At the request of his judges, the Franciscan father Courtelier was sent by the Bishop of Geneva, to give evidence against the prisoner.

The two great adversaries met face to face, and each accused the other of heretical acts in Geneva. By letter, Pierre de la Baume charged that Maison-Neuve was a relapsed heretic, and requested to have him transferred to his jurisdiction for the execution of justice. Each prosecutor wished to have the honor of burning the Genevan. He was a *la man*, and yet he presumed to reform the Church. The prisoner declared that he preferred remaining in the kingdom of France, and the Court made preparations for his sacrifice. Meanwhile, the magistrates of Geneva were actively striving to secure the release of this excellent citizen. The inquiry was over, and on the 28th of July the final sentence was pronounced.

"Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve," said the Court, "you have been fully convicted of having affirmed at Geneva and elsewhere many heretical propositions of the Lutheran or Œcolampadian faction; of having been the chief promoter and defender of that sect; of having protected the impure Farel and other persons, propagators of that perverse doctrine; of having refused to answer in our presence concerning your faith: We therefore declare you to be heretical, and the chief fautor and defender of heresy and heretics; consequently we deliver you over as such to the secular arm."

De la Maison-Neuve appealed from this decision, and was led back to prison. The priests triumphed, and the evangelicals awaited a great sorrow. Such were the fanatical persecutions of the Sixteenth century; and these principles will be-

held as long as the Church grasps the sword which should be held by the State.

By imprisoning Maison-Neuve, the priests had endeavored to check the progress of the Gospel; but this action had the contrary effect. The courage of the accused, and the injustice of the accusers, increased the determination of the Genevans. The festival of Corpus Christi was celebrated by the catholics with great pomp; but the evangelical Christians revolted from the divine honors thus paid to consecrated wafers. Vainly did the splendid cortège defile through the streets: the evangelicals paid no attention to their celebration. At this time, Louis Bernard took to himself a wife, much to the dismay of the catholics; and they denounced this marriage of a priest. A discussion took place between vicar Jean and Viret upon this question of marriage, in which the poor vicar was totally discomfited, and was ordered by the syndics to preach the Gospel only. A further debate began on the question of baptism. The priest was again commanded to preach "in accordance with the truth" The syndics added: "You are forbidden nothing except lying." This marks a new phase of the Reformation in Geneva.

The council now dreaded another attack from the lords of Savoy and of Vaud, instigated by the bishop. They solicited assistance from Berne, and took the necessary measures for putting the city in a state of defence. The citizens enthusiastically prepared for defence. Some even chose this moment of danger to confess their faith. A Dominican monk publicly prayed God to have pity on him, after which he preached an heretical sermon. The catholics had matured their plans; the Savoyard troops had assembled at a little distance from the city, and three hundred foreigners had been stealthily concealed in catholic houses. In the middle of the night, a red flag was to be hoisted at the Molard; the priests were to gather at the firing of a heavy culverine; and lighted torches were to be shown upon the roofs of catholic residences, as signals of readiness. It was intended that the Lutherans should all be put to death, and their property confiscated. By treachery, several of the city cannon had been spiked; others had been filled with hay, and the keys of the city had been counterfeited.

On the 30th of July, a native of Dauphiny warned the councils of the approaching armies. Some suspected citizens were at once arrested, and by close questioning the horrible plot was gradually unravelled. All huguenot citizens were assembled under arms. The catholics heard of this alarm, and none of them dared to give the expected signals. Without the city, the number of the soldiers was very great. While they awaited the signal, an extraordinary light ascended the spire of St. Pierre, and glared upon the soldiers from its top. A panic spread among the troops, and the officers exclaimed: "We are discovered; we are betrayed; we shall not enter Geneva to-night." The Savoyards at once began to retreat, and when the sun rose not an enemy was to be seen about the city. Several of the traitors were arrested; but the leading conspirators escaped from the city in disguise. Every blow aimed by catholicism against the Reformation injured itself. "Throughout that week a strong guard was kept up, and the gates of the city were closed." Meanwhile, offers of assistance came from the neighboring protestant cantons. Now the flight became general among the fanatics, and the refugees took to plundering the surrounding districts. The flight of the episcopalian laity destroyed the power of the clergy, and made the Reformers masters of the situation. All citizens were required to do military service, and one coward was banished from the city for skulking. At this time the nuns of St. Claire were in perpetual alarm, fearing the huguenots would now take their revenge. One night the whole body were aroused by a noise in the church; but their alarm was occasioned by the accidental locking of a sister in the chapel.

A fresh attempt was now made to relieve Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve and his friend. Rodolph of Diesbach was present at the court of Francis I., to urge the restoration of an estate to the widow of John of Diesbach which had been appropriated by the king. He also set about soliciting the liberation of the Genevan evangelicals. The friends as well as the enemies of the Reformation were in the keenest suspense for months.

Geneva was greatly agitated during the long delay, as well as by the urgent need for defence. To save the city, a terrible necessity required that a great portion of it should be destroyed. At that time, it was composed of two parts: the city proper and the four suburbs. The town beyond the walls was more extensive than the one within, and contained over six thousand inhabitants. On the 23d of July, it was ordered that some of the gates should be built up, and all of the houses, barns, and walls of the suburbs, beginning with the nearest, should be destroyed, so that the enemy might not find shelter in them. It must be done; for acts of violence were increasing every day. A poor evangelical from Avignon travelled to Geneva to hear the Gospel preached; but he was seized by a troop of horsemen in the valley of the Leman, and most brutally treated. The work of demolition went rapidly on, and it was ordered that every man should begin to pull down his house by the 15th of September. The churches of St. Victor, St. Leger, and of the Knights of Rhodes,

were to be destroyed. The catholic chiefs protested strongly against these vigorous preparations for defence, and when their requests were refused, craved permission for eight hundred co-burghers to leave the city.

On this very day, 26th September, a report circulated through the city that Maison-Neuve and his companion had been set at liberty. Moved by Diesbach's earnest solicitations, Francis I. had granted the release of the prisoners. They travelled from Lyons to Geneva with the lords of Berne, and were once more within the walls of their ancient home. God gave the Genevans more than they hoped for. The chief magistrates of the republic officially received the release of the two Genevans from the ambassadors, thanked the lords of Berne, and gave a formal guarantee in writing to produce them whenever required.

Four days after this restoration, Francis I. wrote to the lords of Geneva, requesting the immediate release of "Guy Furbity, of the order of Preaching Friars;" yet the petty republic did not yield to the demand of the puissant King of France. The little republics of Switzerland and Geneva have given signal examples of courageously and conscientiously following the principles of justice in politics.

Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve and Janin re-entered Geneva the day after that on which the final order to demolish the suburbs was given. The return of these two energetic citizens gave a fresh impetus to the resolution to sacrifice one-half of the city in order to save the other. The monastery of St. Victor was destroyed, after it had been well pillaged by the profligate monks and their mistresses; yet the council considerately assigned them a residence in the city. The magistrates showed kindness to the wretched and homeless in providing them shelter. Many catholics quitted Geneva for the enemy's camp. At the same time that the houses were demolished, ramparts were built out of the ruins. The citizens had lost much through the late predatory warfares; nevertheless, he that possessed two rooms gave up one to the refugees, and he who had a loaf of bread shared it with his brother. All destitute persons were lodged either in the state buildings, or in private houses.

The bishop now sought to starve out the city. He gave orders to intercept all provisions from entering the walls. As if starvation was not enough, the unnatural pastor surrounded Geneva with a circle of desperadoes, and no one could pass beyond the ramparts, except at the risk of his life. Even devout catholics were robbed by the Seigneur of Avanchi; but for the maltreatment of some nuns, this brutal chieftain was afterwards put to death by order of a catholic tribunal. As his next step, the bishop transferred the episcopal see of Geneva to the town of Gex, and ordered all the episcopal officers and civil judges to proceed there. These officials escaped stealthily on the night of the 24th of September; but the council forbade the removal of the seals. Now Pierre de la Baume launched his thunderbolts of excommunication against Geneva, and against all who should visit it. On the 7th of October, 1534, the syndics and council appealed to Rome; but, to their delight, no answer was ever returned.

The duke tried to convince the people of his goodness by the aid of some Bernese ambassadors; but the Genevans answered: "Tell the duke we will set fire to the four corners of the city before we dismiss the preachers who announce the Word of God." The duke now prepared to make war upon the city; Berne sided with Savoy, and Charles V. supported his demands. The Genevese felt their courage increased, and more ardently prepared for defence. To their sorrow, the Swiss diet at Luzerne resolved that the duke and the bishop should be reinstated in the possession of all their lordships and privileges. There was nothing left them but God, and God is mighty. Every precaution was carried out with order, calmness, and courage. The approaches to the place were made free, so that the artillery could play without obstruction, and the ramparts were built. Geneva was then passing through the arduous ordeal of transformation.

While the work of the Reformation appeared exposed to great dangers in a small city of the Alps, it had, in the eyes of the optimists, chances of success in two of the greatest countries of Europe,—France and Italy. The two finest geniuses of the reform, Melancthon and Calvin, had been summoned to those two countries respectively. The first half of the Sixteenth century was the epoch of a great transformation to the people of Europe. The teaching of man vanished away; the teaching of God began again.

At this time there were three categories of those who wished to restore unity in the Christian Church of the West. Men of wit and learning, children of the Renaissance, wanted an easy religion, to be obtained by melting Popery and Protestantism together. Erasmus was their apostle. Others desired to maintain Europe in the old papal wardship. At their head in France was their king, who sought to unite protestants and catholics, that he might recover Italy and humble Charles V. Finally, in Germany a few evangelical Christians consented to the primacy of a bishop, in the hope of obtaining the transformation of the doctrines and manners of the universal Church. Melancthon was the most eminent man of this school.

Yet many inflexible papists and many determined protestants were opposed to any concessions. The persecutions in

France, after the posting of the placards, caused much sorrow to those who sought to restore unity, and disgusted the protestants of Germany; but the protestations of Francis I. produced somewhat of a reaction. The conciliatory opinions of Melancthon, Hedio, and Bucer excessively irritated the German evangelicals. The Swiss theologians protested against their concessions, and Calvin denounced all attempts at a union with popery. At the same time, the Sorbonne cried out loudly against all assimilation with Lutheran doctrines. But a revulsion of sentiment now occurred.

Clement VII. having died of chagrin, Alexander Farnese succeeded him under the title of Paul III., at the age of sixty-seven. This man, who had two illegitimate children, and had much need of reformation for himself and his family, was engrossed wholly with the plan of reforming the Church that he might restore its unity. His first secretary, Ambrosio, an influential man, was in the pay of Francis I. While the Romish Church was being toned down at Rome, popery became stricter in France. The fanatical party was gathering around the dauphin, the future Henry II., a gloomy youth of eighteen. He was wholly governed by his wife, Catherine de Medicis, and his mistress, Diana of Poitiers, who were on the best of terms with each other; and this party endeavored to thwart the king's plans. But in the midst of these intrigues, the moderate party held firm. In 1535, headed by the talented Du Bellays, they resolved to take a more decided step, and to invite Melancthon to France. His despotism made Francis I. incline to the side of the pope; but his love of letters and his disgust at the monks, attracted him the other way. "Well!" said the king, "since he differs so much from our rebels, let him come: I shall be enchanted to hear him." De la Fosse was ordered to proceed to Germany, to urge Melancthon in person. There are hours of grace in the history of the human race, and one of those hours seemed to have arrived.

The friends of the Gospel set earnestly at work to persuade Melancthon, the Elector, and the protestants of Germany, to accept the invitation. Sturm wrote earnestly to Bucer and to Melancthon, saying: "O Melancthon! to see your face will be our salvation. Come into the midst of our violent tempests and show us the haven. A refusal from you would keep our brethren suspended above the flames." Bucer wrote to Melancthon: "I am ready; prepare for your departure." What would Melancthon do? that was the great question. Melancthon felt that his adhesion to the regenerating movement then accomplishing might decide its success, just as his hostility might destroy it.

Urged by his counsellors, Francis I. resolved to give the German Doctor a proof of his good will by letter; and instead of addressing the sovereign whose subject Melancthon was, the proud King of France wrote to the plain Doctor of Wittemberg, 23d June, 1535:

"Francis, by the grace of God King of the French, to our dear Philip Melancthon, greeting:

"I have long since been informed by William du Bellay, my chamberlain and councillor, of the zeal with which you are endeavoring to appease the dissensions to which the Christian doctrine has given rise. I now learn from the letter which you have written to him, and from Voré de la Fosse, that you are much inclined to come to us, to confer with some of our most distinguished doctors on the means of restoring in the Church that divine harmony which is the first of all my desires. Come, then, either in an official character, or in your own name; you will be very acceptable to me, and you will learn, in either case, the interest I feel in the glory of your Germany and the peace of the universe."

These declarations from the King of France forwarded the enterprise; but as several executions of Christians occurred about this time, the sincerity of the letter is questionable. Those engaged in the task of aiding unity saw but one means: to admit on one side the evangelical doctrine, and on the other the episcopal form with a bishop, *primus inter pares*. Cardinal Du Bellay departed for Rome at the same time as De la Fosse for Wittemberg, to induce the Roman Church to come to an understanding with the protestants. This journey was of great importance. The new pope was raising to the cardinalate several evangelical prelates, and the hope of a reform grew greater day by day in Italy. Each of the Du Bellays wrote earnestly to Melancthon, exhorting him to accept the noble mission. It was a solemn opportunity. Sturm did likewise; Claude Baduel was entrusted by the Queen of Navarre with a mission to the Reformer; and Francis I, 16th July, 1535, issued an amnesty to all who "lived as good catholic Christians." The only thing Francis I. cared about was the preservation of the pope's temporal power. He requested the Sorbonne to nominate ten or twelve of its theologians to confer with the Reformer; but the assembly, while offering to give any instruction needed, declared the proposal "quite useless and supremely dangerous." The fanatical party, headed by Montmorency and the Cardinal De Tournon, exerted all their influence to prevent Melancthon from coming to France, and the king released the faculty from the proposed conference. Six years later such a conference was held at Ratisbon, and nearly succeeded. But a breath from Rome extinguished the evangelical torch.

Was the union desired by so many eminent men to be for good or for evil? On

this question, different opinions may be, and have been, entertained. Human life is both a monologue and a dialogue; individuality and community are the two poles of life. The mischief lies in giving an unjust pre-eminence to either of the two elements. If these earnest men desired a real Christian union, their work was good; if, on the contrary, they aimed at restoring unity with a hierarchical object, with a despotic spirit, their work was bad.

France continued to ask for Melancthon; would Germany reply to her advances? The religious peace had stipulated that all Germans should show to one another a sincere and Christian friendship; and the tendency of the evangelicals towards unity had been intensified by the necessity of guarding against the sectarian spirit. John Bockhold, a tailor of Leyden, had proclaimed himself King of Zion in that city, established a community of goods, and attempted to restore polygamy; but Philip of Hesse had put an end to these brutal excesses in June, 1535. These events prepared Germany to accept the proposals of France.

Melancthon received the royal invitation from De la Fosse at Wittemberg, 4th of August, 1535. He felt the reasons were powerful for either acceptance or rejection, and he hesitated what to do. De la Fosse earnestly appealed to him: "Hearken to the friends of the Gospel who dwell at Paris; . . . but if their voices cannot reach you, listen at least to one mighty voice, the voice of God himself, the voice of Jesus Christ." His wife and best friends entreated him not to leave them, and feared he would never return. Melancthon was a man of God, and prayerfully weighed the arguments on both sides. The earnest appeals of De la Fosse not to withhold from the afflicted Church the hand that could save her, touched his heart, and he replied: "Well, then, I will go. My friends in France have entertained great expectations, and apply to me to fulfil them. I will not disappoint their hopes." Melancthon was resolved to maintain the essential truths of Christianity, and hoped to see them accepted by the catholic world. He was a sincere, open, meek Christian, and was ready to sacrifice himself. His present error was in believing the pope could be received without receiving his doctrines.

But would his prince allow him to go? The noble minded professor resolved to do all in his power to overcome objections; he travelled to the court at Torgan, and paid his respects to the elector on Sunday, 15th of August. John Frederick received him coldly; he was offended that the King of France had not sent the invitation through himself, and had graver motives to regard the project with displeasure. Melancthon presented a written petition on the subject, and said: "I know the weight of the task imposed upon me . . . it overwhelms me . . . but I will do my duty all the same; and with that intent I conjure your Grace to grant me two or three months' leave of absence." The elector coldly answered he would reply through his council.—On the next day Chancellor Bruck gave him an icy reception, and harshly said: "That journey might be the cause of divisions, quarrels, and irreparable evils. You are consequently desired to excuse yourself to the King of France in the best way you can, and the elector promises he will write to him on the subject."

Melancthon withdrew in sorrow. He conferred with Luther at Wittemberg, and the latter approved of his journey. Luther entreated the elector to authorize the mission, and give Melancthon three months' leave: "Who can tell what God means to do? His thoughts are always higher and better than ours." He also addressed an admirable letter to Francis I., on behalf of the persecuted Christians. John Frederick was a true and high-minded prince, full of zeal for the Reformation; but he was susceptible and obstinate, suspicious of the motives of Francis I., and would not yield. Many people prophesied that Melancthon would be assassinated, even before he had crossed the Rhine, as others had been, by the Archbishop of Mayence. The elector won Luther to his side by his arguments: "Melancthon will infallibly incur the greatest danger at Paris—danger both to body and soul. I would rather see God take him to himself than permit him to go to France. That is my firm resolve." Henceforth the great reformer wished to have the French evangelicals come to Germany in search of liberty.

John Frederick now wrote a severe letter to Melancthon, saying: "The undertaking is of great extent, and the success very doubtful. . . . *Do you desire to disturb the public peace of the German nation; and while we have a right to expect that you will second us, do you presume on the contrary to vex us and thwart our plans?*" Melancthon's simple and tender heart was crushed by this harsh letter, and he said: "Because of these words, I will not go." Luther wrote consoling him. He appeared to foresee the time when the evangelical Church would have no other support but God, and rejoiced at the prospect.

John Frederick delayed despatching his letter to Francis I., but finally wrote excusing his refusal by the difficulties of the present time: "If in any future contingency you should write to us for him, and should assure us that he will be restored safe and sound, we will permit him to proceed to you." On the same day, Melancthon wrote to Du Bellay, Sturm, and to the king. To the latter he said: "Sire, do not allow yourself to be stopped by the harsh judgments and rude writings of certain men. Do not suffer their imprudence to nullify a project so useful to the Church. After receiving your letter, I made every

effort to hasten to your Majesty; for there is nothing I desire more than to aid the Church according to my poverty. I had conceived the best hopes, but great obstacles keep me back. . . . Voré de la Fosse will inform you of them."

The work of union to which Francis I. invited Melancthon, had struck deep root in the doctor's mind. Francis I. showed no less energy, and was careful not to be offended at the elector's refusal. The alliance of the protestants became more necessary to him every day; he desired their aid to conquer the duchy of Milan for his second son. He determined to prosecute his plans, but to address the elector in person, or rather all the protestant princes united, without mentioning the name of Melancthon. The Romish party strove to thwart this pernicious project; but Francis I. continued to value the spears of the lansquenets more highly than the pope's friendship.

The protestants were about to assemble at Smalcalde; Wurtemberg and Pomerania had joined the alliance. The elector, Melancthon, and Du Bellay arrived there in December. On the 16th December, this illustrious diplomatist handed his pacificatory letters to the elector, who cautiously replied: "Our alliance has been formed solely to maintain the pure Word of God, and propagate the holy doctrine of faith." Thereupon Du Bellay said: "We ask you to send us doctors to deliberate on the union of the Churches." On the 19th of December, Du Bellay was received by the assembly of princes and deputies, and strove earnestly to win that body to his views. He described the pious and peaceable evangelists put to death by Francis, as seditious persons who desired to stir up the people, called earnestly for a reconciliation of Christendom, and renewed his demand for a congress of French and German doctors to confer on the matters in dispute. The protestants were shocked at the idea of entering into alliance with the man who had shed the blood of their brethren. In reply, they nobly urged the King of France "to seek God's glory, to cleanse the Church from error, and to stop iniquitous cruelties."

The great point was to know what would be the nature of this reformation. On the 20th December, a conference was formed of Du Bellay, Bruck, the electoral chancellor, Melancthon, John Sturm, the delegates of Hesse, and Spalatin, the elector's chaplain. Du Bellay stated the nature of the proposed French reforms: "First, with regard to the primacy of the Roman pontiff, the King of France thinks as you do, that he possesses it by human, and not by divine right. . . . As for the sacrament of the Eucharist, your opinion on the matter pleases the king, and he is ready to profess it if you will give him sound arguments. . . . As for the mass, the king is of opinion that many prayers and silly impious legends have been foisted into that portion of divine worship, and that those absurd and ridiculous passages must be expurgated, and the primitive order restored."—In turn, the moderate protestants conceded the daily celebration of the Eucharist.

The ambassador slyly said of purgatory: "Our divines obstinately defend it; for upon that doctrine depends the payment of masses, indulgences, and pious gifts. Put down purgatory, and you take away from them all opportunity of acquiring wealth and honor." Upon the points of purgatory, good works, and communion, Du Bellay professed sympathy with the reformers. As to monasteries, he proposed they should be places of study, and that vows should be no longer obligatory. "It is not convenient to pluck off a horse's tail at one pull," he said. As for the marriage of priests, the king would tolerate those who have wives; but other priests who desire to be married should first quit holy orders.

Such was the Reformation which Francis I. declared himself willing to give to France, more complete than the hybrid system of Henry VIII. The protestants found these propositions acceptable, with some modifications. Melancthon was authorized to draw up an answer recommending clemency, and the deputies promised to consult their chief in reference to sending theologians to Paris. Du Bellay privately solicited the protestants to make an alliance with Francis I.; but they distrusted a union against the Emperor, the head of the Germanic Confederation. This distrust of the French king was reasonable; for at this time Francis was offering the pope to reduce Germany and England to the papacy in return for the duchy of Milan.

The Reformation had also commenced in Italy.

As the corruption of the clergy and of religion had sunk deeper in Italy than in the rest of Christendom, so the magnitude of the evil made the necessity of a remedy more keenly felt. The evangelical doctrine, in general not much appreciated by the people, found an easy access to the hearts of many cultivated men.

At Pavia, on the Ticino, a bookseller named Calvi received from the celebrated printer of Basle, Frobenius, as early as 1519, Erasmus' Testament and the early writings of Luther. These he eagerly circulated in the University of Pavia, and through all the cities of Italy. Melancthon's *Theological Commonplaces* was widely circulated under the name of *Principles of Divinity*, by *Terranigra*, along with the works of Coricius Cogelius (Zwingle) and Aretius Felinus (Bucer.) Bishops and cardinals pompously extolled them; but these works were condemned to the flames when their authorship was known. German students praised the purity of the reformers' lives, and the

simplicity of their manners. Conscientious men joyfully welcomed a doctrine which put God's Word in the place of papal bulls and a mechanical ritual. Italy was charmed with Luther's character and work. Converted catholics began by degrees to explain the Gospel privately, even in the Papal States; and before long, to the great alarm of Clement VII., several priests taught its principles in the churches.

In Venice, the queen-city of the Adriatic, the doctrine of the Gospel first raised its standard. Its jealous government rejected the inquisition, practiced freedom of inquiry, and subjected the pope's edicts to strict examination. These evangelicals appeared more protestant than Melancthon. They were dismayed at hearing he was inclined to recognize the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, and wrote urging him not to forsake the standard of Jesus Christ.

The works of the reformers had reached Turin. In Piedmont the Reformation had already appeared at Aosta, and most of its doctrines had been current for ages among the Waldensian valleys. Celio Secundo Curione, the descendant of a noble family that lived near Turin, had received from his father's dying hands a Bible, and the world of the Spirit opened before his soul. He received from the Augustine monks, and read with eagerness, Luther's *Babylonian Captivity*, Melancthon's *Principles of Theology*, and Zwingle's *True and False Religion*. In company with three enthusiastic young Italians, he set out for Wittemberg, to commune with the reformers; but the party were denounced to Boniface, Cardinal-bishop of Ivrea, and thrown into prison. Influential friends soon secured their release, and the cardinal determined to do all in his power to attach this noble-minded student to the Roman Church. Although now shut up in a monastery, Curione's soul burnt with zeal for the Word of God, and he protested against the idolatrous reverence paid by the monks to relics of bones and skull. One day in 1530 he put in the mysterious coffer in place of its relics, the Bible with this inscription upon it: "*This is the ark of the covenant, wherein a man can inquire of the true oracles of God, and in which are contained the true relics of the saints.*" The monks did not discover this substitution till they opened the shrine on a festival day; they accused their young companion of sacrilege, and he fled to Milan for refuge. As famine and pestilence were wasting this district, he gave himself with his whole heart to works of Christian charity. As soon as the scourge abated, he gained the hand of Margarita Bianca, who became the faithful and brave companion of his life.

Desiring to receive his patrimony, Curione returned to Piedmont. Here he heard a Dominican monk preach that Luther permitted the Germans "to indulge in all kinds of excess. He teaches moreover that Christ is not God, and that he was not born of a virgin." Curione proved the falseness of the monk's calumnies, by at once reading extracts from Luther's *Commentary on the Galatians*. The congregation was disgusted, and the Dominican was beaten; but soon after the valiant evangelist was seized, and thrown into prison at Turin. His covetous brother and sister made common cause with the priests to destroy him. The bishop started for Rome to obtain from the pope his condemnation to death.

Curione was now confined in a strong Italian mansion, under the charge of the coadjutor David. His feet were roughly riveted together by heavy chains, which were fastened to the wall. He recognized the house as one with which he had been familiar in his boyhood, and called to remembrance the arrangement of its galleries, staircase, doors and windows. The swelling of his fettered feet soon gave him great pain, and he induced his keeper to set one of his feet free by turns. Curione now planned an escape. He stuffed his empty boot with rags, and attached to it a wooden leg, broken from a stool, which he arranged to imitate his freed limb; his long Spanish robe aided this stratagem. Presently the jailers appeared, loosed the chained foot, put the fetters on the sham leg, and went away. Celio was free, and found that his jailers had even neglected to fasten the room-door. Late at night he cautiously groped his way down stairs, escaped into the court-yard through a window, scaled the wall, and found a safe hiding-place in a secluded village in the duchy of Milan.

He was persuaded to teach in the university of Pavia; but the active opposition of the inquisition forced him to seek in Ferrara that enlightened protection which the Duchess Renée extended to all who loved the Gospel. This christian daughter of Louis XII. was closely attached to her cousin Margaret, although her junior by eighteen years. Less beautiful, she resembled her in possessing a great soul, a generous heart, a sound judgment, and a firm will. She welcomed to her court the learned men of Italy, and the evangelical refugees from France. "She desires to do good to everybody;" it was said; "in one year she assisted ten thousand of her fellow countrymen."

While Venice, Turin, Milan, Ferrara, Modena, and other cities of upper Italy were listening to the voice of the Gospel, the centre and south of the Peninsula had also their witnesses to the truth.

Bernardino Occhino, born at Sienna in 1487, was the most famous preacher of the age. He was a great orator, but not a great divine. In early life he was a Franciscan monk; but he found that an ascetic life could not satisfy his need of ho-

liness. In 1534, he turned from superstitious practices to the Scriptures. He found therein the peace which he sought; yet for some time longer the Roman-Catholic Church was in his eyes the true Church. He continued his itinerant ministry, and his preaching became more spiritual. He always went on foot, though weak in body. The wealthiest citizens entertained him; but he would eat only of one plain dish, and slept upon the floor. Crowds of people thronged to hear him, and they regarded this extraordinary man as a saint. His ease and grace of explanation charmed all hearers, and his evangelical language touched their hearts. All voices hailed him as the first preacher of Italy.

At this time Florence, the land of the Medici, illustrious from its attachment to letters and liberty, was not to be a barren soil. In the year 1500, was born to the wealthy Stephen Vermigli a son whom he named Peter Martyr, in honor of Peter of Milan put to death by the Arians. His mother inspired him with a thirst for learning and for piety; he possessed solidity of judgment and depth of mind. His father disinherited him because he would not engage in the service of the State; and in 1516 the young man entered the monastery of St. Augustine. He studied at the university of Padua, and in 1526 was called to the ministry. Peter Martyr preached at Rome, Bologna, Pisa, Venice, Mantua, Bergamo, and other cities. He studied the Scriptures in Greek and Hebrew, and the Spirit of God opened his understanding. In 1530, he was made Prior of St. Peter's *ad aram*, at Naples.

In 1534, there lived in Sienna a classic scholar named Antonio della Paglia, known as Aonio Paleario, to whose brilliant lectures students went in numbers. He was the son of an old patrician house of Veroli. The war of 1527 drove him from Rome; he visited Florence, Ferrara, Padua, and Bologna, settling in Sienna in 1532. He was a poet, and wrote in Latin on the immortality of the soul. Religious questions now agitated him: he read not only St. Augustine, but the Reformers and the Holy Scriptures. "All who turn their souls towards Jesus crucified," said he, "and bind themselves to him with thorough confidence, are delivered from evil and receive forgiveness of their sins." He married, and had two sons and two daughters; his family were, after God, the consolation of a life agitated by the injustice of his enemies. His trials made him sigh for the peace of a country life, and he wrote of its attractions with a simplicity like the ancient times.

Paleario's best friend was Antonio Bellantes, president of the Council of Nine. After Bellantes' death, the monks were accused of stealing the ready money left by him to his mother, and in revenge the catholics swore upon the altar to destroy Paleario. They strove to entrap him into heretical admissions, and three times asked him: "What is the means of salvation given by God to man?" Each time he answered: "*Christ*"—instead of the Church. From that time he was a lost man. He was accused of heresy to the senate, while absent at Rome, and his wife passed whole days in tears. At last order and liberty were restored in the government of the republic and Paleario returned to his country house near Colle. His adversaries at once laid a charge of heresy before the senate of Sienna and the court of Rome. Twelve delegates turbulently proceeded to the residence of Archbishop Francesco Bandini, an illustrious ecclesiastic, and conjured him in the name of religion to support the charge against Paleario. The Archbishop consented the courts should decide the charge. These enemies at once set to work to prejudice the community, and had Paleario summoned before the senate on a charge of heresy. That innocent and just man was not blind to the danger and difficulty of his position. "Alas!" said he, "where can the righteous man turn? whom can he implore?"

Paleario went to the palace of the Signiory, accompanied by some faithful friends, strong in innocence and faith. His judges and adversaries were in attendance. He eloquently defended himself, and said to his bitterest accuser: "Cotta, you imagine you are a Christian, because you bear the image of Christ upon your purple robe; while by your calumnies you are crushing an innocent man, who is also an image, a living image, of Jesus Christ." In attacking him, his adversaries really attacked the Gospel, the Reformation, and those excellent men whom God was making use of to transform Christian society. Paleario boldly defended the reformers in the presence of all Italy. "What noble theologians there are in Germany. . . Exact, sincere, earnest, they have professed the truths which we find set forth by the early fathers. . . . Can there be anything more striking, more glorious, or more deserving our eternal gratitude? . . . If I must suffer a penalty for the testimony I have borne to the Son of God, believe me that no happier fate could befall me; in truth I do not think that a Christian in our times ought to die in his bed." If this noble victim *spoke* at Sienna, he was to *act* at Rome in 1570. The impression produced by his address was so profound, that the senate declared Paleario innocent. He withdrew to Lucca, and held the chair of eloquence.

Beside these lights—a Curione or a Paleario, scattered here and there over Italy—there were societies of Christian men in several cities who courageously professed evangelical truth. Bologna in particular—a city in the neighborhood of Ferrara, and whose university was, along with that of Paris, the first of the great schools of Europe—counted a large number of laymen and ecclesiastics who were earnest

for the Reformation. In 1533, they said to the ambassador of Saxony: "If necessary, we will sacrifice our fortunes and our lives in our Redeemer's cause; and as long as we live, we will commend it daily to God by fervent prayer." Such was the decision of the Christians of Italy, even in the cities subject to the pope. At this time the Court of Rome turned John Mollio, a Franciscan, out of the university of Bologna, for declaring the Christian truth as found in the New Testament.

The Gospel had made noble conquests in the north and centre of the peninsula: it did the same at Naples, and even at Rome.

It was not the Italians alone who spread the Gospel in Italy. Among the contemporaries and acquaintances of Paleario, Peter Martyr, and Occhino, were two twin brothers, descended from one of the oldest families of Leon in Spain, Juan and Alfonso di Valdez; they were born in 1500. Alfonso was the secretary of Charles V., and heard Luther at the Diet at Worms; yet Erasmus was the bridge by which he passed from Rome to the Gospel. The news of the famous sack of Rome by the troops of Charles V., in 1527, gave him boldness to publish a "Dialogue on the Things which happened at Rome," which sharply attacked the papacy. In 1528, Juan issued a *Dialogue*, half serious and half in jest, *between Mercury and Charon*, which exposed the oppressions and impiety of the vicar of heaven. The priests raised a violent storm against these brothers, but the emperor's name protected them. At Augsburg in 1530, Alfonso played the part of mediator between Charles V. and the protestants, and immediately translated the celebrated evangelical confession into French. From this period, Alfonso shared his time between Germany and Italy; henceforward his brother occupies the foremost place. Juan settled permanently at Naples in 1534 "He did not frequent the court very much after Christ was revealed to him," says Curione; but he loved the Gospel above everything, and sought to make it known by his conversations and writings. He became all things to all men to bring souls to Christ. "An honored and brilliant knight of the emperor, he was a still more honored and brilliant knight of Jesus Christ."

Peter Martyr Vermigli arrived in Naples in 1530, as abbot of St. Peter's *ad aram*, and there made great progress in the knowledge of the Gospel. He studied the writings of the apostles, and those of Bucer, Zwingle, Luther, and Melancthon. Daily he conversed about the Scriptures with Flaminio and Valdez; above all things, he sought to impart by preaching the light which he had received. Vermigli preached on the First Epistle to the Corinthians, before a large audience including even bishops. He showed the foundation of Christian doctrine to be "*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus.* This evangelical sermon aroused a storm in Naples, and for a short time the pulpit was closed against him.

This persecution was salutary to the Christian circle at Chiaja. It grew wider; nobles and scholars attended the meetings, among others Benedetta Gusano de Verceil and Giovanni Francesco Caserta. The latter soon led to the Gospel Galeazzo, son of the Marquis Caraccioli; a little later, this young nobleman abandoned his rich patrimony to remain faithful to the Gospel in Geneva. High-born dames were in this select circle: Vittoria Colonna, widow of the Marquis of Pescara, Isabella di Bresegna, and Guilia di Gonzaga, the widowed duchess of Trajetta, the most beautiful woman in Italy, whom Barbarossa the corsair tried to carry off in 1534. These noble minds loved to converse upon the mysterious questions of Christian faith.

In 1536 the celebrated Occhino testified to the living faith in Naples, and scattered among the people the religious ideas which Valdez and Peter Martyr propagated among the noble and learned; and against his sermons the Cardinal of Gaeta protested in vain. The emperor heard him preach in Naples, and said: "That monk would make the very stones weep." Giulia Gonzaga did not miss one of his sermons; she was deeply agitated, and revealed to Valdez the distress, the hopes, and the struggles of her soul. "The law has wounded you," he said; "the Gospel will heal you; for if the Law gives death, the Gospel gives life. . . . There are three paths which lead to the knowledge of God: the natural light, which teaches us the omnipotence of God; the Old Testament, which shows us the Creator as hating iniquity; and lastly, Christ, the sure, clear, and royal way. Christ is love; and accordingly, when we know God through him, we know him as a God of love. Christ has made satisfaction for sin. An infinite God alone could pay an infinite debt. But it is not sufficient to believe it: we must experience it also. Two images should be continually before your eyes: that of Christian perfection, and that of your own imperfection."—The daughter of the Gonzagas sat in spirit at her Saviour's feet, and gave herself to him with all her soul. Not long after Valdez dedicated to her a translation of the Psalms from the Hebrew. Subsequently he published *Commentaries* on the Epistles of Paul to the Romans and to the Corinthians. These Christians had to endure contumely and scorn for their faith; for Charles V. had published an edict forbidding all intercourse with those infected with or only suspected of Lutheranism.

In this charming circle at Chiaja was the distinguished Pietro Carnesecchi, a patrician of Florence, who had been secretary to Clement VII., and had several

times refused a cardinal's hat. With nobility of features, he combined modesty and gravity of bearing. Charles V. while in Naples invited Carnesecchi to a private interview, and endeavored to learn from him what schemes the pope had formed with Francis I., at Marseilles. Carnesecchi would not violate the confidence which Clement had reposed in him. Carnesecchi much preferred the conferences he had with Valdez, Peter Martyr, and Occhino. Ere long he sat humbly at the foot of the cross, of whom it had been said formerly: "The pontificate was at that time filled by Pietro Carnesecchi rather than by Clement." He believed in those truths which he afterwards confessed before the college of cardinals, and on account of which he was put to death by the pope.

Two groups of pious men took part at this time in the revival of Italy: the independent Christians, like Carnesecchi and Paleario, all of whom ended their lives in exile, or at the stake; and men of hierarchical tendency, as Contarini and Caraffa, (afterwards the persecuting Paul IV.,) who had belonged to the Oratory of *Divine Love*, and subsequently rose to the highest posts in the Church. Between them were many truly Christian people, who were with the evangelicals in faith, but yet clung to Rome. Of this number was Flaminio, one of Valdez's best friends. With the gifts of a poet, he also experienced adversities and anguish. His literary and philosophical studies could not satisfy him. "The study of the heavenly truth is the goal I set before me," he said. "I desire to adore the eternal God with fervor, and devote my life to the salvation of souls." He visited in succession Rome, Venice, and Verona. In the latter city, he followed so zealously the rigid ascetic practices of Bishop Giovanni Matteo Giberto, that he nearly lost his life. He afterwards entered the household of the violent Giovanni Pietro Caraffa, Bishop of Chieti, afterwards pope, under the name of Paul IV., and the restorer of the inquisition. In Naples, Flaminio learnt the way of peace by intercourse with its pious men; from here he dedicated his book on the Psalms to the famous cardinal Farnese. While Flaminio desired to live in the Roman Church, Carnesecchi was still more resolved to walk in the paths of the Gospel; and they had many serious but friendly discussions. He returned to Rome, and Reginald Pole, cousin to Henry VIII., endeavored to win him to the papacy; but he belonged to neither party.

The religious revival at Wittemberg, Zurich, and Cambridge, reached to the gates of the Vatican at Rome. In the Trastevere—in the very spot where it was said St. Peter had dwelt—the *Oratory of Divine Love* was formed, of nearly sixty ecclesiastics and laymen; of some the living piety endured to the end. Among them were Giberto and Caraffa, Gaetano di Thiene, afterwards canonized, Reginald Pole, and Pietro Bembo, a friend of letters. Many a monk shut up in his convent, particularly the Benedictines, felt the influence of the revival. Giovanni-Battista Folengo was a most striking example of this semi-evangelical, semi-monastic life. He studied the Scriptures by day and night, and published evangelical commentaries. His works were condemned by one infallible pontiff and approved of by another.

Gasper Contarini, a senator of Venice in 1521, had met Luther at the Diet of Worms, and his orderly mind had been displeased at the noble impulses of the reformer. Contarini, in his first writings, established the immortality of the soul by philosophical arguments. He was a highly cultured scholar, and a member of the Oratory of Divine Love. In 1535, he was surprised and agitated by his appointment as cardinal by Paul III. He finally accepted the offer, determined to obey the voice of God in his conscience more than the varying caprices of the Vatican. The pontiff desired to bring the protestants back to the Church, and therefore gathered about him pious men; he gave the purple in succession to Sadolet, Caraffa, Giberto, Bishop of Verona, Fregoso, Archbishop of Salerno, and Reginald Pole. Yet these elections became a principle of the restoration of Romanism, and of a serious and ere long cruel resistance to the Reformation. Contarini, the Melancthon of the papacy, set to work at once to reform and to unite the Church. Like the reformers, he laid great stress in religious matters on the positive side, but remained faithful to Roman-catholicism by extenuating the negative side. He hoped for success, and we shall see hereafter the result.

From the Alps to Sicily, burning lights of the Reformation had everywhere appeared, and men rejoiced in their brightness. Thus two great forces met face to face—Rome and the Gospel. Not only evangelicals, such as Curione and Carnesecchi, but pious catholics were full of hope of a reform. Calvin was about to enter Italy: if he should settle in the birth-place of Savonarola, his faith, his talents, and his activity might gain a glorious victory for the truth. But the times of Rome were not accomplished. Paul III., finding his efforts at unity ended in nothing, suddenly turned upon the Reformation and endeavored to crush it. Those men who would have been the regenerators of Italy, had either to flee for their lives, or were insulted, condemned, beheaded, and burned.

BOOK VIII.

ENGLAND BREAKS WITH ROME.

1534—1536.

A Conspiracy against the Reformation—Henry VIII. Separates England from the Papacy—Beginning of Danger for the Queen and for Tyndale—The King-Pontiff against the Roman-Catholics and the Papacy—Light from Both Sides—Death of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More—Visitation of the Monasteries: their Scandals and Suppression—Union of the Church of England with the Protestants of Germany—Accusation of Anne Boleyn—Anne Forgives her Enemies and is Put to Death—Reforming movement after Anne's Death; Catholic and Scholastic Reaction—A movement of Scholastic Catholicism inaugurated by the King. Evangelical Reaction—Insurrection of the North of England to Restore the Papacy and Destroy the Reformation—Death of the Great Reformer of England.

THE Parliament of 1534 had greatly advanced the cause of the Reformation. The epoch was a critical one for the nation. It might as easily fall back to the pope as advance towards the Gospel. Hesitating between the middle ages and modern times, it chose to follow life rather than death.

Two days after the famous consistory in which Henry's condemnation had been pronounced, an English courier entered Rome, bearing the long expected act by which the King of England declared himself prepared to enter into an arrangement with the pope. It was just what Clement desired; but the consistory obliged the pope to ratify the sentence, and ordered the emperor to carry it out It has been said that a delay of two days was the cause of the Reformation of England. That is a mistake. The Reformation came from the Holy Scriptures, from God, from His mighty grace, and not from princes, their passions, or delays. Sir Edward Carne and William Revett, Henry's envoys, speedily arrived in Rome, and were thunderstruck to hear that the pope had pronounced sentence against Henry VIII. Carne dispatched a messenger to the king to ask for orders; and ten days later he appealed from the bishop of Rome ill-informed to the bishop of Rome better informed.

When the King of England received his ambassadors' message, he could hardly restrain his anger. National pride arrayed the people on the king's side. Henry no longer hesitated; his offended honor demanded reparation; a complete rupture alone could satisfy it. He wrote a treatise entitled: "On the power of Christian kings over their Churches, against the tyranny and horrible impiety of the pope." Parliament, the privy council, the people, and even the clergy, declared against Rome. By a vote of thirty-three to four, the lower house of Convocation, on the 31st of March, decided that the Roman pontiff had in England, according to Scripture, no higher jurisdiction than any other foreign bishop. The friends of the Gospel were filled with joy.

A dangerous political and clerical conspiracy had been for some time silently organizing in the convents, but was discovered in March, 1534, before its consummation. The arrogant and profligate monks foresaw that they would be the first victims of the revolution, and they resolved to fight for their altars and their homes. It was a young woman, an ecstatic—nay, a fanatic—who grasped the trumpet and sounded the charge. Elizabeth Barton lived in the village of Aldington in Kent; her face was sallow, her eyes haggard, and she was subject to epileptic convulsions, in which she lost the use of her limbs and understanding, uttered strange and incoherent phrases, and fell at last stiff and lifeless to the ground. The rector of the parish, a cunning and grasping priest, resolved to take advantage of her attacks to defend the Catholic church from the assaults of the king, ministers, and parliament. Urged on by fanatic appeals, the girl pretended to have communications with saints and angels; she feigned to be cured by a miraculous interposition of the Virgin; her oracles and miracles were multiplied. An account of her declarations were laid before Archbishop Warham, Sir Thomas More, and the king; the latter distrustfully ordered her words to be noted down.

Elizabeth began to denounce the new marriage the king desired to contract, saying: "If Henry marries Anne Boleyn, in seven months' time there will be no king in England" The circle of her influence at once grew wider, and she was at length brought before the king. Her demeanor was greatly excited, and she exclaimed: "Satan is tormenting me for the sins of my people. O times! O manners! Abominable heresies, impious innovations! King of England beware that you touch not the power of the holy father. Root out the new doctrines; burn all over your kingdom the New Testament in the vulgar tongue. Henry forsake Anne Boleyn, and take back your wife Catherine. If you neglect these things, you shall not be king longer than a month. . . You shall die the death of a villain."

This noisy scene produced no effect on the king, and the fanatical young woman

now strove to rouse the people. Partisans gathered to her from all classes; Bishop Fisher was gained over, and the Roman-catholics triumphed. Sir Thomas More, an eminent and large-hearted catholic, had but little confidence in her inspiration, and advised her not to speak of the affairs of princes. Elizabeth Barton did not profit by this lesson. It was resolved to excite a seditious movement, and many monks gladly joined in the conspiracy. Catherine and the representatives of the party of the White Rose, were in this political alliance. The conspirators believed themselves sure of victory; but Cranmer and Cromwell discovered the approaching storm. The prelate closely questioned Elizabeth, and she was sent to the Tower with five other nuns of her party. The unhappy creature soon confessed everything. "I never had a vision in all my life," she declared. "Whatever I said was of my own imagination; I invented it to please the people about me, and to attract the homage of the world." Her priestly accomplices were condemned to make a public disavowal of their impostures at St. Paul's, and were then confined in the Tower.

The names of the illustrious Fisher and More were also in the indictment; but at the solicitations of Cranmer and Cromwell, the name of the latter credulous but loyal subject was stricken from the bill. The honest, but proud and superstitious, bishop of Rochester would not acknowledge any fault. The name of the king's old tutor was left, therefore, in the act of attainder. The bill was adopted, and on the 23d of March sentence of death was passed upon all the criminals. On the 20th of April, the false prophetess and her accomplices were executed at Tyburn. In her last words she deplored her deception.

The maid of Kent having been executed, her partisans rallied around queen Catherine. This proud daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella always claimed the honors of a queen, and opposed all attempts to separate her from her friends.

Henry had no son, and dreaded a civil war after his death between the partisans of his two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Therefore the marriage with queen Anne was declared by Parliament to be alone valid, and her children solely entitled to the succession. All classes of the people, even the monks, bound themselves by the statutory oath, and swore also to substitute the primacy of the king for that of the pope. Many bishops were not sorry to be liberated from the perpetual encroachments of the Roman court: both universities and the Church disavowed the authority of the pontiff.

A rumor that the emperor was preparing for the invasion of England, led Henry and Francis I. to negotiate for a defensive alliance. Henry determined to finish with the pope as the pope had finished with him, and to declare himself master in his own island. The evangelical party desired to go farther, and drive the catholic doctrines out of England. These two hostile sections united their forces against the common enemy. Cranmer, the ecclesiastical leader of the evangelicals, gave way too easily to the royal pressure; but he was a moderate theologian, a conscientious Christian, and a persevering reformer. Cromwell, the lay leader of protestant feeling, was inferior in moral qualities, but had a surer and wider glance than the primate. These leaders were strongly supported by ministers and lay members. The bold Latimer ardently preached evangelical truth. Anne Boleyn was charmed by his apostolic zeal, and made him her chaplain.

On the 9th of June, 1534, about three months after he had been condemned at Rome, Henry signed the proclamation: "For the abolishing of the usurped power of the pope," requiring "the sweet and sincere Word of the Lord" alone to be preached, and the name of the bishop of Rome to be no more remembered; and declaring himself supreme head of the Church of England. The clergy, universities, and monasteries speedily made their submission. The first pastoral of the prince who claimed now to govern the Church, seemed to make it a mere department of the State. Henry allowed the bishops to remain; but he employed the functionaries of police and justice to sharply overlook their episcopates. The power in the Church having been taken from the pope, should have been committed to the totality of its members—to the Christian people. In the apostolic age, the Christian Church had in every town a council of irreproachable men, distinct from ministers of the Word; and it was not until many centuries later that a universal chief was created. The supreme authority in the Church was now given to the State, and probably there were not then enough enlightened Christians to form these assemblies.

Two persons were at this time especially dreaded by the Roman party: the Queen and Tyndale. The hour of trial was approaching for both of them.

The translation of the Holy Scriptures was the life-work of the reformer Tyndale. Thomas Poyntz, a warm-hearted Christian merchant of Antwerp, received the refugee into his house; and the latter heard of the martyrdom of Fryth while translating the Old Testament. Tyndale, strengthened by faith, redoubled his zeal in his Master's service. He consecrated to the poor the money given to him; two days of the week, Mondays and Saturdays, were devoted to relieving the necessities of the afflicted, in "every hole and corner." This is what Tyndale called his "pastime." On Sundays he conducted evangelical service, and the rest of the

week he gave entirely to his translation. He was master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and English. This learned scholar was vexed to see issued a "corrected" edition of his translation by George Joye, a superficial man, who followed the Vulgate and his own imagination.

Tyndale was much gratified at hearing of the order of Queen Anne Boleyn to Cromwell, to indemnify the merchants who had suffered loss from having introduced the New Testament into England. He rejoiced to know that she wished to be the mother of her people who trod in the paths of Holy Scripture, and he gratefully presented her with a handsome copy of his New Testament. The king was much annoyed at this order of the queen, and at her apparent opposition to his opinions. The Roman party were still more irritated; but as they dared not attack the queen, they looked about for another victim.

Gardiner, now bishop of Winchester, and his allies resolved to have Tyndale seized in the states of Charles V. and put to death. Near the end of 1534, they despatched to Antwerp a very clever monk of Stratford Abbey, and a zealous young papist. The latter soon gained Tyndale's heart by his amiability, and plotted how to capture him at a favorable moment. The emperor's ministers, believing that if they put Tyndale to death they would save the papacy in England, gave the services of the imperial prosecutor and other officers. The English merchant was now absent at Bar-le-Duc, and it was agreed to arrest the reformer without the knowledge of the city authorities. This new Judas arranged to dine with his victim, and posted his agents outside of the narrow passage-way that led to the house, saying: "I shall come out with Tyndale; and the man I point out with my finger, is the one you will seize." Finding his Christian victim at home, this perfidious man borrowed thirty pounds sterling from him; then, as the doctor had an invitation to dine, he led him out as a lamb to the slaughter, placing his forefinger as a signal over Tyndale's head. The simple-minded martyr did not at first understand what his captors intended doing. He was led to the house of the imperial prosecutor, and detained till his papers and books were seized. Then he was imprisoned in the strong castle of Vilvorde. This occurred in August, 1535. His betrayer fled to Louvain, and often boasted of his treacherous act.

The English merchants of Antwerp immediately called upon the governor of the English factory to take measures in favor of their countrymen; but he refused. Tyndale, deprived of all hope, sought consolation in God. "Oh! what a happy thing it is to suffer for righteousness' sake," he said. "My enemies destine me for the stake, but I am as innocent as a new-born child of the crimes of which they accuse me. My God will not forsake me."

While the Roman papacy was triumphing in the Low Countries, Henry VIII. was giving his orders like a sovereign bishop, and the majority of the priests yielded to him. Every preacher was bound to preach once at least against the usurpations of the papacy, and the secular clergy generally obeyed. The signs of opposition were but slight, and the priests generally schooled their penitents to employ mental reservations. Yet these burdens upon the conscience made many ecclesiastics and laymen feel uneasy. Two men, a layman and a bishop, celebrated throughout Christendom, Fisher and Sir Thomas More, prepared to oppose the king's will even unto death.

With many other ecclesiastics and influential men, the ex-chancellor and the bishop were summoned to Lambeth palace, to take the oath prescribed in the Act of Succession, recognizing the king as the head of the Anglican Church. More and Fisher alone refused to swear; the former said: "I cannot subscribe that form without exposing my soul to everlasting damnation. I am ready to give my adhesion to the Act of Succession, which is a political act, but without the preamble." They were sent to the tower, in December, 1534. More's daughter, Margaret, visited him, and exclaimed: "Take the oath; death is hanging over your head." Sir Thomas replied: "Nothing will happen to me but what pleases God."—The Carthusian monks of London resisted the oath for a time; but the fear of the tower led them to take it "so far as it was lawful."

While England was separating from Rome, Clement VII. was dying of vexation. His successor, Paul III., said to Henry's envoy: "There is nothing in the world that I have more at heart than to satisfy your master." It was too late to appease the offended king. As a lay pope, he now became cruel and blood-thirsty. The first act passed by parliament in 1534, ratified the king's new title as head of the Church of England, and gave him "full authority to put down all heresies and enormities." Thus Henry VIII. united the two swords in his hand. Yet the consciences of Christians revolted at this act of the catholic party in England. Some time after Cranmer was asked: "Who is the supreme head of the Church of England?"—"Christ," was the reply, "as He is of the universal Church."—"But did you not recognize the king as supreme head of the Church?"—"We recognized him as head of *all the people of England*," answered Cranmer; "of *churchmen* as well as of *laymen*."—"What! not of the Church?"—"No! *Supreme head of the Church* never had any other meaning than what I tell you."

In England it was reserved for Catholics

as well as for evangelicals to give to the world, amid great misery, remarkable examples of Christian virtues. Leaders of the pontifical army were to be smitten in the struggle in which so many evangelicals had already fallen. While Sir Thomas More lay in prison, he strove to banish afflicting thoughts concerning the future by writing a history of Christ's passion. Suffering preceded his martyrdom. For a while his clothing and food were miserable, and he had to write his thoughts on little scraps of paper with a coal; but this scandalous neglect was remedied about Christmas time.

The parties in England were all in commotion. Friends of the papacy, the advocates of the supremacy of the king, and the evangelicals under Cranmer, each sought to advance its principles. This contest was a terrible drama, destined to wind up not in a single catastrophe but in many. The prudent Cranmer lived in constant anxiety, and moved forward slowly: he modified an evangelical movement by a clerical concession. Notwithstanding his compromises, he never abandoned the great principles of the Reformation. Had he not bent at times beneath the Tudor's sceptre, he would have been crushed, and protestantism with him.

Cranmer now undertook the most important step of all: he sought to give the Bible to the laity. He made a proposition to Convocation that the Holy Scriptures should be translated into English by certain honorable and learned men, and be circulated among the people. Stokesley, Gardiner, and other bishops opposed this measure, but Cranmer triumphed. The king gave his assent, upon condition that the bishops should henceforth recognize the pope as merely bishop of Rome. Cranmer was overjoyed. "If we possess the Holy Scriptures," he said, "we have at hand a remedy for every disease." Taking for the ground-work an existing translation, (doubtless Tyndale's,) he divided the New Testament into ten portions, and distributed these among the most learned of the bishops for their examination; but many of the portions returned were pitiable, and the archbishop saw he must find colleagues better disposed. As popery and rebellion were openly preached in the dioceses of Winchester and London, the metropolitan, in despite the opposition of their bishops and with the sanction of the king, made an official visitation in those districts.

Francis I. feared the effects of these severities, and endeavored to reconcile the king with the pope. Although Paul III. withdrew the decree of Clement VII., Henry VIII. went on his way crushing those subjects who refused to recognize his supremacy. He first attacked the Carthusians, the most respectable of the monastic orders in England, for not rejecting the Roman authority. The monks refused to yield, and the prior said to his brethren: "I am ready to give up my life to save you; but if one death does not satisfy the king, then let us all die."—"Yes we will all die," answered the brethren. Next morning they made a general confession and begged forgiveness of one another. Two days after, they celebrated the mass of the Holy Ghost with much enthusiasm. The king had evidently not so much to fear in this quarter as from revolts in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Ireland, induced by the excitement. The government sent the Carthusians an absolute order to acknowledge the royal supremacy. At this time, there was in reality no liberty on one side or the other.

On the 29th of April, 1535, three priors, Haughton of London, Robert Laurence of Belleval, and Augustine Webster of Axholm, were tried and found guilty of high treason for refusing to take the oath. The court hoped to intimidate Fisher and More by the execution of the three priors, 4th May, 1535. "They went as cheerfully to death," said More, as they passed his window, "as if they were bridegrooms going to be married." As the rope was placed about Haughton's neck, he exclaimed: "Holy Jesus, have mercy on me." The others said: "God has manifested great grace to us by calling us to die in defence of the catholic faith. No, the king is not head of the Church of England." Other Carthusians and, as a recompense, some anabaptists were afterwards put to death.

Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were now visited by Cromwell, and urged to acknowledge the king's supremacy. Both refused, and the execution of their sentence could not be long delayed. Henry hesitated to put to death his ex-chancellor and his old tutor. About the 20th May, Paul III. appointed as cardinals John Du Bellay, Contarini, Caracciolo, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester. The latter said: "If the cardinal's hat were at my feet, I would not stoop to pick it up." Henry was enraged at this apparent challenge, and the death of these two men was hastened. On the 14th June, 1535, More was again urged to accept the royal supremacy as established by law. He answered: "That law is a two-edged sword. If I accept it, it kills my soul; if I reject it, it kills my body."

On the 22d June, the aged bishop was awakened, and told it was the king's good pleasure he should be executed that morning. "I most humbly thank his Majesty," he replied, "that he is pleased to relieve me from all the affairs of this world. Grant me only an hour or two more, for I slept very badly last night." His slumber lasted till near eight o'clock, and then he dressed himself in his best clothes, saying: "This is my wedding day, and I ought to dress as if for a holiday." At nine, he was led from his cell by the lieu-

tenant. On his way he opened his New Testament for consolation, praying: "O Lord! I open it for the last time. Grant that I may find some words of comfort to the end that I may glorify thee in my last hour." The first words he saw were these: *Hæc est autem vita æterna, ut cognoscant te solum Deum et quem misisti Jesum Christum.*—"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Fisher closed the book, and said: "That will do. Here is learning enough to last me to my life's end."

At the foot of the scaffold in Smithfield, the porters who had carried the feeble old man in an arm chair, said: "We will help you to ascend."—"No, sirs," he answered. "Come, feet! do your duty; you have not far to go." The sun shone upon his face on the scaffold! *They looked unto Him and were lightened*, he cried, *and their faces were not ashamed.* He forgave the executioner, laid aside his robes, and spake: "Christians, I give my life for my faith in the holy catholic Church of Christ. I do not fear death. Assist me, however, with your prayers, so that when the axe falls I may remain firm. God save the king and the kingdom!" He prayed his last prayer: "Eternal God, my hope is in thy deliverance." His eyes were bandaged, and his head cut off at one blow of the axe. It was exposed by Henry's orders on London bridge; but the soldiers buried his body. Thus died a pious Roman-catholic bishop.

It was now the turn of Sir Thomas More. On the 1st July, 1535, he was led on foot through the streets of London to the tribunal of that court at Westminster where he had often presided. Nothing could save the noble-minded man, feeble in body but strong in spirit; the jury gave a verdict of guilty. "Now that all is over," said the prisoner, "I will speak. Yes, the oath of supremacy is illegal. The Great Charter laid down that *the Church of England is free*, so that its rights and liberties might be equally preserved."—"The Church must be *free*," said the lawyers: "it is not therefore the slave of the pope."—"Yes, *free*," retorted More; "it is not therefore the slave of the king." He was condemned to be hanged and quartered; but the king ordered that he should be merely beheaded.

At the door of the court-room, his son fell at his feet, weeping and exclaiming: "Your blessing, father! your blessing!" More raised him up, kissed him tenderly, and blessed him. As he landed on the wharf of the Tower, his daughter broke through his guard, and fell upon his neck, exclaiming amid heart-rending sobs: "Father, father!" He answered in a trembling voice: "Daughter, I am innocent; but remember that however hard the blow with which I am struck, it comes from God. Submit thy will to the good pleasure of the Lord." The loving daughter was torn by force from her father, and again she broke through the crowd to throw herself into his arms. More would not weep at death, but the tears poured down his cheeks for love; and "very few in the troop could refrain from weeping." The women of Margaret's household bore her away, and the prisoner reentered the tower.

Sir Thomas spent six more days and nights in prison, increasing his macerations and scourgings, wearing a windingsheet, yet giving much time to Christian meditations. On the 5th of July, he wrote to Margaret a tender farewell, sent her as an inheritance his hair, shirt and scourge, and begged as an only favor of the king that she might be present at his burial. The next day he dressed himself for execution in a fine silk robe, and as he walked to the scaffold he carried a crucifix in his hand. A poor woman handed him a cup of wine, to whom he gently said: "Thank you, thank you; Christ drank vinegar only." At the scaffold, he said to Kingston: "Give me your hand to help me up. As for my coming down, you may let me shift for myself." He spoke to the people: "I die in the faith of the catholic Church, and a faithful servant of God and the king." Kneeling down, he repeated the fifty-first Psalm: *Have mercy upon me O God, according to thy loving kindness.* To the executioner he spoke: "Why do you talk of forgiveness; you are doing me the greatest kindness I ever received from man." As his head was upon the block, and the axe was uplifted, he put aside his long and curly beard, saying: "This at least has not committed treason." Thus peacefully fell that noble head, to hang on London bridge. Our sympathies are for these Christian victims; our aversion for the royal executioner.

The death of these two celebrated men caused an immense sensation. In England every one trembled. The enlightened men of the continent displayed more liberty and energy in their execrations of horror. Even Francis I. and Charles V. joined in condemnation. At Rome, in particular, the anger was terrible. Paul III. was deeply angered, and prepared a bull "of anathema, of malediction, and of condemnation" against Henry and his States; but delayed its publication. Cromwell strove to justify the king to the Vatican, by falsely accusing these good men of sedition and conspiracy.

The death of the late tutor and friend of the prince, was to be followed by a measure less cruel but far more general. The pope, who treated kings so rudely, should not be surprised if kings treated the monks severely. Henry had been a close witness of their lazy and often irregular lives. One day, pretending to be lost in the forest of Windsor, he dined with a dyspeptic abbot, whose over pampered appetite rejected even dainty dishes. The

BEHEADAL OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

incognito king dined so heartily on a sirloin of beef that the admiring abbot said: "I would give a hundred pounds to eat with as much appetite as you." Shortly after the abbot was placed in the Tower, and kept upon a diet of bread and water. One day the king permitted him to eat an entire joint, and thereupon set him at liberty after the payment of the hundred pounds.

The monks lived, generally, in idleness, gluttony, and licentiousness. "The only law they recognize," said Luther, "is that of the seven deadly sins." Their acts were scandalous; but they must be noted. All classes despised them. The monks tried to maintain their power by upholding the papacy, and exciting the people against the king. Cromwell urged Henry to abolish these hostile monasteries, and to make their wealth contribute to the prosperity of the nation. The debaucheries of certain monks of Waltham Abbey, who were wont to spend the night with the nuns of Chesham Convent, were exposed to the king. Henry resolved to suppress these houses of impurity, and use their property to fortify the coast, and improve the fleet, army, and harbors. In September, 1535, Cromwell was named vicegerent and vicar-general, conferring on him all the ecclesiastical authority vested in the king. He was authorized to visit all churches and monasteries, and punish the guilty. Thus he was given precedence over the primate. By this arbitrary way the laity re-entered the Church.

The vicar-general appointed able commissioners: Dr. Leighton, Dr. Loudon, Sir Richard Cromwell, ancestor of the celebrated Cromwell, and others. The universities were not overlooked, and the study of scholasticism gave place to philosophy, the sciences, languages, and divinity. Canterbury was the first church visited, in October, 1535. Then archbishop Cranmer publicly exposed the corruptions of the papacy in his sermon, saying: "The pope's holiness is but a holiness in name. Vain glory, worldly pomp, unrestrained lust, and vices innumerable, prevail in Rome. I have seen it with my own eyes. These many years I have daily prayed unto God that I might see the power of Rome destroyed."

The Canterbury monasteries were visited, and eight of the brothers were convicted of abominable vices, similar to the pagan corruptions related by St. Paul. In the Carthusian monastery were found monks who had seduced nuns in an adjoining cloister—the sin and the absolution often following close upon each other. Langdon Abbey, near Dover in Kent, was surrounded and forcibly entered; a woman was found with its profligate abbot, and both were imprisoned. It was found that the abbot of Fountains had ruined his abbey by publicly keeping six women; and that at Mayden-Bradley another prior had five women, six sons, and a daughter. In St. Anthony's convent at Bristol were shown for money, a tunic of our Lord, a petticoat of the Virgin, a part of the Last Supper, and a fragment of the stone on which Jesus was born at Bethlehem. At Hales in Glocestershire was pretended to be preserved some of Christ's blood in a bottle—"a crystal very thick on one side and very transparent on the other." The sinner who was absolved, it was said, saw the blood instantaneously; but the cunning monks never showed the transparent side till the penitent put a large donation on the altar. At Boxley in Kent was a famous crucifix, the image of which, moved by concealed wires, by its motions accepted or rejected the offerings made to it. "Upon my word," said the king after examining it, "I do not know whether I ought not to weep rather than laugh, on seeing how the poor people of England have been fooled for so many centuries." In several convents, the visitors found implements for coining base money. But debauchery was the most frequent crime. One monk was found who, as a confessor, had carried adultery into over two hundred families; the names of the wives of several commissioners were found on this list. Riots, sieges and battles occurred at several places. Fortunately, sometimes the monks were found to be pious, charitable, industrious, and self-supporting. The women's convents were strictly examined, and searching questions were asked as to the lives of their inmates. In some houses nearly all the nuns trampled under foot the most sacred duties of their sex, and were without mercy for the unhappy fruits of their disorders. Monasteries were found to be hot-beds of vices: their inmates ought to have lived with God, but in the midst of society. Many young monks and nuns were found to be restrained of their freedom, and were glad to be allowed to return to secular life.

The distressed and disgusted commissioners reported to the council: "We have discovered not seven, but more than seven hundred thousand deadly sins. . . The monasteries are so full of iniquity that they ought to fall down under such a weight. If there be here and there any innocent cloister, they are so few in number that they cannot save the others." The partisans of the religious orders proposed a reform; but many believed all amendment was impossible. In February, 1536, the *Black Book*, containing the individual confessions of monks and nuns, was laid before Parliament; at the reading of these horrible enormities great indignation was felt. Cromwell restricted himself for the moment to the secularization of three hundred and seventy-six cloisters, in each of which there were fewer than twelve persons. Immediately a great commotion ensued throughout England. Some rejoiced, while others wept. "What has hitherto been called

a religious life, was an irreligious life," said Latimer.

On the 4th February, 1536, this measure passed parliament, secularizing about ten thousand monks and nuns. It gave the crown a yearly rental of £32,000, besides silver, jewels, etc., worth £100,000. Unhappily, the shameless cupidity of the monks was imitated by many noblemen, who petitioned for shares in the spoils. Other evils ensued. Some of the finest libraries in England were destroyed. The king lost these treasures at play, and used convents as stables for his horses. The act of parliament was immediately carried out. Some monks confessed: "We have covered the Gospel of Christ with shame." Others set themselves up in open revolt, but were forced to submit at last. The elderly received a pension; but the young monks were told: "You must earn a living by the work of your hands." There was great suffering at this period. Many, who were young then, grew old in beggary; others fell into despair, and put themselves to death.

England found in this energetic act one of the sources of her greatness. The incomes of a few convents were employed in the foundations of new schools, and particularly of Trinity College, Cambridge. The revenues of the crown were more than doubled. This wealth fortified England and Ireland, repaired the harbors, and created an imposing fleet. The abolition of papacy gave England national unity and independence. Political economy, rural economy, all that concerns the collection and distribution of wealth, then took a start that nothing has been able to check. Agriculture was improved; mercantile enterprises were extended. The population of the cloisters was transformed into an active and intelligent middle class. A public grew up. A new life animated antique institutions that had remained nearly useless. The blow aimed at the system of the Middle Ages re-echoed throughout Europe. In 1539, an act of parliament completed the suppression of the monasteries.

Henry VIII. having thrown down the *pillar of the papacy*—the monks—felt the necessity of strengthening the work he had begun by alliances with the continental protestants. He hoped more from Germany than from Switzerland. Advances had been made from each side. In March, 1535, Melancthon dedicated to this prince the new edition of his *Common-Places*, with the hope that England would become the salvation of the whole Church of Christ. In return, Henry directed Cranmer to send Melancthon two hundred crowns, with a royal letter signed: "*Your friend Henry.*" The cruel execution of Fisher and More scandalized the protestants and catholics of the continent. Henry's envoy, Barnes, in vain urged Melancthon to visit England. "The mere thought of the journey," he replied, "overwhelms me with distress." The elector, John Frederick, handsomely entertained Barnes, and sought to promote an English alliance with the princes of Germany. Luther was prepossessed in favor of his ancient adversary by the suppression of the monasteries, and said to Melancthon: "Would to God that we possessed several kings of England to put to death those bishops, cardinals, legates, and popes who are nothing but robbers, traitors, and devils."

"We only ask one thing," said the Reformers to Barnes; "that the doctrine which is in conformity with Scripture be restored to the *whole world.*" But Henry still observed the catholic doctrine, and this condition made the alliance difficult. Yet the king feared the deliberations of the general council proposed by the Lutherans and Francis I. To win the Lutherans to his side, Fox, Bishop of Hereford, and Archdeacon Hare were added to the German embassy. Upon the basis of the Confession of Augsburg, the treaty of alliance was signed on the 25th December, 1535. Melancthon was urged to go to England, but he would not.

At home, Henry talked of putting his daughter Mary to death, because she would not "renounce the title of princess;" but he gave way to the entreaties of Cranmer. When Mary became queen, she put to death the man who had saved her life. The terrified Catherine wrote to her daughter: "Obey the king in all things. . . . Above all, do not desire a husband, nor even think of it, I beg you in the name of Christ's passion.

Your loving mother,

CATHERINE THE QUEEN."

But the mother was not less decided than the daugther in maintaining her rights. "I am the queen, the king's true wife," she insisted. To prevent a separation from her friends, she took to her bed, saying she was ill. Her ascetic practices and her heavy sorrow brought on consumption, and she asked for the company of her daughter; but the cruel king refused even this consolation. This harshness to the aunt of Charles V. so provoked that monarch, that he determined to attack Henry; and he secured the neutrality of Francis I. by the offer of the duchy of Milan. At the time her wrongs were to be redressed by arms, Catherine became seriously ill, and died on the 7th January. Just before her death, she wrote this noble letter, which moved Henry to shed tears:

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband: The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health. You have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles; but I forgive you all, and pray God to do likewise. I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be

a good father to her. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Catherine's death removed Anne's anxieties. "Now," she said, "now I am indeed a queen." The people mourned for this unhappy woman, who was a high-spirited wife, and a queen of indomitable will. Charles V. sheathed his sword and kept Milan; both the emperor and Francis began to court Henry. This event also facilitated the alliance of the king with the protestants of Germany. The theological discussion began at Wittemberg: Bishop Fox and Archdeacon Heath, Melancthon and Luther, were the parties. The doctrine of the mass was the principal point debated, and they could not come to an understanding. On the 12th March, the English ambassadors asked the elector to modify several points; but Luther replied: "If we had been willing to concede anything, we might just as well have come to terms with the pope." On the 24th April, the protestant states required Henry to receive *the faith confessed at Augsburg*, if he would be acknowledged as protector of the evangelical alliance. England and Germany were about to join hands, to the dismay of the catholics.

Great wounds had been inflicted on the papacy, and for all these monasteries sacrificed fanatical adherents resolved one person must be immolated! One only, but taken from the most illustrious station. The king had struck his tutor and his friend on the one side, and to maintain a balance, he was to strike his wife on the other. A tragedy was about to begin which would terminate in a frightful catastrophe.

Anne Boleyn had been brought up in one of the best schools in Europe—in the household of the pious Margaret of Angoulême. From that princess she had learned to love the Reformation and the Reformers. Since her coronation, she had almost daily communication with the archbishop of Canterbury to advance the interests of the evangelical cause, and she assisted in the study of letters poor students of purity and talents. She aided her young ladies to prepare garments for the indigent, and in less than a year bestowed fifteen thousand pounds in charity. Anne was delighted with the spirit with which the bold Latimer preached the truths of the Gospel, and she had a high esteem for the noble Tyndale; the latter gratefully presented her with a beautiful edition of his New Testament, printed on vellum. In 1535 she selected as one of her almoners, the pious and modest Matthew Parker of Norwich, whose knowledge and activity gained her entire esteem; she showed him many kindnesses. Queen Mary stripped this earnest minister of all his offices in 1554, and he was forced to hide for safety; but despite his entreaties, the daughter of Anne Boleyn afterwards appointed this excellent man archbishop of Canterbury, which seat he dignified for sixteen years. Such were the men whom Anne Boleyn gathered round her.

She was a virtuous wife, and an earnest protestant full of good works; but she had not renounced the world and its pomps. Her sprightliness and gayety, her amiable freedom, were in strong contrast with the graver and stiffer formalities of the English ladies; these charms of innocence her calumniators have misconstrued into grave offences. In the eyes of the papal partisans, she had committed an unpardonable crime; *she had separated England from the papacy*. Ere long the crown of St. Edward pressed heavily on her forehead. The members of her own family became her enemies. Her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, hated her for her heretical influence, and Lady Rocheford, the wife of her brother and of a despicable character, plotted against her for envy. Among her ladies of honor was Jane Seymour, who united all the attractions of youth and beauty. To her the passionate Henry soon turned his eyes; for he had grown weary of the genial gayety and the protestantism of his wife. Anne had two capital crimes: she was a friend of the Reformation in the midst of a society that was catholic at heart, and a Frenchwoman at the head of an English court. Moreover, she had married above her station. The queen, who was near her confinement, endeavored to win back the king's love; but her jealousy of Jane Seymour added to Henry's anger. One day in January, 1536, she found the king paying his court to the young maid of honor in too marked a manner; the cruel shock made her prematurely give birth to a dead son. The king's perfidy cost the life of the heir he had desired so long. That selfish prince cruelly upbraided her misfortune, and she answered: "You have no one to blame but yourself."

Anne now foresaw the misfortunes awaiting her, and she passed through three months of agony. All courtiers knew of the change in royal favor, and the ultramontanists regained their courage. They saw the influence of the queen in the appointment of Latimer and other evangelicals as bishops, and they knew the pope was ready to forgive everything if Henry would put away Anne Boleyn. Yet the first blow came from the queen's own sister-in-law. To satisfy her jealousy, the depraved Lady Rocheford determined to ruin Anne Boleyn and her own husband together. The unhappy queen foreboded an early death, and she commended her daughter Elizabeth to the simple-minded Parker with all a mother's love.

Four malicious charges were to cost Anne Boleyn her life. One day she sent for one of the court-musicians, named Smeton, "to play on the virginals." This was the first charge. It was said that

Norris, a gentleman of the king's chamber who was betrothed to Margaret, one of Anne's maids of honor, went to the queen's apartments more for the sake of his sovereign than for his betrothed. The queen, therefore, urged on his marriage, and he affirmed to her almoner: "The queen is a virtuous woman; I am ready to affirm it upon oath." This was the second count. Sir Francis Weston was reproved by the queen for visiting a young lady and neglecting his wife. He audaciously replied: "Madam, there is one person in your house whom I love better than both—yourself." Anne scornfully ordered him to leave her presence. This was the third count. Lord Rocheford, her brother, one day entered her room while she kept her bed, and in the presence of her maids bent towards her to speak confidentially. The infamous Lady Rocheford made of this an accusation to condemn her husband and sister-in-law of an infamous crime.

Henry was happy to have a pretext to get rid of his wife more speedily than by divorce. Of his six wives, he put away two by divorce, two by the scaffold: only two escaped his criminal humor. On the 25th April, he appointed a commission of inquiry of twenty-six noblemen, with the duke of Norfolk at its head, and on the 27th he issued writs to assemble Parliament. That same day William Brereton, a gentleman of the king's household, was imprisoned in the tower; three days after, Mark Smeton, the court-musician, who was willing for vanity-sake to ruin the princess because she would not notice him, was confined. On the 1st May, a brilliant tournament was held at Greenwich, at which it is reported the queen dropped her handkerchief into the lists, and Norris wiped his face with it. Henry withdrew in great anger, and the festivities were interrupted. The next day the king ordered the arrest of Rocheford, Norris, Weston, and the queen, while Cranmer was commanded to await orders at Lambeth.

When Anne was brought before the council to answer these accusations, she fell upon her knees and cried out: "O Lord, if I am guilty, may I never be forgiven." To her protestations of innocence, her uncle answered: "Tut! tut!" She was removed to the Tower; and as she entered remembered her triumphal reception three years before. Again she knelt, exclaiming: "O Lord, keep me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused." Tears and hysterical laughter convulsed her by turns. She continually protested her innocence, and entreated to have the sacrament. "O my mother, my mother, thou wilt die for sorrow," she cried. The queen counted less upon justice than the meanest of her subjects.

The same day Cranmer was thunderstruck at hearing of the royal acts. "What! the queen imprisoned! the queen an adulteress!" That she was innocent, he had no doubt. He feared to openly take her part lest the Reformation might fall with her, and he humbly wrote the king: "Sire, I am in such a perplexity that I am clean amazed: for I never had a better opinion in woman than I had of her, which maketh me think she cannot be culpable. And yet, sire, would you have gone so far, if you had not been sure of her crime?" . . . His letter was cowardly, and cannot be justified.

The 3d of May was a sad one in the Tower. Lady Boleyn and Mistress Cosyns, two of the queen's enemies, were kept always near her, and never spoke to her without rudeness. "To be a queen," she said, "and to be treated so cruelly—treated as queen never was before. No, I shall not die—no, I will not die." The unfortunate lady had hysterical paroxysms, followed by a delirious attack, in which she exclaimed, with eyes starting, as if they were looking into the future: "If I am put to death, there will be great judgments upon England for seven years. And I . . . I shall be in heaven . . . for I have done many good deeds during my life."

Everything was preparing for the unjust judgment which was to have so cruel a termination. Henry's agents redoubled their exertions to obtain, either from the ladies of the court or from the men accused, some deposition against Anne; but it was in vain. The gentlemen of the court stoutly denied the charge; but Mark Smeton, either through torture or from wounded vanity, was made to confess all they wanted. Vainly the queen's innocence shone forth on every side—the conspiracy formed against her grew stronger every day. The queen understood that she must die; and wishing to be prepared, she turned towards a better life, and sought to strengthen herself in God.

At this time the duke of Norfolk, accompanied by other noblemen, in the king's name summoned her to confess the charges, that the king might consent to pardon her. With the dignity of a queen still upon the throne, and with the calmness of a Christian at the gates of eternity, Anne dismissed these malicious courtiers, and sent to her royal husband in reply a letter full of the tenderest complaints and the sharpest protests, in which her innocence shines forth beyond denial. "Your poor wife," she wrote, "will never be brought to acknowledge a fault where not so much as a thought thereof ever proceeded. . . . Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let no sworn enemies sit as my accusers and as my judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall receive no open shames. . . . Mine offence being so lawfully proved, your Grace may be at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as

I am: whose name I could, some good while since, have pointed unto, your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. . . . My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favor in your sight—if ever the name of Anne Boleyn have been pleasing in your ears—then let me obtain this request; and so I will leave to trouble your Grace any further; and with mine earnest prayer to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.

"ANNE BOLEYN."

Injured in her honor, Anne Boleyn spoke without fear, as one on the threshold of eternity. Her noble letter aroused a tempest in the king's heart, and he determined to inflict a great humiliation on this daring woman. He strove to strip her of the name of his wife, by establishing a pre-contract between Anne and Percy, afterwards duke of Northumberland; but Percy solemnly denied the allegation.

To secure an appearance of legality to this trial, true bills of indictment were obtained from the grand juries of Middlesex and Kent. On May 12th, Norris, Weston, Brereton, and the musician were brought before the commission at Westminster. The three gentlemen repelled the charge with unshakable firmness; the wretched musician alone confessed a crime that would give him a place in history. He was condemned to be hanged, and the others to be beheaded.

On 15th May, the queen and her brother were tried by their peers in the great hall of the Tower; the judges had been carefully selected by the duke of Norfolk. The queen was charged with adultery, incest, and conspiracy against the king's person; but it was impossible to look at her, or hear her plead her own cause, and not declare her innocent. Without confronting the queen with the only witness against her, the court pronounced sentence: that the queen should be taken back to the Tower, and there on the green should be burnt or beheaded, *according to his majesty's good pleasure.* Anne justified the honor of herself and the gentlemen accused. Raising her eyes to heaven, she cried out: "O Father, O Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth and the life, knowest that I have not deserved this death." She laid aside her royal insignia, commended herself to their prayers, and returned to prison. Lord Rocheford, protesting his innocence and his sister's, was then condemned to be beheaded and quartered. The Lord Mayor witnessed these proceedings, and said to a friend: "I can only observe one thing in this trial—the fixed resolution to get rid of the queen at any price." And that is the verdict of posterity.

On the 17th of May, the gentlemen who were to be executed were brought together, embraced, commended each other to God, and ascended the scaffold. Lord Rocheford said: "My friends, I am going to die, as such is his majesty's pleasure. I do not complain of my death, for I have committed many sins during my life; but I have never injured the king. May God grant him a long and happy life." Norris, Weston and Brereton were beheaded after him.

The king cruelly determined to annul his marriage with Anne, notwithstanding Northumberland's denial of a pre-contract of marriage with Anne Boleyn. Cranmer told the queen he was commissioned to this duty, and each believed that by this expedient the king would spare her life. On the 17th of May, the primate officially declared the marriage null and void. On this same day, Da Casale informed Paul III. of the good news of Anne Boleyn's imprisonment. The pope joyfully replied: "Now his majesty may accomplish an admirable work for the good of Christendom. Let us be friends."

Towards evening (17th May) the queen learned that her sentence would be assuredly carried out. She desired to take the Lord's Supper, but first she wished to humble herself before Catherine's daughter. Compelling Lady Kingston to sit in the chair of state, and falling on her knees to her, she cried bitterly: "I charge you—as you would answer before God—to go in my name to the princess Mary, to fall down before her as I do now before you, and ask her for forgiveness for the wrongs I have done her. Until that is done, my conscience will have no rest." Before taking the sacrament, she once more declared her innocence. In the morning she calmly said to the keeper: "I hear that I am not to die this morning, and I am very sorry for it; for I thought by this time to be dead and past my pain."—"Madame," he replied, "you will feel no pain, the blow will be so sharp and swift."—"Yes," said Anne, smiling, "I have heard say that the headsman is very clever, and I have but a little neck."—Henry sent to her a gentleman to see if the fear of death would not induce her to satisfy him. Anne sent by him her last words to the king: "Commend me to his majesty, and tell him that he has ever been constant in his career of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen; and now that he has no higher degree of honor left, he gives my innocence the crown of martyrdom."

All strangers were excluded from the Tower, and about eleven in the forenoon of the 19th of May Cromwell and other officials gathered about the scaffold on the green, where stood the executioner from Calais with his axe and attendants. A little past noon, Anne appeared dressed in a robe of black damask, and attended by four maids of honor. She was then

thirty years old, and "never had she looked so beautiful before." Addressing those who had been her subjects, she said: "Good Christian people, I am not come here to justify myself; I leave my justification entirely to Christ, in whom I put my trust. I will accuse no man, nor speak anything of that whereof I am accused, as I know full well that aught that I could say in my defence doth not appertain unto you, and that I could draw no hope of life from the same. I come here only to die, according as I have been condemned. I commend my judges to the Lord's mercy. I pray God (and I beg you to do the same) to save the king and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or more merciful prince there never was. To me he was ever a good, gentle, and sovereign lord. And thus I take my leave of the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! To God I commit my soul!"

This Christian discourse made a deep impression on all around her. Anne refused to have her eyes bandaged, and removed her white collar and hood. Then, having fallen on her knees and made a silent prayer, she laid her head on the block, saying: "O Christ, into thy hands I commit my soul." The headsman hesitated a few seconds, and she cried: "O Jesus, receive my soul." At that instant the axe flashed and her head fell. A cry escaped from the lips of the spectators, "as if they had received the blow upon their own necks." Immediately a signal-gun was fired, to give Henry instant news of the crime which gave him Jane Seymour. The ladies placed the body and head of their mistress in an old elm box which had held arrows, and the burial was made in the Tower chapel.

Henry had dressed himself in white, and ordered a grand hunting festival for the day. When he heard the anxiously expected signal, he exclaimed: "Ha, ha! the deed is done! uncouple the hounds and away!" At last this voluptuous, cruel king was free, and the very next day he married Jane Seymour. He liked to combine crime and festivities, marriage and death, in the same picture. The death of Anne Boleyn agitated Europe, and alienated the protestant princes and divines of Germany. On his death-bed, Henry acknowledged her innocence.

After queen Anne's death, the two parties were agitated in opposite directions. The friends of the Reformation accelerated their efforts, to show that their cause was not disgraced: the friends of Rome and its doctrines thought they had but to redouble their activity to gain a complete victory.

On the 20th of May, when the news of the queen's prosecution arrived at Rome, both pope and cardinals were transported with joy. Paul III. said to Da Casale: "I always thought, when I saw Henry endowed with *so many virtues*, that heaven would not forsake him. If he is willing to unite with me, tell him that his majesty may, without hesitation, expect everything from me." And the infallible pontiff did not fear to acknowledge that he had made a mistake in the appointment of Bishop Fisher as cardinal.

Rome has two modes of bringing back princes under her yoke — flattery and abuse. The pope had adopted the first: Reginald Pole, formerly a protégé of Henry's, undertook the second. In 1535 he wrote from the north of Italy a defence of the unity of the Church, addressed to Henry VIII., and overflowing with violence. This treatise reached London the first week in June, 1536: never did haughty monarch receive so rude a lesson. In it he said: "O prince, you, in imitation of the pride of Lucifer, set yourself above the vicar of Jesus Christ. What! you have rent the Church, as it was never before rent in that island, you have plundered and cruelly tormented it, and you claim, in virtue of such merits, to be called its supreme head. There are two Churches: if you are at the head of one, it is not the Church of Christ; if you are, it is like Satan, who is the prince of the world, which he oppresses under his tyranny. . . . You reign, but after the fashion of the Turks. A simple nod of your head has more power than ancient laws and rights. Sword in hand you decide religious controversies. Is not that thoroughly Turkish and barbarian? O England! if you have not forgotten your ancient liberty, what indignation ought to possess you, when you see your king plunder, condemn, murder, squander all your wealth, and leave you nothing but tears. . . . You have forsaken the fountain of wisdom. Return to the Church, O prince! and all that you have lost you shall regain with more splendor and glory." The king peremptorily ordered Pole to return to England, but the latter wisely refused. Henry believed that neither pope nor foreign monarch had a right to exercise the smallest jurisdiction in England. He was therefore decided—and this saved Great Britain—to maintain the rupture with Rome.

Lady Kingston discharged Anne Boleyn's Christian commission, and the princess Mary, little moved by the sight, believed that she would now become heiress-presumptive to the crown. Cromwell interceded for her with the king, and Henry consented to receive his daughter into favor upon her acknowledging four conditions: the supremacy of the king, the imposture of the pope, the incest of her own mother, and her own illegitimacy. After much opposition she signed the unnatural demand, and from that time received yearly £3,000.

Parliament met the 8th of June, and were informed the king *had yielded to the humble solicitations of the nobility*, and formed a new marriage. Both houses

ratified the accomplished facts, thanked the king profusely for his *most excellent goodness*, declared both daughters illegitimate, and gave him the privilege of naming his successor in his will. On the 4th of July, Parliament put the penalties of *præmunire* on everybody who recognized the authority of the Roman pontiff, and required every student, ecclesiastic, and civil functionary to renounce the authority of the pope. This bill was the cause of great joy in England; the protestant spirit was stirred, and there was a great outburst of sarcasm against the abuses of papacy.

A convocation of the clergy met by summons at St. Paul's. Rome and the Reformation had each nine bishops: if Gardiner had not been in France, the former would have had a majority. By appointment, Latimer preached boldly to the assembly upon the parable of the unjust steward. He plainly exposed the abuses, intolerance, and errors of the clergy, and said: "If you will not die eternally, live not worldly. Preach truly the Word of God. Feed ye tenderly the flock of Christ. Love the light. Walk in the light, and so be the children of light while you are in the world, that you may shine in the world to come bright as the sun, with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The clergy dared not protest, and ere long they received another mortification. They were shocked to hear that Cromwell was to represent Henry VIII. in the assembly; but to their great astonishment his secretary, Dr. Petre, sat by the primate—a deputy of a delegate! On the 21st of June, Cromwell appeared and sat above all the prelates. Roman-catholicism made a vigorous onslaught, and the lower house condemned sixty-seven evil doctrines. These were read to the upper house on the 23d June, and the prolocutor said: "They affirm that no doctrine must be believed unless it be proved by Holy Scripture; that Christ, having shed his blood, has fully redeemed us, so that now we have only to say, O God, I entreat Thy Majesty to blot out my iniquity. They say that the sacrifice of the mass is nothing but a piece of bread; that auricular confession was invented by the priests to learn the secrets of the heart, and to put money in their purse; that purgatory is a cheat; that what is usually called the Church is merely the old synagogue, and that the true Church is the assembly of the just; that prayer is just as effectual in the open air as in a temple; that priests may marry. And these heresies are not only preached, but are printed in books stamped *cum privilegio*, with privilege, and the ignorant imagine that those words indicate the king's approbation."

Cranmer and Cromwell determined that the balance should incline to the evangelical side. "Discuss this question with charity," said Cromwell, "without brawling or scolding, and decide all things by the Word of God." But the traditional party answered with human doctrines and human authorities. Alesius, a Scotch evangelical who was called the 'King's Scholar," spoke at the invitation of Cromwell, showing there were only two sacraments — Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Many prelates were greatly enraged at this presumption; they believed with the future council of Trent: "That we must receive *with similar respect and equal piety the Holy Scriptures and* TRADITION." At noon the meeting broke up; for the debate had been sharp, and the sacerdotal party had been beaten. Next day they protested against the presence of the Scotchman, and he had to withdraw. "Are there seven sacraments or only two?" was the question of debate; but it was impossible to come to an understanding. Had the assembly been suppressed and an evangelical one formed, the Church would have been completely reformed. Such a step was not taken.

Anne's disgrace and the king's marriage to Jane Seymour, had given Cranmer a free field to advance the Reformation. This was not what Henry wanted; for though he rejected the authority of the pope, he remained faithful to his doctrines. As head of the Church, he resolved to fulminate a bull. This dogmatic paper, entitled *Articles about religion set out by the Convocation, and published by the King's authority*, was laid before the upper house of Convocation by Cromwell. It gave great joy to the partisans of Rome, and made the evangelicals to fear. It required the Scriptures and the three creeds to be believed "*according to the interpretation which the holy approved doctors in the Church do defend*," sustained penance, confession, and priestly absolution; recognized "the body and very blood of the Saviour" to be in the mass; approved of image adoration; sanctioned prayers "to our Blessed Lady, to St. John the Baptist, to each of the apostles, or to any other saint;" upheld the customary rites of worship, and justified prayers "for the souls of the dead." If England became protestant, it was in spite of the king.

A long debate ensued. The decided evangelicals could see nothing in these articles but an abandonment of Scripture. Yet, at the terrible voice of the king, Cranmer signed the articles with many others, and they passed through Convocation. Cranmer would have died a more glorious martyr under Henry VIII. than by waiting for Mary. Convocation petitioned the king to order a new translation of the Bible; they abolished many feast days, and denounced a general council as pernicious. Parliament and Convocation were not again called for three years. Cromwell was now made Lord Privy-Seal, and vice-gerent in ecclesiastical matters, in reward for his services. He circulated among all the priests some instructions which were passably evangelical, and undertook to reform the clergy from drinking, brawling, and card playing.

Cranmer and Cromwell wished to circulate the Holy Scriptures. Tyndale's version being compromised, Cromwell had patronized Coverdale, when the latter applied to him for the necessary books in 1530. On the 4th October, 1535, Coverdale's translation appeared on the continent, entitled: BIBLIA, *the Bible, that is to say the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.* It reached England early in 1536, but Cromwell dared not favor it; for in its dedication it implored the divine blessing on the king and on "his dearest, just wife, and most virtuous princess, Queen Anne." A new title page was afterwards printed; but it was impossible to obtain the royal sanction.

Still, if Coverdale's Bible was not admitted into England, the Reformation, taught by pious ministers, was spreading more and more. Faith gave pious Christians a courage which the great ones of the earth did not possess. John Gale, pastor of Twaite in Suffolk, turned the images in his church to the wall. The minister of Hothfield declared that: "Our lady is not the queen of heaven, and has no more power than another woman." Even Bishop Barlow said in his cathedral: "If two or three cobblers or weavers, elect of God, meet together in the name of the Lord, they form a true Church of God." Gale and others were accused of heresy and treason before the criminal court, and an evangelical book which compared Henry to Herod was burned. The crown officers were to see that the doctrines of the pope were taught everywhere; but, without the pope and his authority, this system has no real foundation. Non-Roman-catholicism has but a treacherous support. There is but one real foundation: *Thy word is truth*, says Jesus Christ.

A mighty effort was about to be made in the North of England to expel both Cranmer's protestantism and the king's catholicism, and restore the papacy to its privileges. Many members of the House of Lords were indignant at seeing heretics invested with the episcopal dignity, and a layman, Cromwell, presuming to direct the Convocation of the clergy. Some of them formed a league, and the ambassador of Charles V. assured Lord Darcy that they should be supported.

There was great agitation, especially among the inhabitants of the towns and villages of the North. Those of the counties of York and Lincoln were submissive to the priests as to the very representatives of God. They were exasperated at seeing monks roaming through the country half starved and in rags, and at seeing profane lay-folks housed in the ancient convents. Everywhere the people listened to the agitators, and soon the superior clergy appeared in the line of battle. In October, 1536, whole parishes rose in Lincolnshire, headed by their priests. They compelled the gentry to join with them; the archbishop of York with many abbots and priests encouraged this peasant revolt, and soon twenty thousand men were in arms. Great disorders were committed. The king, who had no standing army, angrily ordered the *traitors* to disperse; but his threats only increased the commotion. The duke of Suffolk entered Lincolnshire on October 13th, and the rebels having no efficient leader or provisions, dispersed.

The men of the North were more ultramontane than those of Lincoln. On October 8th, there was a riot at Beverly, in Yorkshire; a Westminster lawyer, Robert Aske, was proclaimed their leader. He restored the monks to their monasteries in York; Lord Darcy joined the insurrection, and soon an army of 40,000 men formed "*the Pilgrimage of Grace.*" Each parish paraded under a captain, priests carrying the Church cross in front by way of flag. Great bonfires were lighted on all the hills to call the people to arms. All the nobility of the North, except Percy, Earl of Northumberland, joined the insurrection.

Henry displayed great activity and intelligence in this emergency. He appointed the duke of Norfolk, chief of the ultramontane party at court, commander of his little party, and this clever policy succeeded well. The friends of the Gospel were deeply agitated at this attempt to place England under the papal sceptre. Many of the insurgents were animated by the vilest sentiments, and committed outrageous acts. On the 21st of October, the Lancaster herald met the leaders at Pomfret Castle, and by the king's orders directed them to disperse. "We want the redress of our grievances," answered Aske, "and we will die fighting to maintain them." Thirty thousand well armed rebels arrived at the banks of the Don; but the rising of the water prevented them from crossing Lord Norfolk and other catholic leaders urged them to disperse, and on the 29th of October they returned to their homes. The king executed many of them, and the kingdom resumed its tranquility.

Tyndale, the principal reformer of England, concentrated all his activity in the Holy Scriptures, unlike Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, and Knox. He had studied it, translated it, and sent it over the sea: it must now do its own work. He was in prison at Vilvorde, near Brussels; yet he was as truly free as Paul had been at Rome. He remembered his vow made years ago: "If God preserves my life, I will cause a boy that driveth a plow to know more of the Scriptures than the pope." To keep his promise, he occupied his prison hours in preparing an edition of the Bible in the dialect of the peasantry of Gloucestershire. Two other editions of the New Testament appeared during the first year of his captivity. When seized, he had ready for printing the Old Testa

ment, translated from the Hebrew text. His friend Rogers, a chaplain to the English merchants at Antwerp, who had aided Tyndale in his translations, had saved the manuscript of the Old Testament, and had the great English folio Bible printed somewhere on the continent. Rogers was the first martyr in the reign of Queen Mary. The Holy Scriptures have been written in English with the blood of martyrs—the blood of Fryth, Tyndale and Rogers: it is a crown of glory for that translation. Tyndale rejoiced in the victory of the Word. "I am bound like a malefactor," he said; "but the Word of God is not bound." The bitterness of his last days was changed into great peace and divine sweetness. The jailer and his family were converted to the Gospel by Tyndale's life and doctrines.

His friends did not forget him. Thomas Poyntz, at whose house in Antwerp he had staid a year, resolved to do everything to save him. He wrote to his elder brother John, in Essex, who enjoyed the favor of Henry VIII., supplicating the help of the king, and saying: "The king should know that the death of this man will be one of the highest pleasures to the enemies of the Gospel." John at once interested Cromwell in the Reformer's cause, and letters were sent to the president of the council of Brabant; but the archbishop and the council were opposed to Tyndale. Poyntz immediately returned to England, and entreated Cromwell to insist that Tyndale should be at once released. The answer was delayed a month, and he was told the request would be granted by the council of Brabant. The traitor Phillips endeavored to prevent the liberation of the prisoner by arresting the liberator. Poyntz was examined six days as a heretic; and fled to England early in February, 1536. Tyndale knew that he must die. He was urged to recant, but he answered: "The authority of Jesus Christ is independent of the authority of the Church. . . . Holy Scripture is the first of the apostles, and the *ruler* in the Kingdom of Christ." The king cared little about an evangelical being burnt in Brabant, and in this case Cromwell could do nothing without the support of Henry.

The trial of the Reformer of England began in August, 1556, and he said: "I will answer my accusers myself." The doctrine for which he was tried was this: "The man who throws off the worldly existence which he has lived far from God, and receives by a living faith the complete remission of his sins, which the death of Christ has purchased for him, is introduced by a glorious adoption into the very family of God." This was certainly a crime for which a reformer could joyfully suffer.

It was not his own cause that he undertook to defend, but the cause of the Bible. He declared solemnly before he died, that while all human religions make salvation proceed from the works of man, the divine religion makes it proceed from a work of God. "Yes," he exclaimed, "we believe and are at peace in our consciences, because that God, who cannot lie, hath promised to forgive us for Christ's sake." The priests declared Tyndale guilty of erroneous, captious, rash, ill-sounding, dangerous, scandalous, and heretical propositions. He was solemnly degraded, and stripped of sacerdotal robes; the Bible was taken from the translator of the Bible, and the crown of the priesthood shaven from his head. He remained in prison two months, full of faith, peace, and joy. Those who saw him said: "If that man is not a good Christian, I do not know of one upon earth."

Friday, the 6th of October, 1536, he was led out to execution. He said to the large crowd assembled: "I call God to record that I have never altered, against the voice of my conscience, one syllable of his Word, nor would do this day if all the pleasures, honors, and riches of this earth might be given me." While the executioner was fastening him to the post, he exclaimed in a loud and suppliant voice: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." These were his last words. Instantly afterwards he was strangled, and flames consumed the martyr's body. A great death had crowned the great life of the "Apostle of England."

His fellow countrymen profited by the work of his life. Richard Grafton, the printer, presented the martyr's Bible to archbishop Cranmer, and asked him to procure its free circulation. Fidelity, clearness, strength, simplicity, unction—all were combined in this admirable translation. Cranmer asked Cromwell to obtain permission for it to be sold "until such times as we shall put forth a better translation—which, I think, will not be till a day after doomsday." Henry ran over the book; Tyndale's name was not in it, and the dedication to his majesty was very well written. The inconsistent and whimsical king authorized the sale and the reading of the Bible throughout the kingdom, which would overthrow the doctrines of Romanism which he imposed. We may well say that the blood of a martyr opened the gates of England to the Holy Scriptures.

For centuries the English people had been waiting for such a permission, even from before the time of Wycliff; and accordingly the Bible circulated rapidly. This great event, more important than divorces, treaties, and wars, was the conquest of England by the Reformation. Whoever possessed the means bought the book and read it, or had it read to him by others; poor people clubbed together and purchased a Bible to be read aloud to them. The Christianity of the Apostles reappeared in the Church. Tyndale had desired to see the world on fire by his Master's Word, and that fire was kindled. The general dissemination of the Holy Scriptures forms an important epoch in the Reformation of England.

BOOK IX.

REFORMATION OF GENEVA BY FAREL'S MINISTRY, AND ARRIVAL OF CALVIN IN THAT CITY AFTER HIS SOJOURN IN ITALY.

1535–1536.

Progress, Struggles, and Martyrs of the Reformation in Geneva—Poisoning of the Reformers. Conversion of the Head of the Franciscans—Preparations for a Public Disputation in Geneva—The great Public Debate on the Foundations of the Evangelical Faith—Triumph of the Word of God, both Written and Spoken—Images and the Mass Abolished—Priests, Monks, Nuns, and the Vicar-General Depart—An Energetic Citizen calls Switzerland to help Geneva and the Reformation—War, and the Battle of Gingins—Diplomacy, or the Castle of Coppet—Movements for the Attack and Defence of Geneva. Faith and Heroism—Extreme Peril—Destruction of the Castles; Joy in Geneva; Liberation of Bonivard—The People of Geneva Desire to Live According to the Gospel—Calvin at Ferrara—Flight of Calvin—Calvin's Arrival at Geneva.

THE Reformation of Geneva, prepared by the restoration of civil liberty and begun by the reading of the Word of God and the teaching of various evangelists, was about to be definitely carried out by the devout ministry of Froment, Viret, and particularly of Farel. Afterwards Calvin, in accord with the Councils, who never renounced their right of intervention, will strengthen the foundations and organize and crown the edifice.

At the beginning of 1535, everything indicated that liberty and reform were about to be destroyed in Geneva. The partisans of the pope and Savoy threatened the city's subjugation; the Swiss cantons supported the claims to this end, provided religion remained free. Within Geneva, the citizens resolved to uphold its Reformation. Three parties called for it alike. The old huguenots wanted it to be immediate, violent even if necessary; the magistrates wished it to be legal, slow, and diplomatic; and the evangelicals desired it to be spiritual, and peaceably accomplished by the Word of God. Without hesitation, without fear, that little city of 12,000 souls trusted in God and marched onwards. In February, the Genevese resolutely voted to the first offices of state some of the most decided friends of independence and reform. Almost every day pious refugees entered this city of refuge, and strengthened the faith of its Christians.

The council were divided in sentiment, but the moderate party sought to pacify evangelicals by slight concessions. They found a gray friar of St. Francis, who offered to preach the Word of God; but the canons, vicar, and Chapter mistrusted his application for a place to preach in. The syndics assigned him the church of St. Germain, on the eve of the first Sunday in Lent, (12th February.) This decision enraged the catholics of the parish, and urged on by their wives, a number of members begged the syndics to allow them their usual service. They were little pleased with the answer returned: "You will hear the preacher. If he preaches well, he shall stay; but if he preaches any novelty, anything contrary to Holy Scripture, he will be expelled." An insurrection was at once organized, in which some women of rather questionable morality were the leaders. The reformed made a way through the church for the monk, who, little by little, reached the foot of the pulpit. "Then that apostate from St. Francis began to preach in the heretical fashion." But the bigots of both sexes made such an uproar that the cordelier was compelled to be silent. For this defiance of their orders, the council punished the rioters by imprisonment and banishment.

This victory—as was natural—precipitated the movement of the Reformation in Geneva. On Easter day, the Lord's Supper was partaken of by many at the Rive convent. The fanatical adversaries of the Reformation revenged themselves by the sacrifice of the first Christian martyr for Geneva.

Gaudet, formerly a knight of Rhodes, had settled in Geneva with his family, to live in the faith of the Gospel, and even himself preached its doctrines. His uncle, the Commander of Rhodes, was indignant at this apostasy, and by letter entrapped his nephew to visit Gex. That district was then ravaged by Genevese mamelukes, Savoyard knights, and other brigands from the castle of Peney. "A huguenot condemned, without proof, of having helped to drive the bishop out of Geneva, was torn limb from limb by horses in the courtyard at Peney." Gaudet was seized on the road to Gex, carried off to the castle of Peney, and there kept for five days in great torment. "If you will recant," they said, "your life shall be spared."—"He remained constant, supporting the cause of the Gospel," say the chronicles, and they resolved "to put him to the cruelest death ever heard of in this country." The peasantry of the neighborhood were gathered in the courtyard, and he was there "burnt alive over a slow

fire, for having settled at Geneva, for having attended sermons, and heard and preached the Gospel." When the soles of his feet were consumed, the fire was passed in succession over different parts of his body; then he was fastened to a post, and pricked all over with spears and halberds. He suffered greatly for two days, but died breathing words of faith and patience. The Genevans were much exasperated at these cruelties, and made a sortie by night against the castle of Peney; but the attack was poorly planned, and came to naught.

The Genevans neglected nothing for their defence. Convent bells were cast into cannon; a permanent force was raised, and traitors were sent out of the city.

The fanatical residents were more zealous than ever, and some were willing to use any means to vanquish the enemies of Rome. Canon Gruet, Gardet the priest, and Barbier plotted to be rid of Farel, Viret, and Froment; as the reformers were all living in the same house, it was thought well to poison them. Antonia Vax, then living at Geneva with her husband and children, had in early life served as a domestic in several families where she had seen poison employed; she was of melancholy temperament, enthusiastic imagination, weak rather than depraved. Barbier and some monks persuaded her such an act would merit the glory of heaven; and Canon D'Orsière told her: "Act, act boldly; you need not be anxious." The unhappy woman yielded, and the position of domestic was obtained for her in Claude Bernard's house, where the three ministers were lodged. Watching her opportunity, she procured some poison surreptitiously from an apothecary store, and on the 8th of March she mixed the sublimate in some thick spinach soup. Farel thought it too thick for his taste, and asked for some household soup. Froment was about lifting a spoonful to his mouth, when he was called away to welcome his wife and children to Geneva. Viret, yet suffering from his wound, ate tranquilly the poisonous mixture. The conscience of the wretched woman was awakened; she burst into tears, and piteously begged Viret to drink some water till he consented. The reformer became very ill. Antonia, in alarm, fled by boat with her children to Coppet, three leagues away; but Claude Bernard, mistrusting her, pursued and brought her back. Again she took to flight, and hid in the cellar of Canon D'Orsière's house; but she was apprehended, and confessed everything.

Viret was in peril of death; he was carefully tended and recovered slowly, but he felt the effects of the poison all his life. "Sword-cuts in the back, poison in front," said the citizens. "Such are the rewards of those who preach the Gospel." The priests, and even the canon who had ruined the woman, were imprisoned, greatly to the scandal of the clergy, and were tried according to the common law—a great innovation in the Sixteenth century. Antonia was condemned to have her head cut off, her body hung on the gibbet of Champel, and her head fixed on a nail. Her mind wandered at the scaffold, and her last words were: "Take them away! In heaven's name take away those *round-caps* who are before me; it is they who are the cause of my death. Take them away."

The atrocity of this attempt increased the love of the people for the Reform, and increased the popular detestation towards the priests. All Geneva was in commotion: a transformation of that little state became imminent. In no country, perhaps, were the enfranchisements of the nation and of the Church so simultaneous as in Geneva. Yet, even now, while the Roman-catholics had their parishes, their churches, and numerous priests, the Reformed had but one place of worship and three ministers. This disproportion could not last long.

Jacques Bernard, the head of the Franciscans in Geneva, now followed his two brothers into the new road "that leadeth unto life." The light of the Gospel shone into his heart. Determined to confess his faith publicly, he preached the truths of the Gospel every afternoon during Lent in the convent church. The catholics were amazed, and forsook these services. How was this struggle to end? The Bible was the grand muniment of their spiritual franchises, and to this sovereign rule the reformers appealed. A conference was decided upon: but the council were reluctant that foreigners—two Frenchmen and a Vaudois—should be at the head of the disputation. Farel respected this feeling, and called upon Jacques Bernard to prepare for argument some propositions of faith. Jacques assented, and official preparation was made for this spiritual combat which would, to all appearances, decide the future of the Reformation.

Jacques Bernard and the Reformers had a meeting in order to draw up their propositions. Their theses were as follows:—

I. *Man must seek justification for his sins in Jesus Christ* ALONE.

II. *Religious worship must be paid to God* ALONE.

III. *The constitution of the Church must be regulated by the Word of God* ALONE.

IV. *The atonement for sins must be ascribed to Christ's sacrifice, offered up* ONCE, *and which procures full and entire remission.*

V. *We must acknowledge* ONE ONLY *Mediator between God and man—Jesus Christ.*

Having thus exalted God and His Word, to the exclusion of all human additions,

Farel added five negative theses to point out errors :—

VI. *It is wrong to put our trust in good works, and look for our justification in them.*

VII. *To worship saints and images is to be guilty of idolatry.*

VIII. *Hence our traditions and ecclesiastical (or rather Roman) constitutions are not only useless but pernicious.*

IX. *The sacrifice of the mass, and prayers to the dead or for them, are a sin against the Word of God, and men are wrong to look to them for salvation.*

X. *The intercession of saints was introduced into the Church by the authority of men, and not of God.*

On the 23d of April, Jacques Bernard was authorized by the council to defend these propositions. The theses were immediately distributed in all the churches and monasteries of the city. In its very infancy, the Reformation proclaimed and practiced the widest publicity. The bishop was horrified at this news, and immediately "forbade the faithful to be present at the assembly under pain of excommunication." A universal silence resulted on the part of the priests. Roman-catholicism invited the council to participate in the festive ceremonies of Corpus Christi day; but the judicious answer was given: "We have appointed a discussion that will decide whether the procession is holy or not. Wait a little, then."

A deputation of the council invited the monks to the debate, who answered: "We have no learned men among us; it is impossible for us to take part in the discussion." The nuns of St. Claire displayed more resolution, and clamorously cried: "We will live and die in our holy calling." Farel invited the aged Lefèvre of Etaples, and Pierre de Corne of Lyons, the most intrepid adversary of the heretics, to participate in this discussion; the latter promised to attend, but did not come. The reformers were in despair of obtaining any combatants. At this time, a vain and impudent doctor of the Sorbonne, named Caroli, arrived in Geneva and declared himself ready to dispute. He was fluent of tongue, but without uprightness, firm principles, or solid character. He expected to win great honors in Geneva, and only hesitated as to whether he should take the side of Rome or of the Reformation. Farel knew his character, and told him: "You are driven from France for the faith, you say; certainly you have not deserved it, for you have done nothing that was unworthy of the pope, or worthy of Jesus Christ." This braggart priest pretended to support refugees, but lived upon their hospitality; his life was impure, and Farel sternly rebuked him for his dissoluteness.

Caroli hinted to Jacques Bernard that he should be appointed arbiter in the disputation, and invited to pronounce authoritatively the final judgment. Farel was clearer-sighted, and replied: "The Lord is the only judge, who will decide authoritatively by the Scriptures. That presumptuous man would only seek his own glorification in the dispute." The council nominated eight ex-syndics as commissioners to regulate the discussion, selecting them from each party; four secretaries were named to draw up the minutes. By sound of trumpet, it was published everywhere that the disputation would be entirely free. Careful preparations were also made against attacks or disturbances.

Sunday, the 30th of May, 1535, and the feast of Pentecost, the day on which the discussion was to begin, came at last. A year before, the Reformation had publicly entered into Geneva, and now the Spirit of Pentecost was to renew the Church. The great hall of the convent of Rive was filled with an immense concourse. Jacques Bernard, Farel, Viret, and Froment appeared; but the only champions of Rome were Chapuis, the learned prior of the Dominican convent, and Caroli.

Bernard spoke first, proving that in the Roman Church men do not look to Christ for justification from their sins, and condemning the abuses of the monks and priests. Chapuis defended the monastic orders, and severely rebuked the reformer. The argument was continued until next day, but Chapuis received orders from his Provincial to leave the city immediately. A copy of the theses was sent by the magistrates to Furbity, who was yet in prison, with the hope that he would enter the debate; but he cursed the paper, tore it to pieces, and trampled it under foot. Caroli did not at first frankly speak up for either side. At length he took the part of the reformers, and said: "All the efforts of man are in vain. Without the grace of Christ, he can neither begin what is good, nor pursue it, nor persevere." As the reformers were again without antagonists, Caroli, who had been the theological tutor of Furbity, was sent to urge his former pupil to come and defend his doctrines. Furbity was superstitious, and would not dispute unless Farel's beard was cut off. "If I must dispute with that idiot," he exclaimed; "let the dwelling of his master, the devil, be first cleared away, and all his skin shaved."

The debate began again without him, and Caroli was now Roman-catholic, affirming that Mary was the only mediator, as the successor of her Son. Next day the discussion turned upon the mass, and the vain-glorious doctor stumbled through his half-learned arguments most ingloriously. The day after he tried to defend transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, with all the pompous rites and ceremonies of Rome; but the boyish Viret refuted Caroli's assertions so clearly and completely, that the offended doctor could

only answer: "Bah! bah! bah!" On the 13th of June, the bishop forbade further attendance on these debates; but in this discussion, by the power of the Word of God, "the catholics were defeated by the reformers."

Rome had set up, beside the Bible and even above it, the word and the traditions of men. The Reformation demanded that the Holy Scriptures should be read by all, and preached from the pulpits.

One fact of great importance was being accomplished at this time. Pierre Robert of Noyon, called Olivetan, had finished the work the Church had entrusted to him. On the 4th June, 1535, appeared the first French Bible of the Reformation. "I have done the best I could," said the translator; "I have labored and searched as deeply as I possibly could into the living mine of pure truth; but I do not pretend to have entirely exhausted it." The Vaudois had collected for this publication five hundred golden crowns, equal to 2,400*l.* sterling. It was well printed by Pierre de Wingle, (called also Pérot Picard,) who had fled from Lyons to Geneva, and had his presses now set up near Neuchâtel. The volume had scarcely left the press, when Wingle and his frends sent it wherever the French language was spoken.

If the fruits of the Bible published at Neuchâtel were more numerous, those of the discussion at Geneva were more prompt. Priests, laymen, and women, stripped of their prejudices, declared that the truth of God had now opened their eyes. The magistrates, however, delayed reforming the Roman worship, and the friends of the Gospel took the initiative. Claude Bernard and other notables on June 28th, represented to the council that the mass, images, and other inventions and idolatries being contrary to Holy Scripture, as the disputation had showed, should be suppressed. The syndics and council feared to take a step that would excite the catholics to arms, and the duke of Savoy to surround Geneva with his artillery. To cross definitely the line which separated the old times from the new, was too much for them. The councils therefore procrastinated, on the plea of waiting for the minutes of the discussion. Farel's friends determined to wait a little while. Never had courage and firmness been more necessary. Great miseries and privations were beginning. Since the disputation, not a sack of wheat, or a load of wood, no food, or supplies of any kind, had been suffered to enter Geneva. Seeing that no progress was made, the evangelicals determined to assert the free publication of the Word of God.

The 22d of July was the feast of Mary Magdalen. Many catholics and evangelicals had gathered in the church of that name. Farel had just gone into the pulpit in the convent of Rive, when he was summoned by message to proclaim in the former house of worship the words of Jesus to that Magdalen: *Thy faith hath saved thee.* "My friends," he said, "we must to-day preach the good news under the vaulted roof of the Madeleine, and abolish idolatry there." He proceeded thither, attended by his hearers. He entered: the priest with his acolytes ran away from the service of mass, and Farel preached the news of free salvation with power. Farel was forbidden by the council to speak again in that church: but "every day afterwards it was the usual custom to preach in it."

Farel was summoned before the irritated council on the 30th July. He urged them to suppress superstitious observances, and to summon the Council of Two Hundred; this demand they refused. This opposition only served to inflame Farel's courage. In August, he preached in Saint Gervais and in St. Dominic, dedicated to the father of the inquisition. This evangelist never spared himself, whatever were the vexations he gathered from his labors. On Sunday morning, the 8th of August, a crowd of reformers entered the cathedral of St. Pierre; soon the great bell Clemence was tolling the last hour of the Middle Ages, the *De Defunctis* of images, those "gods of the priests," as the huguenots called them. God and His Word were henceforth to reign alone. Farel arrived, and preached earnestly in behalf of that religion which is *spirit and life.* "Those idols," he said, pointing to the images around him, "the mass and the whole body of popery, are condemned by the Holy Ghost. The magistrates ordained by God, ought to pull down everything that is raised in opposition to God's glory." Farel was blamed by the council for this service, and ordered to discontinue his sermons at St. Pierre. He renewed his demand for the convocation of the Council of Two Hundred, which was again refused.

The Reformation protested against a ritualistic and meritorious worship: against the multiplicity of feasts, consecrations, ecclesiastical usages and customs; against any adoration whatever rendered to creatures, images, and relics; against the invocation of mediators who usurp the function of the Son of God; lastly, and chiefly, against a pretended expiatory sacrifice, effected by the priests, which was substituted for the only sacrifice offered by Jesus Christ.

All these human vanities were about to disappear. At vespers in the afternoon of the same Sunday, (8th August,) the canons chanted the Psalm *In exitu Israel,* "When Israel went out of Egypt," and with the utmost simplicity repeated in Latin what Farel had said in the morning in French: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths but they speak not; eyes

have they but they see not. They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth in them" The canons could not have chosen a fitter text. Nobody was willing to begin the work, and yet it was accomplished. "For this work," says Froment, "God stirred up a score of little boys." A number had strayed into St. Pierre, gambolled about, and began to amuse themselves by tossing one to another the small grotesque figures which decorated the chapel. Perrin, Goulay, and their friends, noticing the children had begun the reform, penetrated into the choir where the priests were singing, "threw the idols to the ground and broke them." The children cast the fragments about, crying out with glee: "Here are the gods of the priests; will you have a piece?" These were the times of overthrowal. The powers that had invaded the Church were so tenacious, that the labor necessary to pull them down was a work of revolution and war.

Great was the sorrow felt by the devotees during that execution; they seemed looking at the fall of the papacy itself. The horror of the priests knew no bounds, and they complained to the syndics of this sacrilege. But the reformed were not inclined to give way. They found among the relics and paraded through the streets, a stag's bone and a piece of pumice stone, which the priests had claimed to be the arm of St. Anthony and the head of St. Peter. Every one began to despise a clergy who, for so many ages, had thus played upon the good faith of the people.

The next day, Monday, the drum beat in the city, and the citizens marched under their captains—Maison-Neuve, Pierre Vandel, and Ami Perrin—to the church of St. Gervais. Other treacheries and frauds of the priests were there exposed, and the judgment accomplished. In St. Dominic were usually placed the bodies of children who had died without baptism; by hidden contrivances they were made to breathe, to turn color or perspire. The pretended miracles were now ended. In the refectory was a carving representing a big fat woman serving a number of monks, with the inscription: *Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.* Near by was a sarcastic sculpture, showing at the top a devil with seven heads; from the devil issued the pope with his triple crown; from the pope issued the cardinals; from the cardinals the bishops, monks, and priests . . . and below them was a burning furnace representing hell.

The campaign was over; the citizens rejoiced at the suppression of so many shameful frauds. From that day, mass was sung no longer in any of the churches. Great was the sorrow and anger of the priests. "We destroyed the images," said the captains, "because they were set up contrary to God's Word." The Council of Two Hundred assembled next day, and the meeting was to decide the destiny of Geneva. Farel earnestly besought that the reform should go on: "Why should not all embrace the Gospel? Will you always halt between two opinions? If the pope really utters oracles, listen to him; but if the voice we hear in Scripture is God's voice, do what it ordains." The deliberation was calm and serious. It was ordered that the pulling down of images should be stopped, and that the celebration of mass should cease. The abolition of mass was the abolition of popery. The frightened priests who yet remained, obeyed the formal order, and beheld with sorrow their valuables (amounting to ten thousand crowns) taken possession of by the authorities.

From the 11th August, no Roman service was celebrated in the city. There were to be no more Latin chants, no more theatrical postures, sacerdotal garments, pictures and incense; but in their place, Jesus Christ. The fall of the mass is celebrated every century by the Genevan Church as the jubilee of its reformation. But a fourth year was to pass away before the definitive establishment of the Reform.

The Reformation protested against the hierarchy and against monkery. The priests were about to quit Geneva and carry away with them those abuses. So many monks had already fled that, on the 12th August, only twelve could be summoned to appear before the Grand Council to defend their faith. They could not say a word in favor of the mass and of images. Monkery fell in Geneva amid universal astonishment and indignation.

But after the monks came the priests. That same day a deputation of syndics and councillors waited upon the vicar-episcopal, the canons, and the secular clergy, to read to them a summary of the great disputation. They haughtily replied: "We do not want to hear your debate, and we do not care what Farel said. We wish to live as we have hitherto done, and beg you will leave us in peace." The council ordered them "to worship God according to the Gospel," and forbade them to perform "any act of popish idolatry." A great and salutary revolution was thus carried out. The Romish priests determined to leave Geneva; the exodus continued day and night. Many entered the states of Savoy, and stirred up the anger of the catholics against Geneva. To defend the city, the council forfeited the church jewels. When Paul III. was told of these actions by the ambassador from Savoy, he replied: "Tell the duke that he has behaved like a good servant of the Church. He has done all in his power to prevent this great disaster. Let him persevere in the same course." The duke continued his warlike preparations, and it was time for Geneva to be on its guard.

Farel tried to enlighten the nuns of St. Claire, and preached to them on Sunday in their convent, upon the text: "Mary went with haste into a city of Juda." But the women acted so disorderly that the reformers withdrew. Blaisine Varembert alone, who had been badly treated because she refused to adore the holy sacrament, freed herself from their control, and took upon herself the duties of active life. In company with her sister, Claudine Levet, she returned to strive to enlighten the poor ignorant people; but they treated her scornfully. The magistrates now permitted these nuns to prepare to take refuge in Savoy. On the morrow, a procession of the veiled and silent women passed through the streets of Geneva to the Arve bridge. It took them fifteen hours to reach St. Julian, a short league; on the road they mistook sheep to be *ravening wolves*, and thought cows were *hungry bears*. In Annecy, the duke gave them the monastery of the Holy Cross. Sister Jeanne de Jussie says the divine punishment came upon the priests "because they squandered dissolutely the ecclesiastical property, keeping women in adultery and lubricity."

The grand vicar, who kept five prostitutes, thought it necessary to leave Geneva. He fled to the abbey of Bonmont, near Nyon. On the 18th of September, a profligate priest was paraded through the streets on a donkey, with his mistress walking behind him. The magistrates urged these priests to give up their "dances, gluttony, and dissolute living;" but they preferred to quit Geneva. Dupan and other active ones remained, strengthening the weak, baptizing infants, and saying mass secretly. A general hospital was founded by the authorities at St. Claire, and an excellent school was established, at the head of which was placed Saunier. After the extirpation of ignorance, came the suppression of mendicity. The Reformation was not merely a matter of theological dogma; it developed the conscience, the understanding, the heart, and regulated the will. It gave to that city a new people, school, church, literature, science, and charity.

On the 29th of November, thirty priests, headed by Dupan, appeared before the council, and gave up all pastoral functions sooner than defend their faith. On the 6th December, the council said to them: "If your doctrine is good, defend it; if bad, renounce it." Some passed over to the side of the Reform, some left the city, and the others became private citizens. The episcopal palace was now converted into a prison. Seeing that the priests were departing, Farel assembled the people in the cathedral in order that they should all pray for peace to God who giveth it. These prayers ascended to heaven. Geneva was to have peace, but after new trials.

The joy which then filled Geneva was not to be of long duration. A regular campaign was about to be opened by the partisans of Savoy; and the enemy were decided not to lay down their arms until they had taken and transformed it into a popish and Savoyard city. Geneva was at the gates of France, Italy, and Germany: if the Reformation was settled there, it might compromise the existence of the papacy itself. The violent and merciless duke of Savoy had as his brother-in-law the emperor; his nephew, the King of France; his father-in-law, the King of Portugal; and his allies the Swiss, while his own subjects hemmed in Geneva for two hundred leagues around. Everything was prepared by Charles III. to strike a decisive blow, and all communication was forbidden with Geneva.

Alarm was beginning to creep over the Genevese people; the councils deliberated vainly as to what could be done to save the city. Charles III. demanded of the Swiss cantons that the duke and bishop should be restored to all their pre-eminence in Geneva; but the deputies from Geneva firmly upheld the rights of their country. Claude Savoye, determined to obtain help, earnestly canvassed the inhabitants and officials of Berne; but they advised Geneva to raise troops for her own defence. The Genevans were thunderstruck at this refusal of aid, and Farel urged them to put all their trust in God. The duke summoned them to expel heresy and restore the Romish worship; but the proud Genevese replied: "Noble lords, we will sacrifice our fortunes, our interests, our children, our blood, and our lives, in defence of the Word of God. And sooner than betray that holy trust, we will set fire to the four corners of our city, as our Helvetian ancestors once did."

The captain-general, Philippe, refused to command the city forces longer, owing to a hatred he felt toward the syndic Michael Sept. The impetuous and courageous Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve was appointed captain-general. The new commander mustered his forces, and they were only four hundred in all. On his banner he had some fiery tears emblazoned, and said to his troops: "Let every one be prepared to die. It is not common tears that we must shed, but tears of blood." Every day there were sermons and prayers to the Lord. Charles of Savoy was recruiting old Italian and Spanish soldiers, and the danger was great.

Claude Savoye shook off the dust of his feet against Berne, and departed towards Neuchâtel, where Farel had formerly preached the Gospel. He called for aid upon Jacob Wildermuth, who had served with distinction in the campaigns of Italy, from 1512 to 1515. This brave soldier conceived at once the design of liberating Geneva. He was ably seconded by Ehrard Bourgeois, and Jacques Bail-

lod, a deformed but valiant captain. The evangelicals responded enthusiastically to the call. One woman gave her husband, her four sons and herself. Soon a thousand picked men were ready to march to the succor of Geneva, at their own expense. The governor of the county, "a papist and a Savoyard," forbade this expedition; but the troops set out, nevertheless, to fight for the Word of God. On their road near Neuchâtel, they were again directed to return to their homes. The worthy men were agitated and divided, and Wildermuth told the half-hearted ones to return home. All knelt down on the spot, in order to ask of their Sovereign Lord the road they ought to take. Three or four hundred returned home. A little force of four hundred and fifteen faithful and courageous men departed, praying God to be their helper.

Wildermuth had undertaken to lead his companions secretly and promptly to Geneva. He intended to turn the Jura, and for that purpose to cross the Valde Traverse, enter Franche Comté, make for Sainte Claude, and thence by the pass of the Faucille he would descend directly upon Geneva. The mountainous and steep roads beyond the valley were found to be entirely closed by the Savoyards, and the troops resolved to march by the upper valleys of Joux.

It was the coldest period of the year, and these heroic adventurers were two days on those cold heights, knee deep in snow. The inhabitants fled in terror at their approach, and the men found nothing to appease their hunger except "a few cabbage stalks and some turnips—and very little of these." At length, overcome with fatigue, they arrived at Sainte Cergeus, overlooking Nyon, 2,800 feet above the lake. To their disappointment, they found no provisions at this place. Three young men were here brought in by the sentinels, and declared themselves to be guides sent to the troops by the people of Geneva, although Claude Savoye did not know them. At this time, a messenger from the Seigneur d'Allinges brought Savoye word that Louis de Diesbach and Rodolph Nägueli, the envoys of Berne, were at the castle of Coppet to act as mediators. A safe conduct was tendered him, and Savoye galloped off to Coppet.

Early on Sunday morning the Swiss, led by their three young guides, descended and marched to within a league of Nyon, at Gingins. These guides led them into a narrow ravine, and set off for the castle of Gingins, on the pretext of sending them refreshments.

At Gingins was gathered a force of 1,500 soldiers, led by the Sieur de Lugrin, eagerly waiting to fall upon the Swiss. Led by these treacherous guides, Lugrin immediately marched out his force to crush these adventurers. The Swiss volunteers heard the approach of the enemy, and issued from the ravine to meet them. The chiefs, each accompanied by an officer, met between the two forces. "What is your intention?" asked Lugrin. "To go to Geneva," answered Wildermuth.—"We will not grant you the passage."—"Very well, then, we will take it." Wildermuth was at once knocked down by a blow from the arquebuse of the inferior officer, but his companion killed the Savoyard. Wildermuth immediately rejoined his followers, and gave them orders to charge. Excited by rage and hunger, these few hundred valiant Switzers rushed impetuously upon the Savoyards. After one volley, it was a struggle man to man with swords and muskets. The skilful marksmen picked out their victims: forty nobles, many of them Knights of the Spoon, and a hundred priests fell dead or wounded on the field. Even the Swiss women fought nobly. The noise was frightful.

Soon the Savoyards seemed totally routed, with a loss of over 500 men, while the Swiss lost only seven men and one woman. The battle field is still called the *molard*, or *the mound of the dead*. The Savoyards rallied, and the struggle was about to be renewed; but an unexpected development occurred.

Diplomacy and war are the two means employed to decide international disputes. Diplomacy has its faults like war, and it generally goes astray in periods of transition, when society is passing from one phase to another. Thus it was in the Sixteenth century, when it devoted all its care to maintain what had been before the Reformation.

The Council of Berne had kept themselves carefully informed of the proceedings of Claude Savoye, and had sent their two ambassadors to Coppet with instructions to order the volunteers to return home. On Saturday, 29th October, the ambassadors arrived, and found to their surprise that the Swiss were expected on the following morning. They were in conference with Monseigneur de Lullin, the Savoyard governor of the Pays de Vaud, when Claude Savoy arrived. The Sire de Lullin at once ordered the heretical and rebellious Genevan to be seized, and he confined d'Allinges for granting him a passport. The Bernese wished the governor to do all in his power to hinder the arrival of the Swiss forces: but he desired them to descend into the plains that his troops might destroy them. D'Lullin yielded at last, but he procrastinated under the pretext of hearing mass and of breakfasting, till suddenly a noise like discharges of musketry broke the quiet of the Sabbath morning. The whole party at once set off towards the scene of conflict; the governor mounted the Genevan's fine horse and took his arquebuse,

while he had Savoye put on a donkey to accompany him.

To the surprise of all, at a short distance from Gingins they found the Savoyard soldiers fleeing in terror and confusion, so panic-stricken that it was impossible to check their flight. Neither Lullin nor Diesbach had any hope of another attack succeeding. The Swiss having gained two victories and returned thanks to God, were preparing to renew the conflict a third time, when the sight of the lords of Berne made them halt.

On the 11th of October, the day after the fight, word of the combat between the Swiss and the Savoyards had been taken to Geneva, probably by Savoye, who had escaped in the confusion. It was said that the Swiss were in great danger of being cut to pieces, and the Genevans, to the number of 2,000, with eight pieces of artillery, at once departed to their relief, headed by Maison-Neuve. "If once we are united with the Swiss, which can be easily done," they said, "our country is saved." Their approach aided much to disperse the fleeing Savoyards.

On Sunday evening and Monday morning, diplomacy had done its work. The envoys of Berne commanded the Swiss to return, and endeavored to persuade them "that it would be better for them to retire with a good victory than to run into greater danger." The exhausted and half famished men allowed themselves to be persuaded to march to the village of Founex, "where they were supplied with meat and drink." The Bernese lords congratulated themselves on their success; but on their return these envoys were taken prisoners by a Savoyard squadron, were maltreated, and in danger of their lives until released. The next morning, Monday, 11th October, while the Bernese deputies and the governor were at breakfast, word was brought of the approach of the Genevese army. The castle was undefended; and to gain delay, a message was sent asking for three deputies from Geneva, to assist their conference in signing the preliminaries of a peace advantageous to the city. The arrival of Jean d'Arlod, Thibaud Tocker, and Jean Lambert showed that the worthy Genevans had fallen into the trap. These deputies at once asked to see the preliminaries of peace, whereupon they were seized, "tied and fastened like robbers."—"Take them to the castle of Chillon," said Lullin, "where they will be able to talk with M. de Saint Victor (Bonivard) who has already spent six years there for the business of Geneva."

De la Maison-Neuve and his officers waited impatiently for the return of their delegates. The trumpeter, Ami Voullier, was sent to inquire what was going on. He perfidiously reported on his return that the gentlemen at the castle were occupied in drawing up the articles of peace, that the place was well defended, and that it would be the best thing for every man to return home. These proud huguenots erred through a noble simplicity of heart which did not suspect dissimulation, and returned to Geneva. The Swiss, in turn, gave way like the Genevans to the skilful attacks of diplomacy, and started for Neuchâtel.

If arms had wrought the triumph of right and liberty at Gingins, policy had procured the triumph of fraud and despotism at Coppet. Yet the battle of Gingins was not useless, for it saved Geneva. The bravery of the Swiss and their victory prevented the population of Vaud some months later from attacking an army sent by the councils of Berne. Louis of Diesbach enraged the Genevans by proposing a treaty which stipulated that the traitors of Peney should be restored to their privileges. As hostages for their imprisoned envoys, they seized three notable Savoyards, and destroyed the adjacent convent of Saint Jean.

A reverse is not always an evil; it may sometimes lead to a decisive victory. Charles III., profiting by his defeat, resolved in subsequent attacks to employ veteran soldiers; meanwhile, he ordered the chiefs of the great valley of the Leman to exact of their vassals the military service which they owed. By the 1st November, armed bands occupied the villages and small towns around the city, and began to plunder, burn, and kill all who fell into their hands. Famine and the cold caused much distress in Geneva. "There is no resource and refuge left but God alone," said Farel; and the people responded, "in Him alone we place our trust." Frequent skirmishes occurred, and the Genevans had to repulse a night attack. One day a messenger arrived from France, with this note:—

"*You will certainly receive some mule loads of good and salable merchandise, and they will be there one of these days.*

"PIERRE CROQUET."

At this time, Francis I. was seeking a pretext for declaring war against his uncle, the duke of Savoy, that he might obtain Milan after taking Turin. To deliver Geneva, he permitted the Sieur de Vérey, a French nobleman, to raise a troop of volunteers; many printers enlisted in this band, desiring to extend the sale of their books by helping the Reformation. The powerful republic of Berne now sent their general, Francis Nägueli, to negotiate in favor of Geneva with Charles III., at Aosta. Nägueli asked him "to leave the citizens of Geneva at liberty to obey the Word of God, as the supreme authority of faith." The duke requested an armistice of five months, to consult the emperor and the pope. The Genevese council replied to Rodolph Nägueli, in answer to this offer of truce: "How can the duke observe a truce of five months

when he cannot keep one of twenty days? He makes the proposal in order to starve us out. Give us your assistance, honored lords." At the same time, Baudichon de la Maison-Neuve employed all his energies at Berne to enlist the sympathy of the people in favor of Geneva. He was filled with joy to see his efforts succeeding, but dared not risk the danger of seizure to return.

The severity of the winter obliged many of the nobles blockading Geneva to go into winter quarters. The intrepid Mangerot de la Sarray alone remained. He surprised and attacked the French detachment under de Vérey on its approach, and so dispersed his forces that only the leader and seven horsemen out of 1,200 reached Geneva, on the 14th of December. The next morning, the citizens held a solemn service of prayer to invoke the help of God. The Frenchman, de Vérey, proposed Francis I. should be acknowledged as "*Protector of your liberties;*" in reply, the council offered the king their humble services, "*but without any subjection.*"

On the 3d of January, 1536, several valiant huguenots defended the tower of the church of our Lady of Grace, close to the city, from an attack of the Savoyards, until they were compelled to retire by the setting on fire of the building. On the 12th of January, the gates of the city were bricked up; and that night a desperate night attack was defeated. On the 24th, a body of 600 Savoyards were attacked near Frontenax, by 140 soldiers and a great number of boys from Geneva. Not less than 200 Savoyards fell in this *War of Cologny*, and the victors returned in triumph to the city.

The duke of Savoy was preparing to aim more decisive blows at Geneva. Charles V. was planning to destroy Protestantism by reducing Geneva; reformed Switzerland would follow, and last of all Lutheran Germany. Thus the subjection of the city of the huguenots formed part of a general plan. Charles III. placed at the head of his veteran soldiers Gian Giacomo Medici, a rash, enterprising, treacherous and cruel young Italian, who had been driven from his freebooting castle of Musso, on the lake of Como, by the Swiss under Nägueli; his brother subsequently became Pope Pius IV. He began his march with his veterans, along the valley of the Leman, confident of victory.

At the moment when the peril had become greatest, the Bear of Berne awoke and prepared to descend from his mountains. "This matter," said the Bernese council, "touches first of all the glory of God, and then it touches us." Twenty thousand men offered to march, and Francis Nägueli was appointed commander. This Christian captain selected six thousand men, armed them with arquebuses, and exacted strict discipline. On the 16th January, the declaration of war with fire and sword was sent to Savoy. The reformer, Berthold Haller, had only a few days to live; yet he crawled into the cathedral before the departure of the troops, to encourage them to be firm and courageous. He gave them his blessing: "May God fill your hearts with faith, and may He be your Comforter." These were the watchwords of this holy war. On Saturday, January 22d, six thousand men with one hundred cavalry and sixteen pieces of cannon left Berne, wearing as a uniform the crusaders' mark of a white cross on a red field. At Payerne, they were joined by the contingents of Bienne, Nidau, La Neuville, Neuchâtel, Valengin, Chateau d'Oex, Gessenay, and Payerne.

Geneva was suffering from cold, sickness, and famine. The dejection of its citizens was relieved by the arrival of a messenger from Berne, who said: "Detain me here a prisoner and put me to death, if my lords do not march out with their armies to help you. In three days, you will see the castles of the country in flames. That will be the signal of Berne's coming." The Genevans took courage, and the fortress of Versoix, containing large supplies of corn, cattle and wine, was captured after a slight resistance. These provisions were sold to the inhabitants at low rates.

At this time, Catherine of Aragon was deceased, and Charles V. kept the duchy of Milan which he had promised to Francis I. The latter swore to be avenged, and to seize Milan by conquering Savoy. To avert this danger, Charles III. offered to cede to Charles V., in exchange for various Italian provinces, "all the country he possessed from Nice to the Swiss League, including Geneva." Francis would not permit the states of Charles V. to border France, and he determined to invade Savoy. At the moment the duke was preparing to crush Geneva, he was to be driven from both slopes of the Alps, and the little city was to be saved.

Medici, informed of the march of the Bernese army, now increased to ten thousand men, had determined to attack it before it reached Geneva. He crossed the lake with his army in boats, and had almost reached Morges, when he found the Bernese bivouacing on the hills beyond. Nägueli was on the heights, while the Savoyard troops had their backs to the lake, into which they might be driven. The Italian captain deserted the field of battle without striking a blow, while a part of his force pillaged the Savoy town of Morges. The break-up was complete: a panic-terror had fallen upon the soldiers.

On the morning of the 30th January, Nägueli started for Rolle; no obstacle retarded his march; nobles and soldiers "had been reduced to dust by terror." To break down the power of these despotic lords, the castles of Rolle and Rosay

were reduced to ashes; and the Genevans seeing the flames, shouted with joy: "*They are coming.*" The Lord of Dironne, whose wife was a pious and charitable lady, ransomed his castle; in 1548, as an evangelical Christian, he retired to Geneva. The old Abbot De Gingins, was in hiding in this castle of his son's, and never recovered from his fright. February 2d, Nägueli entered Geneva with one corps, while another reduced the country between the Rhone and the Jura, and the other marched to Gex to burn the castle. The liberating army was received with great joy by the Genevans; and as they entered the city, the soldiers sang aloud their hymns to the glory of God.

In testimony of their gratitude, the Council ordered these words to be entered on their minutes: "*The power of God has confounded the presumption and rash audacity of our enemies.*" Froment, too, an eye-witness of these things, wrote in his *Gestes Merveilleux* the following simple and touching words: "*In the year* 1536, *and in the month of February, Geneva was delivered from her enemies by the providence of God.*"

There was now an interview between the liberators and the liberated. The members of Berne and Geneva, united by a common faith, loved one another not only as allies but as brothers. On Thursday (February 3d) Nägueli appeared before the Council of Two Hundred, tendered the sympathies and sword of Berne, and said: "Now we will do whatever you command us, for we are here to fulfil the oaths that unite Geneva and Berne." The premier syndic replied: "Now, gentlemen, march onwards; pursue the enemy until the end: we are ready to give you all necessary assistance."

The inhabitants of the castles had disappeared: fear of the Bernese had depopulated the adjoining districts. "Not one man in all the country dared represent himself as a priest or a monk." At length a great spectacle of desolation, which was to be the last, began. A judgment of God swept over the country, and the hundred and forty feudal castles that had so long served as terrible scourges to Geneva fell a prey to the flames. Of the castle of Peney, nothing was left but dismantled towers and blackened walls. The motto was: "Spare the tyrants, but destroy their dens." Henceforth the husbandman could drive his plow in peace through his own field, and no longer fear to see the fruits of his labors swept away. At the same time, peace reigned in Geneva. The citizens henceforth resolved to live in amity, and "according to the Holy Gospel of God." Claude Savoye, Ami Porral, and Ami Levet were elected syndics; the good Roman-catholics Balard and Richardet preserved their seats in the council.

On the evening before, Nägueli, at the head of Bernese and Genevan troops, marched out to make himself master of Chablais, intending to follow up his victory as far as Chambery and *further*. His Swiss soldiers clamored to return to Berne, and the arrival of M. de Villebon, grand prevost of Paris, bearing an order from the king requiring the conquest of Savoy and Piedmont should be left to a French army rapidly approaching, decided Nägueli to discontinue the advance. The duke of Savoy, always irresolute, took no steps to check this advance of the French; Bresse, Savoy, Piedmont and Milan were seized. All kinds of disasters fell upon this ruler who had spent thirty years of his life in hunting down Geneva. Of all his states, the valleys of Aosta and Nice alone remained; his son and his haughty wife sickened and died; a slow fever consumed this impoverished ruler, and he died after a punishment of twenty-three years. His son, Emanuel Philibert, recovered these states; but Geneva had forty-four years of peace to establish the Reformation and the new republic.

The lords of Berne inconsiderately asked that the rights and prerogatives of the duke and the bishop should be transferred to them; but they were forced to withdraw their demand before the immovable resolution of the Genevans. Nägueli only delayed his departure to free the territory of Vaud, and unite to Switzerland the beautiful country that extends from the lake of Geneva to that of Neuchâtel. These troops re-entered Berne in peace, proud of the good work accomplished in a four weeks' campaign.

The Genevans now longed to free Bonivard from the dungeon of Chillon, where he had been languishing for six years. He was imprisoned in those rocks excavated below the level of the lake; a loophole permitted a feeble ray of light to enter his dungeon. He could pace slowly around the column to which he was fastened: "I had such leisure for walking," he said, "that I wore away a path in the rock, as if it had been done with a hammer." The castle was attacked by batteries of artillery for two days, and on the night of the 27th March, the garrison sailed away unobserved. The Genevan envoys seized at Coppet were at once released. The hall of execution was examined: beneath its rude arches were wheels, axes, pulleys, cords, and all the horrible instruments with which men are crippled or killed. Search was made through the inner vaults, and Bonivard fell into the arms of his rescuers. His friends scarcely recognized him in these features furrowed by suffering, with the long unkempt beard, and hair falling down over his shoulders. "Bonivard," they said to him, "Bonivard, you are free."—"And Geneva?" were his first words. "Geneva is free, too," they replied. At last Bonivard recovered him-

self, and bade farewell to his sepulchre. For ages, travellers have visited this dungeon. The illustrious prisoner was delivered; the last fortress of tyranny was captured; the victory of the Reformation was complete.

An entire people is not converted to God in a body. Yet there was something grand in seeing the assembled Genevan people declare, without constraint, that they would take the Gospel as the rule of their faith and the source of their life.

The communities which extended from the foot of the Jura to the Alps of the Voirons and the Mole, had recognized the councils of Geneva as their legitimate lords, reserving their own customs and franchises. To leave the seeds of popery in Geneva and in her rural dependencies was, the reformers thought, exposing the state to great danger, The work of evangelization was begun at once, and proclamation was made from village to village, by sound of trumpet: "Let there be no more disobedience! no more gambling! no more blasphemy!" Still the council did not exercise any constraint with regard to religion. When the worthy peasants of Viuz were distressed because of an excommunication by the bishop for recognizing heretical magistrates, the syndics (undismayed and very positive as to their episcopal authority) completely absolved the parishes from the excommunication—which greatly comforted these good catholics. The Reformation did not lead to this absorption of the Church by the State; for protestantism awoke the Church throughout Christendom. Geneva, under Calvin, became the place where it was constituted in the most independent and scriptural form.

There was great difficulty in maintaining order in the country districts. On the 3d April, 1536, the Romanist ecclesiastics were summoned to meet the council, and were given, at their request, "a month to study the Gospel." At the end of this period, they all declared that they could not prove by the Gospel either the mass, auricular confession, or other papal ordinances. The Roman-catholic Furbity was released from prison the 6th April, and retracted his insulting charges against the Reformers. While in prison he had asked for books, and the council sent him a Bible. "A Bible," he exclaimed, "they must be laughing at me. How can I prove my doctrines with the help of a Bible? I should not succeed in a twelvemonth." Unhappily, magistrates and reformers sometimes forgot that the weapons of the evangelical warefare *are not carnal*. It was an error, and the error led to the commission of many faults.

Farel, Calvin, and their friends were in a special degree men of faith, and of a living faith. If a man has faith he is a child of God; if he has not, he is under the dominion of sin. Farel did not want a purely negative reform, which should consist in merely rejecting the pope; he wanted it to be positive, and to that end it was necessary that the people should believe in Jesus Christ. He desired that a public confession of faith in the Gospel should be made at Geneva; and in response to his request, it was resolved to call together the council-general for a confession of faith on Sunday, the 21st May. At Augsburg it was the priests and doctors who had confessed the doctrine; at Geneva, it was to be the whole nation. The position of the Roman-catholics was most serious. They were required to conform to the Gospel, which their consciences forbade them to do. Were they to refuse, they would disturb the unanimity and harmony so necessary to the people at that juncture. Lullin, Balard, and other sincere catholics had frequent conferences together.

At length, the 21st of May arrived—that day at once so longed for and so feared. The bell Clémence sounded out its inscription: "I summon the people. Jesus, Saviour of Men, Son of Mary, salvation of the world! be merciful and propitious to us!" Besides the mass of the people, the ambassadors of Berne and Nägueli were present in the church. The intrepid Claude Savoye was president. He recounted the trials and deliverances of Geneva, and asked the people if they would live according to the Gospel. There was deep silence for a space, then an unknown voice proclaimed: "We all, with one accord, desire, with God's help, to live under that holy evangelical law, and according to God's Word as it is preached to us. We desire to renounce all masses, images, idols, and other papal ceremonies and abuses, and to live in union with one another, in obedience to justice." When the voice ceased, all the people held up their hands and repeating a unanimous oath, exclaimed: "We swear it. . . . . We will do so with God's help. . . . We will!" The assembly broke up, and the citizens separated with joyful congratulations.

Evangelical Geneva welcomed back many of the prodigal sons who had forsaken her in sadder times. Bonivard was made a member of the Two Hundred, and was given a pension of two hundred and fifty crowns; the ex-prior of St. Victor soon took to himself a wife. Those terrible huguenots were kindly people at heart. They gave their catholic brethren time to compare the old life with the new, the doctrine of the Bible with that of the pope In time, the truths of the Scriptures acted on the hearts of these upright men, and they went to hear sermons like the rest. As a perpetual memorial of Geneva's great deliverance, Farel composed a Latin inscription, which was carved in letters of gold on stone and steel. and set up in the city.

"The tyranny of the Roman Antichrist

having been overthrown, and its superstitions abolished in the year 1535; the most holy religion of Christ having been restored, in its truth and purity, and the Church set in good order, by a signal favor of God; the enemy having been repelled and put to flight, and the city by a striking miracle restored to liberty; the senate and people of Geneva have erected and set up this monument, in this place, as a perpetual memorial, to attest to future ages their gratitude to God."

Easter Sunday, 1536, Farel publicly celebrated the Lord's Supper in Geneva. The reformer was now almost without assistance, and he looked anxiously about him for a helper. Where could the man of God be found to complete the work? Not only Geneva but Western Europe required a God-fearing pastor; a doctor who could explain with learning the teachings of Holy Scripture; an evangelist who, with eloquence full of life, should convert souls to Christ; a champion who should fight valiantly against the doctors of Rome and lead them captive to the truth; and a man of administrative capacity who could establish order in the churches of God. The man whom God had elected was soon to appear.

The city of Ferrara, in Italy, was embellished by a university, bishop's palace, and a cathedral; in it the love of letters flourished, and the Gospel found a firm support. Renée, of France, duchess of Este, distinguished by the grace of her mind and her learning as well as by the love of holiness, had attracted successively to her court the most eminent citizens of Italy—Curione, Occhino, Flaminio, and Peter Martyr. Two Frenchmen, called Charles D'Espeville and Louis de Haulmont, arrived shortly before this time: these were none other than John Calvin and Louis Du Tillet, compelled to appear in disguise in the states of a vassal of the pope. The duchess presented her two countrymen to the duke, as men of letters who had come to visit the brilliant Italy.

It was the duchess herself, however, whom the young theologian had come to see. Her noble character and her love for the Gospel touched him deeply, and he earnestly explained to her the doctrines of Holy Scriptures. "Calvin," says Muratori, "so infected Renée with his errors, that it was never possible to extract from her heart the poison she had drunk." The relations of Calvin with the duchess lasted all his life, and they were always marked with frankness and respect. To her were addressed the last three French epistles of the reformer. Many others about her person were brought over to the evangelical truth by Calvin. Among them was Anne de Partheney, first lady of honor to the duchess, and wife of Antoine de Pons, count of Marennes, first gentleman to the duke.

Until now, Calvin had only spoken in the duchess' apartments. Renée invited him to preach in a chapel adorned by the pencil of Titian, and the doors of that service were thrown open to all who desired to take part in it. The nobles of the court, learned Italians, friends of the Gospel, Clement Marot, and Leon Jamet, who had fled from Paris after the affair of the placards, attended these meetings. What a future for Italy if Rome had not extinguished the light then set forth in her borders by the reformers. The count of Marennes, being the humble servant of his wife, often attended Calvin's preaching, although fearing that his master would be displeased. John of Soubise, a knight of great military experience, was the best conquest of the Gospel at Ferrara after Renée. In after years, he endeavored to convert Catherine de Medicis, and his efforts resulted in leading the duchess of Bourbon, Montpensier and two of her daughters to accept its truths. The Neapolitan duke of Bevilacqua discovered at Ferrara, in Calvin's teachings, the truths for which his forefathers had been compelled to leave France. The great Italian painter, Titian, then about the age of fifty-eight years, whose pictures of martyrs are terrible and pathetic, was naturally struck with the pure and living religion which Calvin preached. It would apppear that he painted Calvin's portrait for Bevilacqua; but there is no evidence that the evangelical truths sank very deep into his heart.

Calvin noticed in the court of the duchess a cringing person, with insinuating manners, by name Master François, chaplain to Renée—one of those double-hearted people who wish to satisfy God and their own cupidity; his life was far from saintly. This chaplain raised no objections to Calvin's meetings, but prevailed on the duchess to be present at mass also, which he continued to say notwithstanding his evangelical appearances. Such a man could not please the upright and inflexible reformer, and he seriously admonished him. Finding his discourses on the mass useless, Calvin one day presented him with "a treatise of his," (the *Institutes of the Christian Religion;*) and this in the very castle of Lucretia Borgia's son. There was much in it calculated to disturb the chaplain and to convince the priest. Master François was greatly agitated, and protested that he would never again assist at mass; but he soon relapsed into his habitual condition. Such were the struggles which the valiant champion of the Gospel had to maintain in the palace of the duke of Este. François became angry at one of the ladies of the duchess for refusing to attend mass, and complained of her conduct to the duchess, falsely adding that the churches of Germany admitted the mass. Calvin complained loudly of the great injury thus done to the churches of God.

At this time, the great Reformer was

alarmed at the appointment of his friend Nicholas Du Chemin of Orleans as official or ecclesiastical Judge, which brought him into close relations with the Roman clergy and worship. He called to him with all his strength, and with a cry of anguish, to uphold the pure Gospel; his letter to him was afterwards published under the title: *How we must avoid the papa ceremonies and superstitions, and observe the Christian religion with purity.*

It was not long before the Reformer was still more distressed by the news of the appointment of Roussel, through the influence of Margaret Queen of Navarre, as bishop of Oleron. Calvin was amazed, and determined to give utterance to the solemn voice of faithfulness. He sternly addressed the new bishop, warning him to beware of the enticements of Rome, and saying: "Now that you have become the favorite of fortune, remember that He who appoints bishops (that is God) wills that while the people sleep, they should be in a watch tower on a hill, casting their eyes on all around them, and that their voice should be like the sound of a trumpet."

Thus at Ferrara this young man of twenty-seven began to appear, to speak, and to lead with the authority of a Reformer. In him God gave His church a teacher gifted with that indomitable firmness which, notwithstanding all obstacles and all seductions, is able to break with error and to uphold the truth. If he required fidelity and renunciation in Roussel, he first possessed them himself. The friend of princes, the councillor of kings, he lived humbly, having scarcely the means of supplying the ordinary wants of life.

Duke Hercules of Este, the grandson of the Borgias, was informed by Paul III. and the Inquisition of these events in his court, and the removal of all the French at Ferrara was required of him by treaty. Renée was thunderstruck at his order obliging all the lords and ladies of the court, and even the satirical Marot, to quit his states, and heard with grief that her pious and learned teacher would perhaps expiate on an Italian scaffold the crime of having proclaimed the Gospel. Calvin, forewarned of his danger, was preparing for his departure when the agents of the inquisitors seized the "pestiferous disturber," and sent him away in the charge of some familiars of the Holy Office to be tried at Bologna. The tribunal of the Inquisition, which was never tender, would certainly not be so towards a heretic of this kind. When half-way on the road, a body of armed men stopped the escort. Calvin was set at liberty, and strained every nerve to get out of Italy; for he was in the midst of a hostile country. Everybody ascribed this bold liberation of the Reformer to Renée, the daughter of Louis XII.; but her husband shielded her from the censure of the papal court.

We have no sufficient data about Calvin, or his future course. Tradition relates that instead of going northward towards Switzerland, he skirted the Apennines, turned to the west, reached the Val di Grana, between Saluzzo and Coni, where he preached. It seems more likely that Calvin took the shortest road to Switzerland, and made for the St. Bernard pass. He arrived at the city of Aosta, which had received an evangelical impulse from Switzerland; yet the Gospel had many earnest opponents, especially in its bishop, the famous Pietro Gazzini. Many wanted to see the valley of Aosta join the Helvetic League, and rally under the standard of the Gospel. The assembly met on the 21st February, 1536; it resolved to maintain the Roman-catholic faith, and continue royal to his ducal highness. The passage of Calvin through Aosta, was probably a little later. At the foot of the St. Bernard, near the city, stands a house which is yet called "Calvin's farm," at which he is said to have rested for a short time. To the right is a bridge, near Roysan, below the village of Closelina, which is called "Calvin's bridge." In the direction of the valley of La Valpeline, is the "pass of the window," afterwards termed "Calvin's window;" and by it the Reformer entered Switzerland again. In 1541 the Aostans erected a stone cross in the city, in memory of the passage of Calvin: in three centuries, there have been three successive monuments.

Calvin passed through Switzerland, halted at Basle, and thence proceeded to Strasburg. He determined to settle at one of these two cities, after he had returned to Noyon to arrange some business matters. He did not fear to enter France, as he had not left his country under the weight of a judicial sentence. The friends of the Gospel welcomed him gladly to Paris. He hastened to Noyon, and found his brother Charles had died "openly confessing Jesus Christ on his dying bed, and desired no other absolution than that obtained from God by faith." Accordingly, the exasperated priests had him buried by night between the four pillars of the gallows. Calvin's stay at Noyon was very short. Owing to the war between Charles V and Francis I., on his return with his brother Anthony and his sister Mary he had to pass through Bresse, then ascend the Rhone, traverse Geneva, and so reach Basle by way of Lausanne and Berne. "In all this," said Beza, "God was his guide." Thus was accomplished the designs of God, who desired to place this great reformer and theologian in the centre of Europe, between Italy, Germany, and France.

One evening in the month of July, 1536, a carriage from France arrived at Geneva. A man, still young, alighted from it. He

was short, thin, and pale; his beard was black and pointed, his organization weak, and his frame somewhat worn by study; but in his high forehead, lively and severe eyes, regular and expressive features, there were indications of a profound spirit, an elevated soul, and an indomitable character. Intending to pass through Geneva unobserved, he inquired for an inn, where he could pass the night with his two relatives. Louis Du Tillet, ex-canon of Angoulême, recognized the traveller as John Calvin, and conversed with him upon the struggles, trials, and evangelical labors of the reformers in Geneva.

Du Tillet at once informed William Farel of the arrival of Calvin. This earnest Reformer had recognized in the author of the *Christian Institutes* the most eminent genius, the most scriptural theologian, and the most eloquent writer of the age. He hastened to the inn, conversed with Calvin, and heard an inward voice saying: "This is the man of God you are seeking."

"Stay with me," said Farel, "and help me. There is work to be done in this city." Calvin replied with astonishment: "Excuse me; I cannot stop here more than one night."—"Why do you seek elsewhere for what is now offered you?" asked Farel; "why refuse to edify the Church of Geneva by your faith, zeal and knowledge?" The appeal was fruitless: to undertake so great a task seemed to Calvin impossible. "Look first at the place in which you are now," said Farel. "Popery has been driven out, and traditions abolished, and now the doctrine of the Scripture must be taught here."—"I cannot *teach*," exclaimed Calvin: "on the contrary I have need to *learn*. There are special labors for which I wish to reserve myself. This city cannot afford me the leisure that I require."—"Study! leisure! knowledge!" said Farel. "What! must we never *practise*? I am sinking under my task; pray help me."—"The frail state of my health needs rest," urged Calvin. "Rest!" exclaimed Farel; "death alone permits the soldiers of Christ to rest from their labors." The violence, the tumults, the indomitable temper of the Genevese, intimidated and alarmed Calvin. "I entreat you," said the intrepid evangelist, "to take your share. These matters are harder than death."—"I am naturally timid and pusillanimous," answered the reformer. "How can I withstand such roaring waves?"—"Ought the servants of Jesus Christ to be so delicate," demanded Farel, "as to be frightened at warfare?" This blow touched the young Christian to the heart, and he was violently agitated. "I beg of you in God's name," he exclaimed, "to have pity on me! Leave me to serve Him in another way than what you desire."—"Jonah, also," said Farel, "wanted to flee from the presence of the Lord, but *the Lord cast him into the sea.*"

The emotion of each speaker had increased, and Farel's heart was hot within him. At that supreme moment, feeling as if inspired by the Spirit of God, he raised his hand towards heaven and exclaimed: "You are thinking only of your tranquility, you care for nothing but your studies. Be it so. In the name of Almighty God, I declare that if you do not answer to His summons, He will not bless your plans." Fixing his eyes of fire on the young man, and placing his hands on the head of his victim, he exclaimed in his voice of thunder: "May God curse your repose! may God curse your studies, if in such a great necessity as ours you withdraw and refuse to give us help and support."

The young doctor shook in every limb; he felt that Farel had spoken the words of God. It appeared to him, he said, "that the hand of God was stretched down from heaven, that it lay hold of him, and fixed him irrevocably to the place he was so impatient to leave."

At last he raised his head, and peace returned to his soul. His conscience, now convinced, made him surmount every obstacle in order that he might obey. That heart, so faithful and sincere, gave itself, and gave itself forever.

The call of Calvin in Geneva is perhaps, after that of St. Paul, the most remarkable to be found in the history of the Church. From that hour the propagation and defence of truth became the sole passion of his life, and to them he consecrated all the powers of his heart. He afterwards had "great anxiety, sorrow, tears, and distress;" but he belonged to himself no longer—wholly to God. He never forgot the fearful adjuration which Farel had employed. Calvin did not stop at Geneva permanently, till he had returned from accompanying one of his relations to Basle, meeting importunities to remain everywhere on his road. After his return, he was ill for nine days. On his recovery, the gates of St. Pierre were opened for the powerful preaching of the reformer.

Calvin, coming after Luther and Farel, was called to complete the work of both. He was to systematize Luther's words of faith, and show the imposing unity of the evangelical doctrine; he was to reunite the scattered members of Christ and constitute the assembly. "In the kingdom of Christ," he said, "all that we must care for is the *new man*." He was to call for the conversion of heart, and holiness of life; he was to interdict luxury, drunkenness, blasphemy, impurity, masquerades, and gambling, which the Roman Church had tolerated. His only false step was a concession to man, to the magistrate, too great a share in the correction of morals and doctrine. in the sixteenth century, the intervention of the State in the discipline of the Church, disturbed the only truly salutary action of

the Word of God. Calvin often protested against the pretensions of the council of Geneva to set itself in the place of the bishop, and on this point his whole life was one long struggle.

But Calvin contributed still more forcibly by his direct teachings to scatter the seeds of a true and wise liberty among the new generations. He did not confine himself to theories: he pronounced frankly against the despotism of kings and the despotism of the people. Many of those who owe their emancipation in great part to Calvin, have lost all recollection of it, and some of them insult the noble champion who made them free. To proclaim the salvation of God, to establish the right of God—these are the things to which he devoted his life, and that work he pursued with unalterable firmness. From the bosom of that little city goes forth the word of life to France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Germany, England, Scotland, and other countries. A century later, pious missionaries make it the glory and strength of the New World. Later still, it shall fill the whole earth with the knowledge of the Lord, and shall gather together dispersed brethren round the cross of Christ in a holy and living unity.

On the 5th September, 1536, is recorded in the Genevan registers: "*Master William Farel explains that the lecture which that Frenchman had begun at St. Pierre's was necessary; wherefore he prayed that they would consider about retaining him and providing for his support. Upon which it was resolved to provide for his maintenance.*"

On the 15th of February, 1537, they gave six crowns of the sun, and afterwards a cloth coat, to "that Frenchman" recently arrived, and whose name it would seem they did not know. Such are the modest notices of the young man in the public records of the city which received him. In a few years that name was sounded all over the world; and in our time a celebrated historian—impartial in the question, as he does not belong to the churches of the Reformation—has said: "In order that French protestantism [we might say 'protestantism' in general] should have a character and doctrine, it needed a city to serve as a centre, and a chief to become its organizer. *That city was Geneva, and that chief was Calvin.*"

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